STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 4 JANUARY 1923 No. 3

G. CASH

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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STANOLIND
RECORD
Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
C. V. JULIAN, *Editor*
Publication Office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 4 JANUARY No. 3

100 PERCENT STOCK DIVIDEND DECLARED DECEMBER 28

Distribution Among Stockholders of One Additional Share for Every Share Outstanding Decided on by Board of Directors Following Authorization by Stockholders to Increase Capitalization from $140,000,000 to $250,000,000—New Shares Sell to Employee-Subscribers at $42 Each Till April 1

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana), through its Board of Directors, on December 28 declared a stock dividend of 100 per cent, payable to stockholders of record at the close of business on that day. This followed an increase in the company's authorized capitalization from $140,000,000 to $250,000,000, fixed at a special meeting of stockholders held December 27.

A company's capitalization is equal to the number of existing shares of its stock multiplied by the par value of a single share. The par value of a single share of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) stock is $25. Since the action of the Board of Directors on December 28, there are 10,000,000 single shares authorized, making a total authorized capitalization of $250,000,000.

A company's "surplus" means the difference between its capitalization and the actual value of its total assets, as represented by properties, equipment, real estate, stock and cash on hand, etc. Thus one company's surplus may be represented by an accumulation of cash, while another's may be represented by practically no cash but by heavy investments in operating equipment such as—in the oil industry—pressure stills, lubricating plants, tank-wagons, etc. The latter is true of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

Since its very inception the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has been heavily under-capitalized. In other words, the actual money value of its total assets has far exceeded the value of the existing shares of stock multiplied by the par value of a single share. Thus, it was said to have a large "surplus," though this surplus was not represented by cash, but by properties and equipment.

Desiring to spread its stock ownership among a greater number of people, and to bring down the market value of single shares to a point where employees could afford to buy them, two years ago the company decreased the par value of its stock from $100 to $25 and declared a stock dividend of 150 per cent. Later, the authorized capitalization was placed at $140,000,000, and then, on December 27, 1922, at $250,000,000, this being followed by the declaration of the 100 per cent stock dividend herein announced.

A stock dividend does not give to a shareholder any cash whatever, and does not increase either his proportionate ownership in the company, or the cash value of his holdings, by one iota. In case of a 100 per cent dividend, he simply has two pieces of paper where he had one before; or, if his holdings were to be figured in terms of gallons of oil instead of certificates of stock, after a 100 per cent stock dividend he would possess instead of one one-gallon can of oil, two half-gallon cans. There would be no more oil in the two half-gallon cans than was contained in his one one-gallon can.

Employee-subscribers under the Employees' Stock Purchase Plan will be affected by the stock dividend exactly as are other stockholders. For every share they owned on December 28, they will be accredited with one additional share. As the price of employees' stock was fixed at $84 a share for the year beginning April 1, 1922, dating from December 29, 1922, and continuing through March 31, 1923, the new stock will be purchased for them at the rate of $42 a share.

ANNUITANTS

Three more veteran employees have been placed on the annuity payroll, according to an announcement by Mr. E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and fourth vice-president of the company. They are:

Stephen N. Marsh, 203 Allen Blvd., Kalamazoo, Michigan; formerly tankwagon driver in Grand Rapids field; with company 32 years.

Chauncey M. Olin, 303 Main Street, Boonville, Ind.; formerly salesman in the Evansville, Ind., territory; with company 30 years and three months.

Edward O'Hara, A Street, R. R. No. 6, Laporte, Ind.; formerly superintendent of tankcar shipping, filling and cleaning at the Whiting refinery; with company 33 years and seven months.

APPOINTMENTS

Effective January 1, 1923, the following appointments have been made in the Drumright, Oklahoma, division, according to an announcement by Mr. E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and fourth vice-president of the company:

Earl Goldman, Superintendent.

Carl Wharton, Assistant Superintendent.

Barney Terrell, Personal Assistant to Mr. Goldman.

Mr. Barnard, Chief Engineer.

* * *

Pampered Child—"But I don't wanna kiss the maid goodbye."

Petting Mother—"Come on, be a good boy. Why don't you go up to her and kiss her?"

Pampered Child—" 'Cause I'm 'fraid she might slap me the way she did when Dad did."—*Exchange.*

H. F. WARREN DIES

The Record regrets to report the death of Mr. H. F. Warren, former manager of the Decatur division of the sales department, who was last year placed on the annuity payroll. The Decatur Review published the following account of his death:

H. F. Warren, formerly manager of the Standard Oil Company's Decatur district for eighteen years, died Monday, November 27, at Clearwater, Fla. Mr. and Mrs. Warren went to Florida only about two weeks ago, expecting to spend the winter there for the benefit of their health.

Mr. Warren had been in failing health for some time. Shortly after arriving in Florida and just as he and Mrs. Warren were planning to take a trip, he became so ill he had to be taken to a hospital. Becoming better he was removed to the place where they had been stopping. However, he again became worse and death came Monday morning.

Mr. Warren had been connected with the Standard Oil Company for thirty-seven years, eighteen of which were spent as the Decatur district manager. He retired from this position on January 1, last. The district of which he had charge runs from Decatur to the Mississippi on the west and as far south as East St. Louis. Since coming to Decatur he has seen the local force grow from fifteen to eighty and the business grow in proportion.

His first job with the Standard Oil was in Cincinnati in 1884. His first important post as manager was at Richmond, Ind., where he was until nineteen years ago.

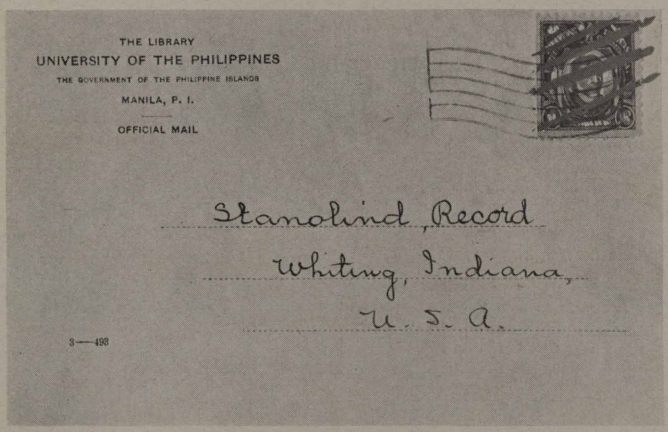
MR. BEACH RESIGNS

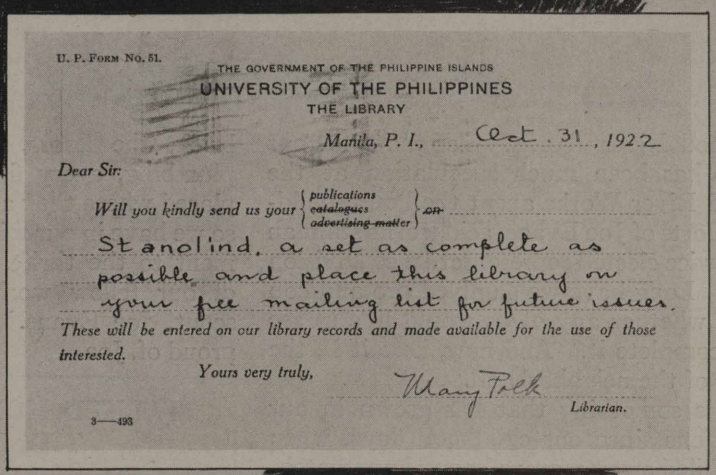
As we go to press, announcement is made of the resignation of Mr. S. A. Beach, superintendent of the Wood River works, effective January 1, 1923. Mr. Beach has been in the employ of the company twenty-seven years and has been located at Wood River since the building of that plant.

* * *

Let's make 1923 our biggest year!

Thus Does Our Fame Spread!

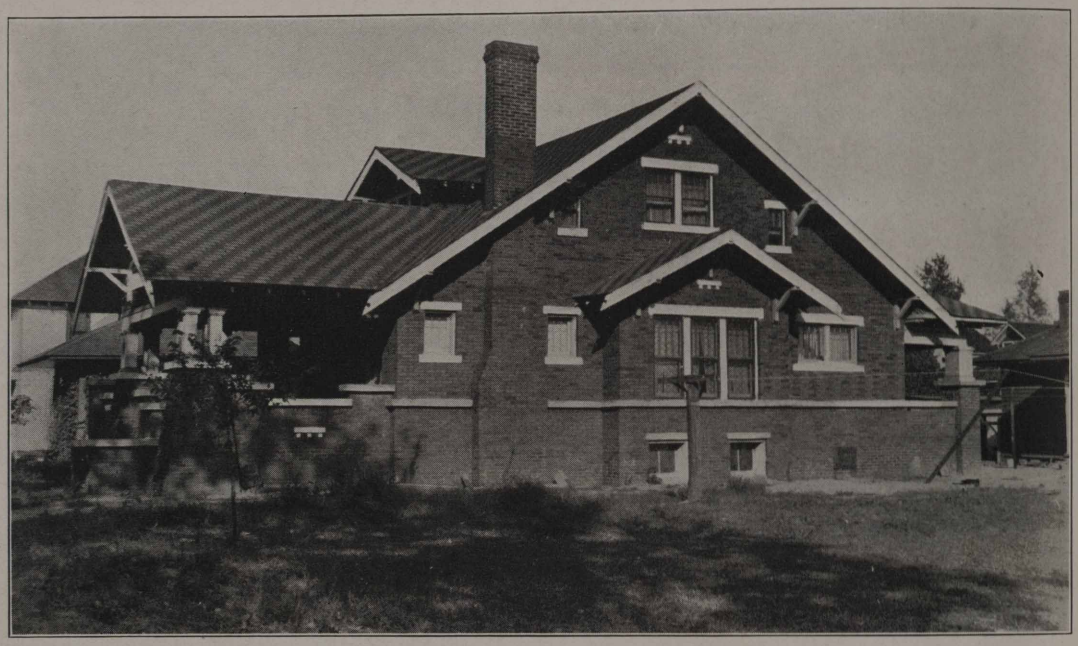




West of us, the circulation of the Stanolind Record touches the Pacific in California. East of us, we long ago hurdled the Atlantic and added Europe to our mailing list. However, when a request for Stanolind Records came from Mesopotamia, we thought the limit had been reached, but now, with the receipt of the postal card here pictured, we advance our circulation from the Near East to the Far East. Give us a subscriber in Hawaii, and the Stanolind Record will encircle the globe!

As an advertising medium we are unexcelled. One instance: Recently we printed a picture of a fair employee under the caption of "A Naiad of the Sunset," and within ten days she had letters from all over the United States and a proposal of marriage from a stockholder in Florida, whom she had never seen. If you want results, print it in the Stanolind Record, the World's Greatest Employee's Magazine!—(Adv.).

HERE IS THE HOUSE THAT JOE BUILT
A Monument to Patience, Thrift and Industry



Wood River Works.—For many moons there has been much speculation at the Wood River Works anent the house building efforts of Joe Evans, acid works stillman and twice elected representative of Division One. Long have we gambled pro and con as to whether any of us would live to see him complete it. And now, here it is, the pride of the neighborhood.

It is something that has grown in our affections since our childhood days, when we whiled away many a happy hour watching Joe lay another brick, then go to the end of the wall and squint along its edge to be sure it was in line with the rest of the building. Joe might have worn out the seat of his pants at committee meetings, but he has had very little to wear on them at home as far back as we can remember. We would not venture to say when the house was started, but we can never forget that when electric lights were invented Joe chortled: "Now, with those new fangled lights that the wind won't blow out, I can put some extra time on the house these short days!"

Now it is finished, and it is certainly "The House That Joe Built", for every brick, the floors, the roof, the modern plumbing, every fixture, every nail, were placed where they are by Joe himself. And so we have in our midst a permanent monument to the thrift, patience and industry of our fellow worker and darned good scout, Joe Evans. It is something to be proud of, Joe.

TALKED HOLES THROUGH THE OLD ONE

Sugar Creek Works.—Now that the Industrial Relations building has been equipped with a new roof, the members of the J. G. C. may argue their problems in the dry once more. We hope the new one will last, but—well, you know the members of our committee.

* * *

Neither Sambo nor Rastus could read the time of day—nor anything else—but Sambo had a nice, big Ingersoll, which he exhibited with a great air of superiority.

"What time am it?" said Rastus.

Sambo hesitated and then extended the time piece, saying, "Dar she am."

Rastus looked at it carefully, and said, "Damn if she ain't!"—*Exchange.*

* * *

MAKE YOUR STOCK PAY DIVIDENDS!

G. CASH

In publishing on the outside cover of this magazine a posed photograph of Dr. G. Cash, superintendent of our Whiting works, the Stanolind Record scores another journalistic triumph. In fact, we once more scoop the world.

Only once in our journalistic career have we experienced greater difficulty in obtaining a photograph. That was when we attempted to get a picture of one "Hard Boiled" Smith, then under military sentence for alleged cruel treatment of doughboys in France, and were prevented from doing so by the United States Army, as represented by an M. P., a sergeant with side-arms, a flock of first and second lieuts, a couple of captains, a major, a colonel and a general in command of a district.

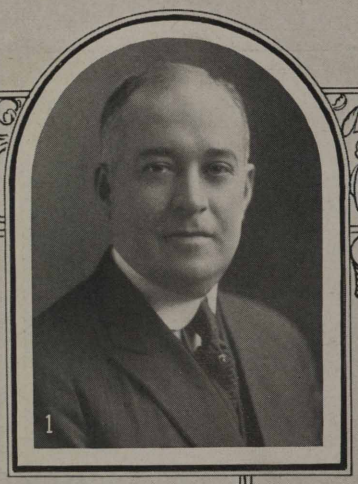
Dr. Cash, we discovered, is almost as hard to lick as the United States Army. In fact, even we might have suffered defeat had he not been betrayed in his own camp; but when he admitted that there was no good reason, except a facial one, why he shouldn't have his picture taken, Dr. R. E. Humphreys, commander of the Whiting zone, took our side in the matter, and so, after eight months of appeals and threats from us, and evasion and raucous laughter from said G. Cash, he was finally forced to face the photographic firing squad, convicted of cruel and inhuman treatment of an editor.

Dr. Cash entered the employ of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) on Feb. 1, 1912, as a chemist. After about two and a half years in the laboratory at Whiting, he was transferred to the pressure stills, succeeding Mr. Frank B. Lewis, who was promoted at that time to refinery superintendent. From the pressure stills, Dr. Cash was transferred to the tower still department, and thence to assistant in the lubricating department. In May, 1919, he was made assistant superintendent of the Whiting plant, and in September, 1921, was promoted to the position of general superintendent.

The portrait on our cover is a fair likeness of our Whiting superintendent, though normally he has a very genial disposition.

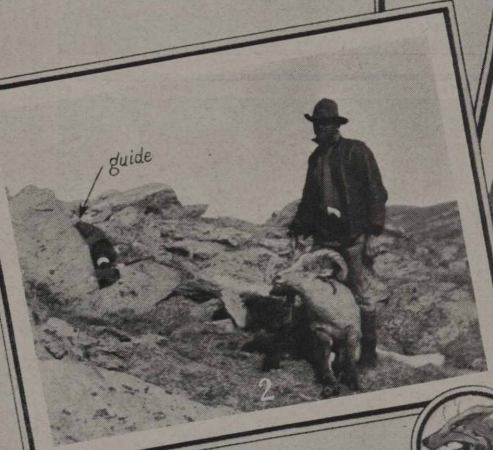
"Tatters and Trimmin's" party of Sioux City Standard Oil Social Club. For the consolation of some of our easily shocked readers we will explain that the loving couple in the center are merely girls, Naomi Swanson and Buelah Erickson, masquerading as Lena and Ole. For particulars of party, see gossip.

All Set For The New Year – Let's Go!



Here are the four assistant general sales managers of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) on whom will devolve major responsibilities for keeping sales up to standard during 1923. Every one of them is a good fellow and a tireless worker. Two of them have just been promoted to their assistant managerships. Let's all get behind them, and let's all go! No. 1—Norman R. Grimshaw, assistant general manager, in charge of Northern division. No. 2—Amos Ball, assistant general manager, in charge of Central division. No. 3—Harvey R. Cochran, assistant general manager, in charge of Eastern division, recently promoted from managership at Detroit. No. 4—H. A. (Gus) Lewis, assistant general manager, in charge of Western division, recently promoted from managership at Chicago.

Here, Whiting, Shoot At This!



Casper, Wyo.—We congratulate Whitingites on their excellent horsemanship, as pictured in a recent issue of the Stanolind Record; and now, if they can just emulate the stuff shown in these pictures, we will admit they are *almost as good as we are.* No. 1—W. S. Allen, truck boss at No. 1 plant, showing the guide how he hit the big timber wolf, of which few are left in Wyoming. No. 2—Allen also got a mountain sheep up at the head of Dewiddi on the Wind River range. When this was taken the wind was blowing so hard the guide took refuge behind a boulder. No. 3—Allen also got a red fox. Here it is, tied to his saddle. Come on, Whiting! Can't you hit anything but clay pigeons?

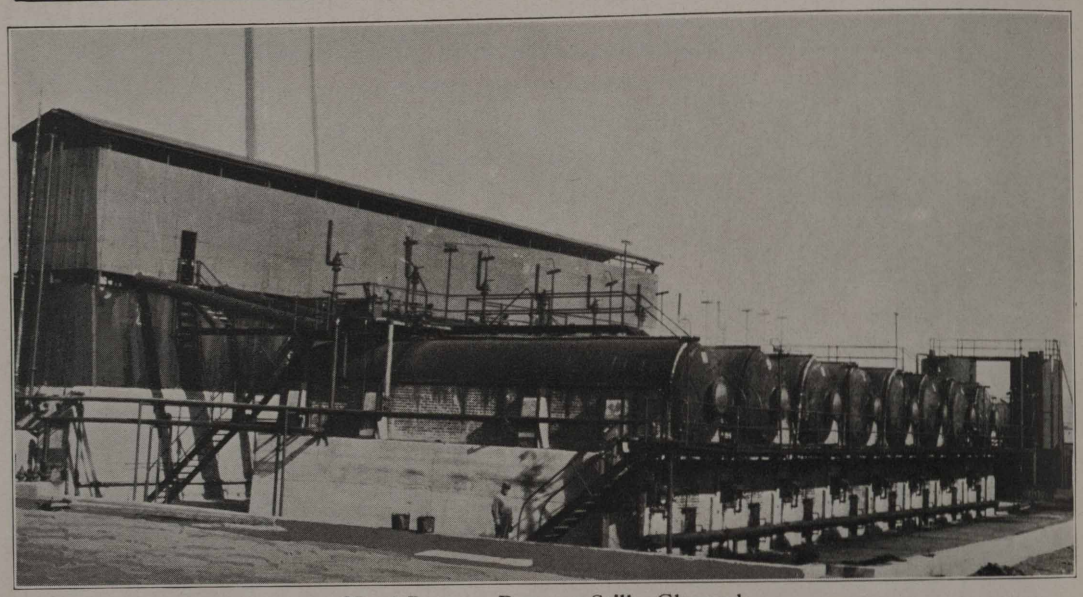
Making Those Christmas Candles

1

2

As everybody knows, the most beautiful candles in the world are made in the candle shops of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) at Whiting. Not only that, but the formula by which they are prepared produces a candle which the heat of burning, or the temperature of an extraordinarily warm room, will not cause to wilt and bend like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, spilling candle grease all over the place. As to beauty—do you know of anything except Venetian glass that radiates with the translucent opalescence of our Tiffany candle? (This was not inspired by our advertising department; it is merely an editorial tribute to the artistry and efficiency of the folks in our candle shops.) Photo No. 1—Making Kalo-Chrome candles, with their iridescent hues. In the foreground, left to right: Ruby Kruzick, Mary Werner, Catherine Yackish. No. 2—Boxing candles of all colors and sizes. The young lady in the foreground is Irene Yanke.

THIS GLENROCK BABY IS SOME CHILD!



No. 1 Battery, Pressure Stills, Glenrock.

By E. N. Henley

Glenrock, Wyo.—Last summer we became quite familiar with the records of different sales divisions, and the amounts sold, with special emphasis laid upon selling the full line. More recently we have become more familiar with the accident score of our different refineries, but we hear very little about the records of efficiency of all these places. Suppose we should start a little efficiency contest among ourselves and see where we stand and in what ways we might improve our present rating. We might be far behind in some things and to the good in others. "Competition is the life of trade," they say.

Glenrock is indeed small and we have a lot to learn. However, we are going to tell some of our bigger "brothers" how we do things and leave it to history to decide.

Six months, we will admit, is hardly a fair test but here is our history for that period, and that includes our whole history:

No lost time accidents in performing duties about the plant.

125 runs and no bottom drops.

During this time we have never failed to make our scheduled percent off for any one month.

We have maintained maximum charging capacity for our type of stills.

Out of 1,000 runs charged, all were made but one, and that was due to a valve which was broken in shipment and could not be detected until put into operation.

Of the employees eligible to participate in the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan, 90 percent have subscribed, most of them taking their full 20 percent. The remaining eligible members have signified their intention of entering the plan next month.

And last, but most important of all, we believe that we have the best superintendent of any plant—Mr. L. E. Chamberlain. We claim this because in our experience we have never before worked among a bunch of men, where every man had nothing but good to say about his boss. Mr. Chamberlain claims no credit whatever for this record; says that it is entirely due to our efforts. We admit that that is true, but the chances are a thousand to one that we would not have put forth these efforts if we had not had such a "square shooter" for

MR. C. S. POLLOCK DIES

News of the death, on December 21, of Mr. C. S. Pollock, former manager of the Minneapolis division, sales department, was received during the annual meeting of sales department managers in Chicago, and the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS we have learned with deep regret that our fellow employee, Mr. Charles S. Pollock, passed to the Great Beyond last evening,

AND WHEREAS Mr. Pollock has been known and favorably known to all of us for a good many years as a manly man of sterling qualities and lovable nature,

RESOLVED that we the Managers, the Assistant Managers and Officials in conference assembled, extend to Mrs. Pollock and the family our sympathy in their bereavement, seeking comfort from the ONE "Who doeth all things well."

RESOLVED further that a copy of these resolutions be delivered in person to Mrs. Pollock by Manager F. L. Cochran.

F. I. PACKARD
D. B. THAYER } Committee
D. L. GUILFOYLE

Chicago, Dec. 1922.

a boss. There is not a man on the plant who would not do his darndest to help Mr. Chamberlain, and we can think of no better way to help him and show our appreciation than by doing our utmost to make a record for this plant.

SUGAR CREEK SPORTS

The newly appointed representatives of the Standard Oil Athletic Association met on Monday afternoon, November 20, at which time the following officers of the association were elected: Roy C. Moore, president; Harrison Shiffner, vice-president; Earl J. Cox, secretary; A. P. Stover, treasurer.

All of the representatives of the association are live wires and under the direction of the new set of officers, we expect the association to be very active during the coming year.

Already plans are under way for a minstrel show to be given in the near future, and we expect to have a very strong basketball team to represent us this season.

Horseshoes are very popular and the courts are always filled to capacity. It is nothing to see three "ringers" on one peg at a time, so we evidently have some champions among our horseshoe pitchers.

Other sports in their season will be included in the program of the association.

* * *

Speaking of white mule, two rustic sports were uncertainly flivvering their way home from the county seat.

"Bill," said Henry, "I wancha to be very careful. Firs' thing y' know ye'll have us in the ditch."

"Me?" said Bill in astonishment. "Why, I thought you was drivin'."—*Ax-i-dent Ax.*

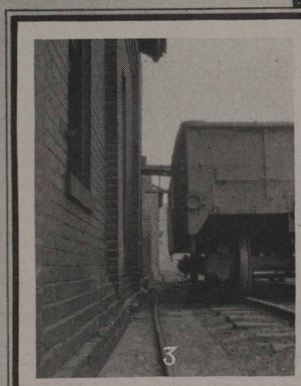
* * *

Mose Potts was an old colored ditch digger on the farm of a well-known Virginia planter. One morning, after having been at work only a few hours, he was seen approaching the farmhouse with a peculiar limp and an unusual rapidity.

"What's the matter, Mose?" asked his employer.

"It's dis way, boss," he groaned. "Ah see de biggest turtle Ah ever did see wigglin' his haid in de mud, and Ah took de spade and cracked him on de haid, and, boss, Ah done cut off mah big toe.'

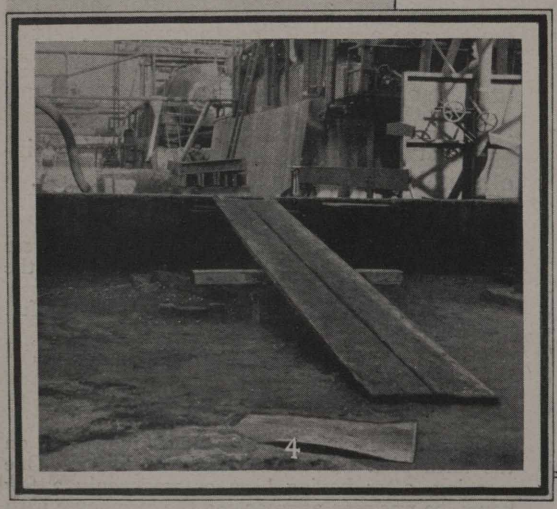
Brought to Light



No. 1—You will agree with us that this is a bad place for a pile of scrap. We don't like to continually mention such things, and you don't like to have us. So let's get together and clean up such places and then keep them clean.

No. 2—We must also show you this one. This is another spot which is a mighty poor place to pile material. Fire apparatus is needed immediately when it is needed at all. Speed is often what counts most in case of a fire. Why block the entrance to Fire Supply House?

No. 3—If you like taking a chance try this one. To unload a car, place a plank from car to window of the building. Do not place "stop" signs at either end of the car, for if you do the engineer might stop instead of bumping the car, and then Paradise would be farther away. Try it if you wish to find out what happens. Personally, we don't wish to take the chance. However, this man did.



No. 4—This is a work of art, not on the part of the photographer, but on the part of the man who arranged the runway over the firewall. Note, first, that there is an iron bar at the right of the runway on the firewall which is supposed to support the runway; the steps were not built for that purpose. Next, please note the artistic arrangement of the blocking under the middle of the runway. And note, last but not least, that the artist has arranged a piece of boiler plate at the bottom of the runway so that the worker can stumble over that, providing nothing happens before he gets that far.

Safety First

C. W. Smith,
Director Safety Division
Industrial Relations Department
and
F. W. Lau,
Safety Director, Whiting

Lucky Driver! He is Still Alive!

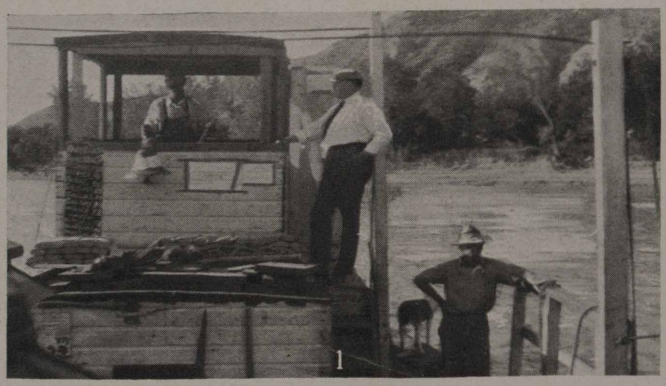
Miraculous is a strong word, but only a miracle saved the driver of this Standard Oil Company (Indiana) truck from death. Almost he spent the rest of Eternity under six feet of earth; almost a little child was left without a father, a home without a provider. Only a kind providence intervened to save one Standard Oil family from pitiful tragedy.

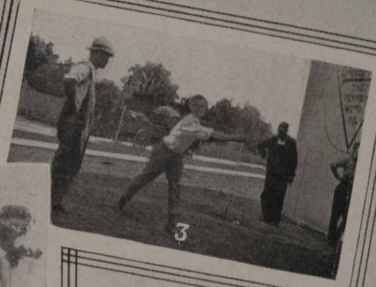
Drivers of Standard Oil motor vehicles have signed pledges to come to a full STOP before attempting to cross any transportation lines. This driver kept half his pledge. Where this occurred—within a few feet of one of our stations—the tracks branch out in the shape of a Y, making two crossings close together. The driver was thoroughly familiar with the location, and knew that every day many trains were operated over both tracks, but it he did not think it necessary to STOP at BOTH crossings. He was only 50 per cent careful, and the photograph shows the result. He barely escaped being the central figure in a 100 per cent accident, with only a headstone in the cemetery to recall his memory.

To be 50 per cent careful is not enough. To be 99 per cent careful is not enough. One per cent of carelessness, when one is driving a motor vehicle, is often expanded into 100 per cent tragedy, with death or shocking injury for the driver, and racking grief and poverty for a widow and her children.

Regardless of how certain you are in your own mind that there is no danger, come to a complete STOP at EVERY railroad crossing. Keep that pledge and keep out of the cemetery!—F. C. SINGLETON, *Safety Director, Sales Department.*

Pictorial News of Sioux City





No. 1—Assistant Manager B. F. Leonard conversing with the captain of the boat at Ft. Randall about the merits of Red Crown and Polarine. The boat is operated on Standard Oil products only and the captain says he has never had any motor trouble and gives the public excellent service at any crossing of the river. No. 2—A friendly squabble at the stake. No. 3—The horseshoe craze has struck Sioux City. Mann, shown in action, is not much good at throwing the shoe, but he sure can shake a wicked hoof in aesthetic dancing. Left to right: Blanchard, Mann, Carlson, Berthelson. No. 4—It wasn't hard to get up, but you should have heard Doris Beaubien and Virgil Link trying to get down.

Here and There About the Field

No. 1—Our hustlers at Madison, Ind. Left to right: George Austermiller, agent, 23 years with the company and checker champion of the whole works; Thomas Plunkett, salesman; Fred. Clements, driver; Sam Black, driver; A. M. Sabers, driver; George A. Black, driver for 18 years; Frank Sample, repair mechanic. No. 2—Josephine Stephens, Margaret Murray and May Lahuski, of Detroit main office, believe in preparedness by practice. No. 3—Driver C. V. Martin, Robinson, Ill., Decatur division, doesn't hesitate to drive No. 15651 right into the jungle after business. This time he is after a tractor.

G. A. R. VETERANS SHOW DISCRIMINATION

Des Moines, Iowa.—Veterans who attended the G. A. R. encampment here showed a decided preference for being entertained by S. O. girls. We think they showed taste and discrimination—and as for the girls, to their credit be it said that a veteran soldier of the United States doesn't have to be young to be the object of their attention. In above, left to right: Miss Alecia Cantrell, Mr. Frank Woods, Miss Leone Munn, Mr. A. E. Oppenheim, Miss Frances Hubbell, Mr. Michael Lettes, Miss Mildred Allan, Mr. I. Walburn. The veterans are all from Fremont, Ohio.

BEWARE FAT ONES

This is the season when oysters again come largely into use. A word of caution may, therefore, not be out of place.

Oyster growers have found that a large part of the public prefers what is known as a "fat" oyster, and this preference has accordingly been met by the dealers by "fattening" the oysters after taking them from the beds. This "fattening," however, is not only a humbug, but constitutes a source of danger. As a matter of fact, the process is not a "fattening" one at all. It consists in floating the oysters for a time in brackish water. Having been grown in sea water, the oysters when placed in brackish water, i. e., water having a different specific gravity, absorb water and become plump and white. Their appearance is improved. Unfortunately, the brackish streams in which the oysters are "floated" are not infrequently polluted with sewage, and so it happens that in this "fattening" process the oysters take up considerable amounts of polluted material; expecially fecal bacteria, including the germs of typhoid fever. Those who eat raw oysters will do well not to express a preference for plump, white oysters, but to ask rather for lean grade oysters, having a good salty flavor.—*U. S. Public Health Service.*

* * *

It was evening and several callers were chatting in the parlor, when a patter of little feet was heard at the head of the stairs. Mrs. K. raised her hand for silence. "Hush, the children are going to deliver their good-night message," she said softly. "It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them. They are so much nearer the Creator than we are, and they speak the love that is in their little hearts never so fully as when the dark has come. Listen!" There was a moment of tense silence. Then—"Mama," came the message in a shrill whisper, "Willie found a bedbug."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Are you doing your part in helping to make your stock pay dividends?

LATEST BLOUSE INNOVATION IS THE CHIC JACQUETTE

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SOMETIMES a vogue comes in with such intensity it takes the whole fashion world by storm. Such is the jacquette. It seemed to happen all of a sudden. In its alluring presence we have all but forgotten there ever was in existence the faithful shirtwaist and even the slipover blouse has its luster dimmed in the light of the new jacket-blouse.

The jacquette, or jacket-blouse as you prefer to call it, meets with instant favor because it is just what most of us have been longing for—a blouse that does not tuck in at the waistline, nor yet does it have the careless appearance of the loose overblouse.

While the jacquette is thoroughly practical it adds tone to the tailored suit, for no matter how simply made it has a dress-up appearance.

Bandana silks with gaudy peasant colorings told in figures large and small have a gypsylike charm which savors of central Europe inspiration.

Another favorite silk, also velvet, has the batik tie-dye coloring which conveys its artistic mood to the super-stylish jacquette.

Metelasse (from the French, meaning pad or mattress) is perhaps the ruling power among blouse fabrics. The quilted satin or silk is stitched in delicate tracery on colorful backgrounds.

If you are clever with the brush you can paint bold patterns of your own designing on solid white crepe or black satin for your new jacquette.

—JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Some J.G.C. Members and a Future One

No. 1—Joint General Committee, Greybull works, 1922-1923. Standing, left to right: Gary M. Whitney, S. E. Kane, G. L. Shepardson, George Hadden. Seated: L. E. Watson, R. W. Chase. No. 2—Stanley Junior Phillips, age 7 months, weight 24 pounds, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley B. Phillips, the former a still cleaner on No. 1 plant, Greybull, already can talk enough to be eligible for office as representative, and when he gets a little older he intends to be one. No. 3—Joint General Committee, Laramie works. Standing, left to right: Ed L. Wood, H. M. Stricker, A. W. McAllister. Seated, J. L. Robay.

ONE FOREMAN'S IDEA OF HIS JOB

By S. Connerly
Foreman in Labor Department
(WOOD RIVER WORKS)

I have been asked to give my experiences in handling men and my views on how they should be handled by the foreman. This is a very broad subject but I will endeavor to say something that will be of use.

I have been a foreman for the past thirty-three years, part of this time being spent with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). The successful handling of men requires lots of study of the traits and characters of the men themselves, as they are all of different temperaments. As soon as I get a new man on the job, I watch him for awhile to learn his ways and habits. If he takes hold and does not begin to look all over the plant, he generally makes a good man. If, on the other hand, he begins to talk to the other men and asks all sorts of questions about the work and how long it will be until he will get a transfer, that man will never make a good employee in any department. I let this sort of man off as soon as possible, always telling him the reason that I am letting him go.

I always try to treat every man the same, showing no partiality to any of them. I give each man a square deal; I expect a square deal in return, and I always get it. If a foreman has two or three men in his gang to whom he shows leniency, he soon has the rest of the men in the gang spoiled so that he will not accomplish a great deal. If you have occasion to correct a man in his work, do it in a manly way—tell him squarely but not in an overbearing way. But, if you should lose your temper and get "mad", as anyone will do occasionally, and speak harsh to him, make it a point to get near this man and speak kindly to him on some subject. You will notice a change in him instantly. Never feel yourself better than your men because you may lose your job of "bossing" some day and have to work alongside of these same men.

If you are doing some piece of work and one of your men suggests a better and easier way of doing it, give this man a hearing and if his idea is good, do it the way he suggests. This makes him feel good and the other men also take more interest in their work. In other words, never assume that you are a "know-it-all" because you are not. No foreman ever becomes that perfect. Never get too distant to your men, neither too chummy with them. When you are doing a piece of work, explain it to all and they will understand what is to be done and you will get good results.

Always look to the safety of your men and caution them often. Occasionally it is necessary to caution them sternly. In this way you will inspire confidence in them for yourself as they know you are interested in their safety. Never turn a man down if you just don't happen to like his looks or ways so long as he is a good and conscientious worker. Do not expect the same amount of work from each man, for this you can not expect to get. Some men can not turn out the work that others can. A practical foreman well knows this. Always take an interest in your work and see the difference in the way your men work.

Note: Mr. Connerly, track labor foreman, is a practical foreman in every way, and also has a record of being one of the best Safety men in the Wood River plant.

* * *

A small girl asked her mother: "If I grow up will I have a husband like papa?"

"Yes, my dear," mother replied.

"And if I do not get married will I be an old maid like Aunt Susan?"

"Yes," was the reply.

The little girl thought for a minute, put her hands to her head and said: "Well, I am in a fix."

—*Exchange.*

* * *

Preacher (solemnly)—"Rastus, do yo' take dis here woman for better or for worse?"

Rastus (from the force of habit)—"Pahson, Ah shoots it all."—*Wayside Tales.*

Livest "A" Station in Iowa

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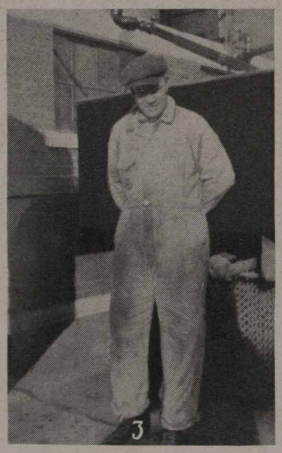

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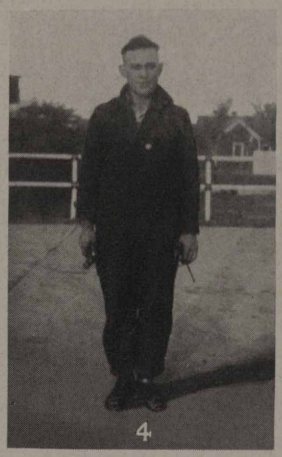

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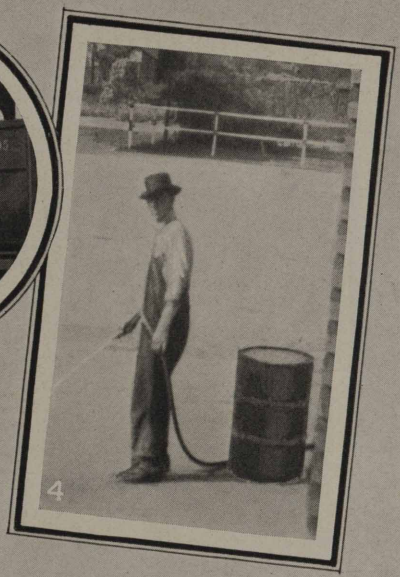
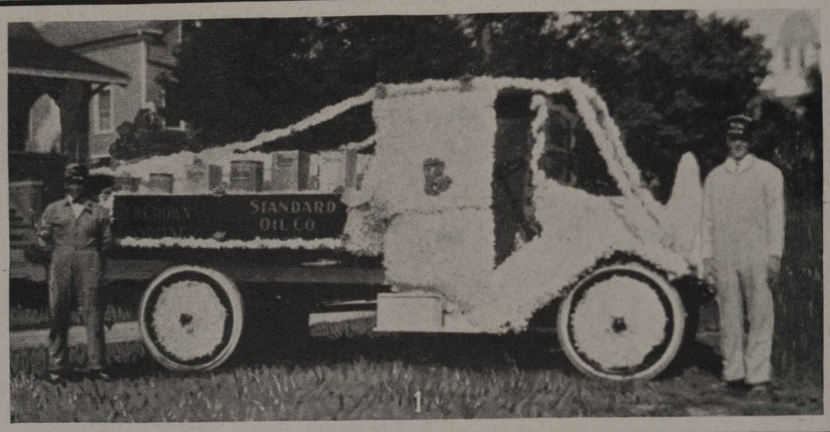
Our folks at Creston, Des Moines division, admit they comprise the livest "A" station force in Iowa, and submit these pictures as proof. No. 1—Mr. Spencer washing District Superintendent J. J. (Barney Oldfield) Leu's car. No. 2—S. B. Guthrie, tank truck driver, is another live one. No. 3—J. Blaine Keefer, our efficient warehouse man, just after loading up on Red Crown—loading the truck, we mean; Keefer himself doesn't need pep, power and efficiency, having been born that way. No. 4—P. H. Spencer, mechanic, at "attention." Spencer sure can make it snappy.

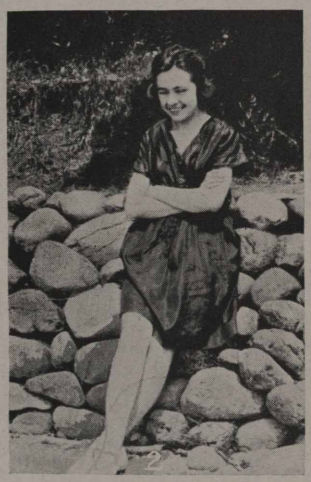
And One of The Best Kept



These pictures indicate that our folks at Creston certainly keep their station looking spick and span. No. 1—Agent A. N. Pierson, right, overseeing the loading of W. F. Hessel's tank truck. Mr. Hessel is on the left; Mr. Keefer is doing the filling. No. 2—Fern Sammons, stenographer, and Hazel Danielson, clerk. No. 3—T. C. Else is city tankwagon driver. No. 4—Archie Keefer keeping things clean.

Pictorial News of Milwaukee Field





No. 1—Agent Schultz, of Two Rivers, Wis., right in the above, and Truck Driver Peterick, left, were much on the job at the Home Coming at Mishicot. Their prettily decorated truck was one of the features of the event. No. 2—Marion Howe, demure little miss of the filing department, Milwaukee office, and her usual smile. Agent E. Gorges, of New London, Wis., and his Red Crown boosters. With these to inspire him, watch him GO!

Eight Feet of Snow At Lead, S.D.

While our divisions in the Mississippi valley were still enjoying balmy weather, tank truck drivers in the Huron division were battling through snow banks to maintain our war cry: "Standard Oil Service; Anywhere, Anytime, Under Any Conditions!" The above photograph shows a street in Lead, S. D., November 5, 1922. The shovel brigade had to cut through a bank eight feet deep.

A Safety First Auto -- His Real Wife

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3

Wood River Works. Here is a real Safety First automobile, made for his son by Sam Williams, helper at No. 1 pressure house. Wood River suggests that Standard Oil drivers who fail to keep their pledge to stop before crossing railroad tracks, be provided with this sort of car. No. 2—Some of the gang at No. 1 crude house, front row, left to right: Henry Monken, helper; George Meyer, fireman; Robert Farrow, stillman. Back row: Lee Dodd, coal weigher; Mr. McMollen, fireman; Henry Brick, fireman. No. 3—His Real Wife: "Editor Record: I wish to correct an error which occurred in the November issue of the Stanolind Record. On page 35, photo No. 2, the caption calls attention to the lady who directs the band director. As the lady in the picture is Mrs. Tom Point, the caption is misleading. Therefore I am enclosing photo of Mrs. Stocker and myself. I might add that *I* do *all* the directing, mostly.—I. L. Stocker."

WHITING, IND.

The boys of the welding shop would like to have "Good Looking" sing "Tuck Me to Sleep" for them Easter Sunday. Now, "Good Looking," sing it so that we can put it in the papers and it will never get out.

Walter Harbrecht told the boys he is now taking dancing lessons. Walter said: "Watch me cop the girls now."

Mr. Mike Golden, better known as Sharky, is looking for a better half. Now, girls, here is the chance of the world; he is good looking and a football star. He is clever, and—oh, girls, what he doesn't know!

It is known that Walter Beech goes to bed after supper. It is too bad, but we can't blame Walter; he works hard all day long.

George Kirchoff is now on the market to buy a second-hand machine, Ford preferred. Say, George, Kaminsky has a 1914 Saxon roadster for sale.

Young Jones, of the welding department, is a steady visitor on State and Homan streets at Hammond, Indiana. No use hanging around there, Jones; you will find all flappers at Harrison Park.

Mr. Ed. Clabby, of the welding shop, has had hard luck. Ed. has been keeping his eyes on a young lady in Whiting for over a year and a half. Don't give up hopes, Eddie; she knows it and you will get her yet.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Happy Robertson has moved again. He says this is the last move. Located in South Wood River or Hartford where the grass is still green and the river close by, Happy says he will stay there the rest of his life.

Uncle Tim Van Camp took Herman Falkenheim out hunting last week. They got eight or ten rabbits and the limit in quail.

Dick Gerdes and Sam Hubbard are holding joint debates on the tariff question. They may be heard at Tom Gifford's shanty at the north gate.

William Obermiller, of No. 1 crude house, and Earl Custer, of the main pump house, served on the jury and are back to work. Now they are holding all the cases over again. We are hearing more about law than we ever did before.

C. F. Hall, Safety director, was going down Ferguson avenue on a bicycle and came near being run over by an automobile. Even a Safety director never becomes too old to learn. Just a suggestion, Mr. Hall: hang a light on the old bike after night.

Chas. Van Dusen, Jr., is the champion hunter of the first division, having bagged the limit in game every day for a week straight.

Ty Cobb, of No. 3 crude house, recently captured all the prizes on rabbits at the Jersey County Fair.

Mr. Christy, Sr., and William Groves spent much of the time this fall at their club grounds, hunting. They report excellent success, having bagged the limit of ducks and quail each day. These hunters hold the honor of being the most successful of any so far this season.

It is reported that wedding bells and congratulations will soon be in order for Red Hamer, of the welding department. Mr. Hamer met his future happiness at the depot in Alton a few days since and bystanders were given a rare treat when he fondly embraced her and kissed her rosy lips.

Mr. Homer Ferguson, of the brass foundry, has decided to enter vaudeville as a side line in the role of an impersonator. He will impersonate the "Seven Ages of Man".

Claude Bachelor, of the tin shop, has taken up bowling, now that the horseshoe contests are closed for the season. Claude says the sport is all right but the alleys are not wide enough.

Thirty-six students have enrolled for the night school which is being held in the Community High School building. A number of refinery employees are among them. Classes have been organized for all the courses offered except that in sewing. For students attending 80 per cent of the time, the cost will be two dollars, so the school is practically free. The school furnishes a fine opportunity for anyone who has not had the chance to complete his school work, and the special courses offered give the opportunity to those who have completed their school work to take some special training.

Robert Richardson, of the machine shop, recently installed the latest type of radio and after having same completed, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson made themselves comfortable in the armchairs and prepared to hear a good concert; but owing to the fact that the static wire was grounded, they have not been getting anything for two weeks except deaf and dumb concerts.

Andy Auer and Alex Oros, while returning from Granite City in a new Reo, turned over an incline and were badly cut up. We are glad the accident did not prove more serious.

Mr. J. Eden, of the carpenter department, and an employee of the company for twelve years, has moved to Denver. The carpenter department wishes you and yours the best luck, Julius.

Claude Burris, assistant carpenter foreman and dispenser of harmony, is suspected of poaching. Bill Lanmeyer, of the saw filing shop, told Claude of a fine covey of quail being fed by his brother-in-law, and when, one morning, Bill heard that Claude had gone hunting and that Louis Koenneker, who owns a fine bird dog, had also gone hunting, his worst fears were aroused. Bill immediately got our veteran truck driver, Wes Mathie, to join him and they made a forced march to the hunting grounds, which are in the neighborhood of Dow, Illinois. Bill and Wes were extended an invitation to "get out". (Note: Mr. Koenneker had nothing whatever to do with the hunting party.)

Lloyd Payne, our faithful and popular young oil inspector, has been transferred to the chemical lab. The girls will miss those smiling dimples, Lloyd. Elmer Smith, from the pipe department, will take his place.

Mrs. Hannah Johnson, our popular poetess, entertained the lab. force on Hallowe'en. The charming hostess proved herself an adept as an entertainer, for everybody reports a wonderful time. The pumpkin pie and coffee will be long remembered. This also afforded a splendid opportunity for the bunch to present Mr. and Mrs. Mose Boyd with an electric toaster. They are newlyweds.

Mrs. Raymond Buck was visiting relatives in Grafton. Ray planned to go up and drive home in their car. But alas! The roads were too bad, so he reports, and they had to come back on the train.

Richard Dawson, of the pressure still department, is ambitious to have an asparagus patch. Now anyone can order asparagus plants, but who knows how to set them out, or who could tell which end of the plant goes down and how far down? These and sundry other questions arose when the plants arrived. A council of the Dawson family was held in which all members participated and it seemed hopeless, so Dave Maloney and family were invited to join the conclave, but this only increased

the ways and means. They did decide, however, if anyone could give the proper advice, it must be Charles Raines. Charles was summoned and was found to be very busy at some work in his cellar but was willing to dispense his ideas, so finally an agreement was reached. That evening Rich was seen digging great holes in the ground wherever he could miss the water line and the sewer pipe. The passers-by asked if he had a leak in the pipes, but were given only a wild look for their kindly salutations. Rich said they never could decide which end of the plant went down, so they compromised by laying the plants down on their sides.

Tuley: "I see there is a man working in the pipe shop with a wooden leg".

Tipton: "That's nothing. I heard one of the telephone girls talking about her cedar chest."

Doc Henick is sporting something awful these days. What is the reason, Doc?

Friends will be sorry to hear of the death of Bob Miller, who died suddenly one Saturday night recently. The ailment seemed to be stomach trouble. He was a most faithful friend, and will be sadly missed. Pallbearers were school chums of Bass Miller: Bill Woods, Jim Ford, C. Beasley, R. Dawson, Mike Grunda and O'ke Crofton.

William Watts, fireman on the pressure stills, and a former member of the Joint General Committee, left recently for San Martas, Cal. Mr. Watts obtained a leave of absence for the purpose of taking his daughter, Miss Billie Watts, to California for her health. Watts bought a rare model of a Ford he had formerly sold for $75, made a few repairs and started out with the promise that he would keep the boys informed by daily bulletin as to his progress. No news has been received so far and the boys are thinking of getting up a relief party to rescue the rash adventurer.

An item in one of our local papers said that Jack Hamilton had about recovered from the accident suffered recently. We investigated and found that it all came about from Jack playing nurse to a young calf. The mother had most unkindly deserted her family of one and Jack had to put the calf "on the bucket". This is a task that requires training and patience, we have been informed, but we did not know there was any danger of having one's fingers chewed off.

Homer Ford observes that a single man may be like a road Lizzie and get by by running on the battery, but a married man must be ready to switch over to the magneto because he must keep going all the time.

The lid was kicked off the 1922-1923 bowling season with a vengeance in Wood River. The indications so far make it certain this will be the biggest and best year ever enjoyed by local bowlers. Ten teams have been formed and they are well enough matched to keep all concerned about their standing in the race. You can look for some fine scores to be piled up and we should see some old records come tumbling down before the end of the season. All the games are being played on the Adams bowling alleys. The following teams have been organized: Lamm, Kane, Jolly, Red Crown, Kocher, Koenneker, Christy, Wainright, Adams and the company team, Standard Oil. The big team has a percentage in the city league of 625 at the time this is written and is in third place. J. Kane, W. A. Adams, Jule Kocher, W. A. Tipton and Louis Koenneker are on the team. One plant team is composed of five young ladies, the Red Crowns. This team has invaded the field of sport with great interest and are quite jubilant over their success in competing with the "Happy Five", a team of ladies who have been devotees of the sport for several years. Hannah Johnson, Myrtle Exton, Helen Powell, Kathleen Halloran of the lab. and Mary Stoneham of the main office, are members of the team. These ladies are making a fine showing and it would not be surprising to hear of them offering to match their skill with other teams of the Standard. Miss Johnson has a score of 156, which is high score in the ladies' league of Wood River.

While going through the boiler shop, a Stanolind reporter was stopped and told, in whispers, to put this in the magazine: "Anyone wishing to purchase sweet potatoes should get in touch with William Cook, of the boiler shop. Bill is an authority on this subject." The reporter asked to hear the joke, and after making a promise not to name the source of information, got the following story: "Well, some friend of Bill's gave him a prize sweet potato which Bill showed to all the boys in the shop. That evening, on the way home, Bill met a friend at the corner of Wood River avenue and Ferguson, who asked him if he had bought the missus a new wash boiler. Bill said, 'No, I'm just taking home a big sweet potato.' To prove this, Bill had to unwrap the bundle and found he was carrying a block of wood about the size and shape of a prize sweet potato. The next day a package came to the boiler shop for Bill from the express man with 12 cents express charges due. This package contained the sweet potato. The potato may have been a prize and mighty sweet, but that had no effect on Bill's disposition for the next few days."

Alexander McGuiggan, of the welder department, better known among his friends as "Little Mac", had the pleasure, recently, of greeting his mother and sister, who came over from Belfast, Ireland. They expect to make their home in Alton, where Mac resides. Mac is one of the old timers among the welders and we are all glad he used such good judgment in picking out this vicinity as a place for the family to settle.

Henry Long has purchased a small farm at Roxana and has erected a house thereon. He has also purchased a second-hand Ford to carry him to and from work, but the Ford proves to be somewhat of an I. W. W. It works fine after work hours but refuses to begin in the morning. Henry said he would have to purchase a blow-torch to warm her up so he could get to work. Anyone missed a blow-torch lately?

John Hamilton, well known man-about-town, former policeman, water commissioner, restaurant owner and now town clerk, finally has a good job. He has joined the large and growing Standard Oil family.

Wm. Norris, of the painters, purchased one of those 67-cent radios and then got up a radio party. The boys were glad to "listen in", but say, all they heard was the blasting from the Missouri side of the river, while Norris insisted it was the bass drum in the orchestra.

The local American Legion post got in touch with a "city slicker" recently, who put on a scenic production which lasted seven nights and was advertised widely by using the sign "I GOT IT". In the hall where the show was given, visitors would be arrested, tried for offense in a kangaroo court, old style, and as a receipt for the fine paid they were given a tag to be worn which read, "I GOT IT". After the run was over, the promoter left town and took all profits, if there were any, with him. At the next meeting

of the Legion, Hilbert Juhlin, of the pressure still department, was asked to make a report. The report was easy. Hilbert went to the blackboard and wrote, "WE GOT IT".

Queer news from the boiler shop. It is said that Wm. Beiser claims relationship with J. Slayton and that what it takes to get onions, Tom Pratt's got. Why Tom's suddenly acquired reputation about the onions?

Wm. Walton, refinery agitator helper, reported back on the job with a sore heel, stating he received it while hunting in low quarters. We don't believe it. He got it from walking out so often to see if the bank had reopened.

Tirry Harrod, refinery agitator pumper, is suffering from a very sore throat. It serves him right. He should know better than to try to beat Billy Walton talking.

This promised stock dividend has got George McGaw and J. H. Gartenback figuring nights on the amount of stock they will eventually own.

George Gunnison, of the canvas room, wants to buy a second-hand battery and a second-hand typewriter. No objections to age in battery or noise in typewriter, as he is accustomed to it. That's why he wants that battery.

Although the Wood River Welfare Association is a civic organization that gives free service to the entire community, it was brought into being, very largely, through efforts of the Standard Oil Co., and is of interest to Stanolind readers. Doc Wagner, R. C. Wilson, Doc Flanagan and other employees of the company have contributed to its support and taken an active part in its organization. The work of the association is for the general welfare and health of the community, and includes a free clinic for poor children. The clinic has been opened and two operations have already been successfully performed. A completely equipped operating room and hospital ward have been furnished in the new Lincoln school by the Welfare Association and the Woman's Club, the school board kindly donating the rooms and installing the necessary plumbing. The free clinic has been made possible through the united efforts of the Standard Oil Co., the school board, Community Nurse Association, Welfare Association and the Woman's Club. The two community nurses whose salaries are paid by the Standard Oil Co. and the school board, assist the doctors at the operations and also take care of the dear little patients after the operations until all danger is over. The first operations were performed by Dr. H. B. Gillis and Dr. W. E. Barton, assisted by Dr. Lumley and the community nurses, Misses Coudy and Zonsa. The growth and good work of this association since its organization should be the cause of every resident of Wood River feeling proud, so let us all pull together to do even greater things by showing our practical appreciation and giving every encouragement to such commendable work. The physicians and surgeons giving their services are Dr. H. B. Gillis, Dr. W. E. Barton, Drs. Pence and Lumley, Dr. Rockefeller and Dr. Kessinger. All these doctors in Wood River are donating their professional services to this worthy cause. What are you doing, fellow citizens of Wood River? Have you bought your membership button yet?—$1.00. Just think of what this means to the poor little kiddies and then act accordingly.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Two new subscribers for the Stanolind Record have been obtained at the acid works. Steve Pinak announces the arrival, on November 11, of a handsome boy baby. On November 12, George Smitka announced the arrival of a fine girl. Those having vital statistics to report will please drop in at the foot of the line forming on the right.

Mr. F. J. Bergin modestly admits that the success of the American Royal Livestock show was due largely to his four White Wyandotte chickens. A near-sighted judge placed them in the pigeon exhibit and F. J. sought satisfaction in a bitter pun about "foul deeds coming home to roost".

Mr. Andy Williams and Miss Vida Sutterfield were married Armistice day, November 11, 1922. The reader sending in the largest number of jokes employing the subtle thought that Armistice day was the *end* of the Great War will receive a pair of cut glass ear-muffs as a prize.

Well, the boys continue to retire to private life. Mr. Earl Roby, chief order filler at the storehouse, was united in marriage to Miss Vieva Erickson of Independence, Mo., on October 28.

The Foremen's Social Club was formed November 1. The club has for its object the promotion of social relations. Mr. F. G. Lee is president and Dr. H. O. Eyssell secretary. The birth of the organization was celebrated Saturday night, November 25, with a coon, possum and fried chicken hunt. Net results of the hunt: Coons, none; possums, none; fried chickens, five. The one wild coon started up by the high-brow coon dogs proved that his brow was a little higher than that of the dogs and made good his escape.

Mr. Ed Richmond, pressure still stillman, has returned from Philadelphia, where he was called on account of the illness of his aged father. Mr. Richmond reports that his father is very much better, a fact we are glad to hear.

Now that inventory time is rolling around again, Mr. Hancock is taking on that "Grabby Spell" that comes over him about twice a year. His helpers have to be very careful what they say and do when he is in this mood, or they might get "beaned" with an inkwell. Smiley says he is surely glad that they only take inventory twice a year as this is the only time Hancock is hard to work for.

There has been much gossip around the foremen's office recently as to just what has caused the strange actions of one John Daniels, one of Mr. Hancock's fleet-footed assistants. Some say he has acquired the St. Vitus, while Eddie Henderson says that John has what is known as sea-legs. (If you really want to know what ails John, ask Clifford Howard.)

George Huffman has the honor of owning the first Star automobile in Sugar Creek and all the natives turn out and give it the once-over every time he cranks her up. George says that one good thing about them is that you don't necessarily have to build a garage as you can easily keep them under the kitchen stove.

Wally Hodge and Smiley Stewart, better known as the Gold Dust Twins or the Toothless Wonders, have just about come to the conclusion that they are past their second childhood stage and if they expect to get any more teeth they will probably have to buy them. Chuck Masters says he is getting tired loaning his teeth to them every time they want to eat their lunch or take a chew of Tinsley.

Clifford Howard, the great Huntsman of Sugar Creek, spent a day tramping the woods of Garden City in the search of quail but finally returned to Sugar Creek with two bunnies.

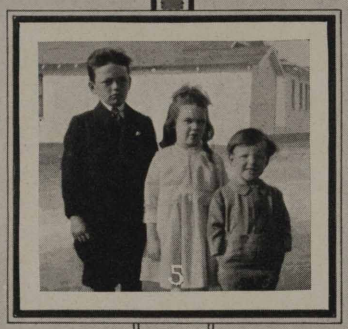
"Dr." Woodward used to be the life of every dance given in Sugar Creek, but recently he quit

(*Continued on Page 35*)

Casper Must Be a Healthy Town

If anyone attempts to slander the Wyoming climate, just point to these and silence him. No. 1—Mrs. J. W. Thompson and Baby William. No. 2—Miss Erma Dell Gorrell, age 2. No. 3—Charles W. Kalkofen, stillman, and Charles, Jr. The picture was taken late in 1920. No. 4—Jack and Jeanette Mignolet, age 2 and 4, respectively. No. 5—Master Edward Arthur Ader, son of Daniel Ader, Plant 3 foundry. No 6—Catherine David, daughter of Robert B. David of main office.

Reasons For Casper's Housing Shortage



As the reader will gather from inspection of this and succeeding pages, Casper is a fast growing city and there is absolutely nothing wrong with its birth rate. No wonder a housing shortage has existed there. No. 1—Eunice Eileen Goure, age 14 months. No. 2—J. W. Thompson and his roly-poly youngsters, Pamalia and William. No. 3—Franklin Herbert Hammer, son of Frank Hammer, of foundry Plant 3. No. 4—Miss Betty Scott, daughter of Alva Scott, flanger in boiler shop, Plant 3. No. 5—Billy, Betty and Jack, children of Bob Gray. No. 6—Charlotte Tipton, age 3, daughter of J. D. Tipton.

CASPER STORK DELIVERS 100% QUALITY

As the photographs on this page testify, old Doc Stork of Casper specializes in quality, and he isn't niggard in his deliveries either. No. 1—Bill Emil, Jr. No. 2—L. D. Critchfield, Jr. No. 3—Richard Tipton, age 5, son of J. D. Tipton. No. 4—Eve Thompson, daughter of Supt. A. E. Thompson, Plants 1 and 2. No. 5—William H. Tolhurst, Jr., age 18 months. No. 6—Miss Mary Jane Davidson. No. 7—The merry youngsters of Howard Clark, of the paint department. No. 8—Jack, age 5, and Floyd, age 3, sons of J. A. Lytle of main office. No. 9—F. Nye Moses, Jr., at 21 months; daddy employed in main office.

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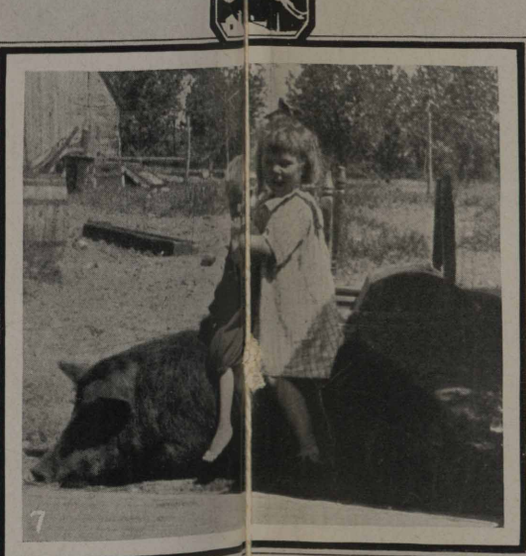
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Future Belles of Casper Society

Just now these little ladies are pets of the "old folks", but there will come a day when they will be much sought after by the young men of Casper. No. 1—Dorothy Davis, daughter of R. C. Davis. No. 2—Margaret Louise Modeland, daughter of Roy D. Modeland. No. 3—Helen Parker, age 2 years, whose daddy works in the main office. No. 4—Correspondent failed to note name on back of this photograph. No. 5—June Marguerite Saulie, age 1½ years.

(*Continued from Page 29*)

attending any and all social affairs of S. C. How come, Doc? Did the missus sit down on you?

E. J. Cox jumped out of the bushes and captured another speeder, increasing his bank account 50 cents.

Polly Compton says he has gained 60 pounds in one year. Anyone looking at him would not doubt this statement. What we want to know is, how come? Is it the cat naps he takes on the "graveyard" or the quiet and slow life that any newly married man lives?

We will have to keep a close watch on G. V. Hackett, boiler shop foreman, who has recently taken over the supervision of the tin shop. He might try to give us tin cups made from one-quarter inch tank steel.

Have you seen the funny (Jones' store basement) costume Farmer Frisby has been wearing recently? Looks like a cross between a polo costume and golf togs. Maybe he has joined the Witte Gold Club. (Isn't it the uniform of the Horse Marines?—Ed.)

EXTRA! EXTRA! F. G. Lee, foreman of paint and carpenter department, was actually caught working! A gang of Frisby's men was pulling on a rope when F. G. Lee happened by and must have been, according to Frisby, in a semi-conscious state, as he walked right in among the men and grasped the rope, gave one yank, and "came to"—he quickly turned loose the rope and decided to take the rest of the day off. No doubt there will be lots of Sugar Creek readers who might question this statement that Lee was actually caught working, but F. H. Frisby will verify it as he happened to see it with his own eyes. He admits that he almost fell from his hobby horse when he recognized Lee.

Overheard at band concert in Sugar Creek the other evening: *First Native*—"The way Cox plays that cornet, I don't believe he finished his correspondence course, do you?" *Second Native*—"Naw, about the only instrument he can play is corn-on-the-cob, and he plays that by ear."

We have at last found out how A. O. Hodges gets so much speed out of his old Chevrolet. Says he has had some "Cadillac glands" grafted on it.

Kenneth Jacques, of the storehouse, says if he missed any of the boys recently when he passed around the *stogies*, to call him at the storehouse and he will certainly arrange to give them some as he wants to get around to everyone the first time, as he says he might be too poor to pass the smokes on the next arrival.

It has been reported that E. E. Lewis, of Industrial Relations building, and E. J. Cox won another horseshoe game. We have not had time to verify this and readers may believe it or not.

Gather in close, Sugar Creek main office employees, and we will tell you something that has puzzled you for years. There is no doubt you have wondered how Joe Breuer, dealer in high class poultry, real estate, and first class stenographer and bookkeeper, accumulated his wealth and now ranks along with Three-Ball Jim, Mathew Butler and some of the other wealthy critics of the main office. Here's the secret: The new overcoat he is sporting now has a Montgomery Ward label in it, and he says it cost him $15.00 and furthermore, it will last him for five years for Sunday wear and about twenty-five for every-day wear. When you gonna retire, Joe?

Who was it that said Doc Woodward was so dumb he thought "daylight savings" was a bank. He beats Packy Shorts, who always imagined "Mistake" was a butcher's daughter.

The days of leather leggings are here and the following members have joined the Leather Legging Club for the season: J. W. Kelly, Doc McCoy, Frank Woodward, O. C. Hite, and more to follow, if they can get the leggings.

Jess Reeder took his girl to the village drug store. She was enjoying her weekly treat of ice cream soda when her straw hat became bent. "Oh," she cried to the clerk, "my sucker's broke." Jess' face flushed. "Gosh darn it!" he exclaimed, sheepishly, "how'd you know I was?"

Lunchroom patrons have been notified by the "save-you-money-man," Doc McCoy, that there will be an increase in the price of meals if they continue to ask for second helpings. Seems as if there should be a reduction in the price of meals, now that Carl Johnson has left. This makes it pretty tough on some of those customers who have been receiving three or four helpings each meal.

The experimental wizards, Al Shondell and Jimmie Means, must have forgotten to add a touch of "Safety First" during a recent experiment which caused an explosion neither of them can explain. Luck was with them and they emerged without a scratch, but Shondell says that he doesn't think Jimmie will ever regain his strength.

Styles in Sugar Creek main office force change about as often as cornerstones in Carnegie libraries.

The steps leading down from inspection department will have to be reinforced if Bill Hickey doesn't teach his sample boys to come down them a little lighter. When the 8 o'clock whistle blows, everyone in the shipping office and drafting office hunt cover until the army of sample boys has disappeared. Those heavy "Safety First" shoes pounding on the iron steps would even wake Three-Ball Hindes from his noonday snooze.

Roy Peck has had his neck bandaged for several days but says he does not know just what caused the infection. He probably has what is known as a "Cellulinic cancer," caused by his celluloid collar rubbing his neck.

CASPER, WYO.

Mr. H. W. Eberstein, chairman of the Casper elected representatives, has been appointed assistant to D. M. Lobdell, assistant director of Industrial Relations. He will take up his duties commencing December 1, 1922. He will be remembered as the general speaker at the Chicago conference. His promotion is a result of honest effort on his part and is appreciated by his fellows at No. 3 plant, who have twice elected him a member of the Joint General Committee.

Floyd J. Stalnaker, the Dubois country guide, the man that showed the world where the beans grew, has returned to Casper. Since the beans have all put up for the Winter, he had no playmates to play with, so he has come back to pound burners on the firing line.

Casper employees wish to express their heartfelt sympathies to the wife of W. W. Smith, who was employed at No. 3 plant when he met his death. Mr. Smith was known as "Billy" to his many friends, who will always remember him for his jovial disposition.

If you don't belong to the Shiftmen's Benefit Association, you should. If you can find a better sick and accident benefit association in the U. S. A., we would like to know of it. It will pay you to investigate. Any of the following will be glad to give you any information you may desire: Joe Wimsatt, pressure stillman at No. 11 house, presi-

dent of the association; D. M. Lobdell, director of Industrial Relations at Casper and secretary of the association; Albert Seanor, steam stillman; H. W. Eberstein, assistant to Mr. Lobdell; William Emmel, still foreman. The last three are trustees of the association.

Talk about the public turkey shoot. The boss busted up the whole party. There were eight turkeys up for prizes, and T. S. got six of those and then quit. Well, that's all right, he's the boss; we wouldn't let anyone else do it.

Ed Shide, fireman No. 2 press, certainly thinks the Stanolind is a grand magazine. Wonder if he thinks as much of a certain widow? Rumor has it that there will be one less widow and one less bachelor in Casper.

W. C. Goodwin, formerly with the Whiting plant for fifteen years as electric foreman, has accepted a position at the Casper plant. He says, tell the boys at Whiting that Lizzie came through fine in just seven days.

Fred Wade, janitor on coke stills, denies that he is going to Arkansas to go in the hog business.

William Covington, formerly of the garage department on No. 3 plant, is now employed in the brickmason department at plant No. 1.

Oscar Howard, pipe department foreman, has returned after a week's sickness.

Frank Austin, tube still and boiler inspector, has returned from a two weeks' vacation spent on the coast.

Say, what is a Geike? Answer: A Geike is a man who lives so far back in the woods that he doesn't know an owl from a chicken; or he is a man who belongs to the Shiftmen's Benefit Association and never pays his monthly dues until there is a fine attached. Are you one?

S. J. Hershberger, G. Auflick and V. W. Loosey, shift men, went on a fishing trip to Box Elder creek recently and got a fair catch of the speckled beauties, but say that next time they will take snowshoes instead of Lizzie.

Robert E. (L.) Beard, Jr., failed to arrive. In his place there arrived Miss Virginia. Mother and the baby are doing nicely. Papa is wearing a wonderful smile.

Dr. M. G. Paulus and Mrs. Paulus are back in Chicago. We are thinking seriously of calling the doctor our traveling "Super".

Dr. S. K. Loy left for North Dakota November 18 on company business.

Tom McCaffrey, still helper, No. 1 plant, left for his home at Wadena, Minn., to rest up and try to return to the best of health. He has our well wishes.

Jim Hook and Niel Thomas partook rather freely of the punch at the Armistice ball. Ask Jim for further details.

The new addition to the Industrial Relations Department to replace dear old George is L. I. Dunn of Nebraska.

When E. F. Roberts got bumped in the leg at the salvage yard, November 10, the accident reports stated that the nature of the injury was "traumatic adanitis, right inguinal". Does anyone know what was the matter with him?

Alvah Todd, pressure stillman, is back from a two weeks' vacation and says he had a fine time.

Cliff Miller, pumper at No. 2 pump house, announces the arrival of an eight-pound girl. Mother and baby are doing fine, and the cigars were fine, too.

Here is a chance for two good-looking girls who can cook and keep house. Joe King, stillman on the light oil continuous, and Joe Wimsatt, pressure stillman, want to get married, but say they can't find the girls. Come on, girls, speak up. Here are two fine fellows. Neither one of them drink, chew, smoke or swear, and they save their money.

Hurry and give the next dance. The last one the Standard Athletic Association gave at the Arkeon sure was the "cat's kimona". One dance a month would suit us fine.

Strickler came out November 3 all dressed up in his "Sunday go to meeting" outfit. Several of the fellows thought that perhaps the Miners' Delight declared a dividend. Some of us thought that perhaps he had "been out among 'em" and didn't have time to change clothes before coming to work. Finally a committee went up and interviewed him. Strickler informed them his son, Harold E. Strickler, came in on the morning train. Shortly after Harold started the fall term of his senior year at the New Mexico Military Institution he was taken down with pneumonia. He was unable to finish the term because of his weakened condition. For that reason he came back home. Harold is 21 years old and feels rather badly because he will not graduate in June. He should cheer up and remember that some of us had whiskers before we got out of college.

Albert Taylor and C. M. Bettinger, of the refining department, have left the service of the company.

Emmet Sturm, pumper helper at No. 1 pump house, was united in marriage to Miss Lowe, of Casper, last week.

Clarence Osborne, pumper helper at No. 1 pump house, has been transferred to boiler washer at No. 2 boiler house.

Oscar Walls has been transferred from the light oil continuous stills to the steam stills.

Frank Meenan and R. C. Rubush, of the tower still department, are both getting along fine. All the boys of the refining department are glad to hear this.

Walter Whetham has been transferred from firing on the pressure stills to the still cleaning department.

Pat, we hear you are falling hard these days. Watch your hat, please.

Our girls (referring to plant No. 3) are accomplished in many ways, but not one of them may boast of being a public speaker—rather an orator—with the exception of Violet Castleman. We always knew Violet was a speaker—one could tell this by merely taking the receiver off the telephone—but Violet, we never suspected you of being able to deliver an oration such as you delivered on Armistice eve at the Palace Inn. We are really very proud of you. Keep up the good work.

Mr. Bass (perhaps we should address you as Major Bass), will you please teach us how to eat a sardine sandwich for breakfast? You seem to enjoy them so that we envy you.

Have you heard Andy, of the shipping department, sing his favorite song? It goes like this—"Sweet Adaline, Sweet Adaline, At night, dear heart, for you I pine." Well, most all of us know this old song, and we all like to hear it.

Will someone just please tell us where were Lucile, Clara and Etelka on Friday night, November 17? Lucile said she had been sitting up with her husband; Clara said she had been sitting up with a sick friend and Etelka claimed to have been in search of an honest man. The stories may be true, but we have cause to doubt them, as it is known they were all together the early part of the evening, having attended the Masonic dance; but where, oh, where did they go from there?

One of Etelka's favorite pastimes during office hours is to give a yawn and then sigh: "Oh——— 'umm———". (Just as an explanation—'umm is the English pronunciation for Humm.)

Here is a good one! What resemblance has a jack-rabbit to a horse? Betty Tolhurst, would you mind telling us? We understand that you noticed this striking resemblance one night when returning from Douglas via Yellowstone Highway.

Mr. F. B. Crone has consented to render assistance in the labor distribution department. He was formerly a timekeeper in the plant. It is so hard to get men who will stay in this department that we suggest that it be discontinued.

McKinney, Briney, Jean, Smith, Larson and Lytle, from the main office, are trying to sneak up on an education at the vocational school. Mac and Smith are both members of the Old Men's Club and if these two octogenarians can absorb any information it will be a big advertisement for the school.

The Athletic Association is a strong organization and is expected to do a lot of good among the employees of the three plants. However, although the by-laws make provision in the minutest detail for the government of its activities, we doubt very much the existence of a clause, a word, or even the slightest hint in the whole of the constitution of this feverishly active organization, which prevents its support of a plant basketball team. Basketball is classed as a sport, and in this sense may be objectionable to the Athletic Association; but we hope at least that there will be no active objection on the part of this organization to the formation of a basketball team, and that, even though they may consider it outside the sphere of their activities, they will see fit to give it their moral support. Mr. H. O. Post, a private in the ranks, has taken it upon himself to organize a team to represent plant No. 1, and it is hoped that this action will not be the cause of his excommunication from the association.

Mr. Forbes has taken up a homestead in the Standard Oil subdivision, where he plans to graze his livestock. If the federal government ever gets the Dixie Highway through there, that ought to be a choice location.

While we are discussing the high price of bootleg here in Casper, we ought to decide the question of a community bank also. A large number of banks such as we have in Casper makes it very confusing for the depositor. Ray Turner had to call up the whole five yesterday before he found out which one had his money. This is very annoying.

Two members of the 21 Club gave a moving picture recital every morning for the delectation of those members of the office force who appreciate that sort of entertainment. Although these men are not professionals, they are very clever and Hollywood will get them if they don't watch out.

GREYBULL, WYO.

R. S. McDaniel, alias "Snooks", attended church Sunday and reported for work Monday morning with a crippled knee. These unusual positions do raise Cain with a man.

Guy Mellott went rabbit hunting and secured two around nine o'clock in the evening. Rumor has it they were already dressed. Guy says: "All you have to do is to stay with it."

If you see Fred Gouchenor or Bill Kunkel shimmying and shaking, don't think it's caused by cotton socks or cold weather; it's just a habit they've gotten into.

To Trade: An old garden wheel for a self-steering device. See Clarence Packard, No. 2 house.

Roy Hunsberger has a new car; that is, it's new to Roy. Every time he looks it over he finds something new or something that should be new.

Mayor Ed. P. Landers is around again after an attack of pneumonia.

Chas. Kunkel, Clifford Baker and Jack Jelley are taking a few days vacation.

Will someone tell us how many heat units it takes to bring a gallon of water 48° F. to the boiling point? Mr. Sanford uses at least six gallons these cold mornings on the Baby Lincoln.

Every time Roy Ludington, Joe Packard, Will Robinson and Earnest Hayhurst went fishing this summer they got 15 fish per each; same way in the chicken and duck season. We are all thankful that they did not go after big game.

Did you notice that $10 smile Mr. Mobley was wearing on the day after election?

Shorty Shaffner and Frank Standefer went to Basin to attend the football game. They must have picked the loosers; we haven't heard a peep out of them since they got back.

The Stillman is a dirty cuss, his face is never clean;
His overalls and jumpers are the worst I ever seen.
His hair is full of fuel oil, his shoes are full of wax,
He's absolutely the dirtiest guy this side of Halifax.
P. S.—His helper is no better, his clothes are seldom clean,
The only way to make 'em so, would be a bath in gasoline.

Andy Muse will soon be an old bachelor.

Anyone desiring information about the Lovell road, consult Tom Patterson; he is authority on that particular piece of highway. He also makes regular trips to Basin.

H. L. Sutherlin has a new Ford coupe. Look out, girls.

ATTENTION, DAVENPORT!

We notice in the November Stanolind that Teddie Schnoor, of Davenport, Iowa, is having a paddock built for his hose, while visiting Alma. We would advise Teddie to try wearing boots or a shoe that fits tight around the ankle; if this doesn't keep the buggers in, try some Tiz or Allen's foot ease. We have some strong hose around here, but have been able up to present writing to keep 'em in an ordinary locker. When they get so bad that a paddock is necessary we turn 'em loose on the range. Fact is, we have some now that could step out for themselves. However, it was a mean trick, Teddie, and I sure would get even with the maverick that wrote about it.

The treater is a dressy guy, you see him every day
With brand new gloves and overalls, a hiking on his way;
But before his shift is over, those clothes ain't worth a hang,
Even "Shorty" wouldn't have 'em round his second-hand shebang.

Ask Shorty Dobbs if he has learned to dance yet.

If anyone has an extra blanket, give it to Bunk Rimer. We understand he has only an overcoat to protect him from the icy blasts.

The reason Sam Kane was elected representative was because Guy West is too large and covers too much territory, and Jimmie Smyser is so small that he might get lost in the shuffle.

We hear that "Johnnie" Johnson, the Foamite King, has been making regular trips to Basin visiting some schoolmarm. Better look out, "Johnnie", we heard that there was going to be some opposition on the subject.

How do you account for the following: While in Chicago our "Reps", who were all respectable married men, appointed Mr. Snyder as spokesman, as he had been east of the Powder River before. He asked the clerk of the hotel if he had a room with four beds. The clerk replied that he had one suite (sweet). Guy West said: "I'll take her."

Jim Smith, in an argument with the learned "Nick", made the remark that Henry Ford was spending a lot of money grinding up mussel shells to make fertilizer.

Bill Maloney was on trial recently before a kangaroo court for refusing to associate with a young lady in Kansas City. Found guilty. For further information see A. A. Hurst.

There is a certain young man on the works who resents being called Andy Gump, and the name of "Peaches" is just as distasteful.

C. A. Berry, cleaner on Nos. 1 and 2 batteries, returned recently from a business trip to Billings and reports that Montana city very quiet.

A. F. MacDonald, who has been ill with ptomaine poisoning, is back on duty and feeling much improved.

L. A. Richardson and D. Yandell went on a rabbit hunt across the river recently. About the same time George Haddenhorst reported two house cats missing over there.

A letter from B. A. Lawrence, who has been in the U. S. V. hospital at Sheridan, states that he is doing nicely and will soon be home.

E. F. Lockard returned recently from a trip to Pittsburg, Pa. Fred says the east is O. K. but that he'll take Wyoming for his.

Mrs. James: "Nelson, where have you been all night?" Jimmie: "Aw, out owl hunting."

The other night Geo. Haddenhorst and G. L. Shepardson polished up the old rubber collars and went up to have their "pictures took". The local photographer told them to come back the next night and he would take them, but he wanted to get some insurance on his camera first.

LARAMIE, WYO.

Hanson, the watchman, is our man who is always on the job, but at that Hank gets scared. The other night, while making his rounds through the tank farm, Hank sees a dark object moving around the tanks. His first thought was that it was someone stealing gas, but a closer examination of the object showed that it walked on all fours. It must be a bear. Hank has no time for bears, so he rushes to the boiler room and tells his experience. He enlists the service of "Brave" Leo Hughes and they arm themselves with a monkey wrench and a pair of 6-inch tongs and start in pursuit, Hank first and Leo following. After circling several tanks they found the bear. Leo, having had charge of a menagerie for a circus at one time, and being quite an animal tamer, proposed that they make the capture a live one. But having consumed some time in the detail of the capture, the bear grew cold and started to move. Leo moved at the same time. He was found the next day at his boarding house suffering from chills and fever. Hank, having been left alone could not move, and as the bear came closer, it proved to be one of the ranchman's calves, which had crossed the river on the ice and wandered into the tank farm. Hank has bought a new gun and holster and is now practicing the draw. He says it is not what it was, it is what it might have been, so hereafter he will be prepared.

James, at the water pump house, is working on something we think is going to change the taste and color of the water, and if he makes a go of it, we must warn Jack at plant No. 1 to keep an eye on Reed or he may not have enough water left to cool the tar.

Fred, at the water pump house, tried out something new that we did not think of. He tried to run his car on half and half. It worked all right going to work, but it was a cold night and when he was ready to go home he had some time in getting up steam. His mixture froze but he finally got home the next day in time for dinner. Don't try it again, Fred.

Harry, our gauger, made a bad mistake. He brought Lizzie out in that terrible storm and now she has a bad cold. From last reports she will not be out till next spring. Now Harry has to walk.

Dear Mr. Editor: This being the "Day after Pay Day", we feel better inclined toward the world. Everything is rosy except the snowdrifts, which have collected considerable dirt and soot. But truthfully we haven't any news at all except that we are alive. That's news to some.—Boiler Skinners.

Someone would better advise Dolan to remove the shells from the chamber of his gun before practicing that Bill Hart stuff.

Cory Dudley, oil pumper, has purchased a new model Ford touring car.

Jack Graham was on the sick list the early part of the month.

Ed. Wood, our Industrial Relations representative, is the proud father of a baby girl, weight 8 pounds, born somewhere around the year 1904. "Baby Crete" this year won second prize in the beauty contest at the University of Wyoming, where she is a student. (Well! well!—where's the picture?—Ed.)

F. O. Blair, assistant superintendent, was at Casper on business November 23, 24 and 25.

Since November 22 the water pumpers are having visions of Evanston.

Carl Carlstrum, stillman of No. 3 battery, bought a Ford touring car. Carl says if he gets as much service from his car as Ed. Gathercole has gotten from his, he will be satisfied.

We see sure signs of returning prosperity. Our laundry is on full time. We have just elected a new set of officers, A. Cummings, president; James Emrick, general manager; Ed. Roy, and Doc, directors; and George, washing machine operator. The place is being run on the cash and carry plan. Satisfaction guaranteed or your clothing back.

Art Burckert, of plant No. 2, went duck hunting recently. The wind blew hard enough to hold the birds in one place for some time, but the gun failed to work and the ducks got away. Better get some different shells, Art.

Harold Buck takes his vacation about Xmas time and there is something mysterious about his actions. He is very secretive. We think he is growing serious. He sold his Ford coupe and bought a Dodge touring car. Buck, after listening to the good advice that your friends are always willing to offer, I should think that you would be more careful. Harold says he expects to spend his vacation with his mother. That will be fine. But take warning and stay away from Fort Collins. You remember that you broke the speed ordinance the last time you were down there.

A. E. Wiley was visited on the night of November 15, 1922, by Dr. Stork, who presented the Wiley family with a 7½-pound girl. Congratulations, Wiley; there are many of us quite envious, I'm sure.

B. W. Ferris is away on his vacation visiting relatives in Iowa. Mr. Ferris decided to take his vacation because of a light attack of pneumonia, it being advisable to be very careful at this time.

Mr. E. L. Kelley is quite ill with an attack of the flu. Tough luck, Kelly, we all wish you a speedy recovery.

Mr. A. S. Winchell has reported back, after being off for an extended period due to a broken arm. We're all glad to see you back, Winchell. The way Winchell happened to break his arm is very interesting, as well as being very, very much out of the ordinary. Winchell was playing a game of baseball at shortstop. A long fly was knocked over the center fielder. Winchell ran out to help the outfielder relay the ball in. On catching the ball, Winchell turned and threw it on into home, breaking his arm.

GLENROCK, WYO.

We thought we would never be able to get anything on George Moore, but since we wrote up the news last month, George was seen at the big Mammoth gusher in the Teapot Oil Dome, in the company of a young schoolmarm. Better watch out, George, for they say: "The older they are the harder they fall."

We presume that E. C. Johnson, shift breaker for the stillmen, is in prime condition again, as he informed us that he is killing all of his chickens.

Mr. U. W. Halley, our senior stillman, has sold his house that he built this spring. Said that it was the wrong type of a building for the severe Wyoming winters.

Leo C. Sage, who was one of the familiar personages during the construction of this plant, is back on the job again. This time he is cleaning up in general and doing small repair jobs that have become necessary. We are always glad to have old faces among us.

Paul Morgan, who has been cleaning stills here since the plant began, left the employ of the company recently. Still cleaning was beginning to tell on Paul's health so he thought he had better quit while he was still here. He has accepted a boiler-making job in Casper.

Deer season is on and has drawn several of our men away from their work for a short vacation and hunt among the mountains. Of those who went, E. C. Johnson was the only man who brought home the meat, the Sweetwater country yielding his supply. Homer Byers came near going hunting, too, but the man who was to show him the deer failed to show up, and Homer just naturally did not want to go alone.

Quite a number of our men contributed liberally to charity this month, an orphanage somewhere in Colorado being the beneficiary. We are not sure whether the man was an extra good talker, or if the boys just naturally have big hearts. Anyway we hope that there is such an orphanage somewhere, as no one has ever heard of it.

Someone discovered that coffee boiled quite readily when placed over the down-take under the stills. Since then it has been very easy to keep awake, with hot coffee always on the job.

The long expected has happened. Irl Brown has taken unto himself a wife. He was so successful in keeping it a deep, dark secret that no one knew the exact date until after it had happened, and then it was too late to have any fun. Anyway the boys got even with him by chipping in and getting his wife a rolling pin, and we are sure that before many months have passed Irl will be sorry that he kept the event a secret. Needless to say that after purchasing the rollingpin there was enough left for several very appropriate gifts for Irl. The young lady in the case was Miss Cora Meehl, of Douglas, Wyoming. Irl slipped away on his day off and was married in Douglas at the home of the Rev. Millstead. While we have not all had the privilege of meeting the new bride, we feel sure that she is charming in every way or Irl would not have fallen. And for her benefit we can say that we have known the captured man long enough to know that he should make a model husband. Thanks for the cigars, Brown.

Mrs. L. E. Chamberlain, wife of our superintendent, and their little son Roy are making an extended visit among friends and relatives in eastern Nebraska.

Mr. C. W. (Safety) Smith visited our plant recently and gave us a highly prized compliment by saying that the conditions here (especially Safety) were more nearly ideal than at any other plant he had visited.

Mr. Thomas S. Cooke and Mr. R. M. Andrus visited our plant on November 16 and went away feeling satisfied with the way we were running things.

Mr. G. S. May decided that walking out to the plant on these cold snowy nights was too disagreeable, so another Ford car has made its appearance among us.

The men finally refused to help Ed. Kenney pack his Ford roadster out of the garage another time, so Ed. traded it in on a Ford touring car that usually works.

Leo C. Sage has been placed on the payroll permanently as repair man. Every plant needs at least one "sage" among its members.

No, Mr. Chamberlain did not hire a stenographer. We had begun to think that he had, and would not have blamed him if the company would have stood for it. Just to show how interested we were, Mr. Irl Brown, a newly married man of two days, watched his chance and when he saw Leon going out of the plant, sneaked into the office to get first hand information. Here you are, Mrs. Brown—evidence on which to use that new rollingpin we gave you as a wedding present.

WARNING TO SCOTTY HOGARTH! Whatever you do, Scotty, don't go hunting in those new riding breeches of yours. You might have occasion to bend over to tie a shoestring.

Mr. J. L. Felton, still cleaner, was on the sick list last week, but we are glad to report that he is now back on the job, knocking them out on schedule.

Our sympathy goes out to Harry McQuery, as we learn that he has suffered a relapse following his recent nervous disorders.

Upon making a canvass of our men we find that over 80 per cent own cars. This speaks well for their prosperity, and prosperity is the backbone of contentment. In this western country of ours, our greatest pleasure is in getting out into the mountains where hunting is good, and where every mountain stream affords excellent trout fishing, not to mention the beautiful scenery and picnicking pleasures. We are indeed glad to see that so many of our men are in a position to enjoy these rare privileges.

We notice that Mr. E. L. Decco has recently increased his "dear" hunting equipment. This time

it is a new Dodge roadster. Mr. Decco is one of our few remaining benedicts, but if he keeps on at this rate we are afraid that he will soon be an easy mark for Cupid's dart.

It doesn't pay to express one's sentiments too freely on any subject. One never knows when circumstances might force him to change his opinions, or at least place him in an embarassing position. Ever since we have known Mr. E. C. Johnson he has been very free with his remarks concerning homesteads and homesteaders, and we must admit that they have never been very complimentary to the homesteader. It is with reluctance, therefore, that we mention the fact the Mr. Johnson recently moved to a homestead a few miles from town. Rent is a little less than nothing out there, Johnson says.

Our greatest trouble in writing these personals for the Stanolind Record is trying to decide how personal we can get without being too personal.

One would naturally conclude that after having completed cleaning a still, the cleaner would be almost too tired to move. That this conclusion is erroneous has been proved by Mr. Ed. Kenney. After he had quieted down and again removed all of his clothing, we learned that a wasp had crawled into Mr. Kenney's undergarments during his absence, and when he resumed occupation the wasp backed up several times before he could get them off again. But who could blame the wasp for trying to find a warm place, at that?

We learn that the big brown bear is still roaming the mountains unmolested, and we wonder if Mr. Chamberlain has decided that his heart is too tender even to kill a bear. Or is it that since the snow is on the ground he is afraid that his feet will get too cold?

Mr. J. M. Camm, who has been building his own house, has at last got it completed. Mr. Camm was beginning to think that he would have to call for help to get it completed before the extremely cold weather set in.

We asked Mr. A. B. Salmon to give us some news for the Stanolind. He did. We wish to take this means of thanking him, but while we agree with what he said, we do not believe it would look well in print.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

Edna Blodgett has not been frequenting her noonday haunts nor "making the line" at Miss Dutton's; neither have we seen her majestic figure or agile step on Boul Mich. Upon peering around the office in a fruitless endeavor to locate her we were informed that she was ministering to a sick mother. Edna, we know your soft touch and gentle ways will do more than the physician's practiced art to restore your mother to health and happiness, and your comrades all join in hoping that you both will benefit from your enforced absence; also that the brightness of the forthcoming holidays will shed its flickering spirit around your hearth and make you all very happy.

Beside being very efficient on the subject of caring for children, Mr. J. T. Smith, in R. C. King's department, is past master at taking care of the window pole. The question now uppermost in the minds of all is—Who owns the window pole, Mr. Smith or the S. O. Co.?

If you wish to see a beautiful imitation of a pigeon in flight, watch Miss Emily Hill being rapidly assisted along Ninth street at 5 p. m.

We are anxious to know where "Beau Brummel" O'Keefe gets all the filthy lucre. Here it is only Friday, and he has appeared in three different suits this week. He has probably discounted his bonus.

Miss Anna Rommel has become an ardent disciple of Izaak Walton since John Carr initiated her into the mysteries of catching fish.

Ed Kelly is organizing a degree team to confer the Masonic work on unsuspecting candidates. If the victim survives the atrocities committed by the aforesaid bunch of teamsters, he ought to be just the man to go and settle the Turkish problem.

Rudy Thorstenson and Einor Crown returned to labor on the Fifth floor after spending two delightful weeks in the northern wilds. They both declare that they could be contented trapping muskrats, etc., indefinitely. Well, why did they not stay there? Ask Ingie, she knows!

A party of would-be swells, of the Fifth floor, took a trip to the south side one evening recently, and deciding that riding a "seven-center" would be beneath their dignity, they hailed a Yellow cab. Slab Foot Roesler was included in the party but did not enjoy the ride; the old meter ran too fast for him. Every time it pushed up another dime, Slab said: "There goes another cigar." Dimunitive Jack Ely rode with the driver so that if occasion required he would be in a position to leave the ship quickly, but he was disappointed because the aforesaid party arrived safely at their destination with no greater mishap than the involuntary extraction of fifty cents from the old bank roll.

The employees of the general manager's office extend to Miss Alta Irene Colby their deepest sympathy in the death of her mother, which occurred November 18.

Ed. Longhenry, our whirlwind correspondent, claims he never makes a mistake when he "dictaphones" a letter. Miss Foote called him on one of his letters, and Ed. bet a box of candy the error did not lay in his record. That happened over two weeks, ago, but the candy hasn't been forthcoming as yet.

The other day Louie Schallerer came prancing down the aisle and he had a button off his vest. He sure needs a wife, and he ought to look over the girls in the sales department. Girls, get busy, as here is your chance. Something ought to be done.

Girls, have you noticed that Li'l Arthah Budell has a very fetching dimple?

George Nelson says Hank Bonniwell is the only bird in captivity who believes the United States is dry. Hank and Pussyfoot Johnston were the original drys.

Dave Radcliffe is looking for a breed of hens that will lay square eggs. He figures he can save express charges if he can pack the eggs in a smaller crate.

WANTED: "Tongue-proof" auto radiator, warranted not to talk back.—EES, Box 13.

Have you seen Jeanette Shea's new coat? It's the bee's knees.

Mae Sramek is all dressed up in a new diamond ring. She says the big day is a long way off.

Health Hint: *Do not* ask Florence Johnston about Bill the Baritone.

Ed. Vail has a little girl five years old. She has just entered kindergarten. One day when Papa Vail came home, Helen was all excited. She said: "Oh, Daddy, we learned all about Indians today." "What did you learn about them, Helen?" "Well, the daddy Indian is called a chief and the mamma Indian is called a squaw and the baby Indian is called a papoose and they live in wigwams. They make the wigwams by putting poles in the ground and covering them with the peelings from animals."

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

Employees of the Chicago sales division wish to extend their heartfelt sympathies to Mr. C. L. Rosa and Mr. E. J. Otth in their recent loss, when Mr. Rosa's wife and Mr. Otth's mother passed away.

Mr. Bonney, who had been called suddenly to the home of his folks in Canada on account of the serious illness of his father, is now back at his desk and reports that everything turned out favorably, which news we were all very glad to hear.

We have noticed since the calisthenic exercises have been in effect that the clerks in the Chicago billing department have been showing lots of pep. We hope this spirit keeps up.

We have to take off our hats to clearing station for their untiring efforts in winning the gasoline banner presented to the station showing the largest gain in gasoline sales during each month. They have held this banner continuously since May until the present time. Go to it, boys! Keep up the good work.

We'll have to expand our stock to include *oil cloth* so that when someone calls up again to ask if we handle it, we can say: "Yes. How many yards do you want?"

We were very glad to have "Hippo" Rogge back on the job after a bad siege of sickness.

Chris Rummelhoff has lost track of the KINK in his back lately. Wonder if he misses it?

We are all very glad to hear that L. L. Broderick, agent at Harvey, has recovered from the flu. "L. L." says it takes more than the flu to kill an Irishman.

SPECIAL

Have you bought your ticket for the Stanolind Bowling League Dance, to be held Saturday evening, February 3, 1923, at the Capitol Building Drill Hall, formerly Masonic Temple? If not, you would better hurry as they are likely to be as scarce as tickets were for the Chicago-Princeton football game. This is the first dance of the season and one of the big social events in Chicago for Standard Oil Company employees. Don't fail to be there and bring your friends. There will be excellent music and a good time is guaranteed to all.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

Newt Sage went to the theatre the other night and a dusky lady of obvious African extraction made the awfullest eyes at him. That night Newt had a nightmare in which the lady stood over him with an enormous butcher knife. "Help! help!" cried Newt. "I'll never touch another drop of bootleg as long as I live."

Jack Jost was seen coming home from the Iowa-Minnesota game holding a strange girl on his knee. It was brought to light that the lady was from Fort Madison, which may go to explain the personal mail Jack has been receiving lately from that point.

BUD CLARK'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS: Dear Santa—All I want for Christmas this year is a little Cupid to shoot arrows with my name on at that cute boy, John Morrissey.

Hansen: "Who has Brandon?" (Meaning the reports). Newlywed Hedberg: "Does he work up here?"

Merlin F. Fry, Cedar Rapids pump man, was married not long ago. Congratulations, Mr. Fry.

Cedar Rapids Standard Oilers are sorry to lose Mr. L. F. Drury, district superintendent, who has been transferred to Ottumwa, but we welcome Mr. W. S. McLeod, who succeeds him.

Anyone having ducks for sale see Mr. S. A. Sergeant.

Miss Davidson came to work the day after Thanksgiving with quite a scratch on the back of her neck. Mr. Damp would like to know if the turkey flew up and bit her. How about it, Vera?

Thursday, November 23, the employees of the Davenport office held a house warming party in their new headquarters. The evening was spent in dancing and card games, not to mention the hot dogs and cider. Pat O'Connell caused quite a diversion by ramming a hot dog sandwich down Jack Jost's throat, who now answers to the name of Wienie Jost.

S. A. Sergeant is seriously considering tendering his resignation from the Standard Oil Co., that he may devote more of his time to the turkey picking business.

We all extend sympathy to Mr. A. C. Millsap, Cedar Rapids service station attendant, whose wife died on November 15 after a lingering illness.

Mr. Evers, of the auditing department, was recently in receipt of a letter from our Richland station, containing a much dilapidated set of gauge tables. The letter stated that the tables were destroyed by mice and they surely looked it. The tables are on display to ladies only at Mr. Evers' desk.

Mr. R. H. Thomas and his squad of salesmen, consisting of Messrs. Radasch, Konzen, Koontz and Hyde, were in Keokuk early in November and gave us some mighty good assistance along the sale of Red Crown and Polarine. At 7:30 p. m. on November 7, a meeting was held in the plant which was in charge of Mr. H. A. Brunat in the absence of Mr. Thomas. Mr. Radasch ran a distillation test and gave some very interesting remarks on Red Crown gasoline. Mr. Konzen next gave a very interesting and instructive talk on the early history of petroleum. Mr. Hyde followed with an educational talk on lubrication, using Mr. Thomas' chart, which might be termed a trip through the refinery. Mr. Koontz talked on the physical condition of Standard Oil Co. property, making a plea for more interest being taken in it. Those present were Messrs. Radasch, Hyde, Konzen, Koontz, Klepfer, Altes, Younk, Haisch, White, Jeffers, Hanlin, Miller, Blink, Heitman and Brunat. Later on in the month this same squad went to Cedar Rapids, where it has been working the garage trade.

Messrs. Reeves, Griffith and Sparrowgrove, salesmen in the Cedar Rapids field, are squad workers in the Dubuque field at present.

On November 1, Mr. James Hanlin, truck driver, was appointed superintendent of the warehouse in Keokuk, and from the way Jim keeps the plant you would think he expected visitors every day. Mr. Hanlin succeeds Mr. J. W. Moore, who received his annuity on November 1, after thirty-two years of service with the company.

Mr. Engle and Mr. Preston visited the Keokuk plant on the 26th of October. We are always glad to have these men come around—they start things moving. The correspondent would like to add here that these two gentlemen also visited the Davenport plant, with the result that a certain blackboard in the new garage suddenly blossomed forth in black crepe.

Jim Hanlin ought to receive a medal from the Humane Society for prevention of cruelty to animals. After we had taken the trouble to purchase a mousetrap, set it, and just barely caught Mr. Mouse by his toes, Jim picked the trap up, shook it, and let him loose. Said he couldn't bear to hear him squeal.

OUR OWN SLEUTH. Every once in a while he gets excited and asks a foolish question. Today's

question: "Are you satisfied with your present position?" Where asked: Nowhere. Answer, by John House, warehouse foreman: "Sure. What more could one ask than to have a nice soft chair located in a nice warm office and nothing to do all day but sleep and see that the Robbins don't fall into the wells." Answer by Frank Moses, file clerk: "Naw, this job's spoiling me. I'm going on a strike for more work and less pay." Iva Berg, checker: "Oh, my, no! You see in the morning the sun shines on Mr. Gamble's head and the dazzling rays nearly blind me. I would be much more pleased if I could move —say down by Rudie." A. C. Crantz, stationery room: "If I could be transferred to Lapland or Kamchatka or some place where the women would let me alone, I'd be much better satisfied."

DECATUR, ILL.

Our Nellie has gone and done it now. She went to Quincy and met the best looking man and when she arrived home there was a letter waiting for her. Our sympathy lies with poor Nervie on New Year's for Nellie says her new man is coming to see her that day.

We wonder what Art Faster thought the evening he found a note on his cap saying, "Bring milk home for the baby," but he got things straightened out all right—his cap had been mistaken for Pierce's.

Ann McShane was heard saying she was looking for a man with a car and a three-room house. Here is your chance, boys.

Mr. Pierce is sending his wife and children to Montana for a visit and also for Mrs. Pierce's health. We all wish Mrs. Pierce a speedy recovery.

Ken Gardner has moved into his cozy little home out on West Decatur street. We will all be out some evening, Ken.

Claire Houran, from the basement phone—"Main 4321." And he isn't sending telegrams either.

Mr. J. A. Deem recently called at the offices of the West Virginia Coal Company to close a contract for oil, and upon arriving at the office found that the day before the company had advertised for a stenographer, and some eight or ten of the fair sex were waiting in the lobby to see the manager. In trying to squeeze his way through to the manager's office, in some way his watchchain became entangled on the button of a young lady's coat. Now just what happened, no one knows, as you could not see Deem for girls; but anyway, they say he decided it was no place for a fat man.

Mr. R. G. Henderson, former sub-station clerk at Danville, has been transferred to the position of agent at Urbana. Glad to see you advancing, Mr. Henderson.

Just recently, Ken Gardner received the following note with his mail from the stenographers' room: "Ken: Please look this work over very closely. You may not think it possible but this record was not only full of your dictation but of Roy Pensinger's as well. While you would be saying chimneys and Queen Anne burners, Roy's little voice would pipe out, carbon copy to Mr. D. H. Fitzsimmons, etc., etc., and etc., all through the record. Oh, you fellows can do great things together. I don't think there are any two others in the office who could both make a good record on one.—K. O. M."

Howard Horn, service station attendant at No. 8, Centralia, known by his friends as the longest service station attendant in captivity, is becoming such an expert tank truck driver that he is now able to hit the deepest place in a mudhole with his eyes shut. (But don't let them kid you, Howard.)

Ask J. B. Below how far a woman can jump when you drive up behind her unexpectedly and toot your horn. Joe knows.

Mr. Chas. R. Grimes, formerly service station attendant at Danville, has been transferred to position of sub-station clerk at Danville, succeeding Mr. R. G. Henderson.

E. E. Brown, the hustling agent at Kinmundy, has erected two of the most creditable road signs in the Decatur field along the Egyptian trail on either side of town. A little more pep, boys. Let's mark *all* the trails.

Ira Gelsinger, formerly agent at Edgewood, is again employed at Edgewood in the same capacity.

Mr. Hugh L. Younger is now stock clerk in the Decatur office, succeeding Mr. Geo. H. Gonser, who left the employ of the company to go to Colorado.

Mr. T. B. Riste, new salesman in the Effingham territory, has found a new haymaker that seems to allure him very much towards the green fields. It looks now like Tom might forsake us and go to farming.

Salesman Hoagland says he has the stubbornest Ford Henry ever made. The durn thing stopped in the middle of the road the other day and would not budge an inch. He did everything he knew, even to twisting its tail and burning straw under it, but nary a shot could he get. He tried talking in Sunday school language, then he cussed like a trooper, but to no avail. Finally, completely exhausted he sat down by the roadside to ponder. After cooling off, he stepped over, turned the key, stepped on the starter and said, "Let's go Lizzy," and then the fool thing almost jumped from under him and sped off down the road. It's just a Ford, Hoagland, and that's one of their habits.

When District Superintendent E. L. Kachelhoffer visited Belleville recently, all the employees were running to and fro like ants. When inquiry was made of Wm. Corwin, the agent, as to why the rush, he remarked that he believed they were moving Whiting to Belleville. He had two carloads of barrel goods and two tank cars on the track which had to be unloaded without any demurrage. And Bill and his men did it, as they always do everything.

Our service station attendants at Belleville must be expecting their station to be a stand for the fair members of the Red Cross drive. There is keen competition in dooling up the stations, shining up and painting the pumps and conspicuously displaying the Red Cross posters. Here's to the Red Cross and Red Crown also!

Our East St. Louis tankwagon driver, J. W. Hanson, went hunting last week and we haven't heard of anything he found excepting his way back home—but that beats some of the rest of the drivers.

On a certain day not so very long ago, our Mr. J. A. Deem, lubricating engineer, found a police notice pinned to his car, requesting that he report at the police station. On arriving at the station (not knowing that the matter had been adjusted) he found himself up against it. The "Man of the Hour" refused to take his check, as Deem did not have sufficient cash. They say he made a record for himself as a pleader, and thus escaped spending the night in jail.

Agent Beshoar, of Danville, talking over the telephone, stated he was ordering stock of a certain special brand. When advised he was not to carry it in stock, he replied: "You wrote me to 'push it,' and I supposed it would be all right to 'carry it.'"

Gar Axline, who has been laid up for the past several weeks, has recovered and is now back in his

position in the warehouse. Glad to have you back again, Mr. Axline.

Amos Ball, assistant general manager, sales department, Manager T. B. Clifford, of Decatur, and Assistant Manager J. H. Budde, visited the East St. Louis office on November 20. Mr. W. F. Launtz, sales manager, Decatur, also paid them a visit on the same day.

Walter Boekenkroeger, our service station checker at East St. Louis, had a Ford coupe and he and "Marg" did look so comfy in it; but the other day he had a four-passenger body put on it. Now, Walter, explain yourself.

Mr. W. J. Wrona, recently appointed salesman for the Alton and Wood River circuit, is making a fine showing. Even if Mr. Barnhart, of the Decatur office, did exhibit his wit about being careful or his name would be "Wrong"—he is going right.

We know now why Andy Gump was elected: George Dieterich, tankwagon driver at East St. Louis, was handed Andy's button by one of his best customers and George replied that he wasn't personally acquainted with Andy Gump, but he had heard lots of people talking about him and that he would be glad to vote for him. That's the ticket, George, please 'em all.

A few evenings ago District Superintendent Fitzsimmons and Salesman Watson went out after supper to sell one of their customers a couple of barrels of Polarine. They made the sale all right, but at the same time the customer sold them two two raincoats. The question is, who was the better salesman?

On Monday, November 27, Mr. J. W. Honomichl was appointed to the position of chief clerk at Decatur. Mr. Honomichl was formerly chief clerk in the Joliet division, being transferred from that point to the Decatur office.

DES MOINES, IOWA

The service station attendant at Ruthven claims a prominent citizen of his town counted 302 flocks of ducks flying over the town of Ruthven one day this week. We believe it now, because Station Examiner J. M. Stokes has announced the arrival of a baby girl, Ruth Marie, on November 20. Congratulations, Mr. Stokes!

The monthly entertainment of the Red Crown Social Club was held on Saturday evening, November 25, at the Masonic hall. The evening was spent playing games and singing. A piano solo was rendered by Master Wilbur Ahrold; Skip's Tempo Four furnished the music for the dancing, and refreshments were served.

Mr. Dunker was honored with a remembrance of his 27 years of service with the Standard Oil Company and he responded with a short talk giving a description and outline of how the Standard Oil Company had grown in Des Moines during his period of service.

Mr. Sackett and Mr. and Mrs. Butler were also honored on this occasion. Mr. Sackett celebrated his birthday and Mr. and Mrs. Butler the anniversary of their wedding.

Mr. Raymond L. Donnelly has resigned from the Standard Oil Co. to accept a position as bookkeeper for the Perry Milk Products Company at Perry, Iowa. We all extend our best wishes for success in his new undertaking.

Mr. J. M. Cappie has been promoted from stock clerk to station examiner. That's the boy, Capp. Hop to 'er.

Walter R. Swisher is a new member of the sales department and we understand he is an artist on the cornet. We hope he will blow in for some of our parties.

Some little bird told us that our station examiner at Marshalltown, Mr. O. W. Fowler, has taken unto himself a wife. Realizing that this is a cigar and candy event, we are all sorry that we aren't in Marshalltown. However, we all join in hearty congratulations.

Mr. Curtis McNay says he is realizing one of his great ambitions, taking inventories at service stations and acting as stock clerk. He hails from the sales department.

It seems to be catching among the station examiners, as we understand Mr. A. G. Pyles, station examiner at Mason City, has added a wife to subtract from his freedom, multiply his troubles and divide his income. Sounds bad, eh? Maybe it ain't that bad. Hearty congratulations, anyway, Mr. and Mrs. Pyles.

Mr. King of the Chicago office was a caller in Des Moines recently, and needless to say made many friends during his brief stay.

We all mourn with Mr. M. Cantwell and family over the loss of their three-year-old son and extend our heartfelt sympathy.

The Standard Oil Bowling League was formed with four clubs in the league—Perfections, with W. E. Swygard, captain; Polarines, with H. F. Anders; Red Crowns, with I. B. Eberhardt; Finols, with Jack Thelen. They bowled first on Thursday, November 23. The Red Crowns and Polarines came out on the winning end. A handicap match was also held on Wednesday evening before Thanksgiving and the Grand Amusement Bowling Alley offered three chickens as prizes for the three highest scores. They were won by Joe Koscielak with a score of 639, Ben Fuller 624, and E. G. Wright 618.

Miss Jennie Woodhead has just returned from an extensive trip through the east, visiting relatives in New York. She also paid visits to Boston, New Providence and Washington, D. C. Miss Woodhead reports she had a wonderful time but was glad to get to her home and work in the west.

Standard Oil again in the limelight: I. B. Eberhardt of Des Moines office rolled a special match against Guy Sellers, Des Moines' crack bowler. The match was divided into a series of eight games every night for four consecutive nights. Sellers obtained a lead of 111 points on the first two nights and Eberhardt went into the last night's bowling 40 pins behind. Rolling a consistent game, Eberhardt overcame Sellers' lead on the sixth game of the last night, rolling 275 for the game and finishing 13 pins to the good. (Eberhardt is now open to a match with any employee of the Standard Oil Company for a little side bet of a box of 50 cigars. Let's hear from some little crack bowler in some other division.)

Lester Sampson has been transferred from service station collector to the main office; W. E. Swisher from sales department to station examiner's department.

The girls of the dictaphone department held a spread during the lunch hour recently in honor of Miss Munn's birthday. Miss Munn, however, won't tell us which birthday.

The employees of the Des Moines office extend their sympathy to Mr. Greendahl of the stock department in the loss of his father and brother.

CRESTON STATION

Roy A. Hart has been transferred from agent at Kellerton to service station attendant at Creston

No. 33. Hart has been known as the best agent Polarine salesman in this district and we hope that he will continue to make things hum on Polarine in his new duties.

Mr. A. N. Pierson, agent at Creston, recently took a two weeks' vacation.

Mr. H. J. Parker has been transferred from agent at Cincinnati to agent at Seymour. Mr. J. E. Templeman succeeded Mr. Parker as agent at Cincinnati.

C. C. Stephens has succeeded E. M. Hickman as agent at Greenfield.

L. L. Buchtel, agent at Corydon, has been boasting of a new arrival at his home, a little girl. Send us a picture, Buck, and get her in the bright lights early.

Mr. J. J. Leu, Jr., district superintendent, says it is impossible for him to keep a license plate on the rear of his car, as he has lost two within three months' time. We are inclined to believe that this is not accidental, but done to evade the speed cops in the "big cities" in his district. Mr. W. H. Clarke has named him "Barney Oldfield."

DETROIT, MICH.

We feel highly honored that the Board of Directors must again come to Detroit to secure an assistant general manager. Mr. Cochran's success in so capably following Mr. Grimshaw's footsteps in the Detroit division has won for him this well earned recognition. While he has countless friends in the state of Michigan, having managed every field in the state, everyone in the entire Eastern Division will quickly learn to recognize those splendid qualities for which we in Michigan know him.

Did you ever see Mr. Goldsmith, our cashier, go to the bank without his umbrella—rain or shine?

When the politicians of Hillsdale county were out hunting for a county treasurer they drove into S. S. 179 at Hillsdale to replenish their stock of Red Crown and saw Oliver Aldrich with his broad smile and decided he was the man for the job. After a great deal of persuasion Oliver consented to allow his name to be placed on the ticket and now we are looking for a new attendant, who, after four years' training in the station, will be able to exchange places with Aldrich, as a county treasurer can hold office only four years in succession. All the boys who worked with Mr. Aldrich this summer send hearty congratulations.

One of the boys won a bedspread at a raffle and after it had been on inspection in the office, Mr. Harte, in a confidential manner said to one of the girls: "That certainly was pretty but it will take an awfully large table for it to fit, won't it?"

Edgar Brown wants to know if his training in driving mules in the army won't qualify him as having "aeronautical experience" as mentioned in the recent circular letter sent out. He says he went through the air several times.

Louis Gonea, W. Detroit, spent his week of vacation at Pinckney, shooting rabbits. The bunnies were good, so Mr. Schneider says. Ditto, Harry Dotter, West Detroit.

Tom Lannin and Fred B. Brown challenged Geo. Haas and Steve Jourdan, all of the accounting department, to a bowling match at Recreation bowling alleys the evening of November 18. Although Tom and Fred won, they say they were bowling against a pretty stiff combination.

The many friends of Mr. H. H. Keating will all be pleased to learn of his appointment to the managership at Saginaw. Mr. Keating has endeared himself to everyone here and he takes with him to Saginaw Detroit's best wishes for continued success.

J. F. Bruner, assistant superintendent at West Detroit, has been promoted to position of agent at our new bulk plant at Stansbury and Intervale Detroit. With him he takes from West Detroit the following: Robert Perry, A. C. Herbst, C. W. Barg, Henry Gruno, Earl Fry and Charles Fry. With this bunch we know the new station will be a huge success.

The following is part of a letter received by Miss Winona Hummer of the billing department, from Louisville, Ky., after her picture appeared in a recent issue of the Stanolind Record: "Your picture appealed to me; would like to hear from you." Bring on the pictures, girls. Maybe 1923 will bring good luck to some of us!

Our warehouseman at Hillsdale, Ralph Kelly, recently decided that this was a cold, lonesome world and convinced Lillian Porter, of Reading, that she could make it cheery for him, so they went to Jackson and got united in marriage. We all welcome Mrs. Kelly to the Standard Oil family.

Henry Ochiltree, West Detroit, went duck hunting, but when he got to the river he found the wind was blowing from a northerly direction, thus blowing all the water out of the swamp. As Henry didn't have his waders, he refused to hunt. By the way, we understand Mr. Ochiltree is hunting for a private family with whom he may room and board, but since he is such a poor hunter, we are afraid he won't have much success in his quest.

While we have heard many items of news about Mr. Galbreath, by far the most interesting to us is the announcement that he becomes our new manager. We know it will only be a short time until we corroborate the nice things that have been said about him by South Bend, Saginaw, Indianapolis and other fields where he has endeared himself.

Frank C. Gilman, service station salesman, Detroit, was married November 15 to Miss Ruby Spring of Ann Arbor. Congratulations and good luck. We understand the young couple is housekeeping out near the Woodmere cemetery. We hope this doesn't imply that they now figure they are "dead ones."

Dick Sculthorpe is now back at his old duties at West Detroit after an enforced vacation of two weeks—minus his tonsils and adenoids. We understand he almost didn't come back because he waited too long before having the operation performed.

Miss Schlunt, the telephone operator, wants it known that it was a Monday morning grouch which caused the remark made to the boys in the service station department, and not an ordinary condition. She is afraid we slandered her disposition in a recent issue.

Edgar Brown just returned from a week's vacation and all the girls were glad to see him back because they missed his daily calls with the query: "What have you got to eat?"

Mr. Harry Alger, tankwagon driver, has just been appointed assistant superintendent at West Detroit. J. W. Davis has been appointed route foreman and Walter Amolsch, former route foreman, is agent at Dearborn.

When Mr. McConnell left Detroit two years ago to take up the duties of assistant manager at

Grand Rapids, we well remember that he said he was leaving his heart in Detroit. Possibly now he has left it in Grand Rapids; but all of us are glad to have Roy McConnell back with us as our new assistant manager.

DULUTH, MINN.

Somebody has it that the brown coat Doris Kurrell was supposed to have borrowed, has not been returned up to the time of this writing, but then again nobody has seen George sporting a new coat. The mystery deepens so we'll have to leave it to old Sherlock himself, Doris.

Hunting around this neck of the woods, has come and departed and judging from the talk about deer hunting a lot of the hunters are still eating their old "beefsteak" as of yore, instead of the juicy venison steak they had planned on. All in all, the season seemed to be the poorest in years.

Miss Helen Page of the purchasing department has left the employ of the company and followed Horace Greeley's words and gone west, to the land of oranges and raisins. We extend our best wishes, Helen.

Well, we're going to make another stab at getting news items for the Record. With a little help from the entire field the job would be naught. Anything that you have in the line of news, or incidents that would be interesting to the employees, is sincerely welcomed, and if you have any pictures, bring them on. That's what we really need—plenty of action pictures of employees. Regardless of what the picture may be, if it pertains to any employee, send it in, with a little information regarding the subjects, and we'll do our best to have it printed in great shape. "Say it with pictures."

We have it that Art Olson, Clarence Turning, Charley Foster, Melvin Dock and Charley Rounds intend to get together and start rounding up a bowling team or two. With the promising "youngsters" around the office, they ought to be able to get together a world beater. After the first three or four practice games we'll be able to tell whether we should challenge the Chicago team or begin all over again with a checker tournament. However, until that time, they request the support of all the employees.

Now with sport coming into its own around the office, someone suggests a quartet of "harmony hounds." Not so bad at that, with all the talented "note wrestlers" that we have with us. And then again, they might try and organize a basketball team. With some of the best players in the city in our employ, there should be no reason for not getting together and organizing a strong quintet.

After the first snow fall we had a short time ago, a number of the female sex of the office force were noticed climbing up some of our steepest hills, bundled up in all their warmest, with cold weather mittens on, pulling their last year's bobsleds. However, by the time they had arrived for the first slide, the snow had all disappeared again and disappointment reigned supreme. Nobody, however, seems to be able to tell who they all were, and due to this a lot of the intended "kidding" was suppressed.

Our good friend Bud Malally, sprang a surprise on his many friends by his marriage, November 15 to Miss Esther Ackerman, one of Duluth's popular girls. Though he still seems immensely happy, we note that he now drags around with a pipe instead of the old familiar fag. Well, good luck to you, Bud. A gift of 40 pieces of sterling silver was given to Mr. Mulally by the employees, and Bud sure was one pleased boy when they let him see it. Through these columns he wishes to express his gratitude and thanks to all his friends for their kind words and deeds.

Now again, don't forget that to make this news item column for Duluth field a success, we've got to have help from everybody. The news box after thirteen days in the repair shop is as good as new again and able to hold as much as ever, so please make use of it. "Say it with pictures."

Our sales force is increasing handsomely, and we report this month the arrival of a nine-pound girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Johnson, salesman in the Virginia territory. Also, our genial salesman, Angus McMillan, of the Ashland territory, smiles broadly these last few days, and who wouldn't? There is now Donald Angus with them, and he sure is being welcomed. A pair of kilts and a bagpipe have already been ordered for him, Mac. In a few more years they'll both be real salesman if they follow their father's footsteps.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

Watch your step over there in the cashier's department, Harold. Your wife might happen in some day and you know Marie just can't break herself of that old habit of stopping for a few minutes by Woodie's desk every time she comes upstairs.

Which reminds us that Marie received her diamond ring almost the next day after Woodie left. Maybe he thought it best to not leave any doubt in the other fellows' minds after he was no longer in the office where he could keep close watch on all possible rivals.

Louis Stock has always admitted that he didn't know very much about automobiles and we are now willing to concede the point. Stock recently drained the transmission for a good customer who had asked for fresh oil in his crankcase. That's all right, Stock, just so you don't put water in the gasoline tank.

Gus Bader had a great time on his hunting and fishing trip up around New Harmony, only he had a hard time getting enough eggs to eat. The storekeeper at New Harmony, or wherever Gus bought his eggs, had all the farmers of the neighborhood saving their eggs for Bader. Gus says he had only fourteen dozen for him one day. That's too bad, Gus, but what did you use them for—bait?

Julie De Treville's dog has evidently accepted the inevitable. There may still be some doubt in Julie's mind about who is to be master of the new home, but there is certainly none in the dog's. We notice that he now trots over to Francis Helfrich's desk as soon as he enters the building and pays his respects before proceeding further.

Ed. Aldridge wants to know why Alfred Keerl always takes a drink of water before leaving the building. Maybe he has a water meter at home, Ed.

Gil Heldt certainly "spilled the ink" the other day. He looked like the "Blue Skinned Man" of the circus before he got it all washed off.

Gus Steinmetz became the proud father of an eight-pound girl November 16 at 6 o'clock in the evening. We all wondered why Gus seemed in such a big hurry that afternoon, but we didn't have to wait long the next morning to find out, for Gus was fairly bursting with the importance of his secret. Gus passed around the cigars, too. Convey our best wishes to Doris Ella, Gus.

If anyone has an old hound dog they want to get rid of, ship it all charges prepaid to Gus Bader,

care of Standard Oil Co., Evansville, Indiana. So long as it's a hound, Gus says it makes no difference what it's like, as he has got to have a dog to chase rabbits around.

Arthur W. Davis left his brisk trade in the hands of his assistants at Washington, Indiana, the other day long enough to visit the folks in the Evansville office. Mr. Davis proved to be such a pleasant fellow that we would like to see him come in often.

The girls of the stenographic department were asking us the other day when the onion season was over and our inquiries brought forth the information that one of the eligible young men of the stock department is making himself very ineligible by eating onions three times a day. Not knowing anything about onion seasons we suggested a Christmas gift of a box of lifesavers.

About two minutes after the Stanolind Records were distributed in November we saw a hatless and coatless young man rushing across the street with the magazine in his hand opened to the Evansville division news. Straight up the stairs he dashed, two or three steps at a time, and sped down the aisle to confront a young lady in blue dress with much evident questioning. We presume the explanation was satisfactory for the young lady is still riding home in the young man's "costly motor," to borrow from our contemporary, Ring Lardner.

Have you noticed the way the sales have been jumping at the Fulton and Franklin station since Roy Bush began helping Louis Stock there? We have, and we're all for you, Roy. That's a good way to boost our dividends up another notch.

If our chief clerk has a weakness it is for eating, or so we are told by those who have seen him when hungry. And so, when he found a restaurant in Danville, Illinois, with the sign "All you can eat for thirty-nine cents," he couldn't resist the temptation, and to see him loading his plate was to blush for shame, according to Harold Berges, who was with him on his recent trip to Chicago. The restaurant must have lost heavily on Guthrie's thirty-nine cents because he even filled his half-gallon thermos bottle with coffee before leaving, unless the correspondent has been misinformed. On the return trip Guthrie's first thought on nearing Danville was the big feed awaiting there for a paltry thirty-nine cents and the entire afternoon's slogan was "Make Danville for Supper." We hear, too, that the only time Berges ate a square meal during the trip was at Danville.

All the long day Ernest Mentzer and John Edmonds tramped the fields, climbing hills and stumbling over stubbles and never once did a rabbit show his head, not even the tip of his ears. So as evening came on and the sun dropped lazily to rest, they sat down by the roadside and mopped their moist foreheads, with guns lying at their feet, all cartridges removed. And suddenly from the tall grass beside them jumped a fat, big rabbit. With a bound it cleared both empty gun barrels, sat for a second idly regarding the two hunters and then, as their minds prompted them to reach for shells, the fellow disappeared into the underbrush across the road and lost himself. Lucky it didn't bite them.

Members of the checking department say that they like to see payday come as often as anyone, but that it has an additional attraction for them because it always seems to mean a haircut and a shave for their boss, A. J. Hartlein. Why not peroxide the beard, Alfred?

Why has Allen Greene refrained from displaying his musical talent since the day it was first brought to the attention of the upstairs office by his tuning of a ukelele?

John Phillippe and T. H. Cambliss sold eighteen quarts of Semdac and twenty-five eight-ounce cans of Finol for the month of September. That's a good average, boys, and the city of Cairo ought to have a number of happy homes, thanks to your efforts.

Carroll Foster, our new agent at DuQuoin, Illinois, says the slogan at his plant is "SERVICE" with capital letters all the way. If a country farmer can't get to town he would probably call Foster and have the tankwagon man bring out a loaf of bread with the Perfection and Red Crown. Needless to say, we haven't heard of Foster or his drivers losing any customers in this part of the country.

Mable M. Brewer is the good-looking new stenographer who is keeping us all posted on the newest Fall styles, but we must admit she doesn't allow that fact to interfere in any way with the amount of work she is turning out.

August Kunath is attempting to obey literally the advice of the Safety First man, or is it possible he knew the Saftey First man was just behind him when the following pantomime occurred: Riding up the street on his bicycle, Kunath dismounted from the wheel, laid it down and went up to the railroad crossing, looked both directions and then mounted his wheel and rode on across. Safety First!

Lois Powers turned the joke around recently after the fellows downstairs had filled a quart bottle with water and sold it to her for cleaners' naphtha. After the fellows had waited and waited and still heard nothing derogatory to the supposed naphtha, they finally asked Miss Powers how the naphtha had worked. "Oh, splendidly," was the response, and she went ahead to itemize the spots which had been so easily removed. Further questioning revealed the fact that they had queered their own joke for some older cleaners had been used and the water was still untouched.

A surprise party was given Saturday night, October 28, in honor of Mrs. Otto Schinneman's birthday. All the guests brought baskets of good eats, helping to make the party a great success.

Fred Haberer has been promoted to the general supply desk.

Claude M. Burnett has been made agent at Mt. Vernon, Illinois.

FARGO, N. D.

It was a wise old geezer that said: " 'Tis an ill wind that blows no one good." When Chicago, without warning, whirled our assistant manager, Mr. P. A. Raupagh, away, the good winds were certainly blowing their way, and we deeply mourned that which they have taken with them, but when they suddenly shifted and brought back our old friend Mr. Beaton, we had, in our sorrow, something to be thankful for. Mr. Raupagh entered the employ of the Standard Oil Company in the year of 1904, at Minneapolis, at which point he held the positions of iron barrel, order, and price clerk, city salesman, general salesman, and chief clerk. In the year 1915 he was transferred to Fargo as assistant manager, holding this position until the present promotion to assistant manager, Chicago division. While at Fargo, Mr. Raupagh took a leading part in the promotion of numerous red hot sales campaigns, one of which put Fargo over the million mark on Mica for the first time. I believe that Manager Packard, in his farewell talk to Mr. Raupagh, expressed the feeling of the entire Fargo

division. Mr. Packard pictured our former assistant manager as one loved and respected by all his associates, wise in counsel, sound in judgment, yet always willing to cheerfully and faithfully follow the lead of his superiors or associates, should his judgment be decided against. For a man of such qualities there can be no limit. We look for, and not in the very great distant future, further promotions for our good friend and former associate, Mr. Raupagh. Mr. John Beaton, present assistant manager, entered the service of the Standard Oil Company in the year 1905, acting as salesman in the Wahpeton and Minot fields for several years. In the year of 1918 he was called to Fargo to aid in sales promotion. From this position he was transferred to assistant manager at Mankato, which position he held until his present promotion. Mr. Beaton, we welcome you back to the Fargo division.

Mr. Robert Graham, agent at Wolford, announces the arrival of a nine-pound boy.

Harry Overby recently enjoyed a week's vacation. It is reported that the indoor circus operating at Moorhead had a very good customer during that week.

O. C. Jenks, agent at Marmarth, reports that during his ten years service with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), he or his men have never had a "Lost time" accident of a single minute. Some record!

Miss Helen McComb spent Thanksgiving with her parents at Barnesville, Minnesota.

Mr. A. W. Dahl has taken over the duties of salesman in the Baudette field.

Before leaving, Mr. and Mrs. Raupagh were presented with a handsome set of silverware. Mr. Packard made the presentation speech. Mr. Raupagh accepted the gift, stating he heartily appreciated the gift and the spirit in which it was given. He urged that all employees be certain to look him up when in Chicago, assuring them that the silverware, as well as plenty of eats, would be at their disposal.

Mr. W. H. Carnine made one of his regular trips to Minot.

Roy Dunbar is the proud father of a 9½-pound boy. Name: Richard Vale.

It pays to advertise. If you don't believe it, ask George Farney.

A great deal has been said, and justly said, about the good work of Mr. Raupagh in the Fargo division, but to borrow an expression of Abe Lincoln's, it is certainly fitting and proper that we should say a few words in regard to his partner, Mrs. Raupagh. Always a leader in the social activities of the company, a real friend of all employees, this lady is going to be greatly missed in the Fargo division, and it was with sincere regret that we found it necessary to say good-bye to her.

Miss Achsah Henderson, of the order department, became the bride of J. E. Huhner on November 11. The girls of the order department surprised her on November 16, and presented her with a useful gift.

Mr. Nic Ebeltoft spent a few days in Chicago looking at the tall buildings.

District Superintendent J. H. Hay lost $6.00 to Hugh Westmiller on the Gump election. The tragic part of it is Mr. Hay had already spent the $6.00

Mr. K. E. Burleigh attended court at Minot from the 15th to the 22nd as a sort of watch-dog for the treasury.

Our good friend Ranger is in trouble again. He was recently heard to call the police station, several detective agencies, all newspapers and advertising mediums. It was first thought he had lost his wife or some other member of the family. *Our* anxiety was somewhat lessened when we found it to be only his bicycle. Ranger has been supplied with plenty of suggestions and clues by the office force. One was that Mr. Raupagh may have taken it for his trip to Chicago, but being certain that Mrs. Raupagh would not ride all that way on the handlebars, this clue was abandoned. We regret to advise that Mr. Ranger has not as yet recovered his bicycle. Anyone having any information in regard to same, please advise Mr. Ranger.

Messrs. Tehelka, Gibbs, Ewald and Mielke enjoyed vacations during the past month.

Melvin Paulson is the proud owner of a new Ford. Florence Nelson is now riding.

Mrs. B. L. Smith has been in the hospital for the past two weeks, but is now convalescing at her home.

Ann Wynand, Thelma Hagan, and Myrtle Johnson are planning a trip to Minneapolis. Some little Minneapolis boys are bound to be vamped.

Grace Mullen, of the U. T. L. Department, resigned to accept a position with the Savings Loan & Trust Co.

It is with regret that we report the death of Howard, nine-year-old son of District Superintendent Duane Clapp, Minot, on November 7. The little fellow met his death in a runaway accident. It was impossible to determine whether he jumped or was thrown from the wagon. We wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Clapp in their bereavement.

Mr. T. R. Dawson, of the Chicago auditing department, has been with us for the past month.

FARGO WAREHOUSE

A. A. Drager, tank truck salesman, reports the arrival of an eight-pound girl. Congratulations, Al, but we need more boys.

James Murray, our engineer, reports the arrival of a big boy. Atta boy, Jim, another good fireman!

The warehouse force regrets very much the loss of Mr. P. A. Raupagh, formerly assistant manager in Fargo field. We all wish you much luck, Mr. Raupagh.

CROOKSTON FIELD

L. O. Fevig, salesman in the Detroit field, was recently married. Congratulations. Who is the fortunate young lady, Leonard?

C. M. Peterson, former service station attendant at Moorhead, is the new agent at Ada. Word has come into this office that several girls have been noticed making eyes at him.

Country salesman Hoiland has been transferred to Fargo in the garage department.

Assistant Manager Raupagh, B. L. Smith, and District Superintendent Dodd held a salesmen's meeting at Crookston on November 11. Sales of specialty goods was the main topic and the meeting was pronounced a success.

John Barrow, agent at Brooks, Minnesota, was recently married.

Country Salesman H. I. Freeberg has been transferred to merchant salesman in the Thief River Falls field.

Warehouse Foreman LeBlanc recently constructed a barrel painting device which will handle about 120 barrels an hour. Approximately 3,000 barrels were painted and piled in three days.

M. G. Hood and Ralph Ellis spent a few days in Crookston in the company's interest.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

We regret the loss of Mr. J. C. Marshall, manager, and Mr. R. F. McConnell, assistant manager, who have left us to assume their duties at Indianapolis and Detroit, respectively. Good luck! We hope you'll like your new abodes. Come and see us once in a while.

However, we welcome Mr. L. J. Thompson, formerly of Saginaw, as manager, and Mr. C. H. Wagner as our assistant manager, as well as Mr. G. A. Knapp as chief clerk. Mr. Thompson and Mr. Wagner need no special introduction, as we know them well. May their good work and good nature continue.

We are glad to hear that Murray Park, our jovial agent at Coopersville, is on the job again, having recovered from a serious illness.

On November 2, Dave Johnson, of the garage, gave one Miss Anna Isenga the title of Mrs. Dave Johnson. We understand they have a nice little home in Grandville, their home town. Good luck to you, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

We understand Gordon Burbridge, our agent at Paw Paw, has become "Paw." However, old Doc Stork didn't stop long enough to inform the correspondent whether Gordon had a son or a daughter. Why not keep us informed, Gordon? What's "its" name?

On November 10, Mr. Carlton C. Fletcher, our agent at Ada, Michigan, took unto himself a wife, one Marjorie Starin, from the same town. May you live happily ever after, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent at the home of Mrs. Wm. Bovee when she entertained the wives of the Standard Oil Company employees in honor of Mrs. Harry C. Ellis with a Hallowe'en party. The decorations were very suggestive of Hallowe'en, being orange and black jack-o'-lanterns and cornstalks. Several unique contests were played, the winners being Mrs. H. C. Ellis, Mrs. Stanley Wood, Mrs. Ernest Kelly. Bunco furnished the entertainment the remainder of the afternoon, high scores being awarded to Mrs. E. Parker and Mrs. A. K. Peck. Dainty refreshments were served at small tables, which were gaily decorated with favors of Hallowe'en colors. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis recently moved to Traverse City, Mich., Mr. Ellis having become district superintendent in the northern division.

When Miss Rena Vander Ploeg arrived at her home town, Hamilton, Michigan, recently at 9 p. m., she found Andrew Lubbers, our agent in said town, busily engaged "Semdacing" the floor of her father's store, which demonstration resulted in a sale. That's "ambition personified"—fine work, Mr. Lubbers, keep it up. "Semdac makes 'em shine."

We notice our plump Christine Vehyl, ediphone operator, hasn't become especially slender within the last three or four weeks, although she has been trying to become slender by living on toast and tea. This was also tried by Ora Johnson of the record department. We notice, however, that they are with us again, eating "beans" and "hash" like the rest of us. Dieting isn't what it's cracked up to be, is it Christine?

Mr. Wm. Miller, agent at Hartford, Michigan, is the proud daddy of a 10½-pound daughter, born November 10. They have named her Jeanne Marie, and "daddy" says she is "some girl." Mother and child are doing nicely. Congratulations!

Occasionally Blanche Warren, ediphone operator, shows signs of being bright. She was asked: "What is the name of the new girl in the iron barrel department?" and Blanche promptly replied, "Miss Speed." However, her name is Marion Quick. How "speedy" our minds work, sometimes, Blanche.

We understand Don Hartman is going on a bread and water diet to cultivate a waist line. How about it, Don?

We welcome Miss Ethelyn Yost in the ediphone department and Leroy Radke in the order department.

The Grand Rapids field rejoices over the promotion of Mr. H. R. Cochran, who succeeds Mr. N. R. Grimshaw as big chief of the Eastern division. We hope you will have occasion to come and see us once in a while, H. R. C., as it's always a source of pleasure for all of us.

And sure, on Monday morning, November 27, all the girls came down to the office "galoshin", as a result of the regular winter weather and snow we had Sunday. Just as April showers bring May flowers, so the first snow flurries bring on the galoshes.

Frank Kirby's latest love song is "Sophia on the Sofa and Ia." By the way, we have noted Frank's conspicuous absence, having missed his genial disposition. We hope, Frank, your eye will soon be better and you will be with us again.

We understand Kenneth Bouchard is getting all set for the coming hard winter. He has new spectacles and is going to have his tonsils removed. Nothing like being right up to the minute, Kenneth; no one is wearing tonsils any more.

The girls have already commenced their "Christmas Swapping" box. Already they have drawn names, and now everyone is wondering "Who's got my name?" We suppose next it will be "What did you get?"

Ed Beyers is absolutely the busiest man in this office, no denying that. He says he won't get caught up until "I'm 80 years old." It's always consoling, Ed, that somewhere there is a time and a place where all things end, even work. Eighty years isn't bad.

Frank Hyland reports having had a wonderful time at Madison, Wisconsin, having witnessed an exciting football game, etc. He says the females are of the rarest species; but really, Frank, do they beat your own G. R. girls? We don't know whether he made that decision at the football game or on the "square." Frank said it was rather hard getting back to chasing tank cars.

Wanted—Someone with a baby, who can use the rattle in Col. Kearney's "Elizabeth." Anyone interested kindly notify the owner of said car.

HURON, S. D.

We are glad to congratulate Mr. W. J. Bode of Davenport on his promotion, taking the place of Mr. Heinan as assistant chief clerk at Huron. We hope that he will like us and our town as well as we do him.

From all reports received from Peggy, she seems well satisfied with California atmosphere. Of course it makes all the difference in the world when that "atmosphere" consists of a brand new husband. Peggy is certainly lucky to be able to grab a husband in California.

Julia's place as telephone operator was taken by Miss Bernice Hulbert, who until recently was telephone operator at the Marvin Hughitt hotel.

Our warehouse clerk at Aberdeen, Don Snyder, tried to slip one over on us by getting married without anyone knowing it. We will give him credit, though; he got by with it for a month.

Under date of October 21, our Black Hills salesman, Mr. C. J. Lang, writes as follows: "We are in the grip of real winter, as we have ten inches of snow on the level now and still snowing hard." Looks like the winter of '21 will repeat itself in the Hills.

Salesman Ryan is giving a lot of credit to our Huron repair shop for quick service. He wrote in that he had turned his Ford into the shop to have the front rebushed, driving in at five o'clock and out at six. We will have to admit that this is real service, the same as the Standard Oil gives in everything.

Perhaps you folks in the other divisions have never heard of the city of Mitchell, but that is because you have not heard our stock clerk, Rudolph Zapf, for the last month. Speaking geographically, Mitchell is a place somewhere between Wolsey and Sioux City, where the train stops twice a day—they stop to get water—but Zaph claims they stop to look at a certain fur coat. He even claims that the coat is valued at $600.00 and that he was trusted by the fair owner to carry it two blocks, unescorted by a policeman, That proves one of two things, either that Zapf is falsifying, or the young lady can tell an angel face when she sees it.

The sailor with a girl in every port has nothing on Junker, who now claims to have three in one town. We cannot understand why his "collection duties" call him away from the office so much of the time.

Assistant Manager Bailey, Chief Clerk Miller and Salesmen Ryan and Daly were in Brookings this month on a collection drive. The score of the North Dakota Aggies with the South Dakota Aggies was 13 to 0. They collected their bet; they bet on the right side.

Have you heard about Mildred and her hero? It seems that the horse was too frisky and it got away with her. None knows what would have happened, Mildred might have met her fate, for it was a real country boy who brought her home. That explains why it is that she always wants to go horseback riding. She says that she would rather start out alone—towards the country.

People have not quite learned why there has not been so much weeping and wailing, red eyes and nose, lately. You guessed it, Crystal and DeVenny have buried the hatchet and are making up lost time.

It has taken Edward Gezissky a long time to fall, but when he did, he certainly came down with a thump, as is evidenced by his case with a certain young lady. If you should happen to get to the Lutheran Church on Sunday, you would hear their "Two hearts beating as one" in the choir.

We wish that some of the Standard Oil men in Aberdeen would kindly look into the matter and send in a report as to why our stenographer, Lucille Tormey, wanted from Thursday until Monday off, during Thanksgiving. She claims that she wanted to visit with some "girl friend," but we have heard that story before.

Jim Larmer, lubricating engineer, has spent the last two months in this field, going over it very carefully with the different district superintendents and salesmen, resulting in some fine orders. He has returned to Sioux City now.

Ole Olson, our sales promoter, made some nice sales this month, going out twice, both times resulting in some fine orders. One time to Mobridge, and east of Aberdeen, with our specialty salesman, Mr. Ward Lambert, capturing a 35-barrel order at Mobridge, S. Dak. The time before he captured a carload order.

While our sales promoter, Mr. Ole Olson, was out with our specialty salesman, a couple of weeks ago, Mr. Lambert got so excited when the train pulled out that he left his grips, both personal and sample, sitting in the depot at Selby. When he got to Java he noticed that he had left his grips. Of course a lot of telephoning and telegraphing was necessary to obtain the baggage.

Our Miller agent, Mr. Morrow, heard that Mr. Moon at the Bailey, S. D., post-office, thirty-five miles southwest of Miller, was low on Perfection, so with regular Standard Oil Service, Mr. Morrow started out and went over the Red Heights Hills in an effort to deliver the order, being out two days. One day he spent going and the other day coming back, every minute being hub-deep in mud.

It is strange that our *little* stenographer, Gladys Taylor, failed to find any attraction in her home town over Thanksgiving, preferring to remain in Huron to attend the Fireman's Ball with our own little Heinie. Really, Gladys, this seems a little fickle, and hardly fair to Harland.

WATERTOWN

We are pleased to see the Salesman R. G. Fuller, of Garden City, back on the job after being at Savana, Mo., receiving medical treatment.

D. J. Junker of Huron recently spent several days with us on business, and also enjoyed some of the good meals served at the Watertown hotels.

Our truck salesmen are endeavoring to convert their trucks into motor boats for temporary use, so as to render the usual good service to all customers.

Truck Salesman Zerfas has been confined to his home for a few days as the result of acquiring the grip during the recent snow and rains.

Peck-Hill Company, a new account for us on candles, demonstrated their sales ability on November 17 and 18 by selling forty sets of Polychrome candles. They were assisted by Miss Litchel, who represents the Dennison Manufacturing Company.

Specialty Salesman Lambert was with us one day recently assisting in the sale of Semdac.

FROM THE HILLS

St. Peter at the gate: "And where are you from, my good man?"

"From the land of the Dakotas," came the reply.

"What was your position on earth?"

"Agent for the Standard Oil Co. (Indiana).

"Well, yours was a life of luxury and good times, and didst thou sell thy quota of Mica during the Mica campaign?"

"Alas! no."

"Then return to earth, my man, and broadcast it that Heaven is no place for such as you."

During the past summer and up to the present, the garage at Sylvan Lake in the Black Hills sold Red Crown Gasoline and Polarine Oils to the tourists, within three miles of Harney Peak, the highest peak in the United States, the highest point between the Rockies and the Alps, and in the heart of the best section of the world.

The Black Hills are rapidly becoming accustomed to people from many states, as tourists are coming in increasing numbers yearly.

That the Huron office is awake to meet the demands for the Standard Oil Company products is evident by the new stations erected in the Hills during the summer, together with the improvements made on a number of the old ones.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Pipefitter Sam Marshall was in the other day to get some meal tickets (Form 08) cashed—says he is feeling much relieved since the basement has been dug under his cellar.

Fred Eastman, Richmond driver, slings a wicked needle. It seems, from the evidence available, that Fred was minus the necessary pin so he got out the old needle and black thread and sewed the cartage plan orders to the 090's.

Cashier Tommy: "In a big hurry, Daniels?" Construction Dan: "No, not in particular. I'm working by the month."

A quartette of S. S. men, H. M. Roark, C. R. Hoover, E. Rinard and A. P. McCracken, will have a lot to answer for over the recent rabbit chase which started in Morgan county. According to the authorities, these amateur nimrods didn't hit any cottontails but chased all the bunnies over into Monroe county. Owing to the great number of injured cows and hogs left in the wake of their advance, the S. P. C. A. has a clear case for conviction.

S. G. Mettler, Tipton S. S., won the last Semdac hat. 'Atta boy, Sam.

We would like to see the barrel after overhearing one of the bookkeepers asking the price on a 34-inch faucet.

Life would certainly be one sweet song for the checkers and sales writers if every station sent in as fine a report as G. W. Bales, Fairland agent. Thanks and then some more thanks, G. W.

It isn't such a cruel world after all, since the Indianapolis office really found just one mistake (the first) on the keeper of records at the Tipton, Indiana, station, who is none other than Mrs. W. O., better calculating half of the Lewis family, agents at this point. Mrs. Lewis tried all manner of means to bribe the station examiner to keep it quiet, but to no avail. It is pretty well conceded that if she had tried pumpkin pies on him, we would be still living in gloom.

Speaking of the man who was once reputed as being able to sell a brick wall life insurance, how about W. A. Platt, Noblesville agent and his recent delivery (for cash) of a whole gallon of Finol to lubricate a sewing machine? Aside from putting out the output, that sewing machine surely is due for *some* long life.

Since viewing William Abraham's latest 124 report on the "making empty of a lub oil car"—Bill would make a great landscape painter, easy.

Freddy Matkin rises to announce "Now, what would you do?" Freddy ran out of Red Crown in the middle of a street car track and a competitive tankwagon was standing by the curb.

George Austermiller, Madison poet, checker shover and agent, is back "along the river" from his first vacation in twenty-three years. As he spent part of his "rest" up among the Kentucky hills, we may expect an epic poem or at least an ode to the still, shining moon.

John Munro, Scotch begorra, and a fine lad, is taking on American ways over in the cashier's section. His cut of Piper Heidseick will be safe until Al Taffe scents the trail.

Why all the scramble? The file department used to be blocked with reports and tickets. Now it is blocked with the male gender. Not mentioning any names, Miss Letha Beard will answer for the "magnet" until the mystery is cleared.

In order to make a lot of room, Troy Christman was moved down a flight where he will be assigned to Probe duty (accidents, etc.). No one doubts his ability along this line after having watched his gum shoe tactics for, oh, so many years.

Al Taffe, one of Gar Aiken's "men", struck a real candidate, no doubt. On election day, he appeared for work dolled up like Nelle Sage on a Saturday morning. Nelle, who sent this item in, says "Give us a treat often, Al".

"Wedding bells rang so merry-a-lee" for R. H. Peterson, of the trade record department. Miss Alma L. Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Davis, of Indianapolis, became the bride of Roy H. Peterson, Wednesday afternoon, November 29, with the Dr. Frederick Taylor officiating. The ceremony was read at the home of the bride's parents, with a beautiful double ring ceremony.

The bridesmaid wore a pink taffeta dress and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The bride was beautiful in a white satin dress trimmed with crystal iridescent beads and a coronet of pearls adorned her hair. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and bride's roses. A reception was held immediately after the ceremony. Miss Davis was a member of the Delta Zeta sorority of Indiana university, and Mr. Peterson a member of the Du Art fraternity. The newlyweds will spend a few days in visiting the groom's parents at Louisville, Ky. They will be at home after December 15 at 1244 N. Illinois street, this city.

Correspondent's note: If "Ye Editor" approves of the above wedding announcement, it is our idea of a real one and was handed in by a reporter from the trade record department. We are not unmindful of the "raspberries" handed this column over the Lyons-Fultz nuptials announcement recently, where we failed to mention many necessary details expected to go with a write-up of that character, *for the very good reason*, no one turned in the information.

A. P. McCracken, mourning the loss of a motor meter, is trying to arrange an interview with Wallace Revel, who he hears is putting out accessories of this nature.

The spacious lawn at S. S. 302 will have to forego the tender care once given it by George Dietz, who takes up the duties of service station collector, succeeding Walter Boemler, turned station examiner.

On Saturday, November 25, Miss Edith Scally, formerly of the check department, and Bruner E. (Doc.) Jenkins, of the credit department, were united in marriage. For lack of details, which seem to be withheld, everyone happening out around 1030 N. Keystone avenue may take this as an invitation to eat Doc and Edith out of house and home or anything sociable like that.

Charley French, who always walks with his fists clenched, but never fights, has been brought back into the office, following a very successful career as station examiner, where (as previously noted in these columns) he tried to beat a lot of hotel bills and to scatter Ford parts over the highways and byways of the northeastern part of the Indianapolis division.

Everyone in the office is pulling for the quick recovery of C. L. Mouncey of the credit department, who at this writing is showing a marked improvement in his fierce battle with inflammatory rheumatism.

The stock department loses a clown, a star for detail work, and one of the most popular boys ever identified with the Indianapolis office force. Lewis Albrecht, hearkening to the "call of the open road,"

is leaving us to become a knight of the sample case and one of these smart traveling men.

Dents in the stairway prove that Mrs. Brown, of the trade record department, doesn't need ice to do a toboggan.

As Mr. Grimshaw said to Mr. Bruce on one occasion: "Dammit, Bruce, get up and say something," this column is face to face with a like situation in annotating the changes in this division, effective December 1, which take Mr. E. P. Galbreath to Detroit, Mr. H. E. Bruce to La Crosse, and brings Mr. J. C. Marshall to Indianapolis. Tuesday afternoon, November 28, Mr. Galbreath and Mr. Bruce formally bid the employes au revoir. In very interesting talks which turned the occasion from a "sob" party into a meeting of mutual rejoicing, both made those present feel that the SOCO is in reality one big family of broad activities and broader possibilities for everyone connected with the organization. Going from one division to another is not leaving, but is only "carrying on." Quite impossible it would be for this division to express its appreciation and affection for these two real men in any concrete form, but we gave them gifts which we sincerely hope will remind them often of their friends left behind at Indianapolis. The Indianapolis division welcomes Mr. J. C. Marshall, who succeeds Mr. Galbreath, and all of us are unanimous in our determination to make his work with us pleasant and successful.

JOLIET, ILL.

AURORA

It looks as if Service Station Attendants Clem and Vincett, started something when they cleaned up the "Big 6" recently. We take off our hats to that Semdac wonder in La Salle, though.

Attendant Clem sold more Finol in September than all the Joliet attendants did during their best month this year. How about taking your hat off to that, Joliet?

We have a smiling driver at Aurora by the name of Ernest Hock, who boasts of selling Red Crown and Perfection to 84% of the tractors in his territory. The route book proves it, too.

The "Grand Old Man" of the warehouse, Mathias Schmit, was presented with a one-foot twist of Natural Leaf by Harry Snyder. Mat says it will last him half a day if he takes small chews.

Al Watson is with us again after spending the summer installing tankwagon routes at various stations. We would like to have Al here all the time, for he sure is a wizard on Finol sales.

On the occasion of his birthday, V. D. Comp, our genial agent, was surprised by the "bunch". They were all out and enjoyed the evening playing dominoes. Mr. Comp was presented with a very appropriate gift.

Homer Fuquey also had a birthday and a party, too. We rather surprised Homer, we believe.

Do you remember way back when Chas. Tavenner went to Freeport after his car?

ELGIN

On Saturday evening, October 28, employees of the Standard Oil Company at Elgin enjoyed a pleasant Hallowe'en party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Leiseberg, of 360 Gertrude street. The home was appropriately decorated for the season. Music and games were enjoyed and favors in the contest went to Mrs. Brettman and Mr. Brown. A bountiful three-course supper was served. In connection with the above, we wish to add that we were favored with a number of selections from a mixed quartet consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Kinkuski, Mrs. Carl Dibler and Mr. Paul Sanno, with Miss Eda Brettman presiding at the piano. Also we were favored with songs by Mr. Martin Leiseberg, clerk at the office, and his two daughters, Harriet and Florence, 6 and 4 years old respectively.

ROCKFORD

Mr. L. W. Pietsch, district superintendent, is all smiles. How come? Look at his new coupe.

Mr. Ed. Fox, service station attendant at Rochelle, has been transferred to Rockford.

Miss Switz, cashier at Rockford, is looking after all the boys at Rockford to see that they are supplied with "heavies" for the approaching cold weather.

Charlie Kinkuski, Henry Wolfe and Don Campbell were at Rockford recently on business.

Dave Lovett, "destruction man," is in Rockford punching holes in our tank. Hold him, boys; our losses are bad enough now.

Harvey Knighton, tankwagon driver, has returned to work after several days layoff on account of being badly burned. We're glad to see you out again, Harvey.

We stand corrected. Mr. John Bartholomew Rastus Sontag wishes to announce that it was a pig he ran over while on his way to Rockford instead of a "dorg."

CITY OF JOLIET

We hear that Matt Harmon was received with open arms on a recent visit to the Joliet office. It was quite shocking.

It is rumored that Fred Jahneke's parents are worrying about him lately. We hear Fred is a wild li'l boy sometimes.

Harold Boland has been transferred to the Joliet warehouse, succeeding Howard Conners.

Mike Philbin, S. S. 31, Joliet, says it kept him busy during the football season chasing the colored kids off the driveway, because they nicked the cement with their heads.

We are pleased to hear that Axel Lindberg, who was taken ill recently with pleurisy, while at work at Kankakee, has recovered and is back on the job. Axel says he fooled the authorities by slipping out of town at midnight.

You have heard of the Saxophone Blues, no doubt, and various other kinds of blues, but have you heard the Stock Department Blues, sung by the Stock Department Quartet, otherwise the "Agony Four," recognized under the following titles: Red Crown, Shenk; Semdac, Davies; Mica, Robins; Resale Barrel, Anderson.

Robins, a recent addition to the stock department, certainly makes the quartet complete. Don't be so inquisitive, girls; he's married.

It's a funny thing, but the day after Frances Smith, Agnes Paton, Eleanor Rylander and Ella Smith went up to see Frank Bacon in Lightnin', he died. We fear a suit for manslaughter.

By the way, Frances Smith, whom do you expect for Thanksgiving dinner? Flirting again, we suppose.

Jack Hardibeck has sworn off drinking home brew, as on his last trip he played the role of Jesse James—in his sleep.

Understand George Johnson, our noble cashier, is getting to be quite a football fan.

No more ROAMER with the isinglass windows. Recently while passing a junk shop on North Collins street, we noticed said ROAMER with a sign pinned on it—"FOR SALE CHEAP." Art says walking is cheaper. With the money he gets

from the sale of this prized possession, Art intends to take up a course in barbering. He practices daily on Leighton Munson's hair.

We hear that the new office boy is a rival of Mr. Milton Pearson. Ask Miss Kane the reason why.

Miss Mildred Lindgren, file clerk, has been confined to her home for the past week. Mil. will be back with us again shortly, as she is improving every day.

Dick Hundley is our new coupon book clerk.

We tried to get some news out of Herbst, on the first floor, but it was like pulling teeth, and we came away gnashing *our* teeth.

Miss Hazel Gumaelius is a new stenographer on the first floor.

Dan Daley has returned from a two weeks' trip. While away he visited at Green Bay, Depere and Chicago.

We wonder who George Johnson was thinking about the other day, when he dictated a letter to Frances Smith on the dictaphone.

Jimmie Arthur has collected a reputation in his trips around the field. It seems that whenever James strolls innocently into a lunchroom or restaurant, everyone else promptly walks out. Why is it, Jimmie?

Al. Scheidt and Dave Rang are running a race on shooting rabbits. Dave reports 14 and Al, 23.

We are sorry to hear of the serious accident suffered by Mr. Hanna's mother while motoring in Michigan. We trust by this time she has fully recovered.

Official bowling averages of the city league show two of the S. O. Co. bowlers, Hanna and Sollgren, with averages of 185 and 181, respectively. After a poor start, the team has settled down, with the assistance of Marty Ryan, service station attendant, and now ranks as a leading contender for the flag. Nothing would please the boys better than to arrange a series of games with Chicago home office. What say, Chicago?

C. A. Roberts is trying to start a new style on the first floor by wearing leather spats these cold mornings. What's this we hear about you taking music lessons, Roberts?

Assistant Manager C. M. Monson heads the charity list, in the estimation of District Superintendent R. L. Prussing. At a restaurant in Savana, Mr. Monson had a nickel in change coming from the establishment, which he generously offered to our district superintendent in payment for some cigars he had just purchased.

The office was surprised when Mr. E. E. Morton announced his resignation as manager of the Joliet division. We deeply regret his departure from the company, after 17 years of service, two of which were spent at Joliet, and wish him every success in his new undertaking. Although he is leaving the company, we are pleased to know that he is remaining in Joliet, and we know he will be 100% Standard Oil

Mr. Frank Heinen is our new chief clerk, coming from Huron, S. D., to succeed J. W. Honomichl, who has been transferred to Decatur. We envy you, Decatur, because we know what you are getting.

Both Mr. Morton and Mr. Honomichl leave many friends made during their short stay with us.

FREEPORT

Henry Kaiser is still champion coon hunter of the Standard Oil Company. To date, he has shot four of them and is out to break all previous records. Last week, twelve Standard Oil employes enjoyed a coon supper put on at one of our local restaurants by the champion coon hunter. After the supper a bowling match was put on and Agent-Salesman E. W. Greb ran away with the honors. Driver John Meyers tried hard to beat Greb, and now claims the balls were not large enough. McKinley says Meyers should use the warehouse broom to knock the pins over instead of trying to push them over with a bowling ball. This was the first time that our minister's son (McKinley) was ever in a rendezvous of this kind and we hope that the Vigilance Committee will overlook his first offense.

R. E. Harrison has been promoted from cashier at Freeport to salesman. L. B. Coomber, former tankwagon driver, has been promoted to cashier.

We have just found out Irving Black's nationality. Whenever a certain young lady in the dye works uptown orders Cleaners Naphtha, she asks for the "Wop". Black claims this this is propaganda in order to make him shave more regularly.

We have also just discovered what makes Jerry Gantz' Ford percolate so silently. He has been taking the old oil out of empty barrels returned and putting it in his car.

For sleeping sickness remedy, see Service Station Attendant Bert Lytell. While suffering from this affliction he walked into a stove and knocked it over and has now fully recovered from this malady.

"B" STATIONS

Agent Boner at Plainfield has gone and done it. Yep, you guessed it—married, and to the belle of the town! He took the tank off his Ford truck and their honeymoon is being spent on a tour through Indiana in the Ford truck chassis. Oh, happy day! Boner is on the honor roll with ten stars. We hope he will add another little star to the honor roll.

Wm. Heller, Plano agent, is the man who sells the stuff with the slogan "Red Crown and Polarine—the Powerful Twins."

Al. Leach, Yorkville agent, has recovered from an attack of influenza.

Mr. George Ball, while lunching at Frankfort came to the realization that he was almost out of ready cash. He made up the deficit with three two-cent postage stamps. We also hear that George says if he has anything to say about, all the salesmen will be furnished with 1915 Buicks. Keep your trouble to yourself, Mr. Ball.

The new agent at Lanark, Ill., is a hustler. His first month at the station—and he went over his quota on refined oil and gasoline on the 24th of the month! His name is Roy Adams and up to the time he signed up with us he had been farming all his life. However, he always has been a 100% customer of the S. O. Co. and knows the line and quality thoroughly.

Al. Cheeseman, agent at Stockton, has been on the sick list for some time. He has just returned from taking baths at Prairie du Chien, Wis., and is looking much better. He will be able to start on the job again in a few weeks. Clarence Ross, tankwagon driver at Freeport, is temporary agent at Stockton.

John Sager, agent at Lena, Ill., has just reported that he is over his quota. We are proud of this record, as whenever this agent reports he is over, we are sure he means what he says. Nevertheless, we figure on sending him an affidavit for his signature, so that we will have the goods on him in case he has made a mistake in addition.

W. C. Tresidder, agent at Galena, is a sticker. Heretofore Galena was a hard nut to crack for a

new agent, but Mr. Tresidder has shown that he is a sticker and we are sure that at last we have a man there that will put Galena on the map to stay.

Red Harrison, salesman, succeeding Mr. C. E. Bowman, covering Jo Davies county, has decided that he never realized there were so many hills in the state of Illinois. We are advised that had it not been for the able assistance of Al. Scheidt in blocking the wheels of the "Lizzie" when it stopped for breath, Harrison might not have made all the hills. Now that the sales promoter understands conditions in this particular field, we are quite sure that if "Red" puts in a requisition for a Fordson tractor in which to make his calls, it would receive the O. K. of the Joliet officials and they would make immediate delivery.

We recently opened a new service station at Morrison. Frank Buzzard is the attendant. On a recent coupon book campaign, he put it all over Oregon, which station he was paired with. How about this, Starnes?

The Red Crown Banner has been returned to Joliet, inasmuch as our division (that's Roy Prussing's) tied with the northern division in highest percentage of sales of Red Crown gasoline. Roy advises that he has put a return address on the parcel and is quite sure it will find its way back to Freeport when the final figures are computed for the month of November. District Superintendent Pietsch would not recognize it any more, anyway, as it has been so long since he has had it in his possession.

Mr. P. H. Sanno, succeeding A. H. Innis, is our new general salesman. Mr. Innis has gone into business for himself, purchasing a drug store at South Bend, Ind.

We are sorry to learn that Motor Tankwagon Driver R. E. Kelsey, of Sterling, has been under quarantine with smallpox. We hope for a speedy recovery.

Guy W. Jones, driver at Sterling, is acting agent at Harmon, Ill., during the illness of L. T. Long, agent.

J. M. Alderson, our new agent at Rochelle, was transferred from motor tankwagon driver at Sterling to his present position.

Anyone having a house or houses to rent can immediately fill them by moving them to Kewanee, and notifying Edward Yordy, S. S. 2, Lawrence Redeen, and Mr. Buswell, tankwagon drivers. Also, a home might be rented to Tom Sprague in the near future. Explain yourself, Thomas.

Glen Woodworth, agent at Sheffield, has been sick with pneumonia. We are glad to hear that "Bing" is improved.

Alex Spiers, formerly tankwagon driver at La Salle, Ill., has been made agent at Manlius.

Complaints are coming in thick and fast, since Ross Crawford, on a recent visit to the Joliet office, showed too much partiality among the young ladies. Mr. Crawford is very popular thereabouts, but we don't believe he knows it.

Herbie Wagen, invited to a party recently, decided that his one and only pair of trousers must be pressed. Pressing away in the kitchen of the boarding house where he hangs out, attired in the landlady's apron, Herbie heard footsteps swiftly approaching. He dashed madly into a nearby clothes closet, only to hear the steps get nearer, and finally much to Herbie's consternation, she opened the door—*she* being the new maid of the house, on whom Herbie had quite a crush! Too bad, Mr. Wagen.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

By this time Agent W. F. Timmons, Bonner Springs, will be a married man. He was scheduled to take this step during his one week's vacation starting November 22.

The Iola station is getting dressed up, extensive improvements being made. It is contemplated putting a street number at the place so the officials will not pass it up. This information comes from H. F. Lloyd, Mr. Zeckser's live wire stenographer, who formerly worked in the Kansas City office. How do you like it down there, Lloyd? We understand you are settling down—or is it settling up?—since you got married.

Mr. Bob Ferguson is the foxy bird. We hear he has been married since last March, and the news just reached the Kansas City office. Yes, it's "Miss Ferrin," folks. And we'll wish the happy couple our best wishes. Although it is such a long time ago, we feel that they are still happy.

Mr. Knoop, agent at Paola, is sick with typhoid fever. We hope for his speedy recovery.

Any Saturday afternoon you may find Ole Olson and George Wood in the Dime store buying radio equipment. Seckinger thinks they will soon be sending tank cars by the cat's whiskers.

Miss Wells visited all the Standard Oil stations in San Francisco while on her vacation, and says none of them compare with Kansas City service stations. We admit it. Guess you saw lots of other fine sights while there though, Miss Wells?

Our friend and traffic manager, J. H. Pott, recently took a flying trip back to Quincy and got married. He was given a fine reception on his return. We have been informed by another Quincy associate of Mr. Pott's that he met his wife while she was a stenographer for the Standard Oil Company. That's what we like to hear. The Standard Oil Company's a great outfit.

A. A. Fortner is taking Scott's position in the stock department. Mr. Sala is sure sorry to part with his services. And we know that several of the young ladies will miss him terribly.

Colonel Moresby is thinking of selling a coupon book to General Currie while he is here, if they are good in Canada.

Howard Hinde is getting all set for winter. He built a new house, and we hear it is a dandy. Also, he needs a big one, as his family is mostly boys.

Miss Pernie, new clerk in the iron barrel department, is making a path between the I. B. and the stock department of late. Isn't he handsome, though?

Mr. W. R. Nordberg, iron barrel king, recently paid $36 for that hack which was reported to be in its prime in 1896. Did he buy a tire, or a car, did you say?

Joe Wilhelm (who never talks about himself) has just bought a new Lizzie. No more walking to Prospect avenue, Bee.

Mr. O. E. Lafer, of the mechanical department at Armourdale, became a benedict on October 18. The bride was Miss Clara Bannerman. They will live in Kansas City, Kan.

The mechanical department Safety First movement has only been presented with two slight injuries in the Kansas City field since the first of the year.

We just learned that Pierce Gordon, erstwhile ballplayer, and now clerk at Harrison street plant, is the proud father of a boy. What's his name, Pierce?

Mr. Jay Ross (the old congenial Jay) was in to

visit us last week. All will remember Jay, who is now assistant chief clerk at Des Moines. 'Twas quite a treat to see an old timer like Jay, and we hope to see him again some time. Come any time—you know Kansas City.

We contemplated putting in some news about some of the radio bugs in the office; but they have become so numerous that nothing can be said at this writing.

Burt Hudnut is on his vacation, and we understand took his radio outfit with him.

The sad news that George Williams, formerly of the stock department, is very sick, was received the other day; and a collection was taken up for flowers. We hope for his speedy recovery.

Miss Jessie Bell Latimer is back from her vacation looking fine.

A son, James Atwood, was announced by Mr. Tom Lynch of the tankwagon department. And eight pounds. Tom says the family is doing well, and he is losing the usual amount of sleep.

Mrs. Howard Houston reports she is a radio widow. Don't worry, Howard; you're not the only bug.

Charlie Swoboda was seen strolling around the office today. Always glad to see this old timer around.

Several of the old timers were in the office recently to meet Mr. H. A. (Gus) Lewis, at the time of the announcement of his appointment as assistant general manager of the Western division. The best wishes of everybody in Mr. Lewis' old division are with him in his new position.

Carl Chatten spent his vacation mixing sodas. Quite a mixer, Carl is.

Julius Dawson bought a can of Finol for his shotgun today. The last time he was out he only got one duck. What has the oil got to do with it, Julius?

Miss Pearl Cartesen is back from her vacation.

Queenie Lewis was out to see the electric home the other day. Quite nice, isn't it Queenie? Also, quite expensive; but a person could afford some of the things all right.

Sarah Cook Berry promised to bring down some ham sandwiches to her friends one day; but sorry to say she reported a sprained ankle on *the* day.

L. Y. Stephens was married recently to Miss Minnie Schwenk of the mail department. Congratulations, folks; and good luck.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Saturday evening, November 4, Standard Oil employees at Austin, Minn., held a "Get acquainted" meeting and costume party at the home of Tank Truck Salesman Ernest Carstens. Various forms of amusement and dancing were on the program until the wee small hours of the morning. Music was furnished by employees and their wives. Mr. Carstens gave a character sketch to the old song of "Old Black Joe." The excitement was too much for Oliver Anderson, city truck salesman, who developed a headache (so he said). Mr. Anderson is not accustomed to being up after 8:30 p. m. Mr. Oliver Esse, agent at Austin, gave an excellent imitation of the Irish Washerwoman and Norwegian Waltz combined. Everybody enjoyed it and voted to have more of them this winter.

The backfire from an automobile called out the fire trucks to the home of Dr. W. H. McKenna, 101 South Main street, recently. The backfire had started a blaze in a Marmon automobile, but the flames were extinguished by Mr. Joe Lamping, S. O. Co. service station attendant. Service, anywhere, any time!

We are all curious to know what takes Joe Lamping to Grand Meadow every week-end. When will you put us wise, Joe?

Mr. W. F. Gaulke, tankwagon salesman at Wisconsin Rapids, has again resumed his duties after a brief illness. We are glad to see him in line again to help boost Mica Axle Grease and Polarine Oils at Wisconsin Rapids.

Mr. E. A. Doughty, tankwagon salesman at Wisconsin Rapids, has been promoted to the agency at Arpin, Wis. Good luck, Ernie. *Knock 'em cold!*

Fred Schreiner, service station attendant, Wisconsin Rapids, is deeply in love with "the best girl on earth," he says. Freddie! That's what they all say! Wedding bells.

Mr. T. J. Majures, agent at Altura, Minn., was married to Miss Gertrude Hayerty on October 23.

November 9 was a busy day for the Rev. Mr. Gamm, tying knots for Standard Oilers. Mr. Jasper Staples, file clerk, and Miss Elsie M. Woehlke were married in the afternoon, after which they left for Madison, Wis.

In the evening Mr. Geo. Rennebohm took the fatal step with Miss Louise Seizler, after which they left for parts unknown. The smokes and candy were great, George.

Miss Gladice Tuttle, comptometer operator, was married November 8 to Mr. Clarence George. Miss Mabel Baker was bridesmaid and Mr. E. George attended the groom. The bride wore her going away suit of black duvetyne trimmed with fitch fur and a large black hat trimmed with gold cloth and monkey fur. A wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's aunt. Mr. and Mrs. George drove to Chicago and Milwaukee and will be at home after December 15. Miss Tuttle received many beautiful gifts at showers given by the Misses Mabel Baker, Lottie Klandrud, Marion Ortwein and Mrs. E. Evenson. The entire Stanolind family joins in wishing the newlyweds an abundant measure of life's greatest joys and takes this means of welcoming its new members into our big family.

Mr. M. Roberts, service station attendant, Sparta, Wis., leaves the company's service December 1, to engage in the retail clothing business in Sparta with his son, so we bespeak for him all manner of success.

Mr. J. M. Reel, agent at Tomah, Wis., for the past eighteen years, resigned November 1. His brother, Chas. D. Reel, who has been working for Jim, succeeds him as agent.

Mr. Burke, tankwagon salesman at Winona, Minn., is on the sick list. We hope for his speedy recovery.

Mr. Hy Knothe, cashier, has been granted a leave of absence for the month of December to regain his health.

Mr. Wm. Tell, assistant auditor of the sales department, spent two days at the La Crosse office.

Miss Margaret Thrune has been added to our staff of stenographers.

Miss Leone Johansen spent a week with friends in Minneapolis.

Mr. R. E. Cahill has been promoted to chief station examiner, succeeding Mr. Fred Heil, resigned.

Mr. J. M. Juel, Eau Claire, has been added to our staff of station examiners.

Members of the Standard Oil Social Club and friends reported a jolly good time at the dance given by the club in Odd Fellows' hall, November 3. At 11 o'clock the usual good eats were served and the jollification continued until midnight.

Mrs. Skundberg, wife of our agent at Westby, is rapidly recovering from her operation at the St. Francis hospital.

Mr. J. A. Haanstad, one of our salesmen, sold some Kalo-Chrome holders and Yuletide candles which were sent to Tahiti, Society Islands, Pacific ocean, via San Francisco. Distance doesn't count when John sells candles.

Miss A. Ortwein spent the week-end in Duluth. She said she had a wonderful time, but why shouldn't she?

Miss Edna Newman is having the afternoons at home this week.

Mrs. C. M. George entertained the girls of the Standard Oil office at her home recently.

The annual business meeting of the Standard Oil Social Club resulted in the election of the following officers: President, F. Klick; vice-president, Mabel Baker; secretary, Even Evenson; treasurer, Ellen Wood. Everyone get ready now for some parties!

It is rumored that some of the fair sex of the Standard Oil Company office, have taken up the art of bowling. Get ready, fellows, for a game.

The girls at our office were delightfully entertained last week at the home of Mrs. A. Skundberg, formerly Florence Young of this office.

Mr. W. O. Dixon is spending a few days at the La Crosse office this week.

Mr. Henry Rennebohm recently left the employ of the Standard Oil Co. to go into business for himself. He now has one of the leading grocery stores on the North Side.

MANKATO, MINN.

For snap and pep, the sales meeting held by District Superintendent A. L. Struthers on the evening of November 6 in the Mankato offices, was without an equal in our experience. Mr. Struthers called the salesmen in his district to the office, but it is safe to say that he did not anticipate the real enthusiasm which this meeting brought forth. The fundamental purpose of the meeting was to discuss ways and means of putting across a big Coupon Book drive, but this developed into a discussion of the full line which lasted until after the midnight hour. Call them in again, A. L., we like to hear your kind of a meeting.

We hear from a reliable source that Salesman G. H. Hughes ran out of Red Crown on a trip between Ruthton and Pipestone. He finally succeeded in rousing a farmer, only to find that the gasoline barrel was empty. Nothing daunted, G. H. enticed the farmer into selling him a few gallons of gasoline which he drained from his automobile tank, and then, to make it all worth while, George sold said farmer a barrel of Red Crown. Mr. Pinney didn't venture to state how it happened that there could be an empty gasoline barrel in Mr. Hughes' field.

Mankato Division employees were distinctly surprised when they learned of the transfer of Assistant Manager John P. Beaton to the Fargo division. Mr. Beaton had been with us a trifle less than one year and had endeared himself to everyone. We wish him success in his bigger responsibilities while viewing with regret the departure of the Beaton family from Mankato.

The Mankato division family is glad to welcome Mr. J. Clay Lee as assistant manager of the division. Mr. Lee has already made many friends through his splendid personality. We hope that he will like Mankato, for Mankato already likes Mr. Lee. (Psst!! Correspondent: Clay Lee is a good scout, all right, but if he offers to write up a social club dance for you, *watch your step!*—Editor.)

Division employees were entertained at the Elks' Clubhouse on the evening of November 17. The affair was planned as a farewell party to Mr. J. P. Beaton and a reception for Mr. Clay Lee, and proved to be one of the most enjoyable functions of the entire year for Standard Oil Company employees. The Royal Orchestra supplied the syncopation for the dance which continued until the early morning hours. Miss Mary Beaton entertained the gathering with a clever ballet dance, which won enthusiastic applause. Mary is an accomplished dancer for whom we predict future laurels.

Specialty Salesman C. S. Sorenson has been transferred to the Faribault field and has taken up his residence at that point.

The advertising department gratefully acknowledges the receipt of four nice ducks from Albert Holecek, agent at Jackson. They were of the wild variety, and, after being duly prepared by friend wife, were an epicurean delight fit for a king. The advertisers hope that necessity will carry them to Jackson again before the hunting season closes.

Sharp-shooting with a Ford roadster! Steve Armstrong drove into Winnebago the other evening with a white chicken hanging on the crank and feathers all over the radiator. (Mr. Editor: You might as well publish this as it's all over the town of Winnebago, anyway, and we would like to see Steve pay for the chicken.)

Art Otto celebrated the entrance of R. E. Scott into the Buick automobile business by purchasing a nice Buick coupe. We can't help but notice that Art doesn't tear around as much now as he used to, especially since the roads are a trifle muddy.

To be in the lead all the way and then to go down to defeat was the fate of Agent Schultz of Owatonna in the late Mica campaign. Joe White, Worthington, slipped over the winning count on the final sale and upheld Worthington's reputation as the premier Mica station of the division. We congratulate White and his fighting crew on their splendid victory, especially in view of the fact that they were returned winners of the spring campaign with a magnificent poundage.

S. H. Kenny is receiving many compliments on the Semdac window display which he has installed in his service station window at Waterville. Many compliments and increased sales of Semdac are the direct results of this attractive window—so says Mr. Kenny.

Lester Wilcox and Oran Davis are battling for the Coupon Book supremacy of the Mankato office force. At this writing Mr. Wilcox holds the lead with Davis going after him full tilt. 'Twould be amusing indeed if someone were to win out over both of them!

George Hughes and Willis Randall, salesmen, celebrated their wedding anniversaries (they wouldn't tell us the number of years) at Pipestone on October 14th. Willis and George entered the matrimonial sweepstakes on the same day and year. The celebration is an annual event which, from all we have been able to gather, is a regular party attended by numerous friends of the happy benedicts. We hope that the Hughes and Randall families will enjoy many years of October 14th celebrations.

When Ole Kaale shows up even the threshers quit work and grab a bite to eat while the boss talks future order to Ole. Every thresher and tractor owner in the Lamberton Field knows Ole, and men, THEY WAIT FOR OLE TO SHOW UP. He always shows the highest percentage of future

orders in his field and heretofore no one has been able to explain just how he does it.

R. E. Scott, former district superintendent, received the shock of his life when he was called into the Mankato offices shortly and Mr. Chesbrough, on behalf of a number of Mr. Scott's co-workers, presented him with a beautiful silver service. For once (and the only time since we met him) Scotty was speechless for some time. He at last managed to express his thanks in broken syllables while a stray tear or two trickled down his cheeks. We're sorry to see him go. We hope he sells more Buicks than anyone ever dreamed possible and we know that Red Crown gasoline and Polarine oils will be the big headliners at the Lloyd-Scott garage. Good luck, Scotty, come to see us often!

We heartily welcome P. McK. Blough to our organization as service station superintendent. Mr. Blough has resided in Mankato for about one year and has a large acquaintance who wish him success in his new line of work. Both Mr. and Mrs. Blough attended the last Red Crown party, and are now thoroughly imbued with the Red Crown germ of enthusiasm.

Wasn't that a terrible sigh? That's Harry Lenertz pining away because he cannot get to Winnebago oftener. (M. H. C. please note.)

B. E. Berry, former salesman in the Windom field, has been transferred to the superintendency of District No. 2. Mr. Berry has advanced steadily with our company since he signed up about four years ago. We wish him every success on the new job.

(Attention J. Clay Lee: Once you were our Ace of Aces among correspondents. Now that you are an assistant manager we will expect some wonderful material from Mankato. We have a good correspondent there now, and with a few tips from you—well, you know.—Editor, Stanolind Record.)

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The expected has happened: Milwaukee won the banner for October. Ever since May, when Sioux City snatched the banner away, by a margin of only four-tenths per cent over Milwaukee's increase, we had been waiting for the day when the banner would be ours. Great was the jubilation when it arrived. Mr. Lang wore a smile that simply would not come off.

We welcome in our midst Mr. H. J. Bemis, the newly appointed assistant manager, sales, for the Milwaukee division. Mr. Bemis will devote his efforts towards sales promotion while Mr. Prather will supervise operations.

Mr. C. F. Hatmaker, Chicago, who has been assisting us in sales promotion for several months, left us rather suddenly. Reason: Promotion to manager of the Chicago division. In appreciation of his services he was presented with a gold watch by his Milwaukee friends. Mr. Hatmaker's presence was an inspiration and we will miss his genial personality.

We were very pleased to receive visits from Mr. Allan Jackson, Mr. Beaumont Parks and Mr. T. J. Thompson, of the Board of Directors; also Mr. C. W. Martin of the legal department.

A number of agents paid short visits to the office recently. Among them Allen Hitch, Whitewater; J. P. Wall, Clinton Junction; J. C. Overbaugh, Hartland; R. Novak, Denmark; H. A. Koch, West Bend. Glad to see you, boys, call again.

For some unknown reason, Mayme Franz, the young lady afflicted with the chronic cold, has taken to ordering soup each noon. Music hath its charms.

A ha! Listen everybody: A certain member of the tank department, it is said, occupies the major part of Fannie Dundas' time. We're watching Fannie's finger closely—and it isn't for a thimble either.

Has everybody noticed Mr. H. B. Pickard, head station examiner, dolled up in his Flapper Jacket? He sure gave the natives a treat. Claims he bought this just to get even, as his overcoat evaporated while hanging on a hook in a hotel at Hartford.

Winnie Baker and Irene Peppey have returned from their vacation. Both girls said they didn't leave the four walls of Milwaukee and were homesteading.

We regret to announce the resignation of Mr. Andrew Hauge, agent at Dodgeville. Mr. Hauge's state of health would not permit him to continue in this line of work. Our best wishes accompany him.

Our station examiner, Art Mantz, is being called "Daddy." Both this title and his beaming countenance are explained by the arrival of a little Mary Pickford. Congratulations!

Burt Wolfrum, attendant at S. S. No. 11, 27th and Dunbar, was recently married to Miss Bessie Krueger. Congratulations and best wishes!

Rumor has it that Earl Collins, pencil pusher of the checking department, is stepping out with a winsome miss of vermilion tresses. When asked to substantiate this statement, Earl shyly drops his silken lashes and blushes a delicate pink.

Who said "Idle Rich?" Harold Pett of the stock department has migrated to Texas to remain there for an indefinite period. Too bad you didn't drop in at the office before departing, Harold, and bid the girls goodbye a la Valentino.

We notice a certain gentleman parked nightly at 5:00 p. m.—to say nothing of 12:30 noon—at E. Water and Wisconsin, tall of stature, wearing a derby (black) and whose belt buckle and cuff links, close scrutiny revealed, bore the initial "J." We stop to enquire of Miss "Billy" Burke whether above referred to party possibly answers to the name Julius?

Missing.—Pearl Lett, our fair dictaphone head, has been ill and it is reported will not be back at her desk for some time. We hope for a speedy recovery, Pearl.

Could anyone suggest an attraction that would cause Billy Van Eimeren of the order department, to change his dinner hour occasionally? Pretty good picking, Billy, and we don't refer to the dinner hour either.

We extend our sympathy to Joe Klinger, our service station decorator, who recently lost his brother.

Heart trouble has claimed another victim in Clarence Otto, stock department, who has been suffering with violent palpitation attacks recently. Too much "Wiener Schnitzel," Clarence.

A. Liedtke, service station relief man, is smiling broadly; Cecil Bogie, attendant at S. S. No. 5, 20th and National Avenue, also wears a broad smile. 'Tis a boy in each case.

Mearl Deichert, formerly service station attendand, and J. Jepertinger, formerly tank wagon driver, are now members of the Milwaukee city sales force. Going up!

Well, Milwaukee! We thought you were dead and buried. Now that you are back in the Stanolind fold, why not stay in?—*Editor, Stanolind Record.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

On Friday evening, November 17, the Red Crown Social Club staged its biggest and best affair of the season, at the Royal Arcanum hall. This was in the nature of a Carnival masquerade and was a howling success from every standpoint. Prizes were won by Mr. Roche of Minneapolis and Mr. Yeager of St. Paul. A short program of entertainment was one of the features of the evening. Mr. Cameron favored us with a song, and the Solite Quartet, composed of Messrs. Johnson, Dinsmore, Yeager and Eckman, rendered several selections, all of which were excellent and much appreciated. Dan Roche made a big hit with his Dixie dance and was loudly applauded. Mr. J. C. Vincent surely looked wild and woolly in his Buffalo Bullets uniform, and if it hadn't been for the blonde locks protruding from his sombrero, we would have experienced great difficulty in establishing his identity. Miss Phil Grossbusch, who admits she's a perfect thirty-six, had an opportunity to prove it to the doubtful ones. We are more convinced than ever that "figures" do not lie, especially when they are draped in Spanish attire. Miss Mary Gleason was dressed in the garb of a Colonial Lady and her costume harmonized so nicely with her sweet disposition that she looked more real than representative. Harry Moran was disguised as Mary's Little Lamb. Miss Nevins looked very nifty, indeed, in her Pierrot suit. Especially attractive was that portion of her costume rhat wasn't there. (Europe may be noted for its fine arts, but we're gonna "See America First.") Miss Irene Francis was dressed as a Hershey Milk Maid and Mr. Burnstad represented a Nut Chocolate. Messrs. Walter Jehn and George Hornzee of the bookkeeping department represented "Beer and Light Wines," and Mr. Ellis, who is also a bookkeeper, was disguised as a pretzel. Miss "Birdie" from the file department was there with bells on, and without much of an effort she closely resembled Cinderella. Ed Flavin was dressed as the Sheik and Miss Lagerson represented a "Sheikess." Mr. Joe Hauckenpahler closely resembled a cross between a Russian Cossack and a Hungarian Goulash. Mr. Bardill, as near as we can describe it, looked like something the cat dragged home. Oscar, who has frequently been accused of being handsome, was sure hard to look at in that false face. Miss Gladys Monroe was dressed as a child—some kid! Her Joe was on the job to look after his interests and therefore we did not get much of a chance to play with her.

Florence Noyes was dressed as the "Queen of Hearts" and Hank Steffes looked like the "Ace of Spades." Mr. Wolfgang had a very elaborate costume and represented a Prince. We had always figured him one anyway. Oh, yes! We nearly forgot to mention Jimmy Connolly. Jimmy was a companion picture to the maid on a can of Dutch Dutch Cleanser.

Our friend, Loberg, agent at Cokato, wouldn't give a dime for an entire lyceum course. Why do you say that?

Sandman's a friend of yours, isn't he, Fred Hatton?

Ray Kasparek, agent at Delano, is now happily married and oh, so happy.

Agent Karstens at Glencoe is elated over Mrs. Karstens' election. She is superintendent of McLeod county schools.

Agent Little of Young America has just recovered from a serious case of pneumonia.

Edwin B. Harrison, agent at Excelsior, is so busy he hasn't time to let us take a picture of him. Atta boy.

W. J. Schnabel, agent, Hopkins, wears a red shirt summer and winter. Gasoline sales are indicated by red.

Miss McCarthy, our telephone operator, and Miss Halvorson of the transcribing department, spent a week in Chicago a short time ago. We don't know what the attraction might be in the Windy City, but it must have been worth while. They had a "wonderful" time.

The ediphone department had a delightful "get-together" at the home of Miss Sylte, in honor of the birthday of Miss Selness. Mrs. Noyes and Miss Thomas, former employees of our company, were also present, adding to the enjoyment of the occasion.

"Buck" Gowan, Ortonville agent, has purchased a Ford coupe and is making regular trips to Big Stone City. We will agree, Buck, she is some fine girl.

Kenneth Cummins, service station attendant at Ortonville, is wearing out a lot of shoe leather, as he visits so much on the Peninsula.

Mr. MacDonald, station examiner, usually loses a boot when he goes duck hunting, and Mack says it is a very disagreeable feeling.

It is with deep regret that we learn of the resignation of Assistant Manager W. H. Brown. During his many years of faithful service in the Minneapolis division, Mr. Brown has won many friends who will miss his kind and cheerful presence. We all join in wishing him the best of luck and fortune for the future.

It has been said that Edward Moe, truck driver at Dawson, is a friend in need when it comes to towing stranded motorists. What about it, Ed?

John Lorentz, agent at Wadena, has to be convinced. Honest, John, that really is our own little garage down there, and Damkroger was telling the truth about those new Mack trucks.

Salesman H. F. Luedtke has developed a fondness for chop suey. He just couldn't resist taking home a can a short time ago and—but thereby hangs a tale. There seems to be a vast difference between chop suey and sauer kraut, isn't it, Luedtke?

Mr. E. N. Shallenberger, formerly of St. Louis, has been appointed assistant manager, succeeding Mr. Brown. Mr. Shallenberger, as we have previously mentioned, does not relish the anticipation of our Minnesota winter. So far we have not been able to make good on our predictions, as the weather man has been unusually kind to us, but it's coming. Just wait!

Why, oh, why, does Agent Sigurd Dahlquist of Royalton make so many trips to Little Falls?

Agent George Larson seems to have reached the three-mile limit at Swanville. If you can't climb the hill, George, back up.

Agent John Langer of Genola may be quiet, but he surely delivers the goods.

Ed DuBois, agent, Osakis, Minn., comes from Lovell, Wyo. He says he is going to continue wearing his red and white checked mackinaw coat for the winter.

Charles Bowman, agent at Ashby, Minn., very nearly dropped dead when a wild canvas back duck came flying low and hit his truck tank. Charles says you cannot catch anything by staying at home.

Henry Rosenberger, agent at Evansville, Minn., is wearing a funny smile. What's up, Henry?

Barney Bentson, agent at Alexandria, Minn., is planning on building a Chinese bungalow on his lake shore lot. Now, Barney, go easy for the winter

Mr. Gregor Voight, agent at Melrose, reports the arrival of a bouncing baby girl at his home last week. Congratulations, Greg.

Mr. Leo Hoeschen, agent at Freeport, Minn., is a real hustler. You can see that by his gain in sales over last year's record, and the nice appearance of his station.

Those new fences around service stations certainly improve their looks.

A plant Safety committee has been formed and guarantees to reduce chances of accident to the minimum.

If you want to see a pathetic sight, just look at an employee who is awaiting the decision of the Accident Court. They all know that it is no joke, but real serious business.

PEORIA, ILL.

Happy New Year!

Brother Waugh spent his vacation in Minneapolis and Fargo. Ralph says that in Fargo they boast of having the best looking girls in the Indiana company. Being a guest, and diplomacy personified, our revered cashier says he didn't dispute the argument, but silently retained his own opinion, and opines as how Peoria still looks good to him. Young ladies, line up to the right and thank the gentleman.

We miss Katie Lyons' smile from our midst. "Red Crown" (quoting the assistant manager) left us recently for the B. & B. Coal Co. The titian-haired one was among the "seniors" of the stenographers' room, and we viewed her departure with regret.

Margaret Hopkins followed suit a few days later, and as we write Dorothy McKee is preparing to do likewise. "Sis" locates elsewhere in Peoria, while "Mickey," so rumor hath it, intends heading for California in the near future, where "he" is waiting. Goodbye and good luck, girls!

These sudden leavetakings among our "vets" have left us quite depressed. Now one of our young men should wax fat and healthy. He'll have more time for lunch, not being obliged to hurry back to the office by twelve thirty. Oh, Charley!

Miss Frances Sweeney has joined the ranks of the dictaphone brigade.

Roy Roe, our new mailboy, wanted to know where Mr. Dale Township lived, so he could mail a letter to him. (Never mind, Roy; we chased left-handed monkey wrenches once ourselves).

On November 24, Manager J. R. Coleman entertained at dinner at the Creve Coeur Club and subsequently at the Orpheum theatre, the following gentlemen, Polarine campaign and unit winners: Western division, month of September, District Superintendent W. F. Awerkamp, Salesmen H. W. Lewis, H. L. Davis, C. E. Winslow, L. L. Rocole, Agent-Salesman Frank Pye, Galesburg, and Agent A. L. Welch, Little York. The evening was one most enjoyable, unmarred even by the fact that Assistant Manager Phillips and Sales Promoter W. R. Battin "horned in" and partook of the festivities with great gusto.

Wilbur Ewert calls the Cadillac office every day. Buyer? Not at all. Just the telephone operator at that agency.

Latest in overcoats—see Adams and Buck, likewise Perry Barnes. Yes, ma'am; Bergner's is selling out.

Ed Gram spent his vacation in the metropolis of Media, Ill. It sure must have been tough on the rabbits.

Why does W. R. Battin hate the Pekin police?

Kelly: "You must be hot, Lessig."

Duke: "How's that?"

Kelly: "I see your side burns."

Take him out and shoot him.

Golmer Livasy is working nights at the office now. He's learning to play the saxophone. (They chased him away from home.) He's thoroughly up to date in his methods. Plays into the dictaphone and then listens. Not so bad!

Lubricating Engineer E. R. Broadbent bade us goodbye on November 28, leaving that evening for Detroit, where he has entered the wholesale coal business. Good luck, Broad, old topper. We hate to see you go.

Katie Adams tied up traffic at Adams and Voris the other morning when she alighted from a Ford touring car and slipped quietly down the side street to the office. Tell us, diminutive lady with the brown eyes, who is the lucky duffer?

Wanda Powers departed for Champaign on her vacation. Keep your eyes open, Paul. Those rah-rah boys are fast workers, unless that Ohio game left 'em temporarily embarrassed.

Wilbur and Irene went up the stairs together. Irene stubbed her toe. Wilbur inquired of spectators if they had seen Irene "falling for him." More meat for the firing squad.

Frank Lindenfelser is about once more, after spending his vacation in a hospital recuperating from an operation. "Fluff" is a bit peaked, but retains his sunny grin.

The Poland China Club recently convened at the La Palma, with Salesman Faber in the chair. L. M. Taylor, expert on analysis and comparisons, also present. Oversized rutabaga on counter behind Faber's polished cranium. Taylor, departing, demonstrates his analytical powers by placing Faber's hat on the vegetable.

Who is Charley Dressen? Ask George. He knows.

CENTRAL DISTRICT

Agent Steider of Metamora recently reported to Salesman Hanback the theft of a $32 overcoat. Sympathizing, Hanback inquired for details. Joe mournfully explained the sudden departure for unknown climes of the holder of an "unauthorized" for the amount. Wherefore, Joe was forced to call his old "benny" into use for another season.

The small child of Agent Virgil Downey of Kenney recently was the victim of one of those accidents peculiar to the little folks, in the swallowing of a large safety pin. The youngster was rushed to a Bloomington hospital, where the pin was removed with some difficulty. Latest accounts are that no permanent ill effects will be experienced.

James Gelsthrope, formerly truck driver at Bloomington, has taken the agency at Clinton, succeeding Agent Hill.

Agent Jess Richardson of Weldon recently suffered a painful injury when his collarbone was broken in the overturning of his car while on a pleasure trip with his family. Luckily no other hurts beset the rest of the party. Jess himself, while somewhat incapacitated, is still in the ring.

Salesman Hunt and Mechanic Art Coleman recently went a-hunting. Hunt paraded homeward, proudly toting what he proclaimed a fat pheasant. Wifey took one look at it. "Where did you get the chicken?"

Tank Wagon Salesman Smith of Lincoln has developed a new field for Mica. Has a customer

who uses it for carbuncles and claims it's the real stuff. How do you deliver, Smithie, fifty-pound kegs or half-barrels?

Kit Elwood, attendant at S. S. 28, Lincoln, challenges the division as having the cleanest station. Prove it with pictures, Kit. (If all these service station men with the cleanest station ever get together, 'twill be some riot.)

WESTERN DISTRICT

The following letter, recently received in Peoria, speaks for itself: "Monmouth, Ill., Nov. 18. Mr. J. R. Coleman, Mgr., Dear Sir: I overlooked letter with my pay check in it today, and burned it with some papers that I had no further use for. Will you kindly send me another one? This check was for the first half month of November. I am very sorry to have had this happen, as I have no money to burn. I will greatly appreciate another check, and please don't let the Stanolind Record correspondent in on this. Yours truly, Frank Pye. Honestly, this is serious. (S. O. S.)"

We trust you got your check all right, Frank, but so far as secrecy is concerned, this office has the greatest bunch of news hounds in captivity.

Since the above transpired, Agent Instructor Pye has been transferred to Galesburg as agent-salesman. Here's hoping in his exuberance he doesn't burn up that wild college town.

Agent Spivey of Reynolds recently moved his family to that thriving metropolis. The home "chow" goes pretty well after an absence, eh, old man?

EASTERN DISTRICT

Bee Smiley, truck driver at Bloomington, recently bought a pig, and started homeward with the porker in a bag in the side rack of his truck. Arriving, he found that his passenger had vanished. Frantic inquiry by Bee developed that pig, bag and all, had fallen from the truck, and had been found by the rural mail carrier, who took care of it until the wild-eyed owner showed up. Smiley is telling 'em all about the recent "drop in pork."

District Superintendent Caldwell, who shakes a wicked mashie, while engaged in his favorite pastime recently, stepped squarely on the head of a snake. Harley reports that his next step was a shade under eighty-three feet away. Sounds like a "little brown jug" story.

Salesman Winslow also essayed the Scottish pastime shortly after his arrival in Bloomington. Charlie explained that it was quite the first time he had played in a number of years, and was overheard late in the afternoon murmuring that classic line about "homeward the weary ploughman wends his way."

The groundkeeper said Charlie's visit wouldn't cause very much inconvenience, as they were closing the course for the winter season, and next year the holes Winslow made could be transformed into suitable bunkers.

A surprise party was arranged by Mrs. T. S. Fitzgerald in honor of her husband's birthday, on the evening of November 15. All the SOCO folks who could possibly get there, went, and reported a very pleasant evening. The "party of the first part" in whose honor the crowd gathered, is one of the genial Bloomington drivers who handles the *black figure* gallonage, and has a large hand in keeping them that dusky hue.

Some heartless cuss reports that Agent Small of Chenoa recently won a prize at a medicine show. It was a "beauty" contest.

Skaggs and Miller, service attendants at Pontiac, have bought a new Ford in partnership. They agree to perfection—and they don't have any difficulty in putting out Red Crown either.

Joe Kipfer, veteran fifteen-year Standard Oiler, returned to work at Pontiac recently after his vacation (three days) whistling "Nobody Knows How Glad I Am." All hands, including the plant rats, stuck their heads out to see what was coming. "Speech!" Joe: "Boys, I had a grand old time, but give me back my Diamond T."

Joe Lindenfelser is a regular feller when it comes to checking up stock, and like a good station examiner, he can turn his hand to other tasks, such as repairing washing machines.

Clipping from Pontiac paper, November 23, 1897: "The Standard Oil Company is erecting a large steel tank west of the I. C. depot for storage." Oh! Min, you wouldn't know the place now.

Agent and Mrs. C. L. Brooke, of Watseka, entertained at dinner recently the tankwagon drivers and families, in honor of Mr. Marcott, who has been appointed agent at Wellington.

Watseka submits this: "What's the matter, Joe? Don't you like us any more? Come on over, we've got a new county nurse. Nice girl, too." (Now, Joe. Naughty, naughty.)

R. O. Brown has been appointed tankwagon driver at Watseka to fill vacancy caused by the elevation of Driver Marcott to the agency at Wellington.

Edward Gerdes of Gilman, formerly a Standard Oiler, leaves to take charge of the new state aid roads in Iroquois county. We hate to see you go, Ed, but if Governor Small says so, all right.

L. A. Prahm, former service station attendant at Bloomington, was given the truck vacated by J. J. Gelsthorpe when the latter was promoted to Clinton agency. Prahm is making good with a bang.

If means could be devised to harness the power developed by Bill Crusinberry's jaws when he starts to chew a hunk of Parowax around Bloomington plant, the famous Muscle Shoals power project would be completely eclipsed. Bill uses the stuff as a substitute for "eatin' tobacco" and sure chaws a mean cud.

Bloomington—Add incidental expenses. Donations for a "shower" of some kind, incidental to the resignation of Miss Dorothy Adreon from her position in the clerical department of the telephone company. For particulars, including dates, see Elmer Coomer, bill clerk.

Bloomington Bulletin, October 23: Eighteen people of the Standard Oil Company force were given a very enjoyable banquet at the Arlington hotel on Monday evening. The boys assembled about 7 p. m. and partook of a delicious three-course dinner, after which they retired to the home of E. W. Ritchey, spending the remainder of the evening playing five hundred.

SOUTHERN DISTRICT

Some doings around Asa Bryant's house in Springfield the other night. The stork brought Asa a nine-pound helper, and after resting an hour or so on the front porch, delivered another right next door. That's a good neighborhood. Jack Constant, another driver, lives thereabouts—but we'll tell you about Jack another time. This is Asa's third boy.

Salesman Hanson would like to get rid of that old bus he is riding round in. Couldn't the company furnish him a motorcycle? (Maybe Hans smells a "coop.")

The sons of rest (known to the payroll as salesmen) held a meeting at the St. Nicholas Hotel in Springfield recently. The evening paper came out before the meeting was over and announced that they were to have a banquet after the meeting. Some of the boys nearly wore out the night waiting in the lobby for that "feed." You shouldn't believe all you see in the papers, boys.

"Abie" Berneker heard the Standard Oil Company band of Wood River play recently. The strains came in over Abie's radio, and "strains" is right. He says all the boys need is practice. (We've heard the Wood Rive band and we are convinced all Abie needs is a better radio.—Ed.)

Salesman William Hunt, Springfield, is always snooping round for a clew on hidden orders. The gang at S. S. 4 had him call for M. T. Graves at a certain number. Party answering told Bill sure they had empty graves, large, small or medium. It was Oak Ridge Cemetery.

Agent Parker of Bluffs recently was a caller at Springfield plant. He was in the city to get some repair parts for his truck.

Springfield correspondent was recently furnished a list of stations delegated to his charge as newsgetter. He dutifully wrote 'em all, requesting cooperation, particularly as regarded the doings of one Fred Knight, salesman. He reports as follows: "Here it is press time and I am not only shy on stuff about Knight, but I'm shy all the other stuff I asked for." That must be a "shy" bunch down there, Wilson.

Night letter from Springfield: "Yesterday we were measuring the tank out in front. A freight was passing. A man climbed out of one of the cars and hopped off. He rolled, slipped and slid for about twenty feet, got up, dusted himself, took out a big cigar and lit it, and then I recognized him.—Lloyd Snyder on his vacation."

One agent Springfield can't excuse for not sending in news is Happy Mohan of Dawson. Experience has taught our correspondent that there is always something doing where Happy is. He also suggested that if Happy was too busy he could let the missus stop in at Springfield and bring the news.

C. S. (Buck) Martin at Chatham is comparatively new, and maybe somewhat shy, so far as concerns divulging his secrets to that gang at Springfield until he gets better acquainted. Springfield says he might as well learn, for if he doesn't, a lot of stuff worse than the truth will sneak in.

Every noon Carl Piper, Springfield warehouse, comes out of the booze parlor down the street with a quart bottle of what looks like milk. Correspondent vows his intention of inspecting that bottle. Is it frosted, enameled or just plain painted in white?

"Chief" Osborne, that old picnic hound, who distributes Red Crown around New Berlin, sent in a good picture of an accident caused by filling gasoline by lantern light, but the pestiferous Safety First disciple, McCready, purloined it for his own uses.

QUINCY, ILL.

WANTED: By Salesman O. K. Lenhart, a first-class raccoon hound. December's chilly days have driven O. K. to the idea that a good 'coonskin cap would be the real thing to cover his shiny dome. So here's a word of warning to the Missouri raccoons.

We reckon by this time Dean Thomas, general clerk, has told everyone in the office what Santa Claus did on Christmas eve after he filled "sister's stocking." Dean will be glad to tell the story to you if you haven't yet heard it.

Salesman Lee Bailey was unable to attend the meeting of salesmen held in the Quincy office on November 21. He called on the long distance telephone and asked for permission to remain at home to welcome Lee, Jr., who arrived the same day, and added that if good lungs are a part of the "make-up" of an S. O. salesman, this youngster can surely qualify.

Hail Bud Edwards with his French mustache. He finds it a no easy matter go keep it properly trained and claims that Stanolax helps to turn the trick.

John O'Donnell has put hoops back in fashion. A recent accident in the sample room resulted in John going home in a barrel. So get us straight, it's barrel hoops, we mean.

Salesman R. L. Wilson was so positive that Bruster would be elected state senator from Missouri that he wagered everything he owned on the outcome. Now he is is dieting on bean sandwiches to help pay the debt.

A. L. Millson sure won a home when he "fell in" with the pretty waitress at Dallas City.

The Misses Tofall and Neyhard of the Decatur office, who made a friendly call on us back in November, were evidently disappointed to find all the men married—or near so.

Ralph H. Reed, formerly of Quincy, but now of the Chicago office, visited us for a few days in November. His Quincy friends were glad to have him in their midst, even though it was only a brief visit.

Vinton Manker's mind is still troubled over the question as to which of the two is heavier, Miss Jenkins or Miss Mazwell. We can't see where it is any of his business, anyhow, since he doesn't have to hold them.

During the week in November that H. A. Meyer, traffic clerk, had his vacation, his daughter Leona was married. Events of this kind are hard on Hank these Volstead days.

Every day in every way Alma Bradshaw seems to be getting deeper and deeper in love. Ofttimes lately she has been seen gazing into vacant space. "How pitiful," she ejaculates, "but you know how 'tis."

Sam Worman, agent at Golden, Ill., couldn't stand to continue this life any longer single-handed, so he took unto himself a helpmate. We hope she helps Sam to get his reports in on time.

W. A. Howell, our Moberly agent, is working on a scheme to eliminate all refined oil and gasoline shortages. Here's wishing you success, Bill.

After years of practice Walter M. Cook, salesman, can now chew tobacco and smoke a cigar at the same time. Maybe this accounts for the frequent headaches which he suffers and the daily purchase of aspirin.

Assistant General Managers Amos Ball and H. A. Lewis were in the Quincy office on November 21. After the close of the salesmen's meeting in the forenoon, Mr. Ball introduced Mr. Lewis, who responded with a few remarks.

R. C. Boger, cashier, having spent the greater part of his two weeks' vacation hunting in the neighborhood of Camp Point, his home town, has returned to the office a trifle wild. But one need not fear, for we have him caged. Latest reports from Camp Point say that quail are plentiful this season, but Boger claims the author of these reports meant to state that quail WERE plentiful. Anyhow, Boger, we found out quail cannot be caught by putting salt on their tails.

Salesman J. W. Golden (also Reverend J. W. Golden) is a firm believer in the motto: "It Pays to Advertise." He has promised the office girls to marry them without fee providing they do not ask for a double ring ceremony, about which he knows nothing.

Salesman J. L. Meyers could easily fit himself to be circus or carnival barker so far as voice is concerned. The roar of the jungle lion is like the chirp of a canary in comparison to the voice of Meyers.

Wilbur Davenport, our Galt agent, wrote the following notation on a Form 044 report recently received: "No Sales—Out working R. F. D. Men all out. Women say, see Dad." Why not sell the women, Wilbur?

It's a shame Charles Heitz, city salesman, hasn't a touring car instead of a runabout, since he loves to take so many of the office girls home after work.

W. W. Garrett, agent at Salisbury, Mo., is rejoicing now that there is an S. O. service station in his town. It has always been his heart's desire to see the day when the S. O. Company would build a a filling station at Salisbury

District Superintendent W. A. Lynn has been initiated in the Mysterious Order of Lion Tamers. Tell us about it, Bill.

The home of Lee Manual, garage employee, was under quarantine for two weeks, during the illness of his wife and family. Now that it has been lifted he has returned home and finds it hard to stay in nights.

Word has been received of the death of Art Adams' father. Art is agent for the Standard Oil Company at Camp Point, a position held by his father for many years.

Oscar Vandenboom, having tipped us off to a system "all his own" has confessed that the Volstead Act no longer bothers him.

District Superintendent W. J. King, formerly of Chicago, having had his first experience in battling the mud, says his former "side-kicks" don't even know what mud looks like. After sliding down the clay hills in this neighborhood he has come to the conclusion that it is a different brand of mire than the Chicago mud.

W. P. Stevenson, our agent at Kahoka, has taken unto himself a wife. No more need of Stevenson burning the midnight oil in making out reports. Well, here's our wishes.

B. E. Radtke says he's found out the best way to drive over the muddy roads and miss the ditches. "Close the eyes, press the foot onto the dashboard and let the flivver take its own course." The flivver knows. If you don't believe it, ask Worley for a demonstration.

Recent additions to the S. O. family include J. D. Starr, agent at Laredo, Mo.; H. R. Angle, salesman, Alva Herst, agent at Ewing, Mo.; R. E. Stow, agent at Canton, Mo.; Frank McDaniel, mechanic at Hannibal, Mo.; Chas. Winnegar, service station attendant at Hannibal.

SAGINAW, MICH.

Miss Alta Stewart, of the cartage department, has resigned her position to go with the John Schmelzer Furniture Co. She was succeeded by Walter Burdick, of the stock department.

Elmer Austin announces that he is now ready to take orders for strictly fresh eggs as his white Leghorns are now beginning to show their gratitude for all that corn they have been choking on. Elmer was somewhat worried for a time as it appeared to be a shell game in which the shells were not forthcoming.

All Steve Wickham needs to make his distillery complete is a whistle. Steve says it takes a lot of care and precision. We know it takes a lot of cracked ice.

W. H. Gross, agent, Rogers City, is getting to be some letter writer. His letters are received with enthusiasm.

Dan Hoseli, agent at Grayling, is grinning up his shirtwaist since he got the additional storage. That's all right, Dan, you and the tank car order clerk are grinning a duet.

A new rug now ornaments the annex assigned to the chief clerk and his staff and it is a noticeable fact that the old rug is in otherwise good repair except for an area of four square feet at the immediate left of the position occupied by his swivel chair. We hesitate to incriminate anyone, but a certain guy in this office sported an awful guilty look the day they installed the new rug.

Carl—Ruth, you ought to be a baker, you've got lots of crust.

Ruth—Let's make it a partnership, you loaf a lot.

John Mooney, agent at Minden City, says that a china collar box is the berries if it isn't too conveniently located. May we suggest a padlock?

Mr. Chas. C. Dalrymple was appointed agent at Maysville on November 23. Welcome, Charlie.

Men may come and men may go, but Saginaw goes on forever. Last December witnessed the passing of Saginaw's third manager, Mr. L. J. Thompson, and here's hoping that he will follow the footsteps of his predecessors, H. R. Cochran and E. P. Galbreath. Many regrets were expressed at Mr. Thompson's departure as he was greatly admired for his broad knowledge of the business. It was through his untiring efforts that Saginaw has been able to keep her balance on the right-hand side of the ledger during the past two years. We wish him every success in his new field and trust that the following year will find him at the top—just below Saginaw.

Mr. L. C. Havens, Flint agent, says that the city is about to bring "condensation proceedings" against a certain plat of ground in Flint. What is this property, Les—a lake? What will all the fish do then?

Wanted—A nose bag; price must be right. C. M. Hall, service station attendant, Mt. Pleasant.

A new door check has been placed on the main office door, much to the relief of Miss Price. The door slammed loud and often and every time it slammed Miss Price jumped over her desk, typewriter and all. In making her protest she claimed this was inconvenient and interrupted her too much, so, rather than lose her, the door was fixed. Dudley Jones is happy, too. He says, "There's no use being in the lower peninsula if you've got to depend on the weather I've been accustomed to." The door now shuts itself and Dudley figures stock losses in comfort. Dud, you sure are a martyr.

Any employee wishing to purchase rebuilt candles will please apply to Fern Gryson.

The bookkeeping department has been very materially bolstered in the acquisition of A. Y. Matthews. Welcome to the happy family, Mr. Matthews; here's to your success.

Carl Buchbinder, head station examiner, holds the speed record for the main office. He was asked to prepare for a northern trip on short notice. He hurried home, washed his face (which, by the way, is an unusual long one, extending from his Adam's

apple to the topmost part of his cranium), packed his toothbrush, filled his vest pocket with toothpicks, and was back to the office waiting for instructions, in thirty minutes. That court-plastered jaw bore mute evidence of Carl's haste to catch that train.

Things that never happen in Saginaw office—Roy Younkman, late; "Cam" Dawson, out of sorts; Reuben Kern, out of balance; Bill Villeneuve, smoking Prince Albert; Louie Reip, whispering secrets.

What's in a name? We write our Gd. Blanc agent asking for a detailed account of some matter and after he has written about three pages of what sounds plausible, he ends up by writing I. R. Lyon.

Harley Williams performs unusual service for his customers in the village of Houghton Lake and Houghton Heights by cutting right across Houghton Lake. It is understood, of course, that his horses have two feet of ice under their hoofs.

"There is nothing quite so disconcerting as having LeRoy pull that stop watch on you," says Clarence Youngs.

If Dan Foley retains his bachelor degree until Leap Year, we lose a box of cigars.

Miss Crane, stenographer, witnessed the great football game at Ann Arbor; the one in which the seats were all sold out when Henry Ford got ready to make reservations.

Robert Allardyce, biller, certainly keeps his typewriter well oiled and dusted. Well, Bob uses that mill somewhat and it behooves him to cut out all the lost motion.

Percy Duchane's moustache certainly is the "cat's eyebrows."

Mr. J. C. Ahrens, formerly of the refined oil department, was appointed agent, Port Huron, on October 16, to succeed Mr. L. C. Reip. Not wishing to be alone in a large town, he returned to Saginaw on November 4 and promised to love, honor and obey Miss Hattie Lauer, formerly of the check department. After a brief trip to the eastern states they returned to their new home on 1128 Wall street, Port Huron, where they will receive friends. The employees of the Saginaw office presented them with a beautiful floor lamp and best wishes.

On December 9, Manager Keating conducted a meeting of the division superintendents.

Ever since our garage salesman, John Weed, was agent at Breckenridge, he has been trying to find a buyer for his truck. He finally convinced Joe Hale, agent at Gaylord, that it was "just what he needed." John sallied forth a number of days ago to make delivery of said truck. He got out as far as Breckenridge, his old "stamping ground," and set his nerves at rest by collecting an account. He then hit the trail north and found that the roads were covered with ice. Well, John says he slid from one side of the road to the other until he had lost all sense of direction, and try as he might he couldn't arrange to be on the right side of the road at the turns. He further states that every time he came to a drove of cattle, he chased them into the ditch and out onto the roadway, and the next minute, having obtained enough control of the truck to catch up with the cows again, he slipped from one side of the road to the other so fast and so often that when he finally got to Gaylord the paint on the license tag had become blurred, the colors having run together. John made prompt delivery, sighed and slept. Good work, John. Good luck, Joe. Keep her on the road if possible; she's been in ditch too often already.

Mr. W. H. Coleman, late of the Peoria division, entertained a few friends at a five-handed game of "Read um and weep" a few nights ago. Everybody reported a good time, but one "Fitz" seemed to be out of sorts and rather glum. Lunch was served and a certain gentlemen in the crowd gargled so much oyster soup that he was "Fish" the rest of the evening.

Les Patterson to stationery clerk: "Got a towel for me?"

Stationery Clerk: "No, your shoes are shiny enough."

Percy Duchane, station examiner, reports considerable snow on his beat. Never mind, Percy, you can soon lay up the car until the middle of June. By that time the snow will all be gone and you can drive for a few more weeks.

Louis Riep has laid careful plans for starting a men's furnishing goods store, judging from the looks of the top shelf in the stationery room. Driver Shilling reports that he carried up 38 gross of overalls and one thousand caps. Louis is our service station superintendent, and he evidently is going to put on a campaign of some kind pretty soon. May we suggest a masquerade ball?

A new safe has been added to the office for fire protection, for current records. Another additional piece of furniture or equipment of this size and the radiators will have to come out. This season of the year they get so cold that the porter has to pour hot water on them early in September so they won't crack when the heat is turned on.

Mr. Oldenburg, of the home office barrel department, was a recent caller at the Saginaw office with the message: "More barrels." We're after them, but every customer seems to have a hiding place all his own.

Attendant J. C. Leahy, S. S. 3, Saginaw, is eligible for a laurel wreath, considering the fact that he was the first man to turn in a fire alarm when the Saginaw county hotel, "De Baskins," threw up a smoke screen resulting in the loss of one inmate. No record is available of the unregistered lives that perished in that awful inferno.

Cameron Dawson broke out in a new overcoat purchased immediately following a fire sale conducted by local bakery.

I love to hear a rooster crow,
He's like so many folks I know
Who boast and bluster, ramp and shout,
And beat their manly chest without
The first darn thing to crow about.

"Chief Hook 'em Cow" Petoskey restrung his bow, added new tips to his arrows and turned himself loose in the wilds around Cadillac in quest of cottontails, a short time ago. We don't know whether he considered the hunt a success or not, but we know of at least two who set their table for rabbit and had to substitute liver.

Every afternoon the entire office force is treated to a rhapsody on the kettledrums by Mr. Emil Hall of the check department.

Fred Dettenthaler, tankcar order clerk, seemed much interested in a toy train at Tanners, particularly the one which included a miniature tankcar. Fred remarked, "Gee! ain't that a darb? I wish Elizabeth Ann was a little older; I'd get that for her Christmas present." We'll venture the opinion that Ann would have to be there on the push if she beat Fred to that tankcar.

Our stenographic department wishes to announce that they are all members of the "Charm School."

It seems that there are a lot of single fellows who are still immune.

Mr. Warren Vanderbeck, of the refined oil department, is the proud possessor of a Ford coupe.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Service station robberies are becoming almost an epidemic. Geo. Waddell, attendant at service station 315, was held up twice at the point of a revolver, which he says looked to him like a salt barrel. However, he later identified the bandit at Norfolk, Nebraska, and had him safely lodged in jail.

J. N. Elkert has been sent to the Sioux City field as assistant manager. We have found him to be a very pleasant young man and are glad to welcome him to our force.

Dad Kessler, station agent at Rock Valley, dropped into the Sioux City office advocating lock arrangements which he has for holding five buckets solid in a can on a truck. Dad is able to demonstrate this as a great success, and we are convinced that it is.

Roads in the Sioux City field the fore part of the month have been exceptionally rough, so say Mr. Thayer and Mr. Elkert, who drove across country to Vermilion, Yankton, Scotland, thru to Sioux Falls and back by the Hawarden route. Mr. Elkert made another drive a little later to Sioux Falls to attend the convention of the Retail Merchants' Association.

Mabel Miller has given up her work in the office and on December 24 will be married to Arthur Bray. We miss her cherry greeting "And the sun shines bright," and our wish is that it will continue to shine as brightly in the years to come.

Edna Morrison is a little go-getter when she's out after news and you'd better watch your step folkses, because if your foot slips you'll go plum into the Stanolind Record. The other day Jake Semdac'd everything up slicker'n a whistle and little Miss Edna thought she'd take a trip for news, but oh, Sweet Papa—such a headliner straight to the vault!

Courtesy among Standard Oil employees was again demonstrated at the Sioux City office, when a young woman (Good looking? *Ask Herb.*) driving a car, ran out of gas and called at the office for assistance. It was during the noon hour, but that made no difference to Herb Mann, tank car manager. He picked up his cap, carried gasoline to the car, filled it, and inadvertently dropped a few remarks as to the merits of Red Crown gasoline. The woman's husband is a prominent business man and they are now steady customers, thanks to Herb.

Grace Carter entertained the girls of the office at a miscellaneous shower complimenting Mabel Miller, a bride of the month. The evening was spent informally and all departed with the old time conviction, "always a good time at Gracie's house."

Yes, sir. Dame Rumor was right. Salesman Zurcher found the right girl and on Thanksgiving Day they were married. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Zurcher.

With merriment twinkling in every eye, all petty annoyances and cares of the day left behind, old and young entered into the spirit of the fun so that "Tatters and Trimmin's "went over big. Much thanks is due Ed Elster, our official artist, who by his clever portrayal of Andy Gump with his announcement, "Oh, Min!—Hard Time Party given by Standard Oil Social Club Saturday Eve", so enthused the bunch that everyone turned out. Committees worked faithfully and our appreciation is extended to Grace Carter, A. W. Peterson, Herb Mann, E. Manser, Marie Tinder, Helen Cain and H. C. Rueschling, who, as decorators, trimmed the hall with lanterns, arranged plenty of seats, boards placed on nail kegs, said decorations blending with the occasion; and as entertainers, kept the fun ball rolling with balloon contests, whistle for your prize, and informal dancing. And to Salesman Weidel, acting as judge; Salesman Meigs, sheriff; and Driver McLaughlin, deputy, who in their frantic endeavors to keep perfect order kept the place in a hubbub of mirthful dis-order. Everyone was fined, from official to steno. Ed Elster, who really is quite trimmy, was heavily taxed for dancing the shimmy and Herman Porpp, our iron barrel clerk, was caught when he slyly tried to flirt with a colored lady (wonder if that accounts for the white powder conspicuous on his coat sleeve the next morning). Mr. Dyer then thought he'd sorter bribe the judge with a plug of tobacco, but Abe Weidel was an honest ruler and Mr. Chief Clerk went to the cooler. Mr. and Mrs. Carter started the entertainment with a dance so fantastic that all were spellbound through the entire selection. Costumes were grotesque, to say the least, Alice Rhen proving a winner by getting first prize, while C. T. Hanner secured second. Mr. Thayer, with patches, was a great hit (an $8.00 a day seamstress made 'em fit). Mrs. Dyer was a creation, and as Sis Hopkins, made a sensation. And Mr. Elkert jumped right in—to Superioralls—with pep and vim, while P. M. Marsh, as Uncle Sam, was really quite a handsome man. Mabel Kelly made a shine with a diamond from the five and dime and then there was Al, from the small town, with trousers so tight he couldn't sit down. All the funnies we can't mention by half, but the rest of the bunch was a great big laugh. The refreshment committee, Lulu O'Keefe, Mrs. Clemens, Naomi Swanson, Jeanette Harrington and K. L. Koser, generously distributed popcorn balls and wound up the entertainment with an honest to goodness oyster stew.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

Margaret Burns, telephone operator, was injured while on her way back to the office at noon. Stepping from the street-car she was hit by a truck and knocked to the pavement. Margaret is up and around after a week's doctoring at home, but we hear the truck is still laid up for repairs. Oh, Margaret hits 'em hard! Just ask Abe.

Now that the Christmas season is approaching, we have been wondering if Mr. W. Anwander will don the green striped shirt during the holidays.

This is what is promised us at some future date: Boxing Match, "Kid" Hippensteel vs. "Young" Gillis. Both Mr. Hippensteel and Mr. Gillis show us by their smiling faces that they are happy dads.

Mel Swank recently moved his family to Goshen from South Bend, where he takes up his new duties as general salesman in that district.

Paul Moulder, tractor mechanic, made a trip to Monterey, Ind., last week to shoot oil trouble, but came back with rabbits. Did they so infest the field, Paul, that you couldn't avoid running over them?

E. P. Warren and John Marcus went on a hunting trip. E. P. brought back three rabbits, but John did all *hunting*. No account of the quails that eluded them.

It's a mystery how Lucy Marshall could content

herself in Ft. Wayne for the week-end when her aspirations usually center in South Bend.

F. A. Shenefield, clerk at Elkhart, Ind., was promoted to the agency at Goshen.

M. R. DeVoe, former agent at Kendallville, is now doing special duty at Fort Wayne.

Chet Jontz has a unique way of accomplishing his end. In order to put on a lamp demonstration at Warsaw, his home town, Chet had to harness the municipal lighting plant and cut off the juice long enough to conduct a burning test, enabling patrons of the restaurant in which it occurred to satisfy their appetites while witnessing a perfection performance.

Jack Rehm, clerk at Logansport station, has purchased a new Ford sedan. This should greatly assist Jack in his heart-breaking crusade of fair damsels of Logan. Perhaps it is just for *one*. Apology to you, Jack, if it is due.

Transfers: M. C. Vennet, general sales, to garage salesman; C. R. Jontz, general sales, to garage salesman; F. L. Blake, general sales, to garage salesman; R. T. Kinneman, general sales, to special salesman.

This space reserved for McGriffs and Miller's district, yet to be heard from? Hope to get it in time for next month.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

The St. Louis division sincerely regretted the transfer of Mr. Bemis, our assistant manager, from the St. Louis to the Milwaukee division. We do not want Mr. Bemis to forget his many friends, and while believing that no memento was necessary to keep the St. Louis division in his mind, yet as a token of the esteem in which he was held by his co-workers, Mr. Bemis was presented with a pair of handsome cuff links which are to serve the double purpose of keeping his cuffs buttoned neatly and linking to his memory the friends he left behind.

St. Louis division was pleased to have Mr. C. R. Ewing, former district superintendent in Jefferson City district, appointed as our new assistant manager, and we wish to assure him of our hearty co-operation.

T. G. Niehaus, agent, North Broadway plant, joined the ranks of the benedicts November 30. Tom is very quiet on the subject, but our reporter found out he is to marry a member of the female sex. Best of luck and happiness are the wishes of his friends.

Our agent at Kirkwood, Doc Sutter, is the best rabbit hunter we know. The windows in his office face the open fields and ever and anon the various hounds and dogs in the neighborhood go rabbit hunting. Doc sits at his desk and calmly looks over the activities in the fields, and when the dogs are successful in catching a rabbit he wanders nonchalantly forth, says "here, doggy, doggy," and takes the rabbit away from the poor hound. The Sutter family has had rabbit once and now awaits the next time with impatience.

Simultaneous with Rodolph Valentino's heralded appearance in this city, our construction superintendent, T. T. Cresswell, returned from Springfield division with his hair combed and cut "a la Valentino"—all that's missing is the sash, and maybe Santa Claus will bring that. The linoleum leading to his desk will soon need patching from the trips made there by the young ladies in the office who need not go go to the Delmonte to get a thrill.

A short while ago Sadie Gallagher lost part of her wearing apparel on Olive street and since then has been so particular to have everything fastened securely that the other day while lunching at the St. Louis restaurant (we think she must be gaining on Margaret in the race for the wealthy bachelor) discovered she had forgotten to remove her office apron before leaving the office.

The St. Louis office employees extend their sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Erdell, whose baby died recently.

A few days ago "Slewfoot" Schoknecht came racing into the office, his face all smiles, the reason being the birth of a baby daughter. Can you imagine "Schok" walking the floor; he'll shake all University City.

Our office boy, Charlie, is evidently love-sick or something; the other day while sealing the mail Charlie chanced to look out the window and seeing the sun going down stated, "Oh, isn't the moon beautiful."

CAPE GIRARDEAU

H. G. Simpson, who was just promoted to De Soto territory salesman, says: "Call no man happy till he's married," but Socrates says: "Call no man unhappy till he's married." Mr. Simpson will please wire which is correct January 1, 1923.

Fred Atchison, service station attendant at No. 357, Cape Girardeau, has returned from his honeymoon and is back on the job. He says, "It's the only life, boys."

E. F. Engle and J. Diekmann paid Cape Girardeau a visit November 7 to inspect our trucks. We enjoyed their visit and hope they will come again soon.

D. O. Snyder, St. Louis city salesman, says he laid his checkered suit on the shelf, but for some reason or other got it out again. What's the matter D. O., high cost of coal or the farm drive in sight for next year?

Paul Delsman, tank truck driver, Cape Girardeau main plant, who underwent a serious operation for appendicitis, has recovered and is back dishing out the Standard Oil Company's full line again.

Not all the heroes are in the movies. When the house across from the office caught on fire, it was Walter Loshbaugh who pulled the box and George Gale and Del Baer who went to the rescue. George deserves much credit, for it was he who was seen rushing out of the smoke-filled house carrying aloft in his hands, the cuspidor! Of course there were other valuables in the house, but probably George did not understand the lady. Oh! we are proud of our fire-fighting heroes.

We hear that Miss Laura Kreuger met with an accident of some kind, but have failed to learn the exact amount of damage done. Anyway, Laura is up and around. For further information, see Laura.

From outward appearances, Amandus Vanderbosh seems to have been hard hit. We see Mandus got it in the neck, but strange to say it's Bertha's nose.

Miss Dicka Netlund is carrying something in her coat pocket that most folks don't know about. We'll tell you; it's a book The door hinge in Mr. Loshbaugh's room is nearly worn down, so Dicka is being prepared for the fall.

Mr. Perkins, agent at Lakeville, being very anxious to cover every nook and corner of his territory, made a special trip to the main office in in order to get his territorial map straightened out.

* * *

We heard a sermonette the other day that listened good. It further proved the similarity between man and mule. "A mule cannot kick while he is pulling, neither can he pull while is kicking."—*Magnolia Oil News.*

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Northern Division
AMOS BALL, Central Division
H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
C. F. HATMAKER, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
JOHN H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
R. H. THOMAS, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
C. H. WAGNER, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
P. H. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
C. C. LAKIN, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Asst. Mgr.* (Operation)
H. J. BEMIS, *Asst. Mgr.* (Sales)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
E. N. SHALLENBERGER, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
H. H. KEATING, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
R. S. ORR, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
C. R. EWING, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
E. P. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

The Evidence of a Better Understanding

THE last four years have marked the growth of a better understanding between the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and the Public it serves. This better understanding is evidenced by the fact that four years ago there were but 4623 stockholders on the books, whereas today the number has increased to 27,109.

Misunderstanding necessarily disappears when people are frank. In the last four years the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has published in a frank and open manner a vast amount of important news concerning its methods of refining and distributing petroleum products. It has explained the factors upon which prices are based; it has given figures which explain why the demand for its products, and especially for gasoline, is continually increasing; and by its frankness the Company has prospered.

The efficient and economical refining and distribution of petroleum products is a highly specialized business requiring years to develop. The very permanency of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is a dominant factor in the high quality of its service. Because of this permanency the management of the Company has been able to mature and carry out plans for service which required long periods of time and great sums of money to accomplish.

In its efforts to provide a perfect service, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has developed a constructive and comprehensive Industrial Relations Plan to promote harmonious relations between the management and employee. This program includes adequate retirement annuities, modern safety devices, continually improved working conditions, and a practical plan whereby employees are enabled to accumulate savings and invest them.

This program tends to make all employees better citizens and better workers, vitally interested in serving the public.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) believes in fair dealing toward all, the public, its customers, its competitors, and its employees.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 4 FEBRUARY 1923 No. 4

J. E. EVANS

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

Board of Directors

R. W. Stewart, *Chairman*

W. M. Burton, *President*
W. E. Warwick, *2nd Vice-Pres., Genl. Mgr., Mfg.*
B. Parks, *3d Vice-President, Asst. Genl. Mgr., Mfg.*
E. G. Seubert, *4th Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer*
Allan Jackson, *5th Vice-President*
R. H. McElroy, *Traffic Manager*
E. J. Bullock, *Director of Purchases*
T. J. Thompson, *General Manager, Sales*

Plant Managers and Superintendents

WHITING

R. E. Humphreys, *Manager*
G. Cash, *Superintendent*
J. E. Evans, *Assistant Superintendent*
H. F. Glair, *Assistant Superintendent*

SUGAR CREEK

G. H. Moffett, *Manager*
H. R. Boehmer, *Superintendent*

WOOD RIVER

C. B. Manbeck, *Manager*
W. W. Holland, *Superintendent*
F. J. Gainer, *Assistant Superintendent*

ROCKY MOUNTAIN DIVISION

Thomas S. Cooke, *Manager*

Casper, Plants Nos. 1 and 2
R. M. Andrus, *Manager*
A. E. Thompson, *Superintendent*

Casper Plant No. 3
M. G. Paulus, *Superintendent*
R. E. Wood, *Assistant Superintendent*
J. E. Rouse, *Assistant Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 1
H. M. Lockard, *Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 2
B. L. Warren, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 1
W. A. Morris, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 2
J. F. Cullen, *Superintendent*

Industrial Relations Department

J. W. Curry, *Director*, Chicago, Ill.
E. H. Fisher, *Assistant Director*, Chicago, Ill.
C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division*, Chicago, Ill.
W. N. Bercaw, *Assistant Director*, Whiting, Ind.
C. F. Hall, *Assistant Director*, Wood River, Ill.
A. S. Hurt, *Assistant Director*, Sugar Creek, Mo.
D. M. Lobdell, *Assistant Director*, Casper, Wyo.

Joint General Committees

WHITING

Edw. Bartels
Henry Behrens
John Bodick
J. E. Brinker
T. C. Brown
Laszlo Csonka
J. J. Delaney
A. Dimmock
Frank Eaton
Wm. Fuller
Ignatius Gazda
Oscar Heyl
Archie Judson
Lewis Kasper
John V. Kidnay
F. W. Lau
W. J. Lynch
Johnnie McHenry
J. C. Melvin
R. T. Myrick
Chas. Naef
A. J. Olson
D. J. Paskwietz
P. A. Petersen
C. A. Phelps
F. D. Rexwinkle
M. R. Schmidt
Nick Scholl
James Spanier
R. L. Stoop
Warner Sutherland
P. J. Sweeny
P. O. Vandeveer
H. E. Wright

SUGAR CREEK

Joe Bostian
W. L. Hickey
O. C. Hite
A. O. Hodges
F. G. Lee
W. B. Hodge
A. E. Payne
H. B. McCoy
J. J. Wirthman
H. C. Moore
G. W. Thompson
Burney F. Gore

WOOD RIVER

Harvey R. Davis
Joseph F. Evans
John Flanagan
J. F. Halloran
W. R. Hefner
J. G. Jones
S. A. Montgomery
Earl F. Scott
C. M. Shook
A. C. Slater
Dwight D. Stafford
J. W. Stephenson
W. A. Tipton
George H. Wilken

CASPER

C. E. Clark
Chas. W. Combs
J. D. Critchfield
H. W. Eberstein
Wm. L. Emmel
A. V. Forbes
H. A. Grondal
J. A. Hefferin
R. V. Heinze
Peter Holden
Arthur R. Lano
J. R. Luxon
D. F. Mahoney
J. W. Phelps
W. N. Schaefer
Albert Seanor
Herman Smith
L. G. Smith
N. E. Thomas
W. H. Tolhurst
John W. Whittington
Jas. G. Wiederhold

GREYBULL

R. W. Chase
George Haddenhorst
S. E. Kane
G. L. Shepardson
L. E. Watson
Gary M. Whitney

LARAMIE

A. W. McAllister
J. L. Robay
H. M. Stricker
Ed. L. Wood

STANOLIND
RECORD
Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
C. V. JULIAN, *Editor*
Publication Office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 4 FEBRUARY No. 4

DR. HOLLAND TO WOOD RIVER AS SUPERINTENDENT

Popular Former Assistant Superintendent of That Plant, on Special Work for Two Years, Returns There to Take Over the Superintendency Following the Retirement on an Annuity of Superintendent S. A. Beach

Dr. W. W. Holland, for two years engaged in special work in the service division of the manufacturing department, with headquarters at Chicago, has been appointed superindendent of the Wood River Works to succeed Mr. S. A. Beach, retired. His appointment was effective Jan. 1, 1923.

Formerly assistant superintendent at the plant to which he now returns, and at one time a member of the Joint General Committee there, his square dealing with everyone, both as an official and as a member of the J. G. C., won for Dr. Holland the respect and liking of the employees of the Wood River Plant, and the decision of the Board of Directors to return him there was a popular one.

Though he has been with the company less than seven years, Dr. Holland is known throughout the manufacturing department for his knowledge of refining. He entered the employ of the company June 9, 1916 as a chemist in the laboratory at Whiting. On January 1, 1917 he was sent to Wood River to organize a chemical department there. In October, 1918, he was made assistant superintendent, a position he held for two years.

In November, 1920, Dr. Holland left Wood River to take up the work of the service department, with headquarters at Chicago. The major portion of his time was spent visiting plants where the Burton process is in use.

Mr. S. A. Beach, former superintendent at Wood River, was placed on the annuity roll January 1. Mr. Beach was in the employ of the company twenty-seven years and three months. His present address is 208 Ninth street, Wood River Ill.

JOHN COMPTON RETIRES AFTER 44 YEARS

Mr. John C. Compton, member of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Manufacturing Committee, in general charge of the lubricating plant at Whiting, veteran employee of forty-four years service and one of the most widely known and best liked men in the manufacturing department, was placed on the annuity payroll January 1, 1923.

In 1873, at the age of 22, Mr. Compton entered the oil game as an employee of Corrigan & Co., Cleveland, Ohio. Five years later he joined the Standard Oil Company, which then had its headquarters at Cleveland. In 1896 he was transferred to Whiting and Chicago. His extensive knowledge of greases and lubricating oils made him a valuable member of the Manufacturing Committee. Like practically all men who hold responsible positions with this company, Mr. Compton rose from the ranks.

(*Continued on Page 3*)

REMEMBER WAY BACK WHEN?

No. 1—The Standard Oil Company billing department looked like this? The photograph was taken in May, 1897, and shows (left) Henry Hansen (right) Harry Nichols and (center) William Thon. "Old Jed Prouty", as Bill was known then, isn't taking much interest in getting his picture taken, turning a mean shoulder to the camera. Notice the gas lamps. No. 2—Office boys nowadays don't get their pictures pushed so to the front until they become members of the Board of Directors. These boys are nameless as far as records go, but in the background are (left to right) Frank W. Hansen, Edward H. Cleaver and Melville H. Seegers, the last now being head of the Employees' Stock Purchase Plan department. Notice Mel's fawncy vest. The picture was snapped on September 28, 1907.

MR. COMPTON RETIRES

(Continued from Page 1)

Prior to his retirement, a banquet was tendered the popular veteran by his old associates at Whiting, members of the Manufacturing Committee, and other officials of the company. He was presented with a fine traveling bag, the presentation speech being delivered by the well known public speaker, Mr. Edgar Bogardus. The banquet was held at the Congress Hotel, Chicago.

Six others have recently been placed on the annuity payroll, as follows:

Mr. John Carter, formerly assistant general manager in the sales department, whose retirement has already been announced in the Stanolind Record, was placed on the annuity payroll January 1, after being in active service thirty-five years and five months. His friends will find him at 1322 Forest Avenue, Wilmette, Ill.

Mr. David Bowen, 909 Hovey street, S. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.; formerly cooper and pipefitter in the Grand Rapids division of the sales department; in the company's employ twenty-seven years and seven months.

Mr. William C. Harper, 224 LaPorte avenue, Whiting, Ind.; formerly stillman helper and stillman at Whiting refinery; with company fifteen years and four months.

Mr. Frank S. Gilbert, 443½ Jackson street, St. Paul, Minn.; formerly warehouseman in Minneapolis division of sales department; with company fifteen years and six months.

Mr. Thomas S. Kane, 476 Webster Place, Milwaukee, Wis.; formerly lubricating salesman in the Milwaukee field; with company thirty years and five months.

Mr. A. E. Dimmock, Sr., 331 Oliver street, Whiting, Ind.; formerly of the canning and shipping department at the Whiting refinery; with company forty-seven years and five months. Mr. Dimmock, at the time of his retirement, was serving as an elected representative on the Whiting Joint General Committee, of which his son is also a member.

TOOK GRIND OUT OF GRINDING

Dwight D. Stafford, boilermaker and tool room employee, at Wood River, Ill., is our subject for the "Who's Who and Why" column this month. Mr. Stafford's claim to fame is his perfection of an automatic safety valve grinding machine which grinds six valves at one time. The machine will grind as many valves as nine men could grind using the old hand method, and is more accurate. The machine does not require constant attention while in operation. A similar machine, just finished, was made to grind gate, globe and angle valves. This machine grinds eighty-four valves at one time. Mr. Stafford has also fitted up a machine to salvage bolts and nuts. The machine is a driller, thread cutter and tapper. Another product of his skill is a gasket cutter. He was born in Grafton, Ill., July 10, 1883, and started to learn the boiler makers' trade when thirteen years old. He has been employed by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) since June, 1907.

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends!

STANDARD OIL BOOTH AT AUTO SHOW

Quincy, Ill.—Much favorable comment was elicted by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) display booth at the automobile show held recently in Hannibal, Mo.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS VISITS WOOD RIVER

By Loyal Palmer
Wood River Works

Wood River, Ill.—A visit to the Wood River refinery was made by the Board of Directors, December 8th, in response to an invitation from the Wood River Joint General Committee. The visit included an inspection of the plant, a reception by the Committee, and a banquet at noon in the cottage. Mr. C. B. Manbeck, plant manager, was toastmaster, and talks were made by Col. R. W. Stewart, Chairman of the Board of Directors, Dr. W. M. Burton, President of the Company, and by Harvey Davis, member of the Joint General Committee.

Colonel Stewart, at the request of the Committee, explained the meaning of a stock dividend, told why it was considered advisable for this company to declare one at this time, and touched upon the effect this declaration would have on employee-stockholders. (As this matter was ex-

(Continued on Page 7)

THIRTY YEARS AGO AND NOW

No. 1—Des Moines people learned how distribution of the Standard Oil Company products has changed when a two-horse-power wagon paraded the streets with a modern motor truck. The wagon tanker was driven thirty years ago by J. L. Kempley, Ft. Dodge, Iowa, business man. What will the next thirty years bring, an airplane? No. 2—Thirteen years ago, this picture was taken in Hammond, Ind. Burr Borem, now cashier of the Hammond station, is shown in the driver's seat. He has been with the Standard Oil Company since 1907. No. 3—Iowa has been known for its "go-getters." Ross Hart, agent at Altoona, Iowa, is shown with his "go-getter" flivver. Compare his equipment with that of Mr. Borem. Ross has been hanging up a fine record at Altoona.

ARDENT ADVOCATES OF THE FULL DINNER PAIL

Any member of any wage and hour committee, of any of the Joint General Committees, who has had occasion to compare Standard Oil Company (Indiana) wages with those paid by other companies will tell you that the Board of Directors of this company is composed of sincere advocates of the full dinner pail, via the full pay envelope. Also, anyone who has ever eaten at the same table with said members of the Board of Directors will testify that nothing so gladdens their hearts as the chance at a square meal; all of which no doubt explains the happy smiles on the faces of Mr. E. G. Seubert, Mr. Allan Jackson, and Mr. T. J. Thompson, and the proudly contented look of Mr. R. H. McElroy. We fail to see Colonel Stewart's pail, but we'll wager if there was any food about he got his share. The photograph was taken at the company's Carlinville coal mines, early in December, a few minutes before the descent into the mine. When they came out, our Board members had all the marks of eligibility to Whiting's well known society of Dirty Faces. Mr. Beaumont Parks, who was in Wyoming at the time, is the only member of the Board not shown in the picture. Top row, left to right: Mr. Curtis W. Clark, mine manager; Mr. E. G. Seubert; Dr. W. M. Burton; Mr. C. B. Manbeck, manager of the Wood River works; Col. Robert W. Stewart; Mr. T. J. Thompson; Mr. W. E. Warwick; Mr. W. R. Smith, office manager; lower row: Mr. Thomas W. Paul, superintendent: Mr. Allan Jackson, Mr. E. J. Bullock; Mr. R. H. McElroy; Mr. John McMillan, foreman.

* * *

Wife: "I don't see why you object to my singing lessons. Perhaps some day my voice will keep the wolf from the door."

Hubby: "It probably will, if the wolf hears it."
—*Boston Globe.*

* * *

They had just become engaged.

"I shall love," she cooed, "to share all your griefs and troubles."

"But, darling," he murmured, "I have none."

"No," she agreed, "but I mean when we are married."—*Exchange.*

* * *

"John, your wife looks cold in that thin coat."

"Can't help it. She's saving up for some summer furs."—*Paterson Press-Guardian.*

* * *

Customer (in book store)— "I want the last word in dictionaries."

Clerk: "Yes sir. Zythum."—*Yale Record.*

* * *

Banker: "How much liquid assets have you?"

Customer (cautiously): "About a case and a half."—*Manufacturers Trust Company Bulletin.*

DIRECTORS VISIT WOOD RIVER

(*Continued from Page 4*)

plained in the January issue of the Stanolind Record, Colonel Stewart's statement in regard to it is omitted from this issue to avoid repetition.—Editor.)

The new Joint General Committee was urged by Colonel Stewart to pass upon all matters in a spirit of fairness, rejecting all prejudice. He took occasion to reiterate the statement he has often made that he "would consider that representative beneath contempt who would vote to curry favor with the management, on the one hand, or to curry favor with the employees on the other." Members of the Committee he said, should look upon themselves as jurors and should vote as their consciences dictated and not as they thought someone might wish them to vote.

Dr. Burton told of the Industrial Relations Plan having been started three years ago as an experimental plan, with the purpose of bringing about closer relations between the management and employees. This had been accomplished, Dr. Burton said. He stated that he wanted the men to know the Board of Directors is back of the plan and asked that the men put their shoulder to the wheel and make the plan even more successful.

The talk of Harvey Davis was built around the old proverb, "Necessity is the Mother of Invention." He told of the time when men could be discharged, demoted or promoted for any reason or for no reason at all and of the lack of contact between the employees and the management; then of the introduction of the Industrial Relations Plan to remedy this condition and of the host of skeptics among the foremen as well as the men, when the plan was introduced, and finally of the change in the attitude and the fine way in which these same men are supporting the plan now. Mr. Davis urged a greater frankness among the foremen toward their men, saying this would be appreciated by the men, and also urged that foremen tell a man if his work is not satisfactory or if he has faults that should be corrected, thus giving the man a chance to improve himself. Mr. Davis ended by saying the Industrial Relations Plan has proved successful in making working conditions better, and said that the members of the Wood River Joint General Committee pledged themselves to try to solve the problems that came before them, and to work for the betterment of the working conditions in the Wood River refinery.

BOARD AT WHITING

On Monday evening, December 29, all members of the Board of Directors except Dr. W. M. Burton, traveled to Whiting to meet, eat and talk with members of the new Joint General Committee of that plant. Though Dr. Burton was unable to attend, a letter from him was read. Toastmaster of the evening was Dr. R. T. Myrick, a member of the J. G. C. Speakers were Colonel Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the company; Mr. Frank Eaton and Mr. Oscar Heyl, elected representatives; Mr. C. O. Vandeveer and Mr. P. J. Sweeny, appointed representatives; Mr. W. E. Warwick, second vice-president and general manager, manufacturing; Dr. R. E. Humphreys, manager of the Whiting works, and Mr. J. W. Curry, director of Industrial Relations.

ANNUITANTS DIE

The Record regrets to report the death of two annuitants:

Mr. J. D. O'Connell, formerly night superintendent at Sugar Creek, died January 10, 1923. Mr. O'Connell was in the employ of the company twenty-three years and eleven months prior to his retirement.

Mr. Frederick Barkhaus, 1024 N. Hoyne avenue, Chicago, formerly tank wagon driver in the sales department, died January 14, 1923.

* * *

Pat: "Have you christened your new baby yet?"

Mike: "We have."

Pat: "And phwat do you call it?"

Mike: "Hazel."

Pat: "Sure, bad cess to ye, with two hundred and twenty-three saints to name the kid after, ye had to go and name it after a nut."—*Exchange.*

JIMMY EVANS

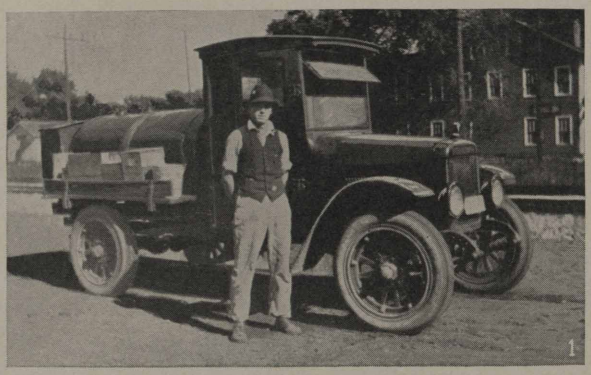
Mr. J. E. Evans, assistant superintendent of the Whiting works, whose portrait appears on the outside cover of this magazine, entered the employ of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) on February 4, 1890, and was put to work heating rivets for the boilermakers. Though he left the rivets behind him long ago, he has been keeping things hot ever since.

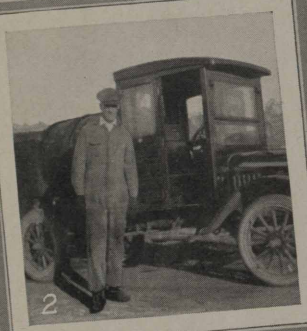
In 1891, he graduated into the machine shop as an apprentice, and from there passed to the drafting room, where he worked from 1895 to 1902, when he was made assistant master mechanic. In 1903, he took his very muscular self to Neodesha, where he erected an addition to that plant. In 1904, he erected the plant at Sugar Creek. In 1907-1908, he added to his reputation as a refinery builder, by erecting the plant at Wood River. In 1916, he was made master mechanic. In December, 1920, he was made assistant superintendent of the Whiting works, and in August, 1921, had added to his duties the supervision of the Marine department.

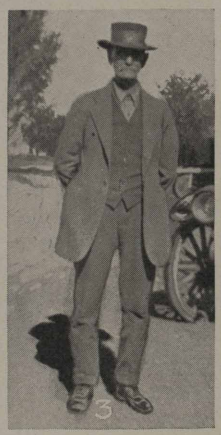
All of this kept him rather busy, but he still had time to attend to the duties of citizenship. For ten years he served on the Board of Education at Whiting, and since July, 1920, has been president of the Whiting Community Service, now engaged in erecting a beautiful new building.

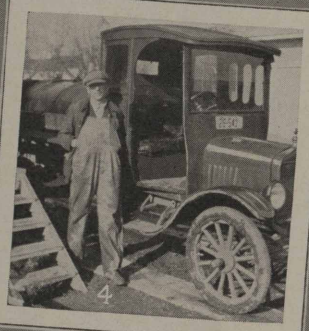
Mr. Evans has an enviable reputation for squareness in all his dealings. His reputation for veracity has also been good, but he will insist that with that home-made radio he listens in on Los Angeles, Texas and Schenectady. Give him time and he'll claim Manila.

SOME STAR AGENTS OF PEORIA FIELD



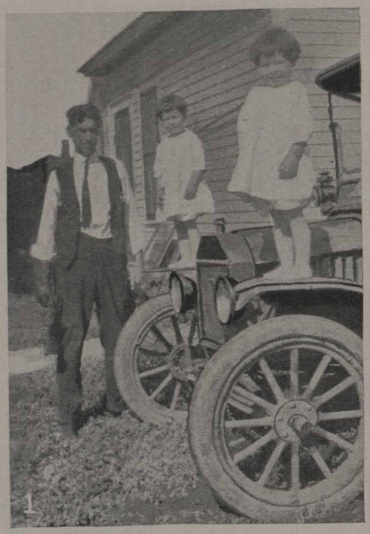






No. 1—George Search, agent at Elkhart, Ill., was a driver in Springfield before he was promoted to agent. He is a hustler. No. 2—Louis Sams, agent at Mt. Pulaski, is shown beside his new flivver. He will get a larger car in the spring to take care of competition. No. 3—Matt Hinds, agent at Ashland, Ill., has been with the Standard Oil Company for seventeen years. He is still a "go-getter." No. 4—Louis Radeker, agent at Athens, Ill., has been with the Standard Oil Company for six years, ever since the opening of his station.

FUTURE BEAUX AND BELLES



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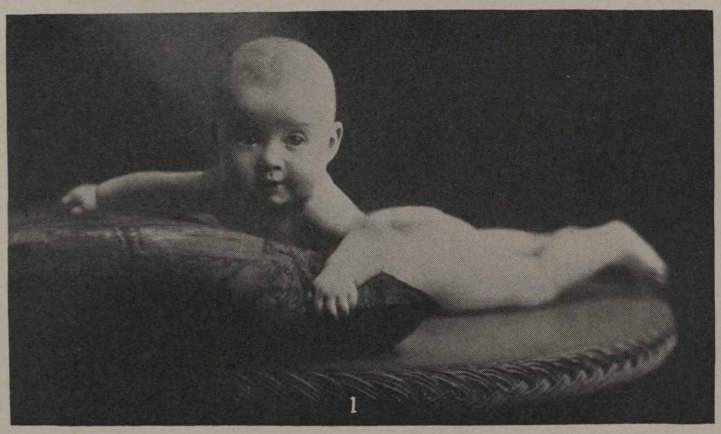
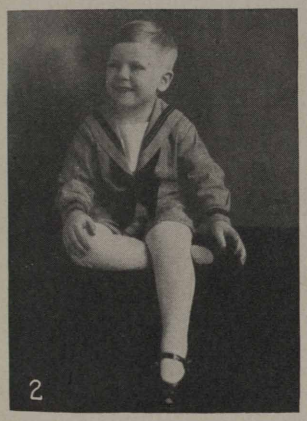
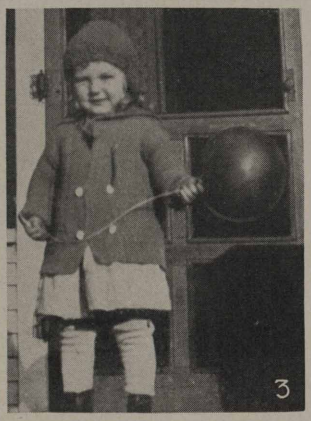
Fargo, N. D.—North Dakota has been famous for its wheat and hunting, but not much has been said about its men and women of tomorrow. No. 1—Twins! They are the daughters of Agent Patrick Mulroney of Carrington. They are named Edna and Retta. "Sure an' there never was such a pair," says their proud dad, and we believe him. No. 2—It's a great life. Agent Clarence E. Lien of Edinburg thinks so and is starting his two sons out right. No. 3—Meet Mr. Robert Paul Dodd, son of District Superintendent Dodd. The young man is about a year old and has six and a fraction teeth. Mr. Dodd is not concerned about the six, but he stays awake nights thinking of the fraction.

A TRIO OF BLUE RIBBONERS







Kansas City Field claims to have the most perfect children of the whole Standard Oil Company (Indiana) circuit. No. 1—This is Marguerite Maxine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Monroe. Ed is right-hand man for J. R. Cook, chief lubricating engineer. No. 2—This is Jimmie Innes, all boy. He is the son of William Innes, hustling collector. No. 3—She is the daughter of Burt Hudnut. Whenever she visits the office everyone stops work.

WOOD RIVER SAFETY COMMITTEE

Wood River refinery employees back their Safety committee against any Safety committee in the Standard Oil Company. The picture was taken with the men's backs to the wall—an ivy covered wall that is a symbol of immortality. They are, starting with Arthur Jeuer, who has his hands in his pockets, and reading as they are numbered: George Oetkin, Gordon Shaffer, William Wolf, Herman Schueler, Eugene Strauder, Frank West, John Urick, William Methany, Ferdinand Pieper, Joseph Lehman, Harry Strunge, Tim Hawk and Tom Tretter.

FROM BABY CABS TO TAXICABS

The following letter from E. C. Conkling, formerly manager at Detroit and now on the annuity payroll, who is living in Miami, Fla., speaks for itself:

"I am entirely lost on account of not receiving my Record for December. If you have an extra copy, it will fill a want—if you will kindly send it to me. I certainly enjoy reading same for it keeps me in touch with what is going on in our big family.

"Two of my boys have been climbing the ladder of fame so rapidly it really makes me dizzy. I refer to N. R. Grimshaw and H. R. Cochran.

" 'Grim' came to us from the Detroit Gas Company, which enabled him to use a lot of that product in building up a nice automobile business in Detroit.

"Harvey is an Atchison, Kas., product. When he first attached his name to our payroll, he was so cute and tiny his folks used to call for him each evening with a baby cab.

"Thanking you in advance and with kindest personal regards."

(signed) E. C. CONKLING.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT WINNER IN COUPON DRIVE

Takes All Other Departments in Home Office, as Well as Chicago Sales Department, Down the Line for Awful Trimming in Big Christmas Drive on Red Crown Gasoline Coupon Books

No, these folks were not to be shot at sunrise. As a matter of fact, they are the stars of the Home Office and Chicago Sales department coupon book drive. Being a star is evidently a darned serious matter. Two of the stars are absent—Miss Salmon of the Traffic department, who was second among the women, and Mr. Fisher of the Chicago Sales, who was fifth among the men. In the photo, left to right, front row: Miss Helen Wills, fifth; Miss Isloel Klein, third; Miss Marie Kreutzberger, winner; Miss Katherine Normoyle, fourth; back row: E. A. Burritt, winner; Leslie Fagerstrom, second; Otto Klein, third; A. H. Wildes, fourth.

In a fierce Red Crown Gasoline coupon book sales contest, starting December 10 and ending December 31, the Advertising department was an easy winner over all other departments in the Home Office, as well as over the Chicago Sales department.

Promoted by Mr. P. A. Raupagh, assistant manager of the Chicago division, superintended by Mr. Harry Blix and publicity experted by Mr. Frederick Sykes, employees of the Home Office and Chicago Sales department set out on December 10 to sell 1,000 ten-dollar coupon books by December 31. The quota was exceeded, the final sales sheet showing 1,289½ books sold.

Department percentages were figured on a basis of number of books sold per employee, and the Advertising department easily topped the list with a percentage of 79.33, due largely to the efforts of Mr. Art Wildes, who disposed of fifty books. Just to rub it in a little harder on the *sales experts* of the General Manager's office, and the Chicago Sales department, Mr. Max Mildenberg's Cooperage department batted second with an average of 42.67, against a puny 29.10 for the General Manager's office, this 29.10 being possible only through the superhuman salesmanship of Mr. Ed Burritt, he of the million-dollar smile, who alone and unaided

(*Continued on Page 15*)

A SMILE WITH EVERY SALE

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The goodnaturedness of Standard Oil Company employees is becoming famous. No. 1—Despite the grim expression on the face of R. P. Webb of Gladwin, Mich., Saginaw field, you can see that he's good natured. Notice how he makes his sideracks do duty—duty that adds to his profits. No. 2—Notice that contagious smile on the face of Guy Earl Weed, keystone of this picture. He and his smile delivered one day's sales of 4,700 gallons of Red Crown and Perfection in addition to a lot of specialties. The others in the photo are (left) Robert Rooney, attendant at S. S. 28, and George Rowe, B station instructor. The photo was taken in Bad Axe, Mich. No. 3—This is the wife of R. R. Criol, service station attendant at Memphis, Mo., of the Quincy division. No wonder the sales there are increasing by leaps and bounds. Mrs. Criol's smile just makes them come back.

(Continued from Page 13)

disposed of 130 ten-dollar books. Mr. Burritt was high man of the campaign.

Miss Kreutzberger, of the Chicago Sales department, topped the women competitors, disposing of 42½ books, while Miss Salmon, famous Stanolind Record correspondent of the Traffic department, was second with 41 books.

Though lowly in percentage, the Chicago Sales department found consolation in the fact that it had the largest actual sales, totalling 555½ books.

Final standing for the "season" follows:

Department	*Books Sold*	*Average per Employee*
Advertising	119	79.33
Cooperage	64	42.67
General Manager's	227	29.10
Chicago Sales	555½	18.52
Purchasing	75	12.50
Home Office	162	10.38
Traffic	41	7.07
Manufacturing	44	4.19
Lubricating	2	1.11

The first eleven among the women competitors were:

Name	*Department*	*Books Sold*
Miss Kreutzberger	Chicago Sales	43½
Miss Salmon	Traffic	41
Miss Klein	Chicago Sales	23
Miss Normoyle	Home Office	20
Miss Wills	Chicago Sales	16
Miss Jones	Home Office	12
Miss Warner	Chicago Sales	11
Miss Nelson	Cooperage	9
Miss Sandhagen	General Manager's	6
Miss Kreiza	Cooperage	5
Miss Jansma	Chicago Sales	5

The first eleven among the men competitors were:

Name	*Department*	*Books Sold*
Mr. Burritt	General Manager's	130
Mr. Fagerstrom	Chicago Sales	91
Mr. Klein	Chicago Sales	89½
Mr. Wildes	Advertising	50
Mr. Fisher	Chicago Sales	47½
Mr. Rummelhoff	Chicago Sales	47
Mr. Yale	Home Office	39
Mr. Gordon	Purchasing	32
Mr. Manson	Chicago Sales	26
Mr. Webster	Advertising	14
Mr. Singleton	General Manager's	14

While the record made was very meritorious, and while the campaign developed several individual stars, when it comes to teamwork and concerted effort on the part of everyone in selling coupon books, we fear the Home Office will have to go to the field for instruction. Figured on a basis of books sold per number of employees Huron, Joilet, Kansas City and several other divisions have made records that make the Home Office and Chicago Sales figures look seriously ill—Ed.

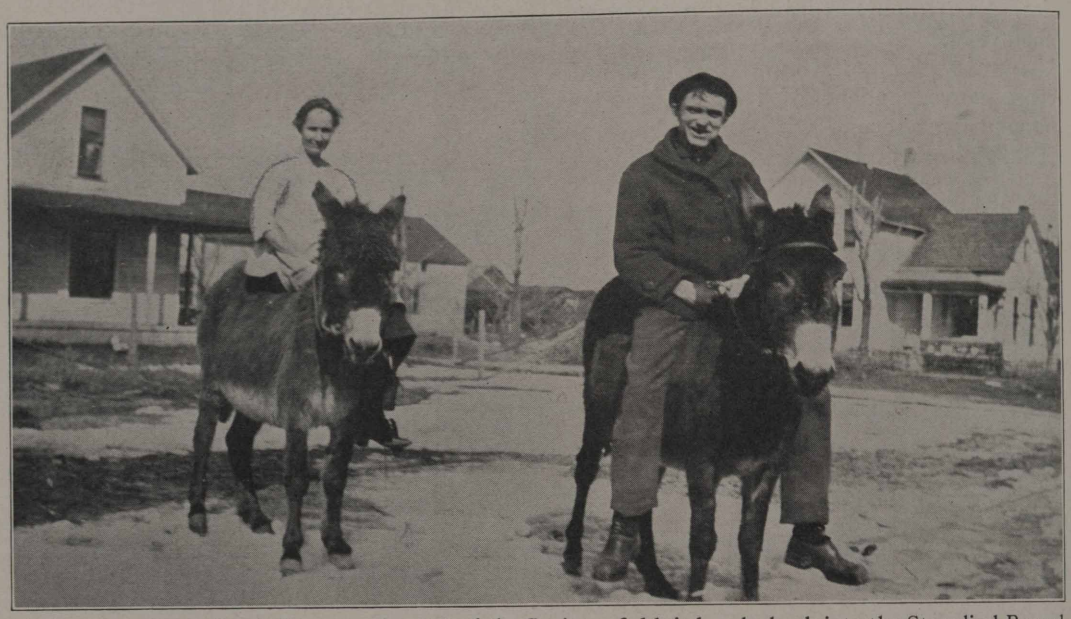
CHRISTMAS FEAST AT WOOD RIVER

Wood River, Ill.—One of the most joyful events of the holiday season, especially for the children, was a Christmas dinner given to thirty-seven youngsters December 21. The dinner was provided by Mr. C. B. Manbeck and was the second given by him to fifty poor children of Wood River.

An orchestra played for the children while they ate, and during the meal two clowns, Sam Williams and Joe Richardson, presented themselves at the door. They created quite a sensation with their stories, jokes, and songs and made merry while the kiddies ate. Just as the meal was finished Santa Claus (Earl Scott) came in and got real chummy with the children. After dinner, games were played and Christmas songs were enjoyed, with all present helping in the singing.

Mr. Manbeck made a short talk and asked the children if they wanted to come back next year, and all the little hands went up; so they were promised if they were all well, they would be invited. The Christmas tree then received attention. The kiddies lined up, and as they came to the tree, were given an apple by Santa Claus himself; they then passed to the right of the tree where they received candy, cookies and nuts from Mrs. Manbeck, then on around the tree to Mr. Manbeck, who presented each with an orange. They went home a mighty happy group of children. The Standard restaurant was decorated and the fine feast was prepared by Mrs. Winkleman and Mrs. Bode. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Dodd and Joe Richardson were in the orchestra. The table waiters and escorts were Mr. Winkleman, Mr. Hall and "Doc." Flanagan. (It seems everybody was there but our photographer. —Editor, Stanolind Record.)

SAGINAW BREAKS IN WITH A BRAY



After many months of silence on the part of the Saginaw field, it breaks back into the Stanolind Record with two loud "He, Haws!" The photo shows Mr. and Mrs. John Bowen, on a pair of non-users of Standard Oil products. Mr. Bowen is agent at Whittemore, Mich. "You don't have to buy a license to run a pair of these," said Mr. Bowen.

WOOD RIVER'S SINGERS

One of the greatest institutions at the Wood River Refinery is the Octette, one of the foremost musical organizations of that section of Illinois. The Octette is composed of singers of real ability and no event in Wood River and vicinity is complete without its appearance.

The organization was formed last May and has as its director Jay H. Dodge, of the paraffin department. He has a baritone voice, but, having some difficulty getting a second bass, is singing that part in the octette. He has proven a capable director, as the success of the octette shows.

Mr. Dodge sang in the Louisville Male quartet and Louisville Oakdale Baptist church. Later he spent two years traveling as singer with evangelists.

J. J. Maloney, our pipe department superintendent, sings first tenor. This is the first time that Maloney has taken part in work of this sort, although he has assisted the local organization as soloist.

The other first tenor, Harvey Davis, works at the filing racks. He sang with the Bunker Hill male quartet and with the Congregational church choir at that place.

John Richardson of the machine shop, and Nicholas Albert of the office of assistant director of Industrial relations sing second tenor. Both have had much experience. Walter Crocker and Loyal Palmer, pressure still helpers, sing first bass. They also have had much experience in choir and quartet singing.

Frederick Christian Schultz of the brass foundry sings second bass with Director Dodge. He has been singing for twenty-six years in St. Mary's church choir.

* * *

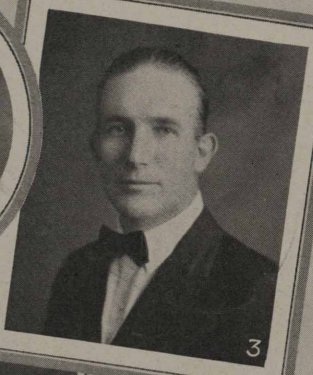
"Well! What are you stopping for?" asked the young man, as the taxi came to a halt in the middle of the block.

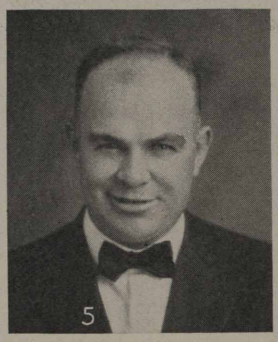
"I heard the lady say, 'STOP'," said the taxi driver.

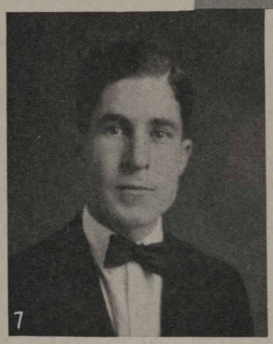
"Well, she wasn't talking to you, was she?"

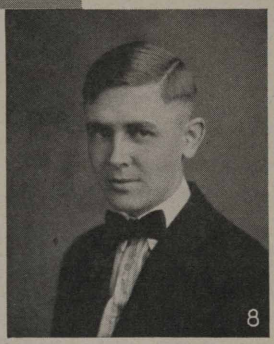
—*Exchange.*

WOOD RIVER'S SONG BIRDS









No event in Wood River, Ill., is complete without the appearance of the Refining plant's octette, composed of—(1) J. J. Maloney, first tenor; (2) Harvey Davis, first tenor; (3) Walter Crocker, first bass; (4) F. C. Schulz, second bass; (5) Jay H. Dodge, director and second bass; (6) Robert Richardson, second tenor; (7) Loyal Palmer, first bass, and (8) Nicholas Albert, second tenor. Details of the Wood River Refinery Octtete are on the next page.

FUNERAL RITES FOR NINETEEN RABBITS

Here is the Saginaw, Mich., warehouse force who are hitting a fast pace socially. The gang started with a rabbit supper at the home of Otto Patenge, under the nimble leadership of F. Holloway and Jack Schneider, assisted by "Gets 'Em," Jack's rabbit hound. The killers furnished nineteen rabbits which Otto converted into a most appetizing dish. After eating to capacity, they were presented with the unique Red Crown hats by the hostess. The killers were identified by hats of red with a white crown. Among other events planned by the warehouse men are chicken, sauer kraut, and "dog" suppers.

COMMUNITY CONCERT

Wood River, Ill.—The first entertainment of the Community Concert Club was given December 20th. This concert was finely given and well received by a large and enthusiastic audience. Quoting from the printed program given out at the first concert: "The Community Concert Club is designed to represent all of the people of the Wood River Industrial District and with the intention of presenting clean, moral entertainment in order to foster a better understanding of and an appreciation for the proper kind of amusement. The Community Concert Club was organized recently, composed of representatives of a majority of local industries and of various civic organizations. It is planned to present concerts regularly for which no charge will be made. For the present these entertainments will be given once a month but it is hoped by all that more frequent concerts can be given in the future. Quite an effort is represented both in time and in finances to present the quality of entertainment offered in these Community Concerts. The appreciation of the community can best be expressed by attendance and by the attention which is given the individual numbers."

The first program was given under direction of I. L. Stocker, director of the Wood River Refinery Band. The Band played seven numbers, the Standard Octette gave four numbers, the Gibson

THEY KEEP THEM IN THE ALLEY

Here are five of the reasons why bowling is so popular in Wood River this season. They keep them in the alley, says our correspondent, and talk about strikes and spares in just as off-handed a manner as if they were discussing dates or a new dress. Left to right they are Myrtle Exton, Kathleen Haloran, Anna Stoneham, Helen Powell and Hannah Johnson.

Novelty Orchestra presented a group of popular melodies and the Community Concert Orchestra assisted with four numbers. Although the program consisted entirely of musical numbers, the variety of the numbers and their excellent arrangement caused the last number to be received as eagerly as the first. Looking over the personnel of the performers, it looked as if a Standard Oil Company roll call would get most of them. Fifty-two persons took part in the entertainment, and of these, thirty-nine were Standard employees. That does not mean the other industries in the district are not just as enthusiastic in their support of the club. The president of the club is Mr. R. R. Matthews, assistant superintendent of the Roxana refinery. Mr. Matthews made a fine talk telling of the future work of the club. Last winter, concerts were given by a similar organization and the new club plans to extend the work. Plans are being made to show industrial films, some of which will deal with the oil industry.

* * *

Every Employee a Salesman!

Fresh: "I don't know what to do with my week-end."

Soph: "Put your hat on it."—

—*The Santa Fe Magazine.*

* * *

First Errand Boy: "Some terrible things can be caught from kissing."

Second Errand Boy: "Right! You ought to see the poor fish my sister caught."

* * *

"Do you think they approve of my sermon?" asked the newly appointed rector, hopeful that he had made a good impression.

"Yes, I think so," replied his wife; "they were all nodding."—*Exchange.*

* * *

A cockney and his American friend were walking down the street of an American town one night, when an owl set up his ancient "Who-o-o! Who-o-o! Who-o-o!"

The Englishman asked: "What is that?"

"Oh, that's an owl," answered the American casually.

"Well," stormed the insulted Englishman, "I know it's an 'owl. But what is it that's 'owling?"

—*Exchange.*

* * *

In a western hotel the other day there was a reunion of World War heroes, when the head clerk, who was a First Lieutenant, called the porter, who was his Captain, and the head waiter, who was Lieutenant-Colonel, and had them throw out a former General who was cluttering up the chairs in the lobby.—*Exchange.*

HERE AND THERE IN DES MOINES FIELD

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No. 1—A record for others to shoot at is possessed by J. F. Smith, agent at Malvern, Iowa. He never has any "held for collection" tickets on hand. He gets the money. His truck has lost only one day's service in two years and nine months. No. 2—Another corn-fed "beauty" is W. L. Carlisle, agent at Sidney. There's 278 pounds back of that smile. He won a quarter of beef at a recent turkey shoot. "Free meat for a meal," said he. No. 3—Speaking of corn-fed beauties: Here is little Ethel May, daughter of M. A. Wilwerding, tank wagon agent at Earling. She's going to take the blue ribbon in an All-Iowa beauty contest one of these days. No. 4—"P-O-L-A-R-I-N-E spells Polarine," said E. W. Van Meter, Oakland salesman, to his daughter. He is starting early to acquaint her with the merits of Polarine.

ANY LUCK? SEE FOR YOURSELF!

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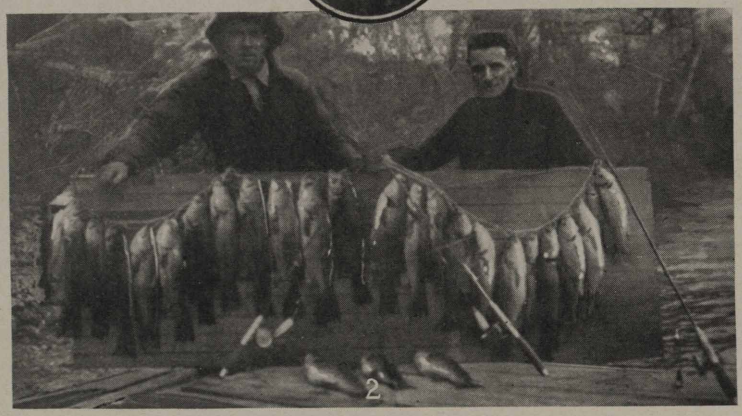

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Hunting and fishing are good around Fargo, N. D. It's called a poor hunting day that a person can't get almost the limit. No. 1—Algot Backen, agent at Heimdal, N. D., is shown with three friends and the results of a "fair" day's sport. No. 2—And when the fish are biting and everything, isn't it a grand and glorious feeling to hook a string of bass like this? Mr. Kelly of the auditing department and friend "tell the world" it's so.

SOME WELL KEPT SERVICE STATIONS

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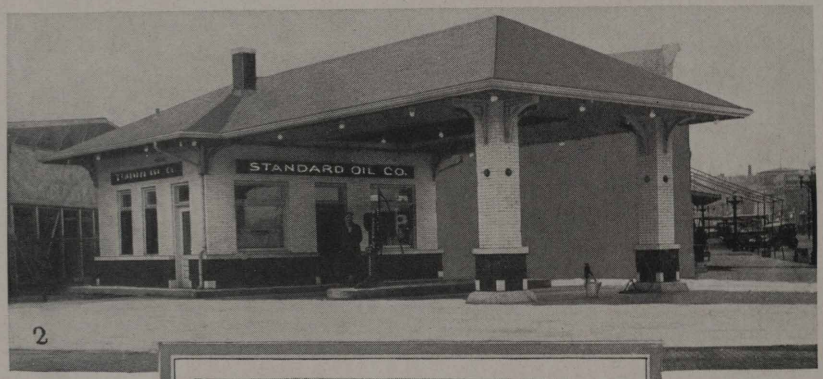

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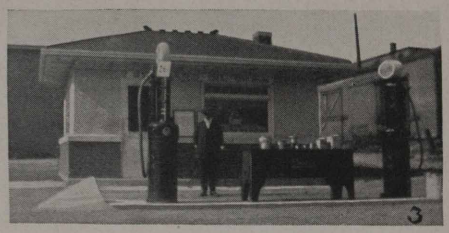

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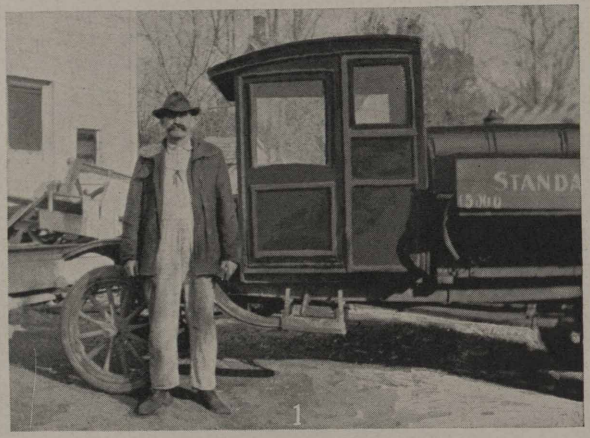
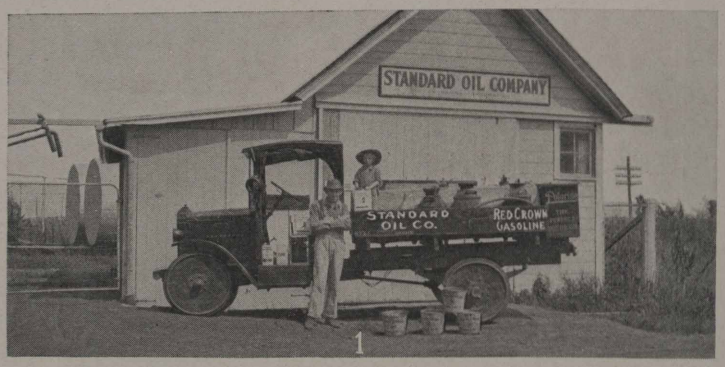
Lack of gardening facilities makes it difficult for service station attendants in business districts to beautify their stations, but attendants can always make their buildings and grounds spic and span. Here are good examples: No. 1—J. C. Flannery, attendant at Decatur, says he can handle cars as fast as they come, besides cleaning up the place. No. 2—H. F. Chute is attendant at Topeka, Kan., of the Kansas City field. He's on a busy corner. No. 3—Cold weather and snow have no terrors for Mr. Boileau, attendant in charge of this station at Crookston, Minn., of the Fargo division.

RANDOM SNAP SHOTS



No. 1—Hardin Killion, agent at Middletown of the Peoria field, is hanging up a great record. He has been with the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) since the plant was opened here. No. 2—The long and short of it at East St. Louis, Ill. No. 3—Pity the bicycle. Ben Rule, agent at Marquette, Mich., of the Duluth field, weighs 230 pounds. He uses the "bike" on his inspection tours.

TEACHING THEM EARLY



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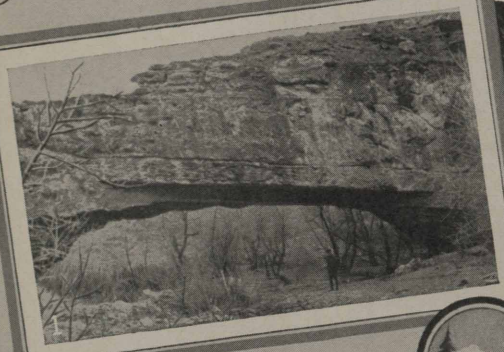
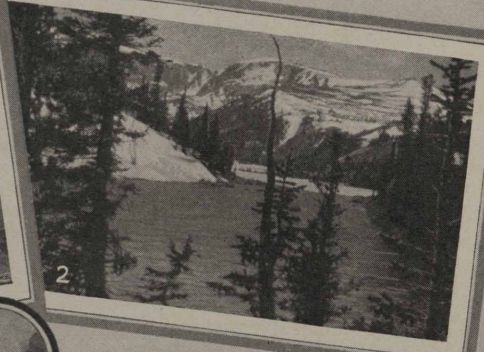
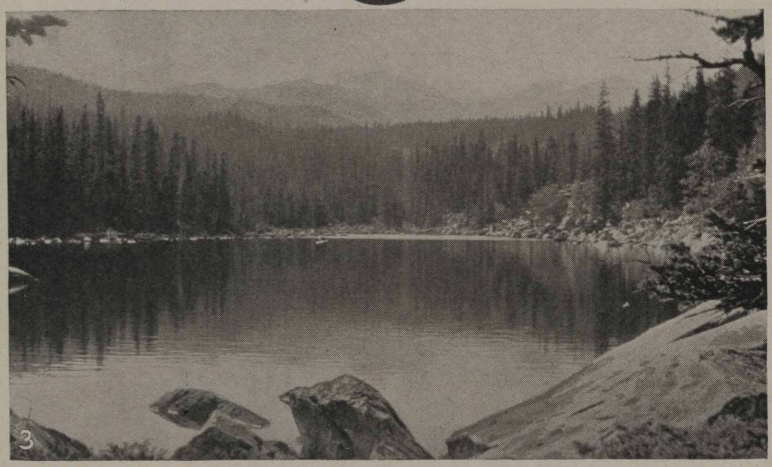
No. 1—Agent L. J. McDermott, Princeville, Peoria field, is shown with his star "helper." The two are doing great work. No. 2—Billy Raesner, whose father is W. H. Raesner, salesman in the western district, in the La Crosse field, has early learned the benefits of Finol. He's greasing up his coaster with that Standard Oil Company product.

SOME WYOMING SCENERY







One of the big reasons that Wyoming people are such strong supporters of their state is the scenery. Fifteen minutes walk from anywhere there, they say, will disclose one of the most beautiful sights in America. Our correspondents there have sent in three pictures to show why no one can forget Wyoming. No. 1—This shows the natural bridge at Ayers Park, near Glenrock. The man under the bridge is E. N. Henley. No. 2—This is the fourth of Seven Sister Lakes. The lake is 10,000 feet above sea level. No. 3—Long Lake, 8,000 feet above sea level, is shown here. Trout, weighing as much as 20 pounds, have been taken from Long Lake. Photos Nos. 2 and 3 were taken by our correspondent at Laramie, Wyo.

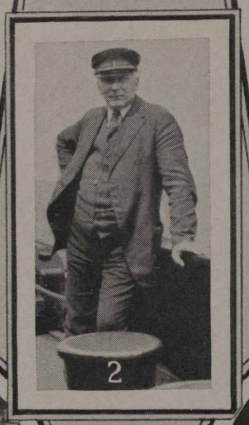
In Parade Dress At Fort Dodge

Des Moines Division. Standard Oil Company (Indiana) equipment at Fort Dodge, Iowa, all dressed up for the parade last Labor Day, and the men who operate said equipment and so efficiently push the sale of S. O. products. No. 2—District Superintendent J. M. Pfiffner's live wires, left to right: E. J. Drewer, Elmer Parkes, A. C. Swanson, R. W. Livingston, G. L. Peterson, G. F. Allard. Mr. Swanson's car shines a little more than the rest, which accounts for the hat he has on. Had to shade his eyes from the glare. No. 3—Hattie Grace, on the left, is the main reason why Agent Hart of Altoona hurries home after a hard day's work. The little dog in the center, answering to the name of Trickey, belongs to Hattie.

In The Good Old Summer Time

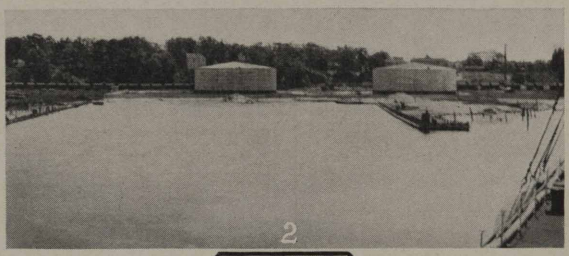
It is rather late for summer vacation pictures, but winter has been so slow coming this year that we are not getting any snow pictures. No. 1—Miss Eileen Glynn, Chicago sales department stenographer. No. 2—Gene Dodson, left, Chicago sales division, and a chum. No. 3—Mary Parker, home office auditing, got out her bootees early in the season. No. 4—Master James Akers, son of Mr. H. E. Akers, secretary to Mr. Amos Ball. No. 5—Evelyn Norris, Chicago sales department.

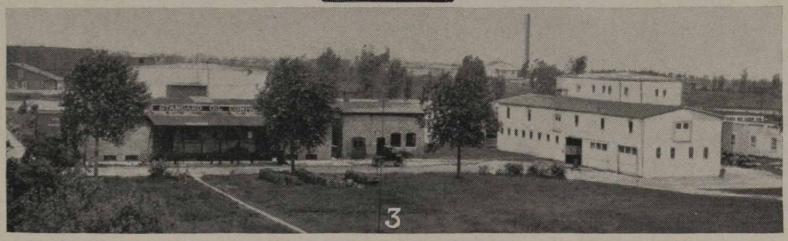
Don't Kick About Wet Weather-Think of These



When your truck gets stuck in the mud, and you think your job is the worst in the world, think of these Standard oilers out in middle of the lakes in all sorts of weather. Ever been in a real, sure enough storm on the Great Lakes? We have, and we would have gladly traded our place for a seat on any mud-bound truck in the world. We would even have been glad to dig said truck out from twelve feet of black dirt if doing so would only have taken us off that boat. If these fellows of the S. S. Renown, who face all kinds of weather, wind, rain, and ice, can keep such smiling countenances, we landlubbers surely have little reason to grouch. No. 1—Second Assistant Engineer Tippel, and Oiler Fred Whorle. No. 2—Chief Engineer W. G.Thorne. No. 3—First Assistant Engineer C. W. Smith, his wife and son, Charles. No. 4—Paul Cisky and Darby Irwin, two Renown and renowned heavyweights. No. 5—William Bracher and John Tuberich, two star oilers.

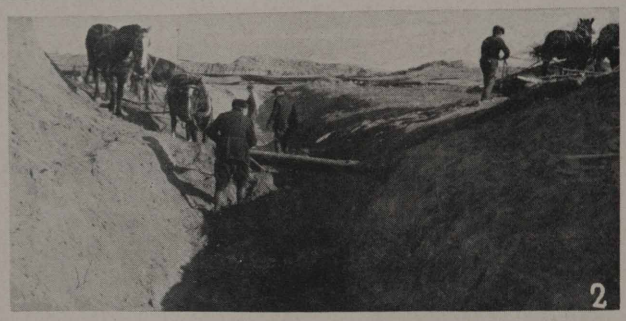
With The Renown in Great Lakes' Ports





No. 1—Captain Lang, right, and First Officer Anderson, left, on duty aboard Standard Oil Company (Indiana) lake steamer Renown. No. 2—Standard Oil station at Muskegon, Mich., from deck of the Renown. No. 3—Standard Oil station at Green Bay, Wis., another port made by the Renown.

A MAJOR OPERATION AT CASPER



No. 1—Crane digging pipe trenches for lines to our 126 new 80,000 barrel tanks at Casper. Frank Francis, Harry Nauman, Roy Mills and Mr. Perkins are shown. No. 2—Here the finishing touches are being put on the pipe trench. Shorty Cunningham is driving the team at the right. No. 3—This is a view northwest of Midwest Heights, looking over our old tank farm, where we used to have the fires. A few of our 126 new 80,000 barrel tanks are up and shown with the refineries and Casper

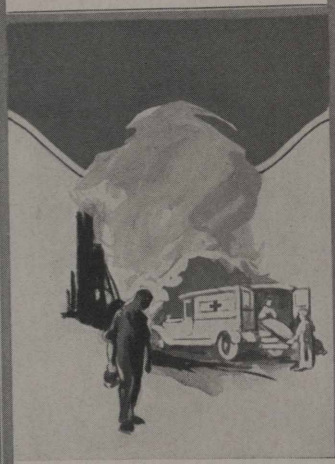
SNAPSHOTS FROM FAR AND NEAR

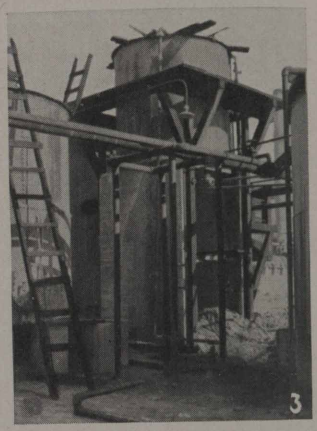
No. 1—Agent A. R. Transith, of Stanton, N. D., of the Fargo field is shown with some friends with the results of a day's hunt. Agent Transith is at the extreme right. No. 2—L. E. Chamberlain, superintendent of the Glenrock Works, is making the rest of the refineries sit up and take notice. No. 3—Our agent and salesman at Rockton of the Joliet field look rather serious in this picture. Our agent is F. W. Moran. V. D. Wadey is the salesman. No. 4—Whiting reports a romance. Elizabeth Mihalso is engaged to "Frenchy," we learn.

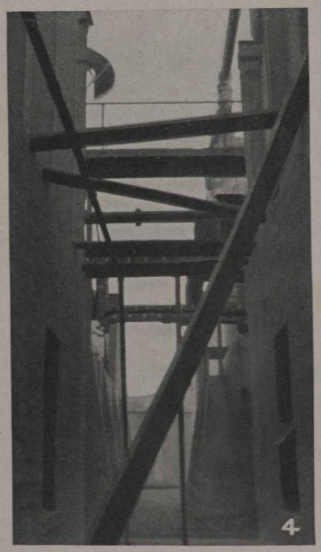
SANTA REWARDS GOOD STANDARD OILERS

All the good little boys and girls of the great Standard Oil Company (Indiana) family were called upon by Santa Claus, of course, some at their homes, some at Christmas parties, and some—lucky ones!—both at home and at parties. No. 1—A childless multi-millionaire couldn't have gotten one-hundredth part of the joy out of Christmas that Mr. and Mrs. Steve Kubeck, the former a paraffine refrigeration engineer at Whiting, derived from this Christmas celebration at the Kubeck home. Present were their children and grandchildren, Bernard Kubeck, Roy Neering, Rita Kubeck, Lorraine Neering, Rose Kubeck, Eleanore Kubeck, Harold Wargo, Bernedine Neering. No. 2—They always do things on a big scale at Greybull works, and the Christmas celebration was no exception. The Joint General Committee sponsored a drive for funds and obtained $232.50. The Big Horn Theatre was rented for the occasion. It was a grand and glorious night for Standard Oil kids of Greybull, as well as for their elders. No. 3—The Standard Oil Social Club at Fargo gave the kids the time of their young lives. No 4—Few little kids attended the Mankato Red Crown Club's party, but the big kids, here shown, sure had a wonderful time.

Brought to Light







No. 1—Merely a hole in the ground. But why should it be left uncovered? Someone was thoughtless; but it is protected now. No one was injured, but those who worked there at night surely had good luck. However, we don't believe in playing luck. In the future let us use a cover as a part of the construction in such an arrangement.

No. 2—This is not an Indian device for catching fish, nor a human device for catching suckers, even though it looks a little like both. It is merely someone's idea of a ladder. This picture wasn't painted. It's an actual photograph. But there is no use trying to find the ladder now for there's nothing left but ashes. Big improvement! Don't you think so?

No. 3—Please don't think this picture was staged. It's an actual reproduction of things as found. Nothing like this exists at present. The platform now has a handrail; the old ladders are replaced by new ones of a safe type. We thought such platforms were, long ago, a thing of the past. We hope we will never have a chance to print a picture of this kind again.

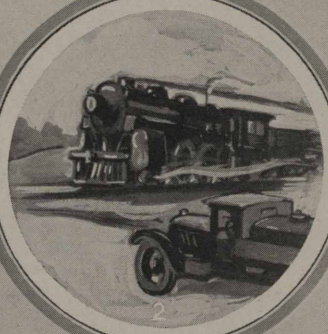
No. 4—Even though some of us may be hard headed, we can't withstand blows from falling material when it is heavy like this in the photograph. One of the ten commandments of "Safety First" is to keep loose material on the ground. Then it can't fall on anyone's head. When we finish a repair job, let us clean up afterwards. Give a thought to the other man who works below.

C. W. Smith,
Director Safety Division Industrial Relations Department
and
Geo. W. Snyder,
Safety Director, Greybull, Wyo.

Safety First

"I CAN BEAT THAT TRAIN!"

1



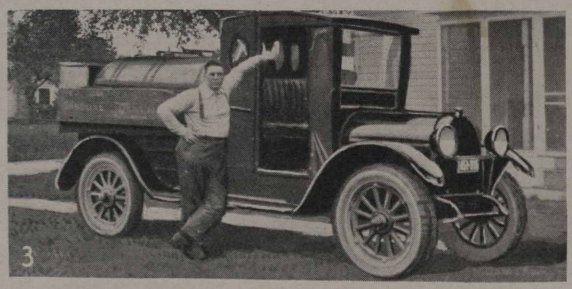
2

"I can beat that train!"

This idea probably entered the mind of the driver of the car shown here. Did that thought ever come to you when you were in a hurry to get somewhere? He didn't beat the train. The wreckage shows the loser's end of the race. He was killed. The automobile was demolished. Our records show that such a fatal accident happened to one of our 8,500 drivers last year. However, seventeen others were in crossing crashes, four sustaining personal injuries. While this is a wonderful record for the drivers, nevertheless if those eighteen drivers had stopped when they came to railroad crossings, one would have lived and four would not have suffered injuries. IT PAYS TO STOP.

Standard Oil Drivers: If every one of you will STOP at every railroad crossing, it will keep some of you out of the hospital during 1923—F. C. Singleton, Safety Director, Sales Department.

FROM "GIDDAP" TO "HONK! HONK!"



Detroit, Mich.—G. E. Hartman, agent at Brighton, Mich., has outlived two "rigs" and is engaged in outliving his third. No. 1—Hartman's first tanker was a two-horse power equipment. No. 2—His second was one of the first automobile trucks delivering Standard Oil products in Michigan. No. 3—The third rig is modern in every way. Notice how he keeps it polished.

WHITING, IND.

On Tuesday, December 12, Charles Ruff fell dead from heart failure on a street car while on his way to work. The following day his body was shipped to Dubuque, Iowa. He is survived by two brothers, two daughters and a sister. Charlie was one of the best liked men at the machine shop, always smiling. As a conscientious man, he won the respect and admiration of all. The least we can do is to express our deep sympathy and regret at his leaving us.

C. J. Schroeder, machine shop draftsman, took a trip to Peoria, Ill., on his motorcycle and sidecar, attending the ninth annual Older Boys' Conference in session there under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

Bill Deavers has put his Ford under the "covers" for the winter, not that it needs it, but that Bill objects to the season's elements when accompanied by "Lizzie," finding greater peace of mind when Lizzie is resting warmly at home, safe from freezing or skidding or catching cold.

Larry Moore's actions are now accounted for to the machine shop in general. He is a frequent visitor at a certain dancing palace in Chicago, but refuses to disclose her name.

Bob Gradwell has been assigned to meter repair work following the death of Charlie Ruff. Joe Swaim, assistant, misses the previous company of Charlie very much, but feels sure that he and Bob can replace Charlie in meter work at least, if not in the hearts of friends, after about ninety-seven years of practice and perseverance. They are both looking for a good "mascot."

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bumhour have taken active part in certain drives in Chicago to raise funds for providing a "Christmas" to poor kiddies and families. When they got home, their little Christmas tree seemed all the brighter to them.

Billy Kinane ran out of gas one morning while coming to work. They say a Ford will run on its reputation, but this one didn't have a very good one (according to Charles Westling) so Bill went home, got some kerosene and filled the tank. It ran all right, but "nothing unusual for a Ford," says Bill. John Plau on hearing this related how he was also void of gasoline while out in his Elgin one day so he took his tire pump, pumped air into the gas tank and drove to the next filling station. "Thar ye be, b'gosh."

George Moffett, blacksmith shop superintendent, enjoyed a day of Christmas shopping with his wife. He certainly must have enjoyed it immensely, judging by his happy looks (and sighs of relief) on his return.

Did you hear the latest, boys? Chester Kahl of the machine shop bought his new girl a box of candy for Christmas, but now he has a nice shiny hammer to play with and forgot all about everything else but his hammer. "It's the best hammer of its kind," says "Andy."

Glenn Slinker suffered with a bad cold just before Christmas, but has now recovered.

It was on a December night on the East Side, when after bidding good night to a certain fair friend, he found his Lizzie still waiting for him, but with an empty gas tank. So in the wee hours of morning, he hailed a taxi to ride for some gasoline, finally finding a place that was open for business (after waking up the attendant). So goes the tale of one known as Joe Schaeffer to Whiting, but better known to the machine shop boys as "Spike."

Oh! There was one girl in the candle factory that was good and Santa Claus sure did remember her. She had to borrow a size 25 stocking for all her Christmas presents. Santa Claus must have sent her a fellow in a Henry Ford. This lucky girl was our forelady, Elizabeth Fauth. How about it, Elizabeth?

Well, Elizabeth Mihalso, you haven't got anything over on us by leaving the Candle factory and going to the can house. When is it coming off? Don't forget the candle factory girls. Is Frenchy going to be the best man? Don't forget to give us a hint as to the wedding day, Miss Mihalso.

Rumors of the approaching marriage of Ernie Deechen have been flitting hither and yon the past few days. When, who, where does it come off, Ernie? Don't forget the cigars and gum.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

George Gibbons says an ounce of Copenhagen is worth a pound of plug cut.

Jesse Reeder says he gave his girl his photograph for Christmas. Well, there is one good thing about this: Jess is sure that she can't give it away.

Joe Breuer was seen on the streets a few Sundays ago wearing his new "benny." Overcoats should be seen and not heard, Joe. Joe says he knows that it is rather loud, but it is all right when he puts on a muffler.

W. A. Doll, No. 2 boiler house, has asked that cuspidors be placed in front of each boiler at the boiler house, especially on Harry Robinson's shift. He says that every time Harry looks at the fires, he expectorates about a gallon of Star juice on them and it keeps him busy going around behind him and lighting them.

We have succeeded in finding out just why Tony Phillips discontinued taking his meals at the Standard Oil lunch club. According to Pete Akers, the reason is that the cook told Tony that she absolutely would not use garlic in anything she cooked, and furthermore she would not allow him to bring his favorite dessert in the lunch room.

Morse Butler has at last told us why he wears a derby in all seasons. He says he has eaten in every cafeteria in Kansas City in the last twenty years and he still has the same derby. Seems as if no one cares to exchange with him.

A rope is said to be 10 per cent stronger when it is wet; this also applies to the rope that Jim Hinde smokes during lunch hour.

Ordinarily Abner Kurtz, boilermaker, acts almost human, but on one cold morning recently the human in him almost disappeared. Abner had left the engine of his car filled upon retiring and on the way to work it sprung a leak; in fact it seemed to be working like a sieve, giving his buggy the appearance of a "steamer." He said he didn't mind that so much, but he had to unload his four passengers whom Art Fleischman picked up. Cheer up, old man, in about the year of 2,000 they'll be making 'em fool proof.

Jim Johnson and George Stockdale are going to hang out their shingle in Independence announcing themselves as the "Kandy Kids" in the scrub line.

After viewing their work in the clean-up of the first aid room preparatory to painting, Mrs. Taylor was heard to remark: "What wonderful talent goes to waste because of its being misdirected."

John T. Hall and Earl Kresge have become converts to the doctrine of "safety first," in fact, they are out preaching the word to the unconverted. Both met with accidents which could have been avoided and hiked for first aid treatment. They were readily recognized as among those who had not yet "seen the light," so when the psychological moment came they were introduced to A. Cute Payne and R. E. Morse, able exhorters of the "cause." John T. went to his knees and Earl sunk in his chair, while the "revival" was carried on by a liberal sprinkling of water in their faces. Earl says he could swallow the "angelic ministration" stuff if the angel did not wear the garb of a nurse.

More sayings of Sugar Creekers:

Roy Peck: "I'm as big as other men only my legs are shorter."

Wally Hodge: "I say boys, where's Mr. Hurt."

Earl Cox: "This is *Mr. E. J. COX* of the Standard Oil Co."

J. Peter Reeder: "Can you imagine that."

F. H. Frisby: "I'll do it, by Heck."

Frank G. Lee: "Let me tell ya."

C. H. Freeman: "I'm still holding on to my marks."

R. C. Harris: "Well, I'll have to see the foreman."

C. E. DeLand: "This payroll has got to be out on time because it is advertised."

Art Fleischman: "Just one more passenger."

The cook called it a "cheese dream." We call it a "nightmare." The formula is as follows: Save all the cut and unused bread for two weeks, toast it dark brown to kill the natural flavor, grate an "aged" cheese (the more aged the more life and kick to it); boil this in vinegar till the cheese is dissolved, add the paprika and salt; pour over the toast to disguise it and serve. After disposing of a second "helping," Herbert Broughton is reported to have gone home and "repeated" for supper. He woke up about 2:00 a. m., raving about things in general and seeing more odd shaped and brilliantly colored animals and reptile life than has been the privilege of man to behold since the day of creation. He has fully recovered by this time, but still eats in the diner.

Fred Gore has at last returned from a Thanksgiving hunt down in the sticks. Upon making a few inquiries we find that Fred didn't even take a gun along, although he comes back and tells us that hunting was very good for he shot four quail. We are informed that there is a pretty school-marm at the place he was visiting. It looks as if Fred is about to take the "great adventure." His eyes even give him away. There is no doubt but he was after bigger game than quail. Good luck, Fred.

Carl Smee drove up to a Standard filling station the other day in his new Dort—got out, took off the radiator cap and says: "Mr. Moore, please put five gallons of gas in here instead of water, this darned car wants to go forward all the time and I am getting tired of driving off into the farmers' barb wire fences. Albert Akers told me that he was getting tired of being called to pull me back into the road with that Studebaker Six."

We understand that Fritz Long does not care much for publicity, but we want the readers of the Record to know that he has a great big boy at his house. Fritz employs his time, when not at the plant working, in sitting by the fire arching his son's eyebrows.

Morris Butler has jacked up his Nash Four for the winter. One Saturday afternoon a short time ago Morris was seen faring homeward with a four by four under his arm. Upon being pressed for an explanation as to what he was doing with this weighty piece of lumber, Morris launched forth into a lengthy dissertation as to the efficacy of his plan for jacking up his car, and then promptly asked several bystanders what they thought about it.

We are pleased to announce that Louie Zaman of the machine shop is the proud father of a baby girl. This is Louie's second child; the first one was a boy. Friend wife ought to be pleased now that No. 2 is a girl, eh, Louie?

Ex-Gate Watchman Skeen, the bandit leader of the cripple gang, has got the best line of stuff when it comes to bragging on your "own darned old car." Skeen is putting it out that he has owned a hay burning Dort 18 months and says during that time it has been driven over 100,000 miles and also says it has worn out six sets of cord tires and still is good for a few thousand more miles. Since Skeen has put out this wonderful dope the Dort people are on his trail. They are going to discharge all their salesmen if they can get Skeen to take a job selling Dort cars. If this is true, Skeen has made his stake and then some.

Sugar Creek was sorry to see our "up-to-the-minute" safety director, Henry ("Dr.") McCoy, leave the service of the Standard Oil Company. Doc is going to try the lumber mills in Washington. Mr. Howard will take up Henry's duties and we know that Clifford is well able to master these duties and to make the lost time accidents a thing of the past. Clifford has had lots of experience in investigating causes of injuries to employees and will know the best methods to use in preventing them and keeping the "bulls eye" in the proper hole in each department.

Pete Akers of the tin shop, reports that Bill Beatty has been trying to join an indoor baseball club for this winter. He says Bill thinks that this will give him enough training so that he might be able to make the Red Crowns next season. Pete doesn't think that several winters' training would put him in good enough condition to make the Red Crowns. He will be lucky if he gets to hold his position as umpire.

Herbert Broughton of the drafting office has been off for a few days and lays it to a severe cold; says it almost got him down, but we don't think that it was the cold that got him down. He has joined the "Night-Hawk" Radio Club, and we believe lack of sleep got him down. Mr. Broughton admitted that he stayed up one evening until 10 o'clock to hear Birdie McClosky at ZYX sing "Watchmen, What of the Night."

J. J. Shipley, ex-employee of the drafting office, was out to pay us a visit recently. Mr. Shipley is now located in St. Louis, and was here spending the holidays with his parents, who live in Kansas City.

The new officers of the Standard Oil Athletic Association have started out as if they mean business, and have added $90 to the Athletic Association Treasury. The money was the net profit from a Minstrel Show entitled "The Cabin Home Minstrels," which the Association, under the direction and management of Earl J. Cox, Secretary, staged at the Sugar Creek school auditorium on December 13. The Sugar Creek Refinery Band helped to make the show a success with their very "peppy" music

between acts. The attendance was very gratifying in view of the fact that due to a break in the electric light circuit, the show had to be staged by candle light, about one hundred and fifty large candles being placed around the auditorium for illumination. The Association is planning another show for some time in March. Then a vaudeville show with an exhibition boxing bout and a wrestling match between employees of the Refinery will be given.

The S. O. A. A. basketball team played the Westminster Presbyterian Church team on Thursday night, December 28 at Mt. Washington, and although our team had to take the short end of a 46 to 32 score, we feel very much encouraged, as we were playing a team that has been organized two years and this is only our second game and we have only had two practices. Go to it boys, you'll win the next one.

Mike Cauley recently disposed of his Ford truck to E. E. Lewis of the Industrial Relations department, who states that hunks of coke ride easier and complain less than blocks of wood.

Harrison Shiffner of the main pump house is the proud possessor of a beautiful past master's jewel, presented to him by the Mt. Washington Masonic Lodge on December 22.

G. H. Moffett has recently completed and moved into his colonial style home. He found only one thing lacking, but now that his radio set has been installed, peace and harmony reign supreme.

Dr. C. E. Nickson has been appointed company physician and took charge of all medical work in connection with the refinery, January 1. Dr. Nickson recently moved his offices from Sugar Creek to Fairmount Addition, Mt. Washington, where he has taken over practically the entire top floor of the Byam Building, and his new X-Ray and electrical equipment is perhaps as complete as any in this part of the country.

Charles H. Freeman was discovered Christmas Eve, walking up and down the streets of Kansas City looking for Santa Claus. Charley always has the proper spirit but last reports state it is about all gone.

Roy L. McMains of the main office recently sold his house in Fairmount and has purchased a new modern $7,000 home on Van Horn Road.

Joe E. Breuer who has been on the sick list is now back at work doing the heavy in the main office.

Carl L. Johnson, formerly chemist at Sugar Creek, is now located at Sapulpa, Okla., with the Sapulpa Refining Company. Jackrabbits and the girls won't bother Carl down there as he states he isn't going to try to catch either of them.

Hon. Wally B. Hodge, representative from Division No. 6 is "gumming" around, preparing for a new set of false teeth. His Christmas dinner, however, was not neglected, as he claims an old fashioned meat grinder can do everything but swallow the food.

Quite a few of the boys are sporting around with their new ten year buttons, much to the envy of the others. They are to be congratulated upon their enviable record.

Clifford Howard still takes his regular Saturday and Sunday hunting trips along the Old Missouri. Some Hunter! On his last duck hunt, he says he shot at a mallard, killed a crow and brought home a chicken. When he goes rabbit hunting, he generally brings home muskrats or mud hens.

It has been reported that Jim Hindes tried out with the Main Office basketball team, but when he found out he would have to shave his legs before the captain would issue him a gym suit, he dropped out. Captain "Smiley" Stewart insisted on Jim doing this, as he said he might trip himself during the game. The Sugar Creek boys were weak. It was a real shame too as they were all "slicked-up" in their new gym suits, with powdered legs and dimpled knees and every one of them was just a perfect "Rural-off Valentine-O." When they came on the floor, one of the Independence flappers shouted. "Oh, Louise, arn't they the *bees-knees*." Captain Stewart says if it hadn't been that most of his players were suffering with cigaretitis the score would not have been 80 to 3 in favor of the Midgets.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

A meeting of the new Stanolind Record reporters was held December 8 for the purpose of making plans for the coming year and to meet with Mr. C. V. Julian of Chicago, editor. Mr. Julian accompanied the Board of Directors on their visit to the Wood River refinery. The reporters were told many interesting things in connection with the publication of the magazine. After hearing the editor's side of the story, the reporters found that the writing of their articles and items was only the beginning of a big job in getting out each issue. We were told that eleven states are included in the circulation of the Stanolind and that thirty thousand copies are circulated . That means that probably not less than one hundred and fifty thousand people are reading the magazine. The Stanolind has doubled in size since it was first published in October, 1919. One speaker (not the editor) said he considered the Stanolind the best employees' magazine published and that made it unanimous, for we were all of the same opinion.

The marriage of William Stoneham and Miss Moselle Morgan was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Morgan, parents of the bride, at 6 p. m., November 29. The Rev. Mr. Hall, pastor of the First M. E. Church, Wood River, officiated. The home was beautifully decorated with cut flowers and palms. After the ceremony a delightful supper was served to the members of both families, after which the couple departed on a honeymoon trip to Springfield and northern parts of the state. Roscoe Poole, of Alton, who was best man, and the bridesmaid, Miss Maurine Morgan, sister of the bride, escorted them to the train.

Hugh Christy, the Harley-Davidson speed demon, ordered him some nice new discs for the wheels of his brick and concrete scorching motorcycle, put 'em on and came down the pike. Puff! A gust of wind struck this mile eating wonder. Christy has plain wheels now.

Can you imagine W. C. Heidemann agreeing? George Harr without his Mail Pouch? Fred Parker not counting his change? Harry Harrod not going to Auburn? William Miller not spoofing you? William Obermiller not raising chickens? Thomas Slaten without his glasses? Last but not least, Dick Thompson with Beech Nut?

Since attending the reporters' meeting, we feel equal to Irwin Cobb, Ring Lardner or any of them literary birds. Anyway it was a fine meeting. The talks by Mr. Curry, Mr. Julian and Mr. Hall were appreciated and we mustn't forget Mr. Palmer, who is putting forth his best effort to get the best for the Record.

We wish to extend our deepest sympathy to Lawrence Ragus and family in the death of his infant child.

Louis Wolf has purchased an automatic pistol which he parks out in the garage with Lizzie. The missus just can't trust an automatic in the house, it might start shooting anytime. This pistol is guaranteed to kill rabbits on the run.

Thomas Hutchinson, of the engineering department, and Louis Koenneker, of the salvage department, have gone to El Dorado, Arkansas, to do some construction for the Lion Oil and Refining Company. Mr. Hutchinson will have charge of the new construction and Mr. Koenneker will have charge of the pipe work. Fine time of the year to be going south. We expect both of them back with the rice birds in the spring. Tom Close, who left the employ of the company in November, has gone to the same place and will have charge of the boiler work.

We thought the old chestnut about the man sitting on the wrong end of the limb when he sawed it off was gone forever, but just listen: Charles Shook, the filling rack foreman, was seen by a certain informer sitting on the wrong end of a limb while his wife was holding the limb in a horizontal position with a clothes prop. Every time Charles took a stroke with the saw he said "Look out, it's coming down" and finally his wife said, "Yes, and something else is coming with it." Then Charley took notice of the situation and changed ends.

We all join in extending our sympathy to Fred Owens, whose father recently passed away.

Marie Brown, stenographer, formerly of the main office, was transferred to the inspection department and is again with us at the main office. We are glad to have you with us again, Marie, especially the stationery department. Now don't get excited, the stationery clerk happens to be only a girl.

Since the last issue of the Stanolind Record, Bill Graham, of the main office, has taken unto himself a wife. Bill was liberal in passing around cigars and also presented the stationery clerk with a nice box of candy. Bill is a regular fellow, so thinks the stationery clerk. Best wishes, Mr. and Mrs. Graham.

The day after Christmas all were at their regular places in the main office smiling and happy. It looks as if Santa must have seen every one of them and they all report a big time during the holidays.

Charlie Baker and Henry Tittle are very grateful that the Standard Oil Company has a call whistle. If it had not been for said whistle, we fear thay would still be across the river hunting wild grapes (?) or their way home. Charlie has worn out three pencils and a tablet figuring how many gallons of jelly fifty pounds of grapes would make and as yet he does not know. Tittle is still wondering if he will make his into gallons or glasses. Dooling, who was acting as guide, lost his bearings. It is strange as he is an old-timer in the woods on the west side. After Charlie and Henry had followed him around several hours and had always come back to the same corn field, they decided they would better follow the whistle call.

Oscar Monken, of the experimental stills, has moved to Head's Addition. Out in society, eh, Oscar?

Albert Schuler, superintendent of the power station, has gone into the radio business. You can buy them from Albert from $2.48 to $11.99.

Anybody wanting a good rabbit dog apply at pressure pump house.

Harold Christy has purchased a new gun. Watch his record from now on.

W. Smith, F. Thompson and D. Moore have signed a contract with the Western Cartridge Company for their entire output for the year 1923.

Kinlock Schmidt has gone to trapping rats.

If you have any old sick, crippled or dead chickens you want to dispose of, just call 33W, the pressure pump house.

Joe Mareing recently had his radiator plugged and purchased one light and one fender. Keep your eyes open, Joe.

Starr Oulson spent the holidays at home with his pet boils.

Boilermakers are working over-time trying to get the new bass drum finished so Van can have it for the next concert.

A. Gerard has hopes of being in his new home by January, 1924.

John McClintock brags on his new radio. Says he can get the K. S. D.

Clarence Smith spent his holidays in the sunny south, visiting old friends at his boyhood home near Morristown, Tenn.

Luella, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ronnenburs, who is suffering from tuberculosis of the bone, was taken to Barnes hospital, St. Louis, recently for an operation. We hope she will have a speedy recovery.

Ernest Allen, stillman in the lubrication plant, and Fireman Gerald Griffin report a visit from the stork. At each home there was left a fine girl.

Frank Pieper, helper at No. 5 crude house, has returned to work after being off eleven weeks on account of rheumatism.

Ed Schwartz was owner of a crippled hen which he traded (sight unseen) to Jack Hubbard for a no-bladed pen knife that was carried by G. Buck while he was in Whiting. Jack raffled the hen at 10 cents per chance and Charles Wiggins (poultry fancier) was the winner. Wiggins called up Charles Smith of the pressure still pump house and told him he would sell for 25 cents. Smith grabbed it as a good bargain, but when he got the hen, "Biddy," home and discovered her inability to scratch for a living, he immediately condemned her to die. Now he is wondering how he will get even with that five house gang.

Robert Claybaugh, well known No. 6 house fireman, has left the employ of the Standard Oil Company to take a position in Kentucky. Robert was formerly stillman on the pressure stills and after that a still foreman at Cleveland. "Bob" is one of our old timers and his many friends wish him and his family joy and success in their new field.

The laboratory force extends to Miss Helen Powell their sincere condolences on the passing of her mother, Mrs. Malcome Powell. The sad event occurred December 14, after a lingering illness.

The Christmas season seems to be a time for everybody to get real personal. Our friend, Steve, of the chemical laboratory, was asked, point blank, what he gave his lady fair for Christmas. The question nonplussed Steve for the moment, but regaining his composure, he waved his hands frantically around his head and throat and said "A chandelier." We are still wondering if it was a lavaliere he could have meant.

Tillie, alias Miss Kathleen Halloran, was quite busy during the holidays. Aside from many other things her greatest pleasure was having her sister, Miss Carmaleta, home for the holidays. Miss Carmaleta is attending a college in Michigan.

We are much pleased to know Dr. and Mrs. Wagner are quite happy "down on the farm," but sincerely hope they will not lose interest in social affairs in Wood River.

A. Davies, chemist, spent Christmas on the Missouri side at Columbia.

It seems our little messenger boy is quite a frequent visitor in Edwardsville. We wonder just what the attraction is, Walter, and what about the *Wood River* girl?

Cecil Hargiss, a well known young painter of the Standard, has joined the ranks of the "Hen-pecks." Cecil and Miss Edna Young of Alton, were married December 22 by the Rev. Mr. Cates of Alton. They are residing with the groom's parents until Spring.

Frank Diest of Moro, Ill., has purchased the Lawrence Noble property and is comfortably settled in same. Welcome to our city, Frank.

Ollie Hemphill, well known burner and a former member of the Joint General Committee, has resigned his position with the Company, temporarily, to accept his new position as assessor of Alton, to which he was elected in the Spring.

Albert Haney of the pipe department came back from his Christmas trip to Louisiana, Mo., with a Charlie Chaplin mustache and now we understand he will bring one of the "Belles" of Louisiana back with him next time.

R. McDow of Alton is the new time keeper in the tin shop.

Mrs. Malcom Powell, wife of Malcom Powell, labor foreman, passed away December 14, after a lingering illness. Funeral services were held at the Presbyterian church, where a great number of friends gathered to do honor to the departed. Mrs. Powell had been a great lover of flowers, and, in her last rite, was surrounded with a wealth of beautiful floral offerings. The Standard Octette sang, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," "Still, Still with Thee" and assisted the choir in singing "Asleep in Jesus." Services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Andrews, pastor of the church. Interment was in Wood Land Hill Cemetery. Pall-bearers were five sons: Herbert, Kenneth, Harold, Fred and Joe, and son-in-law, L. Palmer. The sympathy of the entire community goes to Mr. Powell and family.

S. LeClair of the Ash System has removed from Alton and is now living in a real city, Wood River.

A certain well known shift breaker gave his father-in-law a sack of potatoes, then sent his wife home to help eat them. That's beating the H.C.L.

What are the plant regulations governing a man and his pipe? Ask Steve.

Clyde Smith shot a rabbit twice on a recent trip; then his friend shot it and picked it up. Who owns the rabbit?

Just to tell you that W. Shampine of No. 5 Crude house has gone into the gold fish business and can supply your wants along that line.

Henry Stormer is the proud owner of all the latest radio equipment. Mars or Missouri Point are the same to him.

We have just located Victor Nutter who was formerly helper at No. 5 crude stillhouse. Victor is principal of the community high school at Trivoli, Ill. and teaches English and science. While with the Company, "Vic" worked on the pressure stills for some time and like most of us, took a turn at loading coke.

Locke "got tarred" recently without the aid of a "tarring party." While filling a Stanolite receiving tank, he got on top to see how it was filling when one of the steam coils in the tank sprung a leak and up came the Stanolite like a volcano. Locke made record time getting down the ladder and finding help. The boys say that Locke was gasping, sputtering and very much stuck up when they found him.

Many new service buttons made their appearance in the Wood River Refinery during the month of December. Ninety-two were distributed during the month. Eighty-two ten-year buttons, one twenty-year, and nine thirty-year. This makes a total of one hundred and six service buttons in the plant, as fourteen buttons were distributed two years ago. Twelve men are entitled to receive buttons in the near future and when they are received, a total of one hundred and eighteen men, wearing that bit of gold, will be in the plant. This certainly indicates that when men come into the employ of the company, they make a habit of staying. It speaks as well for the class of employees the company receives as for the company itself. The buttons are all made of solid gold and only differ according to the number of stars appearing on them to indicate the number of years in service.

Three men are looking for new jobs because they were caught smoking inside the plant. These men disregarded one of the strictest safety rules. If any more of the boys want to be looking for a new job just bring your cigarettes to work and smoke them inside the plant. Signed, Yours for Safety First.

Roy Noe, boiler maker helper, quietly married Miss Emma Weishaupt last August. Roy evidently thought he could keep such a thing a secret, spring it easy and slip by without the cigars. Better late than never, Roy. When do we smoke?

There was great excitement upon Goat Hill recently. The residents there thought some one was stealing the Ash Ford. They saw a man pushing a Ford down the street, barefooted, but after investigating, they found that it was Harkey Ash sneaking his car out so friend wife wouldn't hear him as she does not want him to go hunting. Ike Crofton watched the car while he went back and got his shoes. Harkey sure was lucky. He returned with two rabbits, four robins, a catfish and a quart of turnips.

Charles Beasley spent Christmas in West Alton looking for wild grapes.

Boys of the Tube Cleaners department have composed a piece of music and they are going to have the Red Crown Band play it at one of their next concerts. They have named it, "The Lonesome Stroll." It was composed by Charley Henick and Oscar Hand.

The Coke gang would like to know when Foreman E. E. Shape is going to build that $1,600 bungalow on Main street.

Wanted: A straw boss, one who can handle coke in the car. Apply to the two Shorties, Schenk and Beneze, at the coke yard shanty before 8 A. M. References.

We wish to take this means to express our sincere thanks to our friends for the kindness and sympathy shown us during the illness and death of dear wife and mother. We especially wish to thank those who made floral offerings and also those who furnished autos. M. G. Powell and family.

Another yellow tag. But this time on the door of Mike Callahan's chicken house which is quarantined for chicken pox. So far Mike has reported the loss of five of his choicest hens.

Anyone having a houseboat, tent or flivver to heat should equip it with one of Jim Dooley's and Bass Miller's freeze proof steam heaters, now being demonstrated in Tom Man's shanty at No. 2 Pressure House.

The night was dark and quiet
As the Stork his wings unfurled,
And came to Dave Maloney's
To deliver them a Girl.
From there went to Walter Crocker's
Where he was received with joy,
And before he left he whispered
I'll just leave this little Boy.
He was not in any hurry
Or thought himself in peril,
So he went to Merle Christy's
And left them a little Girl.
Now all Pressure Still employees
Wish to thank the boys indeed,
Namely, Maloney, Crocker, Christy
For the smokes that were received.

W. D. Watts and family, who left for California in November for the benefit of his daughter's health, wrote to friends that he arrived OK, minus a Ford. Before starting, he had equipped the Ford with a collapsible camping outfit but found that he had a collapsible Ford instead. While enroute somewhere in the White mountains, Bill lost his way and after days of wandering met a stranger who directed him to the nearest garage which was only 75 miles. As soon as Bill arrived at the garage, he sold out to an Indian and continued his journey via stage coach and rail, but in the meantime a relief party was organized to go and search for Bill but discontinued their search as soon as they met an Indian with a flivver, resembling Bill's, who was hot on his trail.

J. G. Carsens is the proud owner of a new Chevrolet, after owning two second-hand cars. Jack says he is going to wear the shine off himself this time.

Wm. Stoneham wishes to use this medium to thank the boys for the fine set of cut glass they presented to him. Thanks for the smokes, Bill.

See Earl Custer for all donations to the sick and needy. He'll gladly respond.

Wm. Halton spent several days at home recently, trying to ward off an attack of typhoid fever. He was very successful and returned to his job as good as new.

Matthew Freeman has been "visiting" the pump house several days. The entire force are nearly under conviction from Matt's "teaching."

Thomas Haller, father of Walter Haller of the Main Pump House and Paul Haller of the pressure stills, is recovering from a serious illness. Mr. Haller in one of the "old timers" in Wood River.

CASPER, WYO.

W. E. Benson, stillman at No. 5 receiving house, No. 3 plant, reports the loss of his one-month-old baby. Death occurred December 20. We, Benson's fellow workers, extend our most heartfelt sympathies.

Mrs. W. R. Miller and two children have been away for several weeks. Oh, boy, what a confirmed old bachelor, Mr. Miller should be at the end of the period.

Heinze ———must have meant "toll-gate." When one of the prominent watchmen on plant No. 3 stepped into the office of one of Casper's merchants to write a check, he was amazed at the comment made by the proprietor of that particular hold-up joint. The proprietor in question said he understood that the watchman had been successful in making some money since working for the Standard Oil Company, and when the watchman agreed that he had, the other felllow said: "I always did think that gate was a pretty good paying proposition."

Dr. and Mrs. Paulus have returned from Whiting. Dr. Paulus had been at Whiting for some time on company business, when he was suddenly taken down with appendicitis. We fellows out here at Casper were not much worried, knowing as we do that our plucky boss always comes through with flying colors.

The Standard teams in the Casper Basketball League finished the first round of the winter tournament in the first division, both plant No. 1 and plant No. 3 having 1000 percent. The total points made by the team of plant No. 1 amounted to ninety-six against their opponent's thirty-four, and the total by plant No. 3 amounted to fifty-seven to their opponent's nineteen, or total of one-hundred and fifty-three to fifty-three. Plant No. 1 made the highest scores of any team, by securing forty-seven the first game, and forty-nine the second game. There are twelve teams in the league and a schedule of eleven weeks has been outlined, each team playing every other team once. These two teams were pitted against each other on the night of January 25, at which time one of the hardest fought games of the season was expected.

A new arrival by the name of Jessie Elizabeth, adorns the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Fowler. Since her arrival on December 19, Charles has had the smile that won't wear off.

Lu Dunn, stenographer in Lobdell's office, spent the holidays at Greeley, Colo. The attraction there is an unknown quantity, but folks have their suspicions.

Ray Traylor, clerk in the employment office at plant No. 1, spent an enforced vacation of three or four days at home with the grippe.

G. O. Housley, foreman of teams and trucks at plant No. 3 is shying around these days in a new sport model Maxwell. He bought himself a Christmas present.

Harold Strickler, son of C. M. Strickler, has recovered sufficiently so that he is now able to return to his studies at the New Mexico Military Institute, Roswell, N. M. Even with the handicap he ought to graduate before he has whiskers.

Ralph Andrus returned home for the Christmas holidays. Ralph is making good at the University of Minnesota. His many friends were glad to see him and to learn of his success.

J. O. Evans has come from Nebraska to help in the payroll department at plant No. 1. Mr. Evans shouldn't have much trouble in getting acclimated, as Nebraska is a sort of a vaccination for Wyoming.

Art Lano, captain of plant No. 1 basketball team, is reported to have made a basket from the center of the floor despite the annoying attempts of the members of the opposing team to prevent. We can't find anybody who really saw him perform this feat, but it probably happened as reported, because that floor looks as though it had at some time been liberally sprinkled with alum. Besides Art is really a good shooter.

Rudy Dettwyler is an opportunist. During the Christmas rush, Rudy got a couple of stamps and started a post office. He says he is going to enlarge the business as soon as possible, and believes the local field offers a good opportunity, as the present postal service in Casper will afford but little competition.

Jean Mignolet is now managing the Standard Oil plant No. 1 basketball team. If Jean instills some of his fighting spirit into this bunch they will make a runaway race for the championship.

These astronomy sharks may "know their stuff," but according to Eddie Rowan of plant No. 3, they are as wrong as Volstead when they say that December 22 was the shortest day in 1922. Eddie knows, because he put in just twenty-three straight hours on an emergency job on that date.

Bill McConkey of plant No. 3 is a funny cuss. He has peculiar ideas about some things. For instance, he resents being "good-morninged" when the thermometer registers less than zero, and never fails to frame his answer accordingly. Bill figures that anybody who lives in Casper has some sinister reason for doing so. Commenting on his own case, he says: "I'll admit I came here to live down my past. And see how well I've succeeded. I've been here a year and a half and I find that now I have two pasts to live down."

It will be recalled that D. F. ("Jiggs") Mahoney of plant No. 3 lost an eye in an unfortunate accident last spring. Jiggs proved himself somewhat of a philosopher when he remarked, not long ago: "It's funny, but I don't seem to get half as sleepy now as I used to. Maybe it's because I only have about half as many eyes as I used to have." Jiggs' sterling qualities were given well-deserved recognition when he was elected to the Casper Joint General Committee at the last election.

Mickey Hanaway of plant No. 3, be it known, emigrated hither from the Emerald Isle, from the County Monaghan, to be specific. This county is famous for the things that it does not raise, life-sized humans, for instance. Mickey says he was biggest fellow in the county, and even yet, he can run under an ordinary table without bending over. Somebody asked him how he came over to this country. "Sure and I swam over, of course," he said. "If ye don't believe me, come down to me house and I'll show ye me bathing suit."

Bill Tolhurst's a good fellow. So's Jack Arbuckle. So's Doc Loy. So are a lot of others who gather every noon at plant No. 3's round table. And because they are good fellows we hate to see their childlike credulity imposed upon and their sublime faith in their fellow man's veracity trifled with. We suggest, therefore, that they investigate Charley Anderson's deer, the deer that Charley bragged about bagging several months ago. It must be admitted that he told a very plausible story and backed it up with some convincing photographs. But Charley's a pretty wily fellow. Don't forget that. Confidentially, we know of six different nimrods who posed in triumphant attitude over that selfsame deer. So Charley's photographs can be taken with a grain of Na Cl. Let the investigation proceed. The high ideals of the noble art of deer-stalking must be preserved.

Al Flowers and J. Stewart of plant No. 3, who have been off sick, have returned to work since Christmas. (Everybody eats enough on that day; maybe that is what made them well.)

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Francis were visiting relatives down in "Noobrasky" during the Holidays.

Bob Williams has returned after Christmas from a short stay at Thermopolis, where he went on account of the illness of his father, who has now fully recovered.

When Western Ex. comes in, there is one of our Watchmen who will have a new pair of goat glands.

Harry Comfort of plant No. 3 has left us fellows to go into business up town. The new enterprize will take care of public accounting and any real estate deals into which we might wish to venture.

The No. 3 mechanical department has vacated the main office for their new quarters over in the storehouse. Some big changes are going on without much adoo.

Well, Gillis! At last we know who the "sweetheart" of the office happens to be. We've been on the trail a long time, but honestly we never suspected you with so many nice girls around. How do you get that way?

Etelki had one awful time deciding where to spend her vacation, so some one of her kind friends suggested that she go to Helen B. Happy. After a day of serious thought she left for Kansas City, but she later wrote she wasn't happy 'cause Pat wasn't there. So, Pat, you must be Helen B. Happy.

Bob Heinze, you are the popular man all right. We notice how they swarm around you every month just after the publication of our Stanolind. Why don't you give someone else a chance. You know popularity always wanes sometime—so watch your step.

What's the attraction on the third floor? The various department heads who used to be so enthusiastic over "Barnyard Golf" now have some alibi for tripping to the third floor at the noon hour. Rumors of 1 by, 1 pass, 1 heart, etc., come drifting ing down the stairs.

We understand Mrs. Leonard makes delicious fudge. Why slight the basement, Mrs. L.

You know we always thought that the lubricating department steno had a disposition that couldn't be ruffled by an earthquake. (Clara says, however, you never know the Irish by lookin' at 'em.) Well, we found out she's about right. We accidently mentioned wax smelling—we don't know yet what happened—but it must have been either a blizzard, a sand storm, or a typhoon. When we "came to"—we were alone and deep silence prevailed.

We noticed something in the last issue of the Stanolind Record about the hilarity in the drafting room annoying Lucile. Now we understand, and on good authority, that it's not the drafting room but rather the echo from the estimating department that comes floating in to her ears.

Have you all heard what is detaining Dr. Paulus in the east—well—it's a long story. You know his trip to Yellowstone Park was completely spoiled—too much steam going to waste. Now we understand he is trying to get an option from Uncle Sam on this steam, install meters on the Geysers, and pipe it in to No. 3 plant. Something more for the steam committee to worry over.

Paul Arrighi, No. 1 acid house stillman, left the service to become a dry farmer up in Montana. Good luck to you, Paul! Alva Sparks was boosted to Paul's place.

Ross Benson, acid works employee was promoted to fireman at No. 1 acid house.

Mike Kellar is back on the job after being off sick with rheumatism most of November and December. He looked a little peaked at first, but is beginning to color up rapidly.

Doc Roberts set out to make Buffalo, Wyo., from midnight to 2:00 A. M. What was the hurry? There is a pretty nice stretch of road about thirty miles west of town on which the kid tried to break all records. The skidding no more than started and Waldo realized that the end was

near at hand, so he played the fly act by sticking tight to the cushion. After about two hours of turning and twisting, the machine turned over twice and lighted right side up. A truck driver came to his assistance, expecting to find a dead man. Doc was considerably frightened but unhurt. He drove back with his Nash, looking like a bug with no steering wheel. A meeting of the board of directors of the Shiftman's Benefit Association has been called to look into this matter. It is probable that they will ask W. M. to hand in his resignation unless he promises not to turn over so many times hereafter. Once is enough to take a risk on.

Tankie from Virginia: "Blankety! Blank! Blank! Why not build these tanks in the summer time?"

Schaefer: "It gets too hot then. Even a boilermaker can't get near them until 9 or 10 P. M. Boilermakers start work at 2 A. M. out here during the summer. They do not stop to rest or to eat until 9 A. M. At that time they reach over for their dinner bucket and break the eggs on the top of the tank and fry them right there. Then they haven't anything else to do all day.

Tankie: (after careful thinking) "Well, it gets pretty nearly that hot in Virginia too."

On December 13, plant No. 3 basketball team broke loose and took the Texas Company team into camp by the score of 21 to 5 at the Elk's Club and December 21, plant No. 3 won their second game of the season from the Presbyterian church team, 36 to 14. The line-up of No. 3 team is Rynalski, Rae and Mathews forwards. Patterson and Leak centers, Kidd, Spanglor, Morrison and Erickson guards. In the two games played to date, Rynalksi was the high point man. The defensive work of Kidd was an outstanding feature. Patterson's work at center was also good. Yeah! Those Longfellows sure can reach out.

Sam Work, distribution clerk of Nos. 3 plant office, received a dandy Christmas present. Yes, it's a nine-pound baby girl.

"Kink" Jack is still licking his lips after those seventeen girls at a party at a certain house had kissed him. He was holding mistletoe over his head with one hand and playing the piano with the other. What makes "Incums" so popular?

R. G. Miller spent Christmas with his sister, Mrs. R. R. Berryman, in Parkerton.

E. S. Walker and his wife spent Christmas with relatives in Boulder, Colo.

Mrs. S. K. Loy returned from Lyons, Kan., Dec. 20, where she had been for several months on account of the illness of her father who has fully recovered.

Robert J. Turnbull left December 16 for Carlinville, Ill. He says he is to return December 28 single and that there is no girl about it. However a fellow don't very often visit the jewelry stores to buy his mother a diamond ring.

Sylvester Goodwin, Press still fireman, is spending a two weeks vacation in Nebraska.

G. C. Haines and Mons Tonjum, press still helpers, have left the service of the company.

Arthur Perry, head gasoline loader, drove his new Jewett back from Denver last week.

J. J. Jacobi, helper at No. 1 pump house, was called to Omaha on account of the illness of his sister.

Wm. Dibb, tower still helper, has left the service of the company and will make his home in Denver.

Chas. Fausett, tower stillman, has left the service of the company. Mr. Fausett had to leave Casper on account of his son's health. He has to go to a lower climate. He and his family are going to California. Good luck, Charlie, and the best of health for your son.

Eugene Watson of receiving house No. 5, plant No. 3, has left for Lincoln, Neb., where it is rumored he will be married. His friends wish to extend him congratulations and best wishes on his new undertaking.

Mrs. J. Catterall, wife of No. 3 plant chief clerk, has been in Chicago several weeks for an operation. She was to return December 30. Mrs. Catterall had the well wishes of her many Casper friends all the while she was gone. We wish her well in the new year.

GREYBULL, WYO.

"Bill" Robinson says that Joe Packard thinks he is a doctor. Every morning Joe says, "Good morning, how are you?"

Tom Patterson and J. M. Johnson had four of the Basin school teachers at the dance the other night. On the way home Tom hit a Ford "Bug" that some one had parked on the bridge.

We have found out why Roy Ludington likes to hunt ducks so well. He has an easy way to pick them. He lets the wife do it.

"Swede" Larson is playing a lone hand these days. Wonder what the matter is?

We will bet anything from a dollar to bird seed that there isn't another Gilliam like our Gilliam.

It was a sad day for the red skins when Jack started his old 45-90 to smoking.

Frank Williams is breaking in on the pumps and Earnie Stricker is learning the art of making 30 water white.

Was the employees' Christmas celebration a success? We say it was, and the only thing we ran short of was seats.

If "Hump" Aebischer gets any fatter they will have to leave the drive-way gates open all the time.

"Whitie" Stricker, general foreman of the Laramie plant, has been here several days and was around renewing acquaintances. Whitie went to Laramie two years ago as a pipe fitter, and they say men of today have no chance.

J. L. McMillian leaves the employ of the Standard Oil Company to take over the Sheriff's office of Big Horn County, to which he was elected in November. Guy West will be transferred to the boiler house and E. T. Alexander will be transferred to the power house.

Have you noticed our lost time reports are few and far between?

Due credit must be given Charles T. Warne for the programs which he designed and printed for the employees' Christmas celebration, they were hand work and were preserved by most everyone as souveniers of the occasion.

Have you given Roy Hunsberger much attention since he has been wearing "Putts?"

W. D. Colquitt is back at work after a ten days' vacation.

B. A. Lawrence is back in town much improved after several weeks treatment at the U. S. Vets. Hospital at Sheridan, Wyo. While he was there the benefit association wrote him for an affidavit. It is reported that his answer was that they would have to wait till he got to Billings, as none of the hardware stores in Sheridan carried them in stock. We are surely glad to see you back "Powder."

Geo. Haddenhorst, our employees' representative, was reading the Quincy News items, when he came across a party named Dean Thomas. George used

to know a young sprout in Quincy called "Slats" Thomas and he would like to know if by chance this person could be the said "Slats." Any information will be appreciated.

D. E. Yandell and L. A. Richardson were across the river recently, hunting rabbits. They said they shot two. About the same time MacGlashan reported two house cats missing on the "heights".

C. A. Berry spent Christmas with friends in Basin.

Dave Patterson is back on the job after several days off, caused by a severe cold.

Several of the boys have been talking in a heavy husky voice. This may have been caused by the Christmas bath.

We are glad to report that Superintendent Lockards' little boy is much improved. He was suffering from a severe cold.

P. L. Truax and Bruce Atwell, while hunting, came across a large bob cat which they claim to have killed with .22 calibre rifles. Its death might have been due to exhaustion.

A large number of the boys at No. 1 plant have put in applications for Standard Oil stock recently.

LARAMIE, WYO.

Chas. Hoffman, stillman on No. 3 battery, claims to have received the best Christmas present a fellow could get. Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman announce the birth of an 8-pound girl named Lile May, born December 24. Charlie says Santa came about twelve hours ahead of his schedule this year which was due no doubt to the fact that he used Red Crown gasoline.

F. O. Blair had a successful operation performed at the Ivanson Hospital, December 5, 1922.

Goodman put in a few days as juryman.

Max Emil Hugo Reyneke, was transferred to Casper. The following promotions were made: Ward to the office, Wood to the loading rack, Wilson to fireman, Henderson on the relief job, Partridge to chief boiler skinner, and Parks to skinner.

We thought the old line gunman was a thing of the past, but we have one with us, who belongs to the old school. He said that he could hit a bulls eye the size of a nickle at thirty yards every shot, shooting from the hip. To warn fellow workmen, we will give his initials. They may know who he is and be on the look out. His initials are M. U. S. S. E. R.

D. M. Lobdell was in Laramie a couple of days and looked over business matters at the plant.

One morning while Burckert and Wood were coming to work a wild Comanche Indian flew down with a Nash six and struck the old Buick in the side. The car is badly damaged and its condition is very critical. Many moons will pass before it will be able to run. The victims were of the tough kind and soon recovered from the bruises and cuts.

The other day Frank Blair saw an item in a paper from Indiana setting forth that: "The Interurban car due here at 10 P. M. Sunday struck a cow between stops 5 and 6." At which Frank remarked that when he ran a dairy farm he had the old fashioned kind of cows with only four stops. This also brings to mind the ad that Mr. Moudy ran in the Boomerang when his boy was a baby. It read: "Wanted, to buy or rent a female billie goat."

Some of the boys have been going to the turkey shoot. They say that they are going to win some, but we have our doubts. They took enough money along to buy a farm of turkeys.

"Whitie" Stricker is spending his vacation in Greybull.

I. T. O'Neal has been trying to come to work on roller skates. It's no easy job we will admit when there are no sidewalks and the snow is deep and the sand is loose.

A few of the boys went after Christmas trees with a rifle. They intended to shoot the trees down, but wonder what was behind the trees? Rabbits on snow shoes, maybe.

Christmas morning Cash Miller ran all the way home. He sure did look wild. Wonder what was the matter with him, could he have seen visions in the fire box or was he tickled because it was Christmas?

B. W. Ferris has returned from his vacation spent at his home in New English, Iowa. Bently says that he had a wonderful time but is glad to be back in sunny Wyoming where every one is glad to live. We are just as glad to have him with us again.

J. L. Cornish is passing the smokes around and carries an extra large smile these days. Mr. Stork brought him a fine big 8-pound girl, on December 22, 1922. John, we don't blame you for smiling. Who wouldn't smile with a Christmas present like that.

D. E. Hunton spent Christmas with his mother at Wheatland, Wyo.

J. L. Robay intended to drive out to woods Landing last Sunday to get a Christmas tree, but misfortune overtook John and he didn't get his tree While fixing a loose side curtain he ran off the road and hit the concrete header of a culvert, doing considerable damage to Old Henry.

F. D. Bailey, our peerless still cleaner, spent Christmas with relatives at Marshall, Wyo.

Art McAllister has received a well earned promotion to still fireman from still cleaner. Art cleaned stills for nearly two years and we are all glad to see him promoted.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

What's all this talk we hear around the general managers office—it omes in whispers, "how long do you let yours stand?" "Is yours working?" "Oh, boy, but she is a beautiful red." Miss Nelson got the drift of this conversation one day and asked, "who are you talking about, your sweetie?" Now the question is, where could she get such an imaginative connection?

C. A. Jackson, in conversation the other day, was discussing pumps with a member of his staff when Miss Einstien breezed by. "Oh yes, I received a pair for Christmas, she twittered, nice suede ones." Now wouldn't that get your angora?

If that one is over your head, possibly we can tell one on the "Girl from Los Angeles." We caught her putting on a lipstick the other day. An office boy later wanted to know if a lipstick was some sort of bridgework. No, Felix, no, it's just the art of placing a coating of red paint over the osculary tips in order that there may be registration when they come in contact.

That reminds us that "Jimmie" came to the office the other morning with white powder all over the shoulder of his coat—his right shoulder at that. His explanation was that his "Sheba" shifted her usual position from the left to the right shoulder and as usual he had dusted off the one where she

was accustomed to park. Be more alert, Jimmie, the wiles of the damosels get many a man in an embarrassing position.

However, in all seriousness, the employees of the general manager's office, through its column in this magazine, join in extending to all employees in the Standard Oil family a happy and successful New Year.

May your resolutions be many and your resistance against temptations to break them be all powerful.

Our old friend, Alex Murison, dropped in to see the boys a few days ago. He said he was deer hunting a short time ago and chased one 197 miles. Did it wear skirts, Alex?

The employees of the general manager's office extend to W. A. Jones their deepest sympathy in the death of his wife, which occurred December 20.

The employees of the general manager's office extend to K. T. Wenger their deepest sympathy in the death of his father, which occurred December 26.

Miss Clara Foote, chief of the stenographers, is sporting around with a fine engagement ring. When does it come off, Clara?

B. W. Stanke is going to give up politics. He says that after the first of the year he is through.

J. G. Lennin is now back with us again, and we sure are glad to see him.

The girls in the stenographic department of the general manager's office are thinking of taking up bowling. Go to it, girls, it's great exercise.

Miss Edna Blodgett has now been transferred to Milwaukee office. Sorry to have you leave us, Edna.

On December 6, Kitty, A. J. Arnold's handsome Persian cat, after a brief illness, gave up her ninth life. Obsequies were performed by A. J. She is survived by 137 sons and daughters, 418 grand children, and 1,966 great-grandchildren.

A strong impression prevails in the traffic department that Vernon Griffith has a lady fair. He wears his Sunday best to work and has been seen washing his face in the middle of the afternoon.

Ferdie Sehrt won a box of candy in a raffle recently, and took it home to his *wife*. But, then, Ferdie has other old-fashioned notions.

During his summer vacation an anonymous gentleman mailed Jeanette Shea a postcard picture of a log cabin built for two. This is to inform said gent that Jeanette won a prize in a lamp club. Now, if he can furnish the rest of the feathers to line the nest—well, who knows?

Adelaide Kuhn and Helen Buldman would be delighted to favor you with their famous imitiation of a coupla butterflies-but-er-!

Have you noticed Edith Swanson's new dress? We mean the one with the flowing sleeves with the colored embroidery and the doflickers hanging down the sides? Well, she says they are mandarin sleeves with Bulgarian embroidery and the sidepieces are called panels.

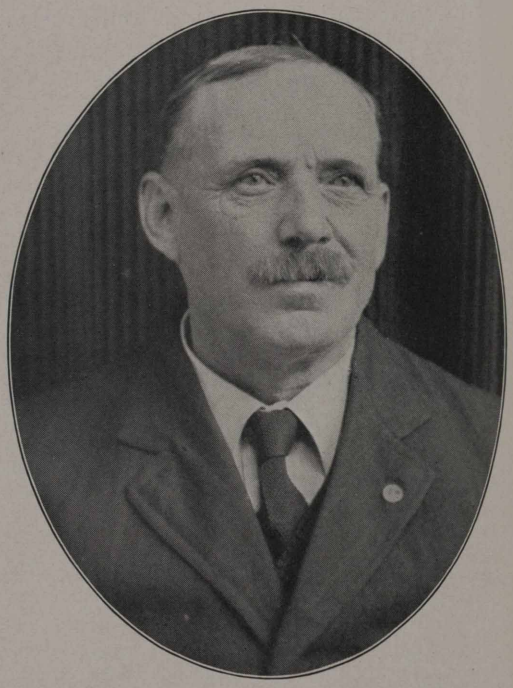
In the course of conversation with Art Sandstrom, it was discovered he knew all about the latest style in wedding rings. "They don't wear 'em plain any more. They're all engraved." Reach your own conclusion.

People are always pickin' on bell-hops, but they're not so bad, after all. Arthur Budell was sent on an errand the other day and instructed to get back in fifteen minutes. He did.

Al Wetterburg sat all day beside a sign which said, "Here's a useful Christmas gift." What does he mean "useful?"

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

Sam Johnson, employee for 17 years, passed away Tuesday, December 19, at the age of 63. He died very suddenly after finishing his day's work, and the news came as a shock to all at the Cortland street plant. Sam was always congenial and just naturally a good pal to everyone who know him, and he will certainly be missed by them.



Sam Johnson

The Chicago Sales Department office employees are to be highly commended on their efforts in the December Coupon Book Drive. With 27 per cent of all office employees in Chicago, they sold 43 per cent of the books credited to employees and went about 80 per cent over their quota. Of the individuals, Les Fagerstrom nosed out Otto Klein in the Men's Division, and Marie Kreutzberger romped away from the rest of the girls, besides topping Miss Salmon of the traffic department for individual honors among all the women. The Cortland street office deserves special mention, as all six employees scored heavily and easily placed their department on top. Marie and Otto are both from Cortland street, while Les is in charge of our sales checking department. The office takes this opportunity to say that any time the sales organization wants a drive put over, just call on them. More power to them, they've done it before and they can do it again.

Ross Smith and the "Gold Dust Twins" are cleaning up again. Ross was loaned to Decatur for a short time and found upon his arrival there, he needed the "twins" to help him. We are glad to let Decatur have the benefit of their services, but are anxiously awaiting their return.

The friends of Bill Barrett, head stock clerk, are very sorry to hear of the recent death of his mother, who died December 18.

Our sincere sympathies are extended to Mrs. R. E. Halling, whose father recently passed away.

Mrs. Halling, wife of Garage Salesman Halling, will be remembered by many as Miss Mabelle Urquhart of W. J. Hawkins' department at 72 West Adams street.

Mr. Elliott Little is back at his desk after an absence of two months, following an operation. Glad to have you with us again, Little.

We are all very glad to gaze once again on the pleasant countenance of our good friend, Mr. Platt, who will take charge of the general auditing of our books in the Chicago division. He will be assisted by Mr. Winters, whom we welcome as one of us.

The remittance desk is back again in the credit department after a brief sojourn on the Fourth floor. Glad to have you, girls, as it just seems that our little family circle is not complete without you.

The splendid efforts of our Mr. Selby and Mr. Brandt in giving physical exercises to the members of the credit department twice daily is worthy of comment. Too bad we do not all indulge to the fullest extent in these splendid body relaxation exercises, which mean so much to our physical well being.

Several members of the credit department are now suffering from impairment of vision. They will insist on gazing just a little too long at Miss Miriam Lutz's bright sparkler, which recently made its appearance among us. We do not know when the happy event will take place but hope it is not too soon, as we surely will miss Miriam's pleasing smile around the office.

Advertisement: For Hire—One up-to-snuff, high-voiced, long-winded, vegetable-resisting tenor, singing the latest hits, such as "Sweet Adeline," "Nellie Grey", and other Broadway sensations. Will cancel Eureopean route to accommodate early replies. Write Ed. Sahs, Clearing Station, Chicago Division.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

In drawing up a review of the past twelve months, as in selecting an All-American football team, many things must be taken into consideration. What these considerations are, we do not know. During this period several local Standard Oilers have become famous outside our own circle. For instance, Walt Steinman, the daring aviator, has thrilled hundreds of thousands and has come to be known as the Bronco Billy of the Air.

Another world famous man is our inventive genius, Ben Wells, who after years of work has perfected a machine known as the Benimeter, which separates hot air from ordinary conversation. Only the truth will pass through his instrument when placed over the ears. Ben tried it out during a spat between Rudie and Howard Young, but did not hear a word.

Ted Knacht, originator of the Knachtwurst, is also one of us.

In our World of Fashion, Miss Iva Berg, with those flashy low necked dresses and startling coiffures (is that right, girls?) easily led the procession. Miss Berg, however, has a dangerous rival in the field, and we would not be surprised if Miss Lane and her wonderful hair ornaments carried off the honors in 1923.

Among those honorably mentioned are Miss C. Wunder and her fish net gown, and Miss F. Anderson, our hello girl, whose marvelous silk hose are the talk of the town. Harvey and the other bookkeepers have also gone in for fashions, they have adopted green eyeshades because of some of the dazzling costumes our girls are displaying.

Al Sindt and S. A. Sargent came in neck and neck in the financial derby, easily defeated Archie Kavinsky, the much touted favorite. Although Al Sindt and Sylvester both came in first, they use widely different methods of extraction. Al gets his by peddling candy and raffling solid gold watches, while brother Sylvest tracks down bargains, such as motor boat engines and dressed turkeys.

The athletic prowess of the local branch has been upheld by Rudie, the demon file clerk, and Johnny Dana, our imported French chauffeur. Rudie is a Spanish Matador, while John claims to be a ball player. Mr. Sargent may be mentioned in this connection as an ardent horseshoe pitcher.

Gladys Nelson has started a class in reducing. At the close of the year she had two pupils, Howard Clark and Frank Ritchie.

John House and Harriet Schmid have taken the lead in the social whirl. It is said that Harriet hires a secretary to keep track of her dates. Home, to her, is merely a dressing room and restaurant combined. John sure knocked 'em cold at an American Legion dance. It is said that both Ruth St. Denis and the police matron have been notified of John's artistic dancing which he did without once stepping on the floor. Better look out, John, better men than you have fallen—look at Hedberg and Briceland.

The outstanding event of 1922 occurred on December 28. Earl Robbins, warehouse clerk, arrived at work on time. He says his girl bought him an alarm clock for Christmas.

No review would be complete without mentioning the time that Valley Smith, Davenport pumper, smoked a loaded cigar. "POP" went the cigar, "? (O) XPLP," cried Valley. "The XYZ thing's loaded."

The time that John House walked the girl home, because he forgot to put his pocketbook in his Sunday trousers, will bear repeating.

Some time ago we noted that, while three of our men had fallen for the wedding bells, in one month, not one of the girls had succeeded in landing a soulmate. No sooner had this appeared in the Stanolind Record than our friend, Miss Grady, came to work sporting a flashy diamond on the proper digit. Who's next?

We also note that John Bald, messenger boy, seems to know the song "Three O'Clock in the Morning" perfectly. If you don't believe it ask him.

Fred Lauritzen cut his hand in Bettendorf the other day while reaching in an apple barrel for some of the forbidden fruit.

H. Young brings forward the novel suggestion that he cut it on some stock fishbones. How about it?

Clara Lane was seen recently wearing a mosquito bite on her neck right about where her back collar button would hit her if she were he.

Jost and the janitor were smoking. Jost had some sort of a high minded contraption in his mouth while the janitor was puffing away on a thirty-five-cent brier. Jost—"What do you call that in your mouth?" Janitor (with a measuring glance at Jost's pipe)—"Men smoke pipes."

Many have gone insane over Radio, notably Bob Kibler and Bettendorf.

Charley Rogers and Avardson of the traffic department are now located in their new quarters, they are opposite corners of Main Street and Pretzel Alley. Kibler and Showalter are also located on

Main Street, but are one block north, on Kavinsky Court.

In the early part of December Mr. Kroy bought a new stem for his corncob pipe as the old one was worn out.

Harry Franck has been seen smiling sweetly at Cordela Wunder. Frankly, Harry, we don't blame you.

Messrs. Evers, Minke and Westmeyer of the auditing department have spent the year looking for an honest man; the most honest they have found are Messrs. Evers, Minke and Westmeyer.

Frank Moses has taken to wearing shell-rim eyeglasses. As Plato didn't say, "Some people are born intelligent and others wear shell-rim eyeglasses."

Alexis Kyellstrand of the coupon department has set up an art studio on the side. He is using Miss Lischer and Miss Sutherland as models for his great masterpiece "Before and After Taking." L. P. Tige and Estess Lee also posed for Alex in his painting "Mutt and Jeff."

Ray Johnson and Mr. Bragg appeared last summer in a skit by Miss Tilly Miller entitled "The long and short of it."

Ed Day was sick one day and wishing to show their appreciation, Messrs. Sage, Stoltenberg and Miller and the rest of the gang raided Tony's garden and picked a bouquet of cabbage leaves, turnip tops, etc., which they sent him with their best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Miss Fay has issued an order that no one will be permitted to make dates with her girls during working hours as they are way behind on this account. However, she will be willing to listen to proposals at any time.

When Mr. Damp was on his vacation things were pretty dry in the record department, according to Vera and Viola, who ought to know. Since the stenographers moved upstairs Peterson, West and Tathwell have taken to playing tiddlywinks to kill time. Johnson, however, is thinking of moving upstairs next to the stenos.

E. C. Robings claims that Ray Ord scatters crumbs all over his desk at noon. Robings claims that this would be all right if it wasn't for the sparrows.

If you want to see H. A. Brunat get real excited and eloquent, just ask him about his prize rooster. He won fifth place in a poultry show in Keokuk not long ago. Sure is some bird, and there were five roosters in the race too.

We are very glad to learn that Charles Blink is home again after undergoing an operation at Mayo Brothers Hospital, Rochester, Minn. We hope it won't be long before you will be back with us, Blinkie, because we sure miss your smile.

Florence, we insist that you tell us who Joe is.

Will some one kindly tell Sergeant who Tom and Jerry is? He seems kind of worried about it and he will appreciate it if someone will kindly see him in his office with a sample if possible

G. J. Harmon, district superintendent, left on December 16 for a vacation in Hollywood, Los Angeles. If he doesn't meet Mae Murray, Bebe Daniels or some of the rest of the folks in the colony, he may come back.

DES MOINES, IOWA

George Draper, general salesman, has been transferred to auditing department, and is helping Mr. Pyles check "B" stations on northern district.

George Rhebb has taken charge of S. S. 99, relieving Julius Thompson. Mr. Thompson went to Boone on a special mission as service station instructor.

Patrick Keefe is now working half days at S. S. 35, besides making the usual coupon sales and service station collections. Pat says he feels to be but thirty-five since having 12 teeth extracted Sure and faith he does look to be in his new overcoat.

Thanksgiving day was spent rather quietly by most employees at Mason City, although Frank Smith, warehouse forman, claims to have partaken of an enjoyable feast.

Service Station 28 at Jefferson, Iowa, sold twenty-eight $25.00 coupon books and forty-two $10.00 coupon books in the month of November, 1922. E. H. Morris is attendant.

Ezra Esslinger, stenographer, Ft. Dodge, has taken unto himself a wife.

D. C. Posz, Ft. Dodge office, is the father of a new boy. Cigars have been floating freely around Ft. Dodge office of late.

The fight is on! The arena is Fort Dodge country territory. The contestants are Tank Truck Salesmen Weishaar and Richardson. For the past several months total scores between these chaps have been comparatively equal, thus developing into a keen rivalry. Each morning Roy and "Rich" mount their steeds and ride forth unto the Webster County Agriculturists, distributing their wares with such vim that scores are daily in doubt. Never was keener interest displayed as the blackboard is marked each evening. We're for you both, fellows!

A. B. Berhow, who is pushing the battle in the Forest City field, is working overtime selling Standard products to lady barbers there.

R. E. Bowman is the new attendant at S. S. 333 Forest City, filling the vacancy left by Mr. A. B. Berhow who is now on the road for the company.

District Superintendant F. M. Gray, stopped in with the boys at S. S. 306 one evening this week. The lubricating story proved so interesting to the boys that they lost no time after Frank left in going to a near-by drug store and sending him a box of fine cigars for Christmas.

Salesman R. W. Linden washed his car, Henry, Sunday and drove over to Holland Monday to sell Polarine, the Perfect Motor Oil.

Standard Oil Company Agent Neal Van Hemert created one of his old smiles the other day when he unloaded 2,900 gallons of Red Crown gasoline at S. S. 306, December 1, 1922.

James Van Hemert of S. S. 306 started a day right when he sold a coupon book to a School teacher. We find her name on Form 0130.

W. O. Davies, S. S. attendant at 306, spent about two hours of his time Wednesday at U. S. Hospital with Dr. Jenson, demonstrating the proper style of Red Crown winter gasoline.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Forney are the proud parents of a little son born to them Thanksgiving Day. He will bear the name of Homer Clifton. Mr. Forney is employed at S. S. 14, Glenwood, Iowa.

The agent at Goodell reports that he has twelve new customers for Perfection and Red Crown gasoline. Business is growing at Goodell.

George C. Duvall, the salesman at Newton, covered the Knoxville field on 090 tickets with Neal Van Hemert on December 12 and 13, and made 100 per cent each day. The thirteenth is no hoodoo for George.

The agent at Rockwell, Iowa, writes in answer to a letter written recently asking as to whether he has had aeronautical experience, as follows: "I do

not just understand the meaning of this letter, but if you are figuriug on furnishing us with flying machines to deliver Red Crown and Perfection with, I will try and study up a little. I might make a good greaser for one." (Signed) J. M. Fellsman, Agent, Rockwell.

The collection campaign was an interesting one at Britt, Iowa. The agent took corn and pigs and notes, which he marketed, to balance 090 credits. Chris Jacobson always has his head in the game and usually puts any unusual program across.

Our new salesman, R. F. Frederick has been getting acquainted in this vicinity. Mr. Frederick is a man who doesn't let a little thing like cold weather interfere with his work, as the thermometer was close to zero at the time of his visit here. To say that he was well liked is putting it mild. As one of our rural customers remarked "That salesman is a *MAN*."—*Latimer, Iowa.*

The agent at Coin, Iowa, writes that his hobby is the fine appearance of his equipment. He believes the old adge "A stich in time saves nine." He says he finds pleasure in painting his truck, and even keeps his customers in good humor by helping them, in his spare time, keep their oil barrels painted up bright and shiny. Good work, Mr. Horel.

Recently when J. N. Elkert, formerly assistant manager, made a visit to Council Bluffs after checking out of Grand Hotel, he discovered he forgot to pack his extra pair of shoes. Returning a few hours later to get the lost pair, he discovered they had already found a new owner. In fact the new owner, a porter, had had them half soled. "Thank you, Mr. Elkert, I thought you did not want them," he said.

DETROIT, MICH.

Earl Fry, Strathmoor station, had the misfortune to smash his new car by skidding into a telephone post out Grand River Ave. Earl hasn't learned how to "Dodge" 'em yet.

Talk about radio fiends we have one — Bert Smith—in the office. The other day, he was stopped just in the act of sawing the box that the banner was received in. He wanted to take some boards home on which to build a radio outfit. Probably he thought the box wouldn't be needed again, expecting that we would keep the Banner.

"Bill" Strauss, naphtha tankwagon driver in West Detroit, recently had his finger infected and when he went to see the doctor, he was advised to poultice it with linseed meal. This he did and the next morning this was the only clean finger he had. If the ladies wish lily-white hands, we would suggest that they try this.

Hazel Koehler is the only girl in the office we have noticed wearing a diamond ring since Christmas and now we are wondering when the plain band will take its place alongside.

"Sparky" O'Donnell (so called because of his red hair), West Detroit, was out driving the other night and when he stopped the car and started to get out, another machine came along and struck him, damaging the car and spraining "Red's" ankle. He is back on the job again, but says he will never borrow Bob Love's machine again. (Perhaps there isn't enough left of it to borrow.)

We expect that we will soon have lots of interesting pictures to send in for the Stanolind Record, because we understand one of our fascinating young bachelors, by name Howard Chambers, is now operating the Kodak, and no doubt that will be an excuse for the girls to invite him to any events they may have.

It is rumored in polite circles that L. W. Anstess, head station examiner, and A. N. Bailey of Pontiac entertained Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Doolittle, agent and agentess at Mason station, at a chicken dinner served by the ladies of a rural church five miles west of Mason. Anstess was overheard to remark that folks with large families would have benefited as 25 cents a plate is some bargain. It is also rumored that E. F. Patterson, district superintendent, was in town but did not get any chicken. We wonder why.

Harry Dotter, famous hunter from West Detroit, was up at Tawas City recently shooting rabbits. He was there a month ago and killed all there were then (74.) Now he has to wait until the young ones get large enough to hunt.

One of our truck drivers recently had an accident, and in the space reserved for witnesses in the accident report, he wrote, "There were fifteen or twenty witnesses, but the street car came along and got them all."

Claud Crandall, engineer at West Detroit, has been wearing a very broad smile lately. He is now "grandpa."

We were all pleased to see Joe Abbott walk into the office the other morning after a month's serious illness. Even if he doesn't have as much pep as usual, he still has the same old grin, and probably by the next issue he will have forgotten he was ever sick.

Everybody is poor on news this time, because all they can talk or think about is the big party being planned for the night of Washington's birthday.

DULUTH, MINN.

Esthyre Pomroy, our genial telephone operator, who has been on the sick list for the last few days, is again with us, and is as bright and happy as ever.

Well, the buying of skiis and skates ought to be in order now, as the cold weather seems to have settled for good around us this time, and the snow looks good enough for a long stay. This is going to be a big year in winter sports.

We've got a new recommendation for Red Crown. Kenneth MacGregor, our lubricating salesman, came whirring merrily down Third Avenue West with the blizzard at his back. Suddenly the frozen traffic cop thawed out and raised his hand for Mac to stop. Mac threw on the brakes, but nothing stopped. Mac claims it was the wind, but we claim that it was our powerful Red Crown. If it wasn't for the fact that Mac couldn't come to a stop until he had passed a block and a half onward, he might have had a chance to "sell" the policeman on his story of the wind and maybe Red Crown gasoline.

I wonder why Johnnie McCabe always takes the 7:20 car in the mornings? She seems to smile at you every day now Johnnie. Why not pick up courage enough to smile back.

We are very sorry indeed to state that Miss Eleanor Johnson of the credit department is on the sick list and has been away from the office for some time. She has been employed in our credit department for nearly four years and everybody misses her and her smile. We hope that she will again be with us in a very short time. Miss Amanda Klovstad, who has been taking her place in now right at home, and is finding the work enjoyable, and the employees sociable.

Time, 11:58; place, credit department room.

Phil Ecklund looks at clock. His face takes on a startled, frightened look. He murmers, "Already?" He glances at the other occupants of the room, all busily working. He puts on rubbers, places cap in drawer of desk, and sits silently studying the face of the clock. Whistles sound the hour of noon. Phil rises swiftly, dons overcoat and cap and vanishes. All to catch his noon street car.

Our sympathy goes out to Mr. Fitzgerald of the iron barrel department, who recently lost his father through death. The elder Mr. Fitzgerald was well known in Duluth, having lived here for a number of years.

Mrs. Faulger Elander, who was formerly Miss Gladys Weatherby employed in the sales sheet department is now residing at Two Harbors, Minn.

Vernon Hammerbeck, assistant credit man, who has now been with us nearly four months, seems to like his work immensely judging from the number of times that he can be found outside of the room that he works in. However, there may be other attractions than work.

The girls of the office force have organized a sewing circle and meetings are to be held every two weeks. No officers have been elected and, as there seems to be none needed, electioneering will be tabooed. They have been meeting now for three months and the last meeting was held by Miss Edna Nelson at Superior. A luncheon during the meeting is one of the main events.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Rule, agent at Marquette, announce the arrival of a nine-pound baby girl at their home recently. Both baby and Mrs. Rule are doing nicely. Mr. Rule has now let it be known that he intends to change modes of transportation and forego his famous bicycle for the needed baby buggy. We surely extend our congratulations to you Ben. How about the cigars?

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Brooker proudly announce the arrival of an eight-pound baby boy at their home. His name is David Lloyd and from all apparent signs he will follow his father's footsteps in the oil business. Lloyd Brooker Sr. is agent at our station at Minocqua.

The bowling league that was organized in the main office is now assured of permanency, and bowling is in full swing. While there are many youthful aspirants to be bowlers, there are also quite a number of good pin spillers among the flock. Four teams have been put together and given the names of Red Crowns, Solites, Perfections and Semdacs. The first meet was held December 12.

FARGO, N. D.

L. J. Fladseth of the auditing department is the latest benedict, the lucky young lady being Miss Hazel Peterson of Duluth.

Miss Laura Tollerud is wearing a new diamond. The price of groceries will probably go up soon in a certain district on the north side.

Chief Clerk Carnine has been taking dancing lessons. At the rate he was fox trotting at the last party it is evident that he is a very apt pupil.

Mrs. Beauchamp entertained a number of lady office workers at a party. They were dressed in children's garb. As long skirts have now been "in" for two months, and the weather was rather chilly, some of the girls caught rather bad colds.

District Superintendent C. K. Hills and Salesman-agent J. J. Loberg of Bismarck were visitors at the Fargo office during the past week.

The Social Club is especially appreciated by the older members of the organization. Before the club idea was originated, it was a common sight to see some "bird" flitting about the office trying to get a quarter, or as much as possible out of each employee to buy a present for a prospective bride, or flowers for some potential angel. It was usually the same bunch that donated. Under the present system a stated amount is paid for each gift. As practically all employees are members of the club, the "donating" is evenly distributed, and the amount required small.

Salesman C. H. Dragert of the Towner territory has made quite some hit with his violin. It is not uncommon for him, after playing for a group of people, to immediately receive orders without solicitation. Music has its charms.

After an absence of six years, Miss Inga Nelson visited her parents at Caron, Saskatchewan, Canada, during the month of November

Leonard Wenberg, new agent at Stephen, Minn., has purchased an International Speed Wagon. This, together with Mr. Wenberg's pep, insures good service for the coming year to customers in that locality.

R. R. Randall, cashier of Fargo office for several years, has been promoted to the position of general clerk, H. G. Green succeeding Mr. Randall as cashier. Both are hard workers, and their promotions were well deserved.

Ed Lindberg, salesman in the Carrington territory, recently visited the Fargo office. Ed was employed in the office for a number of years, and it seemed like old times to have him with us again.

George O'Connor, agent at St. Thomas, N. D., is a patient at the Mayo clinic at Rochester, Minn.

The following officers were elected at the semi-annual business meeting of the Standard Oil Company Social Club: H. H. Kincaid, president; Alvina Nelson, vice-president; Fred Tucker, secretary-treasurer, and B. Smith and Mrs. Kate Gerties, executive committee. F. I. Packard gave a short talk complimenting the retiring president, H. H. Hathaway, on the good work done during the past year and urged all members to cooperate with the new officers in order that the club might continue to be a success. Mr. Beaton also spoke.

H. W. Kock, agent at Fort Rice, N. D., has been granted a six weeks leave of absence. Isn't this a rather late honeymoon, Heine?

Shortly before the first of the year a meeting was held at the Fargo office with all station examiners in attendance. Mr. Dawson of the Chicago office spoke on general station examining work. He gave the boys some especially good points on "A" station work. Messrs. Carnine and Westmiller also gave instructive talks.

H. N. Ebeltoft, A. W. Erdal, M. G. Hood, J. P. Beaton, Adolph Meister, Emil Johnson, C. K. Hills, F. J. Lawrence, C. L. Ward, S. F. Hollingsworth, J. M. Stangl, D. W. Smith, C. L. Bowen and G. F. Harris are holding their heads a little higher and stepping a little livelier now. They were presented with solid gold pins in recognition of ten years continuous service with the Company. Other employees are looking forward with anticipation to the time when they may become members of the "Ten Year" club.

CROOKSTON

We extend our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Dahl in the loss of their infant son.

Charles Daymond, former truck salesman at Crookston, has been transferred to motor equipment work with Mr. Rickertt.

At the rate all classes of candles are selling through the Crookston merchants, there is no doubt but what the supply will be doubled next year.

Mr. Westmiller of the Fargo office called for a few minutes recently while waiting for a delayed train.

Miss Loraine Tardiff, formerly clerk at the Crookston "A" station, spent vacation visiting friends and relatives in Crookston.

John Bragstad, attendant at S. S. 28, visited at the home of his mother in Gary, Minn.

Salesman H. I. Freeberg is again on the job after being confined to his home for a few days with an attack of the flu.

In a special effort to clean up all old accounts, Agent-salesman Boileau secured a shovel and placed it on his faithful Ford. At about 3:00 p. m. he started on a thirty-mile drive. Things went nicely for a while, then all of a sudden the Old Faithful commenced to lose speed and soon was at a standstill. After an investigation he found it would be impossible to move the car. He did not lose courage, however, but phoned for another car and was soon on his way again. The stake truck was sent out and the helpless Ford loaded on it bodily and hauled to town. Mr. Boileau returned at about 10:00 p. m. Yes, he had the money in his pocket.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

While on his way from Traverse City to attend a football game at Petoskey, Harry Ellis, district superintendent, was stopped on the road by a party who ran out of gas, and asked assistance. Mr. Ellis having plenty of gas was ready to pay the good Samaritan, therefore, deposited gas from his Buick with a one-ounce hydrometer into the other fellows car over a course of seven miles. On his way back to Traverse City, he encountered a man fumbling away with a car in the ditch and it suddenly dawned on him that he possessed a tow rope—this time he used it to tow in the car into Traverse City and let his little hydrometer rest.

Harry Winterburn, our road mechanic at Kalamazoo, reports he had the misfortune to lose his his youngest child by death on December 26. Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to the sorrowing parents.

Frank Kirby of the checking department has been ill with a very sore eye for some time. He was surprised on Christmas day with a basket of luscious fruit from his co-workers. Here's hoping you will soon be with us, Frank.

Gerald Newbecker of the garage reports the arrival of a bouncing baby girl at his house December 15, who is to be known henceforth as Helen Marie. Congratulations Mr. and Mrs. Newbecker.

Also, on December 15, a "wee bit of Heaven" in the form of a baby girl, Doris Mae, made its appearance at the home of Roy Travis of the garage. We wish to congratulate the happy parents.

Take notice! Our gentle tank wagon billing clerk, Harriet Van Domelen, picked a "rose from the garden of men," and on December 20, came to the office with a smiling visage due to a "sparkler" on her left hand. A-hem!

Fred Willetts of the warehouse has left the Standard Oil Company and is now with the Standard Auto Company. Anyone in the market for a Ford, see Fred.

It was a real holiday treat when Ace Hannah, formerly assistant chief clerk and now of the Joliet office, paid us a visit. It did everyone a world of good to shake his hand and say "how-de-do."

Elsa Frey, the "nut brown maiden", is having a glorious time while on her vacation. Little Arlene Elizabeth, her only niece, is visiting at Grandmother Frey's with her mama, who was before her marriage Bertha Frey. Arlene came from Wichita, Kan., for the visit.

We were glad to welcome Miss Ellen Van Allsburg who is now Ediphone operator. Hope you like us, Ellen, because we know we're going to like you.

The girls of the Grand Rapids office had a real party recently. After a few turns of fantastic stepping to "canned" music, the girls marched into the dining room where appetizing refreshments were served on prettily decorated tables. Freida Frey was the master-mind of the party, planning each detail. She sprang a new game on the girls—after the "eats" were over—when she passed around little slips of paper. All wondered what the next surprise was going to be. The climax came, when each pulled a "job", washing dishes, drying, sweeping, etc. The office girls showed they can do housework. Eligible young men will line up to the right please.

It seemed like old times again to see H. R. Cochran in the Grand Rapids office.

Our deep sympathy is extended to our agent at Shelby, C. E. Getty, whose wife died on December 17.

"Dad" Shrider, we certainly were glad to see your smiling face in the office again. We like to have our old friends come in and see us.

David Bowen, our pump repairman, and a member of the Standard Oil Company family for 37 years, is now placed on the annuity roll. During his whole career at the Standard Oil Company Mr. Bowen cannot boast of anything but a large host of friends throughout the whole field. You are one grand man, Mr. Bowen, and we certainly hope you will not forget to come in and see us now and then.

HURON, S. D.

We have three new agents with us this month: A. H. Dibbit, taking over the station at Vivian; Carl Beiber, at Spencer, and L. C. Dusdll, taking the station at Mt. Vernon. We also have two additions to the office force, Margaret Hartman as stenographer in the records and marketing department, and Earl Newton in the stationery room. Welcome to the family.

Sie Tyrrell, whose place was taken by Earl Newton, now has charge of the advertising material being used in the Huron field.

Will somebody please tell us why Mildred is so fond of music, they say that Ludka's Orchestra is good—so is the Society Orchestra. Which would you join, Mildred?

Ted LeValley is now back at his old stand as agent in the Huron warehouse—glad to see you back, Ted.

While Ole Olson was out on a collection drive he took in so much money that his car got stuck bringing it in—well, if you won't believe that, he really did do a lot of collecting, and he did run off the road. Of course there are several reasons why men might run off the road.

The following members of our organization were presented with service pins on the first of the year: H. H.Miller, H. B. Coshun, Elsie Erickson-Gardner, D. F. Hamlin, H. L. Jamison, J. R. Stephens, ten to twenty-year pins; W. M. Barnett, twenty-year pin.

A letter was received from S. E. Johnston, a customer of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) at Hazel, S. Dak., praising the work of Agent G. R. Cadwell, who, he says, has never missed an opportunity to serve".

When Margaret Hartman came down from Aberdeen to work for the Standard Oil Company, Chief Clerk Miller, sent our two Aberdeen stenographers, Misses Taylor and Tormey, down to meet her. The only information he could give them was she was from Aberdeen, evidently, in his opinion, all Aberdeen girls look alike.

Manager A. H. Dodsley and Assistant Manager C. L. Bailey have returned from Chicago office where they attended the managers meeting.

Ward Lambert is leaving us to start a men's furnishing and tailor shop at Wessington. He can have our business only on the condition that he use Cleaners' Naphtha.

The first game of the basketball season was disastrous to the Standard Oil Company's basketball opponent—BUT—the second game was more disastrous to us. The first game broke all "dope" when the Standard Oil team outplayed the Legion, which everybody believed to be the strongest team, and then we went down to defeat before the K. C. team.

There has been some rumor around the office to the effect that the girls are starting a basketball team. As usual, they intend to play among themselves.

Specialty salesman Jerry Daly is to take over the Redfield territory, headquartering at Redfield.

John Drew is now working in the equipment department. Previous to this, he was clerk at the Huron warehouse.

M. W. Plowman is to change from salesman to agent instructor.

WATERTOWN

C. L. Bailey was in Watertown on business recently.

G. O. Perkins transacted business in Arlington and Huron.

Service Station Attendants Wilbur and Rau are very busy making sales of coupon books and securing new customers for their S. S. 302.

Matt Zerfas has been flirting with a touch of the grip.

Fred Johnson has materially increased his gallonage in the town of Grover.

With the temperature hanging around twenty degrees below, the car of Stanolind Furnace Oil, which has just arrived at Watertown, will no doubt receive a warm welcome.

Agent Oscar H. Hanson or Revillo has temporarily converted his truck into a dray, and is bringing in some of the long lost numbered barrels. (Good for you, Oscar.)

This is purely an employees' magazine, success or failure from a Huron standpoint rests with the employees here. Notes of interest from the field will be welcomed by our correspondent, and field notes are vitally necessary if this column is to be of interest and helpful to all company employees. This is our big year, let's hear what you have to say.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

George Russell, who wanders around in the circuit towns and is pretty well recognized by his broad brimmed hat, enjoyed his usual good health the other day, finished his trip without mishap, parked his truck in the street by the plant and cashed in—then the brainstorm struck. He didn't do a thing but rush home to Mrs. Russell, forgot all about having a truck to pull in the garage. But, say, Bill Moylen, night watchman, didn't take kindly to this little lapse of memory, and they do claim Bill burnt up telephone wires in his eagerness to pull George away from his supper.

He was a "slicker," and from scattered reports coming in, he carried pockets full of 5 and 10 cent store rings, supposedly to represent fraternal orders of all descriptions. His game was to play on the heart strings or purse strings, rather, of service station men. "My car is stuck down the street, and I only need $3 to get pulled in, here take this ring as security," he said, which notes the passing of "three bucks" from Carl Koehler, W. L. Burch and I. A. Denwood.

Seymour S. S. 55 is our new addition, bossed by Clarence Bunton and R. L. Clark. The Elwood service station has just been put in operation. M. W. McCan and Alva Hurst are in charge.

The city of Bloomington, Ind., is rather shy on water. In line with the usual Standard Oil Company service, the service station is running up a neat gallonage on this particular kind of liquid.

Ray Ramsey is hitting the ball as Madison circuit driver. Ray got his earlier Standard Oil "pep" operating a tractor on the products he is now selling.

Fred Houston, Lewis Creek agent, is starting up in the chicken business and would like to hear from those in the market for chickens, especially hens. Fred guarantees this stock to be daily layers and require practically no feed at all. Another millionaire on his way, we'd say, unless the hens don't practice according to Fred's guarantee.

A "sneeze" from the Madison reporter claims George Black, city driver at that point, sat up all night to get an ear full of election returns. George got so wrapped up in politics over this seance he is now claiming the distinction of being the first man to name the politics of the next president.

The other noon the brakes on John Shugrue's bus failed to function and he landed up on the sidewalk of our principal shopping street, so John went on a tour of window shopping.

Forrest Keelen, former agent instructor and Stanolind Record reporter de luxe, has been promoted to the position of assistant tankwagon superintendent at Indianapolis.

A recent pie-party was "thrown" by a choice selection of drivers at Indianapolis, and a like number of warehousemen. There were nineteen couples in attendance and thirty-eight pies consumed. Figure it out—after allowing nine pies each to Tankwagon Superintendent Buckner and Stake Truck Driver Tony Kirsch, the undisputed champions. To settle the pies, the allegedly famous string "band," composed of George Russell, Willie Gegerich and Clay Moose, played some discords to which those present managed to dance a quadrille. John Stoner acted as caller for the "hoe down." The success of the pie-party, which was originated by Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hamilton, is also due in part to the help of Drivers Jim O'Kelly and Sterling Ogle, Shipping Clerk Freddy Miller and their "better halves."

The girls of the Indianapolis office put on a party recently with Messrs. Marshall, Serrin, Ashman and Piene as guests of honor. As for the eats, the Standard Oil girls won undying fame. In support of this declaration of dexterity, it can be said that Phil A. ate four pieces of cake. The others were so closely bunched that they are all claiming second place. After-dinner speaking was indulged in to the limit, including a toast by Miss Nelle Sage, which she had "by heart," due to many sleepless nights of practicing. Much credit is due Mrs. Thompson and Misses McCurdy, Schell and Sage for the success of the party.

A "little mouse" saw and heard the following at the party: Our senior compo operator defied the laws of gastronomy by mixing ice cream with pickles. Yes, Daisy Voyles managed to hold her right place at the table. Mr. Marshall's house hunting worries ended. He got one for Christmas. "How does she stay single," was the comment over Irene McCurdy's cake. Eva O'Donnell and her "beau" did great work in wrapping the little baskets with red paper. The most terrible part of the party was when Pearl Holiday talked an arm off of our new manager. Mr. Fellingham of the Chicago office, who was at the party last year, was among those the girls wished had been present. As a slinger of similies, Fred Peine made the potato salad blush when he compared the girls present to a bunch of American Beauties. Don't overlook the hard part—washing and wiping the dishes. Thanks is hereby extended to Helen Schell, Ella Wagner, Clara Goede and Nelle Sage.

The Indianapolis office girls are being terrorized by a mouse. The last time the man-hunting mammal invaded the office, it ran over a desk. Girls, unable to escape the animal by leaping on chairs, screamed and fainted—at least three did. Misses Geddings, Turner and Hanlon succumbed to the fainting spell. When they regained consciousness the animal had disappeared. Despite a trap set by the janitor, the mouse still is at large.

JOLIET, ILL.

ELGIN

On Thanksgiving eve, the employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) at Elgin hired a hall and set themselves down to a sumptuous feast. From the list of things they had to eat, we are wondering how many survived. What has become of the long face Al Fischer was wearing that evening? We hear it disappeared all of a sudden.

Service Station Attendant Walter Anderson has taken unto himself a wife and the Standard Oil family is one larger at Elgin.

ROCKFORD

Jim Marston, the new clerk at Rockford, has missed his calling. He should have started in as a poet. We hear he writes them up before breakfast every morning.

Roy Johnson is sure showing them how to sell candles.

Miss Switz, cashier, received so many holiday cards that the postman had to make an extra trip.

While repairing his truck, Roy Stockley had the misfortune to strain his back. We sincerely hope you'll get well in a hurry, Roy.

To Nels Pederson, agent at Reddick, we hand the cut glass ice pick. He has had his Ford truck for three years and has never had to have any repairs made to same. Quit bragging, Nels, or your troubles will begin.

Our new agent at Dwight is L. A. Hansen. We welcome him and C. A. Boerchler, our new agent at Momence, into the Standard Oil family.

Glenn Woodworth, our peppy agent, at Sheffield, has been seriously ill with pneumonia for the past ten days, but we are pleased to report that he is recovering, and we hope to see him back on the job soon.

"Swede" Lindberg, mechanic, is greatly missed at La Salle. Even by the cop. By the way, Axel, that self-same cop still wants to know what you have in that box on the back of your Ford.

J. P. Lay, agent-salesman at La Salle, recently won a prize in a pie-eating contest. Further particulars, please, Mr. Lay.

At a meeting of the agents in the Dwight territory on December 6, a distillation test was run, which proved very interesting. Thanks to Mr. Scheidt and Mr. Ball, who conducted the test.

Francis Ruder, former agent at Herscher, has resigned and now takes his place among the cows and chickens.

Kirchner at Wilmington must have fallen into the river, as we never hear from him. Speak up, Mugs. How's the new Reo.

Everything is all right, Mr. Rodman.

Should anyone desire to start trouble, ask Kaney what she was looking for that Monday on the Lockport car. We hear the car was fifteen minutes late in getting to Lockport. Since when are you getting so absent-minded, Katrina?

Leo Pesavento advises all young people contemplating the fatal step to make their future home in Lockport, as rents are so reasonable.

What's this we hear about another romance on the first floor? Don't try to pull the wool over Hazel's eyes Chick just because she's new here. We all know you too well.

Bill Zieck, stationery clerk, now spends his evenings listening to the radio, which he has installed.

Standard Oil bowling team, captained by Ace Hanna, assistant chief clerk, entered the Illinois State District Tournament held in Aurora starting January 5, and also the Chicago Heights tournament, which is held later.

Dave Rang claims high honors in being the highest kicker standing on one foot. Recently during lunch hour Mr. Rang and the elongated Bill Watson enagaged in a duel, Dave winning by kicking Bill's hat off. We hear Bill needs a block and tackle to raise his No. 13 more than two feet off the floor. Youth has nothing on old age.

Anyone desiring a good remedy for the hiccoughs, please consult Miss Lil Lundberg, as she has one, tried and true.

Have you got your hatpin with you, Gladys?

We note something sparkling on the right finger of Lynda Pasold's left hand. What does it all mean? Anyway, he is simply wonderful and lives in Peoria. Everybody start saving your pennies for the big day.

Who is the young man on the first floor who hasn't been inside a barber shop for ten years?

Don Campbell, lubricating department, is visiting in St. Joe, Mo.

Who is this Felix Smith of Centralia, Elsie Fritz?

Alex Findlay and Agnes Paton can tell you all about it—ask them. We promised not to say anything about it at all.

J. D. Quinn, Kankakee agent, spent the holidays in Joliet.

Why is Les Meyers such a good little boy around the office? Can you tell us?

A. R. Martin, S. S. 13, received the blow of his life when an automobile hit him and bowled him over. Mr. Martin was not hurt, however, and reported for work as usual.

Ray Nelson spent the holidays with his people in Iowa.

Wally DeGroat is spending his vacation at Belvidere practicing on his roller skates.

Louie Brehm has returned after spending two weeks as champion piano mover. Louie likes his own job best.

The Joliet office distributed about thirty baskets filled with good things to the poor of Joliet the Saturday before Christmas.

Did everyone see Bob Anderson's new timepiece? SHE gave it to him.

We were glad to receive a Christmas greeting from Mr. J. W. Honomichl at Decatur. Gone, but not forgotten.

George Johnson and Elmer Campbell spent the holidays at Peter McCarthy's Morning Star Mission. "The Flop" assisted in the serving of Christmas dinner to the down and outs. This is an annual affair with the men in the cage.

Robert Fraser has been transferred to the order department to take the place of Roy White, who has returned to the dear old warehouse. Nat Rowell takes Bob's place as 04 clerk.

Eva, where did your tonsils go to?

Ann Swenson seems to be O. K. now after her siege with diphtheria.

Did you know that our beloved stock department is engaged to sing for Victor records. We heard them practicing one evening downstairs and didn't know just what kind of a fight was being fought.

What's this we hear about Frances Smith and Bill Watson?

Who is the young man on the second floor that dashes for the telephone at the stroke of twelve and calls up someone, every day? Don't worry, Alex, we've all got your number.

Leonard Lundstrom seems to be getting considerable mail from Dixon lately. Please tell us who she is, "Len."

"Alec" Morrison says the longer he works, the lighter the barrels get. We wish we could all get the same kind of a drink.

Harry Johnson says the Packard, White, Ford and other truck manufacturers ought to do a lot of research work before attempting to assemble their machines.

Mr. Pietsch was recently stopped for speeding by a Swedish "cop" and tried to get off with the stall that he was a physician and was in a hurry, to which the "cop" retaliated. "I don't care if you are going fishing, you can't speed."

Mr. Sontag is still looking for a house, and says if he doesn't find one pretty quick, he'll have to go back to the cave-man existence. Well, those days weren't so bad at that, John.

While Fred Haight was carving the holiday turkey, Christmas eve, his little boy remarked, "We aren't going to tell 'daddy' that we got him a new shirt for Christmas, mamma, are we?"

By the way, Hub Henrick's little boy doesn't like the idea of his dad getting a new razor-strop for Christmas.

Dave Hutchinson said he'd heard so much about Santa this year that he was going to find out if there is really and truly a Santa or whether it is only tonky-talk.

Art Pickard says the only thing he's got against working is that it takes up so much of his time. He can't go to matinees, pink teas, or anything.

Roy Johnson says he worked harder in December than all the other months put together.

We've been waiting over a month to hear wedding bells for one of our drivers. We all wonder when it's coming off.

One shouldn't think too hard, but we have been trying to figure out why it is necessary for D. C. Farrow to come to Rockford every week-end. What can be the attraction?

Well, of all things, Freeport office is decorated with the Joliet Red Crown Banner for highest percentage of Red Crown sales.

Well, you all know how a little boy feels when he gets something new? and how long he keeps it until it's gone? Here's a secret: Rockford employees are designing a banner to fill up that empty space, and it's going to read "gone, but not forgotten."

MENDOTA

J. T. Brady, Mendota driver, is under quarantine for scarlet fever. Five weeks for Brady.

We wish to ask Bill Mahar all about the time he tried to swipe those nuts and got caught.

G. R. Minot, Mendota driver, appeared on the job the other morn with a big coon skin cap tied over his ears. They're nice if you think so, Minot, but you can't hear whether the I. H. C. is hitting on one or four, and besides you can't hear the farmers when they holler, "Stop."

We noticed Harry Kauffman, from LaSalle, on our streets today. Harry looks bad—we think we know the reason. She's attending college in Chicago this winter. It'll all come out all right, Harry,. Don't worry your young life away. Sell lots of Red Crown and Polarine, save your money, and—you know the rest.

How long did you say that tooth was, Mr. Buchman?

Why was Art Stratton, salesman, delighted over the prospects of a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year? Where did he spend his time?

W. P. Anderson, LaMoille agent, spent a few hours here the other evening. What was the argument about, anyway? Well, we all forget and make mistakes once in a while.

KEWANEE

Brigadier General J. S. Connell has become an ardent supporter of the art of bowling. He maintains that bowling has a higher end-point than Red Crown.

Our new auditor made his initial appearance recently and introduced himself as J. D. Barnes. However, he doesn't look the part of his name. How's the weather up there, John? He carries one slogan with him and that is "Geneseo or bust," for Saturday night.

The Y. M. C. A. Bowling Alley has been overhauled and redecorated, and is now ready for the Industrial League of Kewanee, of which the "Red Crowns" are a member. There are eight teams in this league, two of them being the "Red Crowns" and the "Sinclairs." If Kewanee finishes in seventh place, our greatest glory will be to see the "Sinclairs" in eighth place. Also—Kewanee issues a challenge to any bowling team in the division in any alley, even if it's Gasoline Alley. How could it be otherwise.

We wish to advise the girls of the Joliet office that Ton Sprague, known in Hooppole as Truman J. Sprague, is still single-footing his way around Kewanee, and the days are still getting shorter. (Please send us a picture of the above mentioned for our Matrimonial Bureau.)

J. M. Hartzell, truck driver at Dixon, Ill., has resigned, and R. M. Schmalling, former driver, is back on the job again. Watch the Semdac go.

Harry Howarth, painter, has returned to work after being off a short time on account of illness.

Niles Clausen, driver at De Kalb, is accused of laying down on the job. It all concerns a certain young lady and an Essex.

A. W. Rose, De Kalb agent, has a new way of obtaining money from some of his customers who owe him for deliveries. Any one interested, please get in touch with Mr. Rose.

Our new agent, Charles Byers, at Kirkland, is putting the town on the map, we hear. How about all those gains, Charles?

Mr. Neibergall, Sycamore agent, claims the booby prize on the number of curb pumps in his territory.

M. L. Crossley, Princeton agent, has returned to work after a short illness.

Ask George Ball what he thinks of Sugar Grove as a possible location for progressive business men. We hear Mr. Ball is going to spend his vacation there, enjoying the scenery and drinking sodas at the general store.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

L. E. McGregor, our agent at Fredonia, Kan., announced the arrival of a big baby boy, at his home on December 13. Who says the thirteenth isn't lucky? We hope he raises the boy to serve with Standard Oil Company, as a good one like Mr. McGregor can always be placed.

The following employees from the Kansas City office had a vacation around Christmas: Miss Bulson, head of dictaphone department, visited her home in Iowa; L. R. Jones, chief clerk, somewhere in the east; G. Y. Shuck spent the holidays with his brother down in Missouri; C. A. Lewers, sales manager, spent Christmas day at the home of Mrs. Lewers in Hannibal, Mo., and Miss Deane Allan, the life of the credit department, left without saying where she was going. Mr. Kosmoski is counting the hours till she returns. Her place is being well taken care of by Miss Wells in the meantime. We hope all had a good time.

George Bartholemew and wife of the Chicago office were visitors in Kansas City during the holidays. George is one of the old timers around the Kansas City office; and we are glad to hear is getting along well in Chicago.

H. F. Johnston, hustling service station attendant, has been married.

The stork delivered an eight and one half pound boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Moore just in time for Christmas. Charlie is salesman at Warrensburg, Mo. Does he have the earmarks of a salesman, Charlie? Or a ball player?

Bill Spickel, congenial office boy, got on the wrong car the other night and went right on through into the stock yards before he woke up. Better hit the hay earlier, Bill.

We had a short visit from Joe Sullivan, salesman for Oklahoma territory. Always look us up when you're in town, Joe.

George Gates was running a fractional distillation in the locker room the other day and Clarence Dawson thought he was trying out a new recipe for home made whiskey. The initial boiling point was too low, however.

The consuming trade campaign was won by District No. 3, A. P. Zeckser, superintendent. The entry was the Dusenberg Special. C. W. Nichols run a close second with Micarine. J. H. Hefty, third, with Lightnin' and the Polarbear Four and Polarburg bringing up the rear. That affix Polar must be what did it. How about it Mr. Bryan and Mr. Tennant?

Carl Chatten is a great basketball follower; as also are Jack Harris and Henry Parry. They can play a great game on paper.

Does everybody know Sarah Cook Berry's latest admirer? If not, ask Grace Colgan.

Harry Thompson, one of the oldest salesmen in point of service in the Kansas City field, decided to take the fatal step on January 4. We understand a wedding reception is to be held (Ed West tipped us off). We will report it later on.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Mr. Collum, agent at Black River Falls, was a business caller at the La Crosse office last week.

We regret to report the death of Mrs. J. P. Conlon, wife of our agent at Le Roy, Minn.

T. J. Thorson has been transferred from country salesman to town salesman on the Green Bay line.

A new bulk station was opened at Arpin, Wis., in December.

A. B. Nichols, chief clerk, was called to Spokane, Wash., on account of sickness. Our sympathy is extended to him and his family.

Mrs. Kane spent the past week "bumming". She said she had a wonderful time.

Miss Helen Fergerson spent the Christmas holidays at her home in Mauston, Wis.

H. E. Bruce and J. E. Monegan were called to Chicago, to a business meeting recently.

Miss Helen Gassert spent the Christmas holidays at Dubuque and Waukon, Iowa.

There must be a "Love Bug" near Ed Grove's desk, as every stenographer Ed gets soon leaves to take up household duties. Lucille hasn't given us the exact date, but we expect it will be soon. Congratulations Lucille.

We wish to express our sympathy to Miss Lottie Klandrud, whose mother died December 20.

A. D. Kirk spent the holidays in St. Paul and Hastings, Minn.

Mac's New Year's resolutions was "To be a good boy." Wonder how long he can keep it?

F. W. Blumrich spent the holidays in St. Paul. There's some attraction there as he goes quite often. Who is she Fred?

John Stair has resumed his duties as agent instructor.

On December 29, service pins were given to S. L. Levy and H. F. Knothe, representing thirty years of continuous service; F. W. Fullmer and G. M. Rathbun, representing twenty years of continuous service, and J. E. Monegan, C. J. Stokke, O. C. Evenson, B. J. Volz, A. L. Barton, O. B. Johnson and C. W. Rhodes, representing ten years of continuous service. Presentation was made by H. E. Bruce, manager, and each recipient responded with a short review of his work during his connection with the Standard Oil Company.

WINONA, MINN.

Al Scheidegger, agent at Fountain City, would like to have Mr. McMann line up all the trucks in the La Crosse division and have him come down and look them over so he could pick out one to suit him. Al says every point in his field is known as a ridge or a valley and suggests that the management take a plane and go over his field. How's the weather up, or down, there Al?

Popular! Who? Harry Gleason, service station attendant at Winona. Why? He was the only one at Winona to receive greetings from the La Crosse girls at Christmas and he received—Oh, about a dozen. Beware! Harry, they will get you. Harry also rode the Elk's goat and got by, only having to stand up for one full week.

D. V. Guentz, service station attendant at No. 19 at Winona, wishes to take this opportunity to state that he was complimented on having the best Christmas window decoration in the La Crosse field by one of our managers. Good work Douglas, we're all with you.

Earl Berger, our city tankwagon salesman at Winona, claims he received by far the best Christmas present of any of us for upon December 21, there arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Berger, a big bouncing baby boy, weighing nine and a half pounds. Congratulations Berger, we agree with you it was a good Christmas present.

On December 28, the employees of the Standard Oil Company at Rochester, Minn., had rabbit supper at home of A. J. Goddard, district superintendent. Salesmen A. Enderson, A. Stolen and Goddard shot the rabbits, taking two days to get five of them. They claim that they shot seven, but murder will out. Thanks is due to Mrs. Goddard and Mrs. Stolen for preparing the delicious supper.

MANKATO, MINN.

We are led to contemplate with admiration the magnificent patience exhibited by F. Blough, service station superintendent, when he perambulates his flivver down the highway with a twenty-five mile governor thereto attached. The martyred look upon his face is sad to behold.

We admit a lack of news from the boys on the firing line. Attendants, agents and salesmen should wake up to the fact that the Record is their magazine. Send in your news!

Mike Gretz, auditing department, smilingly appeared at the office the other day wearing a proud smile and carrying the candy and cigars. It's a girl.

Our bowling team is afflicted with that saddest of afflictions—alibiitis. They have it in the most malignant form. It is heart-rending to hear George Kelly tell about the way he hit them and why they didn't fall, but when courtesy compels us to harken unto the entire team—it's too much. We don't blame them for refusing to have their picture taken, because it takes nerve even to appear at the office the morning after a match.

C. W. Nelson, agent at Faribault, is all set for the snow. He has invested in a pair of big four-buckle arctics, and says, "Let it come." Incidently we might mention that Faribault is killing all quotas during the month of December.

B. E. Berry called a meeting of salesmen in District No. 2 at Windom. We mentioned that District No. 3 had a snappy meeting in November, but judging from reports, Berry's boys put on an old-fashioned pep-fest without a previous equal.

R. E. Nuebel has been sorely afflicted with cold feet, which is passing strange for him. He will be cured now though because he bought a keep-warm-feet pad for the jitney.

C. A. Wendt, former agent at Springfield, has been transferred to the New Ulm field as salesman. We predict success for Charley. He is a worker, a thinker and a co-operator.

Visitors to the office will have to get out a search warrant to locate various departments in the downstair's office. Ye correspondent is now placed in the southeast corner, where he will be presented with all the working tools necessary to sending in voluminous copy to the Record. We give you this information so that no one will leave copy where it will go astray.

The Red Crown Club's card party and box social was a grand success for those who attended. This party was given to raise funds for the Christmas party which is set for December 22, and a neat sum was realized for the club's exchequer. C. J. Humm, salesman in the St. Peter field, walked off with the top prize, which is twice in a row for him. Hereafter he receives a handicap of considerable proportions to start with. Oliver Olson suffered a loss of appetite when he bid on the wrong box, and thereby couldn't eat supper with his sweetie. Tough luck, Oliver.

Harold ("Wallie") Anderson has been transferred to the head of the checking department, and H. B. ("Bud") McCarl, former head of the checking department, is now general clerk. J. F. ("Jack") Krier has been transferred to the equipment department, and his genial countenance now graces the downstair's office. Everett Gottschalk, book-keeping department, has been transferred to head of the sales-writing department.

Charles Johnson, collector, who answers to "Chuck," has made an automobile trade whereby he disposed of his little coupe for a big six of unknown name. Chuck says it's some boat, but in the next breath he asks if we want to buy a good second-hand car. If any of the boys in the field are looking for a good, high-powered automobile get in touch with Chuck, because you might get a rare bargain.

Russell Miller, tank truck driver in the Mankato field, recently took unto himself a wife. We all wish Russ and the Mrs. many years of happiness and prosperity.

C. S. Sorenson, salesman in the Faribault field, tells a tale about a man, who runs a store in a little village and resells gasoline (Red Crown exclusively). The merchant refuses to have a Red Crown Globe or any advertising of any nature about his building. A driver coming up asks, "What kind of gasoline is in the pump?" Jakey replies, "Vat kind you vant?" Driver, "I've been using ————," interrupted by Jakey, "Dot's vat it iss." Driver, "But I've decided to stick to Red Crown, so I guess I'll look for the disc." Jakey shrieks, "Dot's vat it iss! H-o-n-e-s-t! Dot's vat it iss. I can prove it to you. Come on b-a-c-k!" Name and address of this Red Crown customer will be supplied upon request if you want to try this out.

The man of many troubles, ye correspondent, has been profoundly and heartily roasted for neglecting to spring some stories on himself in the Mankato column of the Record. To offset the scurrilous talk which has been floating about the Division he here and now makes the following statements: That he distinctly remembers the time the alarm clock failed him, the furnace fire went out, he couldn't find his other shoe, and failed to appear for duty at the office until 10:30 a. m.; that he remembers the time he journeyed to St. Peter to see a basketball game when the game had been played the night before; that he remembers the time that he struck out with three men on and two down; that he remembers the time he went fishing and lost the fish; that he remembers the time he slipped on the top of Hickory Street hill and slid all the way down on his back; that he distinctly remembers the time he was singing "A-roamin' in the Gloamin'" at the top of his lungs when the chief clerk appeared on the scene; that he remembers the time he asked Miss Sawyer to sing at a banquet and then forgot to call on her when the time came. These and many other things he remembers, oh so vividly. If there is anything which we have overlooked we here and now admit it without contradiction or argumentation but we suggest that, in the future, if anyone gets anything

"on" the correspondent that it be sent direct to the editor for publication.

H. B. Ray, salesman, Fairmont field, paid a visit to the office force recently. Harry drove his Ford to the shop for it's winter overhauling and spent the time before train time in going over various matters with department heads.

Julius Carlson cracked himself on the hand just before Christmas and got into the accident column. It's a little rough on our "no accident" record, but Julius says he'll be back to work in a couple of days so we are thankful that it wasn't more serious.

The November coupon book campaign among the employees of the Mankato office force came to a close with fierce battling among all contestants. Lester Wilcox found that Oran Davis' connections with his garage friend were too strong. Wilcox put up a real sales fight for the honors and shares honors practically equal with his co-worker in the cashier's cage. Madelyn Balzer waltzed away with high honors among the ladies with Mrs. Kircher a close second. The coupon book campaign was a success through the enthusiastic effort of every office employee. A thorough canvass was made of the entire city directly following a direct-by-mail advertising campaign. Plans are now being laid for a go-get-em campaign on coupon books during the month of March.

Members of the Red Crown bowling team journeyed to New Ulm recently to participate in the bowling tournament held in that city. Messrs. Pinney, Kelly, C. Nuebel and H. Lenertz made the trip but for some strange reason they are all reticent concerning their showing. Speak up, boys, and tell us how it happened.

Frank Brown, traffic department, safely transferred his family to their new abode during the month. The Browns now have a beautiful home. with plenty of room in the cellar.

Anyone laying claim to the Norwegian whist championship should first get in touch with J. J. Meyer, who, with another "lutevisker" will take them on as they come.

The annual party of the Red Crown Club was held in the offices with Santa appearing on schedule time, his pack loaded down with presents for everyone there. The Red Crown male quartet delighted the gathering with timely numbers of the old songs. Sidney Field gave a number of his dialect readings, being compelled to respond to numerous encores. Bobby Scherer "knocked 'em cold" with a recitation. The Red Crown Rural Band created a lurid atmosphere of black and blue harmony. Human Shienk Sawyer delighted the gathering by singing solos and ye correspondent rendered a beautiful ditty entitled, "Get the Griddle Hot." He still lives. The married ladies formed the grub detail and their heroic action in the face of fire elicited the admiration of the voracious gathering.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

E. R. Marsden, former salesman, is now engaged in safety first work. His efforts are chiefly devoted to the legal and accident end. Beware, all ye violators of the rules of safety; you can not tell when Mr. Marsden cometh.

A. W. Moll, agent at Random Lake, visited the main office with his brother, who is building a new garage in Milwaukee.

Salesman, A. R. Davis, we understand, has joined the ranks of the benedicts. We don't know who the lucky girl is, but Ard admits he is the lucky man. May they live happily ever after.

Salesman D. C. Chittenden has been transferred to the Peoria division. Attention, Peoria folks, he'll make things hum for you!

Art Spieker took a brand new girl to the movies the other day. They call her "Hinges" because she's something to a door (adore).

Christmas and fancy candles were recently put on display in the front show window of the "Wisconsin News". The attractive arrangement planned by Harry Oullette, elicted many favorable comments from passersby. Atta, boy, Harry!

George Gruettner recently adopted a baby bull dog. Personally, we conclude he took this step as a recourse to protect a substantial cellar. Don't push, boys.

We welcome back into our circle, Inga Aamodt, our cordial "Hello Girl".

The thermometer registered 10 below zero at South Milwaukee, and Miss DuMez of the Stock department claimed poor transportation as the reason for being late. That excuse on a Monday morning is too thin to hold water, Laurie.

Attention people downstairs! The loud report heard on that Thursday afternoon was not the "Big Bertha". It was just Irene Hays falling out of her high chair.

Miss Harbers, of the filing department, was lost in Chicago during her vacation, but we understand she was accompanied by good company part way back to Milwaukee.

Charley Lade seemed despondent on his return to the office, after spending the Christmas holidays at Campbellsport. They say the reason for this is, Charley was prevented from going icefishing, due to the "heavy" ice on Schrauts pond.

If you want to see Van Sistine light up in radiant smiles, just enquire about his little prize daughter, Mary Jean.

Ed Reiss, after being confined to his home for several days with a heavy cold, recovered rapidly, due, no doubt, to taking the usual prescription for this affliction.

Famous sayings in the Milwaukee office: "That's what we're up against."—H. B. Pickard; "How's zat, John?"—Gert Fielder; "Get a phone of your own."—Norris; "Now, here's another thing."—Zoble; "Away we go!"—P. Kreutz; "That's alright."—R. Yont; "'Smatter wid you guys" (meaning stock department draft clerks)—Collins; "Watch out."—L. DuMez; "O my goodness! such a draft."—C. Ehlert; "Thanking you for your co-operation."—Doc Reiss; "Good Morning everybody" (in the key of G)—Miss Klose; "You know how 'tis."—M. Franz; "Fine!"—Ryan; "Did you see my new stockings."—Myrtle Fox; "Gee, I got a warm flash."—Marion Hose, and "Isn't that the berries?"—E Sheets.

C. B. Abraham, formerly agent at Red Granite, in the Southeastern division, has been promoted to farm salesman. E. G. Keehn is now agent at Red Granite. This combination ought to almost change the color of the stone in that locality.

Walter Buelke, formerly agent at Bristol, has been made salesman in the Southeastern division and Mr. Moss has been installed as agent at Bristol. We wish then both luck in their new line of work.

"Say it with Flowers," by A. W. Cutright.

We were glad to see one of our former employees, George Thorsted, who spent the past summer visiting the Yellowstone National Park.

Pete Kreutz is now in charge of the record department. Good luck to you, Pete, but don't you find it pretty difficult to concentrate with a good looking little school teacher on your mind?

Food for thought—Billy Norton slightly indisposed on a Monday morning, supposedly as a result of eating oysters the day previous. Was it oyster—STEW?

Have you noticed Delores Hammen, swaying along with that far away look in her eye? Cause—a sparkler. When is it going to happen?

We suggest that Mrs. Ann Hope please refrain from taking the gate with her when called for dictation.

Members of the stock department and others were more or less overcome by the fumes of a limburger cheese sandwich in the possession of Clarence Otto. The victims are doing nicely and will no doubt again be navigating when this issue is received.

Does anyone know of a good correspondence course in cooking? If so, kindly impart this information to Miss Myrtle Fox.

We understand Emil Reinhardt aims high in life, however, we would suggest a little more target practice.

Irving Tank is much pertrubed these days. He finds his daily morning routine of bandolining and trimming his "masal eyebrow" occasionally interferes with arriving at the office at eight. He threatens to appear at this desk one of these days bereft of his facial charm.

If there's anything you'd like to know about Eskimoes, ask Elda Raesser, who recently won a cash prize for an essay on that subject.

Charles Koep, alias Fox, alias Lightnin', found a Melba toilet set in his Christmas stocking. By looking at his glossy nails at different intervals during the day, Charley says he has no more trouble in keeping his hair parted straight.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis May are now settled in their new flat, but what Louis is now looking for is an antitoxine that will make him immune from flat feet.

Things were coming O. N. Vangsness' way when a dome cover fell on his "dome" while he was erecting a storage tank at Janesville. Mr. Vangsness says this hurt his feelings pretty badly, but he is again on the job.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Joost spent the Christmas holidays at Chicago.

Mr. Lang, accompanied by Mr. Duncan, entertained the employees at Sheboygan at a dinner the other evening. The local paper at Sheboygan had the following to say about the affair: "STANDARD OIL REPRESENTATIVES ARE BANQUETED. Thomas H. Lang, Milwaukee, Wisconsin manager for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), was in the city last night on one of his occasional visits to the company's representatives here. He was host at a dinner given at the Foeste Hotel to the Sheboygan representatives. Mr. Lang delivered one of his characteristic speeches and there were other talks, all optimistic as to business and all complimentary to Sheboygan as a good field for the oil and gas salesman. Mr. Lang was accompanied by W. J. Duncan of Milwaukee, district superintendent. The dinner guests were A. E. Heldt, Sheboygan salesman, and Agents C. W. Beernink, W. L. Littman, W. H. Johnson, George Huitbretgse, R. Wagner, G. M. Blask, C. VanHaveren, M. Wagner, G. Bruns, M. Pruessler, R. Herzog, J. W. Weigand and George Mayer"

When the meeting was over and R. Wagner had explained thoroughly how to catch skunks with his bare hands, G. M. Blask stated that he was a poet and a song writer and that he could prove it, so he sang the following verse to the tune of "Smiles"—

"There are smiles for Red Crown users,
There's a smile for Polarine,
And here's a smile for all the good old farmers,
Who use Standard Gasoline.
There's a smile for Messrs. Lang and Duncan
And the boys who helped them to succeed
To win that dear old little banner—
That's the reason we got this feed."

This was easily one of the biggest hits of the evening. We hope George Cohan does not find out about it.

How's the legal department, Della?

George Lane's desk was transferred to the lower office. We'll say Mr. Lane is a very ardent promoter of ventilation and good light, for after spending but a day at his location, he promptly had all the electric light globes laundered. Atta boy, Mr. Lane—cleanliness is next to godliness.

Have you noticed the worried look of Jim Casey? Jimmy has been looking around for that bungalow for two, and finds the price of real estate away up in dizzy heights. Keep away, Jim, it costs like—"anything."

When is it coming off, George Kraemer? Margie's getting anxious. She says she doesn't want to lose that $5.00 bet.

We wish to take this means of expressing our sincere regrets and keen sympathy to the girls of the marketing department in the loss of Mr. Wright, who was transferred to another office. We quote the author, "Alas, all is transient."

Seen at a local department store—Frank Nagle looking at comfy slippers. Is Mr. Nagle going in for soft shoe dancing?

H. A. Hansen, as a story teller, is entitled to the blue ribbon, because not one of his stories date later than 1652, in fact, they are so old, they are new. He has informed us, however, that he is going to try and improve.

The smile that rarely comes off is worn by Margie Rodell. Congratulations, Margie! We pronounce Jimmy a lucky fellow.

We regret to inform the general public that E. R. Marsden, while playing Santa Claus, caught a severe cold and was confined to his bed for four days. There a lot of things he can do better than play Santa Claus.

It has been officially proven that H. J. Malchow, division engineer of the far north is not an aviator. The other day while coming down a hill near Waukesha, he tried to do a tail spin in a Ford, with the result that he slid on his ear for 200 feet, otherwise was unhurt. This might have been more serious if he had not had a Red Crown and a Solite sign on his car, and it is believed that the White Stripe had something to do with his deliverance.

When Mr. Lang, our manager, reached home at 6:00 p. m. one evening recently, he was very much surprised to find that a number of his fellow workers had preceded him, and were comfortably seated before the fireplace of the dining room. That he was surprised was very evident, the occasion being an anniversary. An excellent dinner was served and an enjoyable evening spent in reminiscing. Louie Joost contributed a few good ones about the old horse-drawn tankwagon days when it was not unusual to start out at three in the morning on a twenty-five mile drive with the thermometer around zero. Mr. Lang is a golf enthusiast, but during the past two years his enthusiasm to promote the sale of Red Crown has taken him from his favorite golf course even on many Sundays. As an inducement to get out in the open and forget business, he was on this occasion presented with a

beautiful golf bag, which he promised to make good use of. We thank Mrs. Lang for making this party possible, and hope that it may become an annual event.

Miss Edna Sheets was confined to her bed for a time, due to a case of tonsilitis. We're sorry and all that, Eddie, but why didn't you bring it with you?

Salesman J. J. Blenker and G. W. Larkin recently invited District Superintendent Oullette and Salesman Beaudreau to attend a poultry raffle, magnanimously promising to pay the expenses. Dame Fortune smiled on Oullette and Beaudreau, both winning a turkey. When Beaudreau was laid up on account of a maltreated stomach, can you guess who the two salesmen were that whistled with mischievous glee?

We were very glad to receive a letter from former Salesman Ed Kellogg, who was pensioned some time ago. We quote: "Give my best regards to all my friends and keep the terriers ferreting, for if they slacken and the dividends weaken, where in 'Sam Hill' will the annuitants get their necessary dough?" Mr. Kellogg is now residing at San Diego, Cal.

We were very glad to see Mr. Hitch, agent at Whitewater; Mr. Loeffler, agent at Brandon; Mr. LeCount, Hartford; Mr. Gundrun, agent at Slinger, and Mr. Thayer, agent at Sturgeon Bay.

Frank Murkowski, tankwagon driver, who by the way, drives the oldest truck in the Milwaukee division, takes particular interest in the appearance of his engine. He recently advised it would be impossible to soil your white silk handkerchief on it. "Yeah," comes the answer from Agent Parr, "if you keep in it your pocket."

Did you hear about Art Mantz station examiner, staring the "Great Beyond" in the face recently? Mr. Mantz' Ford turned turtle, as the result of a collision at St. Lawrence, Wis., pinning him underneath. While no major injuries were sustained, Art claims he was so close to the celestial gates, he heard the hinges squeak.

"A welcome baby made its bow,
At the home of Salesman Harold Howe
On New Year's Day. What joy!
And Marion if full of glee,
It's fine to be an aunt, you see!
And oh, it is a boy!
So with congratulations, we have a double reason
To extend the compliments of this glad season."

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

The bowling league is rolling along with the same old enthusiasm. Bill Rogan so far has shown his heels to all. The Renowns, who are the present leaders, broke the back of the Stanolax crew when they took three straight. Stutz is showing his usual speed. Dickey, big anchor man of Renowns, is feeling safer now that his team enjoys a four-game lead. David and his Red Crowns expect to sling many a stone at the Renowns when they meet. Fischer's Solite crew are a fine bunch of collectors—they can collect money. Bauman says that his gang will start soon to roll in Perfection style. Play was resumed after the holidays, and anyone who wishes to see good sport should take a trip up Fust's Alleys.

The Red Crown Social Club had another one of its dazzling, spectacular and snappy dances recently. Anyone who passes up these dances is not aware of the good times that they are missing.

Assistant Manager E. N. Shallenberger is fully convinced that pigeons, whether imported, domestic or the clay variety, all come under the same heading —"tough birds." As a result of this understanding, he has decided to eliminate pigeons from his list of edible fowl and recommend that they be used as a good substitute for rubber heels.

H. H. Quackenbush, superintendent, is back with us again after a month or two in the main office. We're glad to have Quack here again, as we certainly missed his hustling presence while he was gone.

J. B. More, attendant, is the latest graduate from the school of bachelorism. Best wishes, J. B.

Wm. H. Cook, agent at Milaca, can't see why some people want so much sleep. He says ten hours is enough for anybody.

Walter Eckman says he knows a man who is so old fashioned that he still has a radio set.

Agent Peter G. Johnson, New London, can't see much in radio. He says the only concerts he has heard have been in code, so he didn't understand them.

J. H. Kuhlman, agent at Ogilvie, thinks we will have an open winter—if it doesn't snow too much.

The regular meetings of our safety court are having a good effect. Before taking any chances, one is very apt to consider the effects of contact with this judicial body, with the result that accidents are on the decrease.

The new seven and a half ton Mac trucks recently put into commission in the Twin Cities excite a good deal of comment and admiration, due to their size. They far eclipse anything of the kind yet used hereabouts.

Flap, flap, flap, the boys are marching! Joe Huckenpahler and his galoshes. Stand aside, men!

Agent M. F. Murray at Foley is said to be gaining in weight. If he keeps on, he will have to get a heavier truck.

Agent Edwin Anderson of Annandale walks five miles before breakfast. We don't know if he is reducing or developing an appetite.

Rudolph O. Quill, agent at Belgrade, says he turned over a new leaf this year—quit smoking.

Clara City boasts of a great tenor singer in Agent Chas. A. Geist. He is thinking somewhat of going on a concert tour next summer.

Agent Raymond N. Kasparek of Delano expects to cover a lot of territory this year. He says he is going to show some speed. You can do it, Ray!

Herman W. Weber, agent at Elmwood, Wis., is waiting for spring so he can try out his new umbrella.

Service Station Attendant Wallace Seeback is the proud possessor of a Lincolnetta roadster. Not long ago one of the front wheels decided to part company with the rest of the family, resulting, fortunately, in nothing more serious than a scare and a forced walk of half a mile to recover the elusive spoke member. Wallie fell 1,200 feet in an aeroplane in France, so he is used to it.

Agent Rae M. Taylor, Glenwood, Minn., challenges any checker player in the division to a championship contest.

Julius Anderson, agent at Henning, reports finding a pair of size 13½ overshoes. Owner can have same by proving property.

L. L. Corey, agent at Lindstrom, wants to know if a zebra is a black animal with white stripe or a white animal with black stripes.

Karl Hensel, service station attendant in St. Paul, ordered a tailored suit of coveralls from the St. Paul Tent & Awning Company recently. The

maximum issue of size No. 50 does not seem large enough for "Karl."

Say, Cameron! Who is Mabel?

District Superintendent Conners has challenged District Superintendent Klebba to a foot race for the heavy-weight championship of Minnesota and Wisconsin. Providing both gentlemen are able to make the proper weight, this race should be a contest well worth seeing. Mr. Conners has made the overture, so as soon as Mr. Klebba accepts we will designate the time and place.

Salesman George Mahowald is a firm believer in the products he sells. And among the many uses of Stanolind Furnace oil, he demonstrated that it is an excellent remedy for sore throat by drinking it. Don't blow out the gas!

There has been a great deal of favorable comment recently upon the numerous dealer window displays featuring Standard Oil Company products in the Twin Cities. It is proving a great selling aid to dealers.

Why go to California or Florida? Minneapolis basked in a temperature of 51 above on Christmas day. Instead of ski jumping and snowshoeing, we played golf. Well, times have changed, but please remember weather has no effect on gallonage.

PEORIA, ILL.

February:

We're getting older every minute.

After friend Broadbent left us, things were all out of joint, although Roy Penny tried to fill the bill.

Springfield correspondent turns in a woeful lament over the unaccountable absence of an overdue poetical effusion from Agent Mohan of Dawson. It seems our genial representative in the town with the Klondike name slings a mean pen on occasion, a la Eddie Guest, but modestly fights shy of printed publicity.

'Stough, old man, but the editor won't allow no bards space in these here colyums.

Salesman Knight recently played Santa Claus to his children. He didn't wear a mask, but they never knew the difference. Seems Fred works so blamed many hours that the tots are all alseep when he is home.

Query: Has District Superintendent Eberle as yet recovered the nether portion of his pajamas? And wanted, an explanation of his very particular private towel, bearing the name of a prominent Peoria hotel. Oh, Charlie! (What does the good book say about your sins finding you out?)

Recently Chief Clerk Wantling blossomed out with a tie that was audible at the Court House. Investigation showed that it was *not* a present—merely one that his offspring was afraid to wear.

A familiar face is missing from the ranks in the resignation of Salesman R. G. Hanson. Good luck, Hans, old man.

Sympathy of the division is extended to Assistant Chief Clerk Bornholdt, whose mother died on December 26.

Bill Battin takes exception to the story published in the December number, anent his having his breakfast served by a waitress to himself, pajama-clad, in his room at the Custer, Galesburg. He says he didn't have on his pajamas.

Mose Powell is an enthusiastic radio fan. He lost some of his vim the other night, however, when called from the feathers around the witching hour to listen to a "concert."

Agent Harry Marcott at Wellington is grooming a relief truck driver in the person of the husky youngster, eight-and-a-half pounds, left by the stork at his residence the other day. (Brooks, you sinner, why didn't you give us his name?)

Agent "Andy" Vliet of Rossville wins the blue ribbon for progressive methods, evidenced in the attractive calendars he is distruibting to his customers.

Agent Uebler of Washburn, enterprising soul that he is, mailed us a recent copy of the Leader, containing an account of the wedding of his daughter, Ella, on December 7, to Eilert Harms. We extend congratulations to the happy couple, and to proud Julius.

J. H. was in the office on the day following, and told us he had danced all night. That must have been why he mailed us the paper without paying the postage.

And how come the president and treasurer of the Church Building Fund can cut up didoes like that mentioned above? Eh?

Salesman Rowland F. Gones was called away to Atlanta, Ga., over the Christmas holidays, his mother being seriously ill there.

Drayman Joe Shea, Springfield, had the misfortune to sprain an ankle recently while at work.

Charlie Nave and Frank Richards, Springfield, were both temporarily absent from the ranks, nursing severe colds.

Springfield remarks that Salesman Mike Hunt, recently of the ranks, is surely putting on the dog since his promotion. Rouge, powder puff, lip stick 'n everything. Come up and show us, Mike.

Battin and Ritchey drove to Chillicothe recently for lunch. Everett brought Nellie Naylor back a piece of chicken. Not so bad!

What happened to Galesburg this month?

Pye must have burned up another check.

Why did Salesman Hanback fail to polish his shoes before his recent visit to Washburn. Mad at a "second-hand" store, Ira?

During the recent overhauling of his own truck, Agent Uebler, referred to above, hired a truck to haul a load of Red Crown in resale barrels. Gross profits, $2.45, less drayman's bill, $3.50, equals net loss of $1.05, on the day's labor and the glory of the business.

What's become of the enthusiasm with which some of our field reporters hailed their appointment? Rantoul, Petersburg, Jacksonville, Orion, Pontiac, and divers others, we're waiting on you. Come clean.

The company mechanics may know their stuff, but doggoned if they ain't a little shy on the law. Driver Jack Constant of Springfield was ordered by the mechanic to raise his headlights. He did—and got stopped by three different cops.

Did you enjoy the concert on the Saturday before Christmas?

At " 'Ten' o'clock in the morning." Sure, 'twas a Gr-rand day. Joe said he was a regular sponge. And then he proved it—on the back of his neck.

When a chap, perfectly sober, and in his right mind, stumbles on his way to work, and the ground flies up and hits him, and spreads his lip over his face, and jars loose a couple of molars, ain't it—well, ain't it tough if they won't take the explanation, but say mean, cutting things about keeping peace in the family, and staying out of Shorty Johnson's cellar, and a lot of other nasty, soul harrowing assertions. Ain't it?

Kossieck's on his vacation, so Peoria warehouse news is scarce in this issue.

Springfield emits a wail over the failure of agents at surrounding stations to supply news. Rule at

Rochester says there's nothing in town worth writing about, except himself (this from Wilson Rule).

QUINCY, ILL.

On certain occasions and at certain places Miss Gertrude Schwarzburg wears a diamond ring, but she always removes the precious little thing upon entering the office. We are no longer in the dark as concerns the meaning of it.

Cheer up, Bramblet. We, too, are wishing she returns soon, 'cause we do not like to see anyone downhearted.

Miss Laura Beckman has acknowledged the fact that her new position makes her feel perfectly at home.

William O. Snart, agent at La Plata, Mo., broke his arm while cranking his car on December 16, and while convalescing his business is being looked after by C. K. Coss.

Wilbur Davenport, formerly agent at Laredo, Mo., now has the agency at Gault, Mo. We predict that his good nature and congenial smile will assist him in securing a lot of new business.

F. G. Schmuck is now agent at Warsaw, Ill., having succeeded H. C. Koehler.

O. L. Durham, our Clarence, Mo., agent, has plans made for the use of an additional truck to take care of the "rushing" business expected in 1923. He said the little green tank in his territory will be seen as frequent in farmers' yards as milk wagons are seen in front of city dwellers' residences. Durham knows a thing or two and he is going to make some of the other agents go some to beat him in increased tankwagon business in 1923.

J. G. Briggs, formerly a salesman in the Quincy field, but now a member of the Peoria sales force, spent the Christmas holidays visiting friends in Quincy. We were not surprised to find that he still has plenty of wind left.

We're wondering what has come over Salesman Charles Heitz. Lately he has been giving flowers to some of the office girls.

We wish to extend our sympathy to Ted Fritzmeier, tankwagon driver at Quincy, who lost his Airedale dog. We figure somebody must have given him the air, Ted.

With regret we wish to report the resignation of Miss Helen Hall. She has been in the check department over five years and every year she seemed to grow younger. Her second childhood must have caused her to resign.

After being away for several years Ted Koelsch has again become a member of the Quincy office force, serving as clerk in the stock department.

Rumor has it that O. K. Lenhart is running a matrimonial bureau. How about it, Oscar?

Otto Freiburg, bookkeeper, sure had a busy day December 23. The mistletoe gave Otto a chance to kiss the girls, something which he had long desired. He took advantage of every opportunity.

The stork visited at the home of Guy Noll, tankwagon driver at Moberly, recently and left a fine baby girl.

William Awerkamp, who was transferred some time ago from Quincy to the Peoria field, where he is now district superintendent, visited in our office for a few hours while in the city recently and all of his friends were indeed glad to see him.

The death of Isaac N. Blodgett, salesman, which occurred at St. Mary's hospital in Quincy, December 22, came very unexpectedly as his condition was not considered serious. On December 18 he underwent an operation, after which it seemed he was getting along splendidly, when unfortunately he contracted pneumonia, resulting in his death. Mr. Blodgett was born at Huntsville, Ill., on January 28, 1880. He entered the service of the Standard Oil Company as salesman on February 1, 1922 and at all times performed his duties faithfully.

New members of the Standard Oil family here include A. P. Buckert, service station attendant at Warsaw, Ill.; Harry S. Hays, tankwagon driver at Hannibal, Mo.; Leonard M. Bradley, service station attendant, Quincy; R. L. Summers, service station attendant at Bowling Green, Mo.; L. W. Bastert, service station attendant at Quincy, and D. V. Wayland, service station attendant at Macomb.

Alva Herst, agent at Ewing, Mo., came to Quincy recently to become better acquainted with the office folks. Before leaving he said he expects to increase his business 100 per cent in 1923 and here's our wish for his success.

Were we surprised? Well just ask us, Mr. Martin. The presence of Santa Claus, the beautifully trimmed Christmas tree, the gifts, etc., on December 23 aroused the Christmas spirit within us and made us feel joyful through and through. We're sorry, however, that Manager Martin and Assistant Manager Jones were unable to be present to see McAdams garbed in Santa's outfit, for that part of the festivities alone was worth the price of a barrel of moonshine. We didn't know that false whiskers generated so much heat until Mac removed his facial outfit. There was a present for everyone and Santa had an appropriate "line" for each. For instance, Chief Clerk Worley was given the latest model in buzz wagons (from Woolworth's) and Santa said, "We know you've always wanted one. Now be sure you always use Red Crown." We thought that was a good one and the others were equally as good; so a complete list of the gifts and "lines" follow for your careful perusal:

Ethel Doerr—ring—"He gave it to us, to give to you, of course you know who."

Edith Graham—man doll—"Sweet memories, and fondest hopes, down deep in the heart of a sweet young miss, awaken at the sight of this."

Joanna Jenkins—beads—"We knew you'd just love 'em."

Helen Hall—memorandum—"Stock dividends are not so bad—figure them up on this memo pad."

R. C. Boger—gun—"Big game will come to Camp Point now, to give "bog" a chance with this "forty-four."

Margaret Allar—Broadway car—"Lest you forget what Birney car takes you to where your Christmas presents are."

Elmaza Fletcher—mirror—"Just a neat, simple aid, in getting it on straight."

V. Manker—French harp—"Do you wonder why this sweet instrument of joy, was given to this pink-cheeked boy? It's so quiet at the "Y",—that's why.

Dean Thomas—tin horn—"So the lady of your choice can hear your gentle voice." P. S. The stenos also will rejoice.

Nellie Maxwell—stationery—"We know he's far away,—dear Harry; so please make use of this stationery."

Janie Donald—powder puff—"I supose the fellows think I'm rough, but gee, how I love my powder-puff."

Walter Neuer—shaving stick—"Although it's "unauthorized", We didn't buy it on "credit."

Esther Taylor—wrist watch—"To help you remind "him", it's time to go home."

Virginia Kohl—bank—"Of course you may not need it,—but we believe you do."

A. L. Millsom—R. W. & B. pencil—"Although not a buck private, you may need this while you take "orders."

Henry Dirks—shaving cream—"Try this, it suits your complexion well, but if you don't like it, please don't never tell. "

Carl Slack—doll—"Of course, you like the big ones better, but this is the best we could do."

Laura Beckman—tin box—"A safe place for that Diamond."

Blanche Perry—tin box—"Verily, a treasurer hath need of a safe."

Aldo Schwagmeyer—banjo—"Now play your own accompaniment."

Henry Meyer—garden tools—"Ho! Ho! Hoe! Hoe! Now watch the way Hank's garden will grow."

Helen Sorrel—lead pencil—"For use in connection with Dean Thomas's horn."

Jamie Cason—ear rings—"Seeing you had none, we bought you a pair."

Dorothy Scott—tin lunch box—"It's a long, long way to California, better take a little lunch along."

Mike Thayer—hammer—"Bodley Lodge has a real master now."

E. F. Carlson— R. W. & B. pencil—"You'll need it to keep tab on our Red Crown gains in 1923."

John O'Donnell—pair of dice—"We thought you might like to have 'em around,—even though we know you wouldn't use 'em."

J. B. Graham—collar buttons—"Every morning and every night these will remind you of Quincy."

Alice Dapper—nail file—"When filing your correspondence, use this."

Mararet Ernst—rouge—"We bought it for you, whether you use it or not."

Edith Soebbing—quill pen—"This will come in handy when the pen-point factories go on a strike."

Gertrude Schwarzburg—purse—"If the banks can't hold it all, this will."

H. T. Radtke—memo pad—"Stock shortages are really sad, figure it out on this handy pad."

A. L. Hoar—barrel of buttons—"We hope they'll last until Christmas comes 'round again."

Ruth Reckmeyer—pancake turner—"Whether he likes 'em or not, Ruth, don't let this "turner" be "unused equipment."

George Sohm—soap doll—"How very cute and sweet. But just play with it, don't use it to wash your face."

Lee Bell—pipe—"All reporters should smoke, even reporters of imaginary news."

W. C. Bradley—talcum powder—"Use this, it will make the rough spots less rough, and the smooth spots smoother still."

Otto Freiburg—candy—"Red ink is red, the sky is blue, this candy is sweet, so we got it for you."

W. C. McAdams—collar pin—"We could only guess at the size of your collar, but we hope the pin fits."

Florence Hughes—perfume—"This must be the good luck the hair-pin brought you, they'll all want to meet you now."

Alma Bradshaw—perfume—"This will make Aldo and Manker deep-chested from taking deep breaths."

Boyd Schallenberg—rubber ball—"Here's a real bouncer."

Ted Koelsch—sleeve bands—"Here's hoping the sweet things fit well, and keep your cuffs out of the ink-well."

SAGINAW, MICH.

While Bruce McDonald, may be a privileged character, as regards parking his car on North Bond Street, for unlimited periods, he found that he can't get away with that stuff on North Washington. The police department does not allow parking on the street for more than an hour. Upon entering his car, which had been parked in front of the office, a few days ago, he noticed a lavender scented card dangling from the steering wheel, on which was inscribed, "See Me, Justice Clements." Bruce went and saw, but did not exactly conquer. After the Justice had asked him several personal questions about his ability to read, he informed him that if he ever got his hands on him again he would fine him.

Harry Snyder, smokestack salesman, says that on a recent trip, "Up North", while waiting for a train, he fell into conversation with a fellow who happened to be a guide for the city folk, during their quest for game. The fellow started into tell Harry about how he shot a squirrel in the left eye from a distance of about 150 yards away. Snyder, thinking he would lay the hunter away, said, "Why, that wasn't any shot at all; two years ago I shot a squirrel out of the tallest tree in Otsego County and he fell so far he spoiled before he hit the ground." The guide spit out a tooth and immediately replied, "Yes, they will do that, in hot weather I generally puts a little salt in my shot."

Walter Hasse, Owosso agent, was in the office a short time ago. The correspondent followed him all over the office on his knees asking for news. Walt said that the only thing he could think of was the illness of the wife of one of his tankwagon drivers; he didn't mention any names so we can't acquaint our readers. We hope the lady is well ere this time.

Harrold Lester, stationery department, has laid up his Ford for the rest of winter months. Because other members of his family own three cars, there was just room enough for Harrold to park his car outside, but he didn't want the Humane Society on his trail so he decided to disintegrate it, with the result that the front half of the chassis is in the chicken coop, the engine is in the basement, the tires are hanging on the apple tree, while the radiator is connected up to the hot water furnace. "Who's got the rattle, Harrold, the baby?"

Albert Fierke, the latest acquisition of the stock department, gains the distinction of being the tallest clerk in the office. While Bernie Hoerauf, cashier, has to resort to the gangplank, Fierke is obliged to fold his legs in order to get the proper focus on his columns.

Nick Lewis, porter, and his prodigy gave all the office furniture a good scrubbing and a generous application of Semdac a few days ago, which the force greatly appreciated. Thanks, Nick.

We haven't heard about any prize being offered for the party holding first place on the "dilly-dally" scoreboard, but nevertheless a few are conducting a successful publicity campaign by appearing in the first five lines every month. Maybe it might be a good idea to give a small prize, such as a leather watch. We once heard of a party who got a pay check.

Miss Nellie Dooling is having more trouble getting in her "stray" barrels than a canary hatching out a batch of doorknobs.

Irwin Richards is our official photographer and is authorized to furnish the Record with feature pictures, so don't assume any pose you wouldn't care to see in print. He'll get you.

Harley Church, salesman, calls our attention to the following sign, located on the main streets of one of the towns on his circuit:

"Park Perpindicular by order of Police Department."

H. E. Zuber paused in front of the check department, the other day, dubiously fondled his scraggy chin, gazed abstractedly at one of the comptometer operators and elucidated thusly:

"There was a girl named Marie Reamer and she operated a comp-to-meter." Thereupon one of the department wits spilled the following with no interruption in the rhythm: "She operated it all day long and never does a blamed thing wrong." Shakespeare, go back to your nursery rhymes.

A short time ago the office force was treated to a stereopticon lecture on the manufacture of Red Crown gasoline from its inception. The entertainment was highly enjoyed and the antics of Duggan and Dixon went like a celluloid stovepipe. Messrs. Thompson and Seamon gave very interesting talks. We'd like to have more of them, as we clerk salesmen like to be able to defend our power twins, and this lecture certainly cleared up a lot of arguments.

The office "lid" which has been welded on for the last two years flew off with awful report the afternoon preceding Thanksgiving. The clerks got out their "near cigars" and worked as they smoked, as the girls suffocated.

Jack Moore, right-hand bower of our Minden City agent, John Mooney, is working in the Saginaw Office.

For Sale—Ford Touring Car, 1912 Model; will have it towed to your front door for $50.00; snatch this bargain and employ your idle hours and change learning to make it go. Apply James Keho.

H. H. Keating, former assistant manager of the Detroit field, has been promoted to manager of the Saginaw field, to succeed L. J. Thompson, former manager. While we were very sorry to lose Mr. Thompson, we feel that we have been very fortunate in securing for our leader such a man as Mr. Keating. In the short time we have known him he has appealed to us as a man of sterling qualities and of strong convictions.

A few mornings ago our head station examiner came wafting into the office, long after LeRoy had clicked the stop watch on the last "bank hour" aspirant, with an expression like a gold brick purchaser's first realization, an approach like a burglar and supporting a parcel from which a constant ticking was distinctly audible. As soon as this gentleman had recovered his sight and composure from the glaring lights and amused audience he started in on an alibi during which he pointed an accusing finger at the alarm clock in disguise and complained that "Big Ben" had failed to come forth with the boiler shop act at the required hour. However at the precise stroke of 11:30 a. m. there ensued from an indignant parcel a noise like a fire alarm. The station examiner since has been told several hundred times that, if he wants the B. B. to ring at 6 a. m., he must set the indicator for that hour.

When Dan Foley blows his nose, all the clock watchers make a stampede for the lockers, being under the impression that their eyes have become blurred from the long vigil and that Dan's act is the noon whistle.

We are grieved to learn of the death of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan H. Parker on January 4. Mr. Parker is our popular attendant, S. S. 311, Marlette, Mich.

Red seems to predominate in the credit department. We are expecting Miss Zander to dye her blond hair a brick tint so there will be more harmony and less contrast with the cranium garnishings of the Messrs. Carle and Whatley. However, when it comes to prescribing for Messrs. Kern and Mathews, we falter, as during these arid times it is impossible to develop a red nose, and there is a doubt in our minds if they are home garden proponents, thus excluding the possibility of a red neck.

After reviewing the trick necktie parade the day after Christmas, we realize that we have a few martyrs in our midst. There is also strong evidence that a few grudges were settled.

Some one inquires: "How would you like to be so fat that Dudley Jones could hide behind you, so tall that Joe Dierich would get the stiff neck holding a conversation with you, or so small that Bernie Hoerauf's clothes would wrinkle on your back?"

The entire office extends their thanks to A. Hartman, agent at Pigeon, who presented us with a large box of delicious apples. Mr. Hartman certainly is very thoughtful, we have got to such a state that we actually look forward to them with the same spirit as our youngsters do to Santa.

Elmer Austin is exhibiting a cunning little volume, morocco finish, entitled: "Memories of the Past, or the Four Swallows," by John Barleycorn. By pressing a small depression at one end the thumb is pierced by a hornet's tail, while the top of the book flies off in a startling manner, disclosing four small phials containing catnip, teething lotion, paregoric and castor oil.

The office and warehouse employees of Saginaw have concluded a very successful Coupon Book campaign, which netted a total of 663½ books for a period of sixty days, from October 24 to December 23, 1922. We say that it was successful, not that we sold a record number of books, but because the business public has been given an opportunity to realize how much money is finding its way into their cash registers from a Standard Oil source. Most of the sales have been on a reciprocal basis.

The campaign was conducted in a very able manner by Herman Lang, who held meetings, offering suggestions and advice which were highly productive of additional sales.

The office and warehouse were divided into teams of three, consisting of one lady and two men. Most everyone sold at least one book. The contest had not been on very long when it was found that the race was going to be between Otto Patenge and A. D. Cuthbertson, which had a retarding effect on the accounting department; however, Mr. Lang handled the situation very ably and came to the rescue with an additional prize of a box of candy and a box of cigars to the woman and man, exclusive of the four contending teams, who sold the highest individual number of books.

Prizes were awarded the winners as follows:

First:

$5.00 to Otto Patenge, who sold....	217½	books
3.00 to Stewart Reid, who sold....	11	books
2.00 to Ed. Fisher, who sold.....	5	books
Team total.....	253½	

Second:

$2.50 to A. D. Cuthbertson, sold...	160½	books
1.50 to Irma Kawfield, sold.....	7½	books
1.00 to Reuben Kern, sold.....	1	book
Team total.....	169	

A five-pound box of candy to Miss Mildred Price, 7 books; and the box of cigars to S. P. Johnson, 16 books.

In awarding the above prizes to their winners, Mr. Lang expressed the Company's appreciation of the good work done, and assured them that he would endeavor to retain this valuable business.

The first half of the Commercial League Bowling season has terminated, and as usual the Standard Oil team won first place, winning twenty-two games out of a possible thirty. This team is composed of "Bullet" Kern, "Ace" Pringle, "Easy" Ed. Symons, "Blondie" Bryson and "Alibi" Younckman, with Ralph Thompson and Fred Dettenthaler as pinch hitters. As a suggestion to any other Standard Oil bowling teams, regardless of location, why not have a bowling match or tournament by mail? It certainly could very easily be arranged. What do you say, are you on?

We always thought that a "Dumbbell" was a fellow who used thumb tacks to hold up his sox, but Paul Black opines that it is a locker mate who knocks your overcoat onto the floor without re-hanging it, in his mad haste to put the office scenery on the horizon.

ALPENA NEWS

Nothing doing.

ALMA

Same as Alpena.

BAY CITY

Within the past few months the plant at Bay City has taken on a new coat of paint, besides adding more storage.

The office has been moved around on Henry street with a neat wire fence adjoining it. The change has made a marked improvement in the appearance.

Paul Jolly, Lee Welch and Roy Buzzard were hauled into Judge Cuthbertson's Safety Court for various infractions of the traffic code.

All our service stations were decorated during the holidays. Special mention is due S. S. 11, Art LaFave and Harley Sheldon. Their display drew comments from everyone who reviewed it.

Mr. Seamon to Wm. Richter—"Well, Bill, do you see much of the superintendent?" Bill—"No, who is he?"

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

C. C. Sires, our Princeton, Mo., agent, recently visited this office and we spent several hours going over conditions in his field, which we believe will prove profitable to both his and Standard Oil Company's interests. Boys, watch the increased sales in the Princeton territory next year.

A. I. Ganfield, our agent at Jamesport, made a visit to the St. Joseph office recently.

John Starrett, agent at Goodland, Kan., is leaving us to take up his new duties as county clerk. He was elected by a big majority. Good luck, John!

Earl Jones, agent at Brewster, Kan., bought a sheep ranch in the Rocky Mountain region and will soon move to his ranch. Success to you, Earl. Hope you kill lots of big game. We know hunting is good in the Rockies.

Salesman Bill Sarvis is a newlywed. Bill is the salesman on the Norton, Kan., territory, and waited until after our squad work was finished so he could be at the home he has completed.

We of the west end lost our old pal, Stewart Chaffin. He was promoted from district superintendent of the western district to sales manager at St. Joseph, and he will make a real man for the job. He knows his stuff.

Where is Zim, our new district superintendent? Every place. He is busier than a one-armed paper hanger with the itch.

When it comes to giving a talk on Red Crown, George Coldsnow can do it. He gave his men, commonly known as "potlickers," a good talk at Concordia last week.

Paul Sawyers, assistant chief clerk, is collecting out in western Kansas.

Bert Morrissey, service station attendant at Colby, Kan., is saving his money now that the Norton-Colby football game is over.

It is said that Bill Arensberg has more clothes than any salesman, having bought all Salesman Joe Liggitt had.

Ben Wells, salesman, was married some time ago. Your cigars will be appreciated, Ben.

Clay C. Waddill, salesman, is now living in McDonald, Kan., and when it comes to selling goods, no one has a thing on Clay.

Snow had roads blocked in western Kansas last week.

L. H. Gottschall, our agent at Pattonsburg, Mo., was a recent visitor at the St. Joseph office.

Mr. and Mrs. Verne Wray of Maryville, Mo., visited our office during Christmas week. This was Mrs. Wray's first call. Come again.

While Urquhart, Patton and Lloyd were sleeping peacefully in a hotel at Gallatin, Mo., just across the street a bank was robbed. Mr. Lloyd was awakened by the unusual commotion, but when he looked out the window and discovered what was happening, he retreated with alacrity and appeared at that window no more that night. And the other boys snored on.

Our Tarkio agent, J. L. Hinds, and Emerson Moss of DeKalb were in the office one day last week.

We regret to announce the death of Virginia Nadine, six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clay D. Waddill, of McDonald. Mr. Waddill is our salesman, with headquarters at McDonald. The following employees of the Standard Oil Company attended the funeral: Agent Ray Hotchkiss of Atwood, Kan., Agent Joe Philbrick and wife, and Salesman W. H. Arensberg of Bird City.

Our champion coupon book sales ladies are Miss Young and Miss Ramsey, of the credit and equipment departments, respectively.

Among the newlyweds are Mr. A. C. Bode and Miss Hazel Mulford, married December 26, 1922. Our heartiest congratulations.

Miss Mary Heller, stenographer in the marketing department, has been on the sick list for the last few days. Here's to a quick recovery, Mary, we miss you.

E. A. Reinhart is one of our family now—working in the record department.

We have just learned of the death of Mark Thomas' father, and wish to extend our sympathy.

Charles Wike, of our Atchison "A" station, was one of the fortunate recipients of a ten-year service pin.

* * *

One of our linemen is a literal-minded chap. After a minor accident caused by a spur cutting out of a pole he was climbing, he was being questioned by an accident prevention committeeman.

"And how did you fall?" asked the A. P. C.

"Vertically," replied the lineman.

—*Bell Telephone News.*

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Northern Division
AMOS BALL, Central Division
H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
C. F. HATMAKER, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
JOHN H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
R. H. THOMAS, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
C. H. WAGNER, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
P. H. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
C. C. LAKIN, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Asst. Mgr.* (Operation)
H. J. BEMIS, *Asst. Mgr.* (Sales)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
E. N. SHALLENBERGER, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
H. H. KEATING, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
R. S. ORR, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
C. R. EWING, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
E. P. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

Industrial Harmony Promotes Better Service

LABOR controversies are productive of needless loss to employee, employer, and to the public. This basic fact has long been recognized by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and is one reason why the Company has stressed the necessity of industrial harmony within the organization. It knows that through such harmony it can render the public a better service, and that by rendering such service the Company, its employees, and the public will profit.

In the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) every man earns his job; none inherits it. Every man has confidence in the knowledge and experience of his superior. Every employee knows that when he has earned promotion he will be advanced, for this is the time-honored policy of the Company, and, naturally, creates an esprit de corps highly favorable to excellence of service.

Every member of the Board of Directors of this Company holds his position because of his experience and because he possesses specialized knowledge of the oil industry. From the chairman of the Board to the man who fills your tank at a Standard Oil Service Station, every employee is inspired by a real desire to make the Company of the utmost service to the community.

Industrial harmony within the organization is the goal toward which the entire organization is striving. Every man and woman knows that such harmony works for happiness and contentment, promotes efficiency, and increases their power for service.

Industrial harmony means industrial progress. Industrial progress is made through cooperation, not through antagonism; through peace, not through controversy; through conservation, not through dissipation of energy.

Industrial harmony inevitably results in profit to the public by reducing the prices at which commodities may be sold. This is well exemplified in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

The conditions obtaining in this organization are not accidental; they are largely the result of a sane, constructive program "which avoids the foolish waste of radical experiment, the costly breaches of economic law, the unhappy consequences of social injustice."

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 4 MARCH 1923 No. 5

HARRY GLAIR

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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B. Parks, *3d Vice-President, Asst. Genl. Mgr., Mfg.*
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R. H. McElroy, *Traffic Manager*
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H. F. Glair, *Assistant Superintendent*

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W. W. Holland, *Superintendent*
F. J. Gainer, *Assistant Superintendent*

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Thomas S. Cooke, *Manager*

Casper, Plants Nos. 1 and 2
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A. E. Thompson, *Superintendent*

Casper Plant No. 3
M. G. Paulus, *Superintendent*
R. E. Wood, *Assistant Superintendent*
J. E. Rouse, *Assistant Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 1
H. M. Lockard, *Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 2
B. L. Warren, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 1
W. A. Morris, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 2
J. F. Cullen, *Superintendent*

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E. H. Fisher, *Assistant Director*, Chicago, Ill.
C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division*, Chicago, Ill.
W. N. Bercaw, *Assistant Director*, Whiting, Ind.
C. F. Hall, *Assistant Director*, Wood River, Ill.
A. S. Hurt, *Assistant Director*, Sugar Creek, Mo.
D. M. Lobdell, *Assistant Director*, Casper, Wyo.

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John Bodick
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T. C. Brown
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J. J. Delaney
A. Dimmock
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Wm. Fuller
Ignatius Gazda
Oscar Heyl
Archie Judson
Lewis Kasper
John V. Kidnay
F. W. Lau
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Johnnie McHenry
J. C. Melvin
R. T. Myrick
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C. A. Phelps
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M. R. Schmidt
Nick Scholl
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W. B. Hodge
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H. B. McCoy
J. J. Wirthman
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G. W. Thompson
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STANOLIND
RECORD
Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
C. V. JULIAN, *Editor*
Publication Office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 4 MARCH No. 5

MORE CASH PAID OUT IN TAXES THAN IN DIVIDENDS

In Statement Prepared to Offer to U. S. Senate Committee on Manufactures, Colonel Stewart Shows Standard Oil of Indiana Paid Cash Dividends of $74,561,005.60 as Against $79,545,160.35 for Federal and State Taxes During the Ten-Year Period Ending Jan. 1, 1922

The appended statement was prepared by Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), to submit to the United States Senate Committee on Manufactures, which has been investigating the alleged high price of gasoline. It was not submitted for the reason that the committee desired Mr. Stewart merely to answer questions, but as the questioning brought out virtually all the facts contained in the statement, part of it is here reproduced for the information of employees, stockholders and such outsiders as may be interested.—EDITOR.

"The Standard Oil Company of Indiana is an independent corporation, not a member of any trust or combination. It is owned by 28,267 stockholders, of whom more than 8,000 are employees, ranging from common laborers to executives. While originally a large amount of the stock was held by comparatively few people, today there is no stockholder who owns more than 5¼ per cent of the whole. Among our largest stockholders are General Education Board, the Rockefeller Foundation, the University of Chicago, and other educational and charitable organizations.

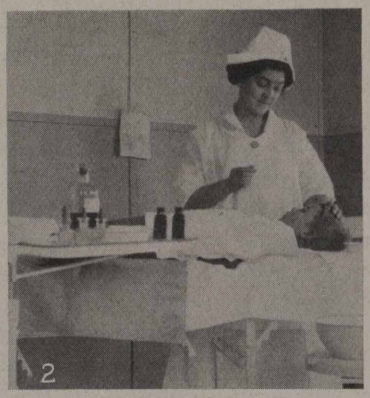
"The Standard Oil Company of Indiana is engaged in the manufacture and sale of petroleum products. The management is vested in a board of directors of nine members, all actively engaged in this business and no other. Of these nine, two rose from office boys, one began with the company as a common laborer, one as a timekeeper, one as a stenographer, one as a mechanic's helper, one as a draftsman, one as a chemist, and one as a member of the legal department. All earned their right to places on this board through their own efforts.

"The Standard Oil Company of Indiana markets its products principally in eleven states—Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma, where it serves a population of more than 30,000,000 people.

"Originally this company had no crude oil production, but the war demonstrated the necessity of a permanent source of supply for our refineries. As a result, during 1920 and 1921, substantial interest was acquired in the Midwest Refining Company, and a half interest in the Sinclair Pipe Line, as well as half interest in the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company, which has for its purpose the purchasing of crude to provide business for the Pipe Line Company. The Sinclair Pipe Line already was constructed and we had the choice of acquiring an interest in it or building a new line of our own. To have gone to the expense of building a new line, when one already laid was not being used to capacity, would have been an economic crime. Thus we now have some crude production of our own, though we are still dependent upon others for the major source of our supply.

(*Continued on Page 3*)

THE GOOD FAIRY OF SUGAR CREEK



No. 1—Mrs. Grace Key Mullin, Red Cross public health nurse, believes the wealth of the nation is the health of the children. Because of this, she devotes a large part of her time to the care of children. She is shown bringing cheer to one small sufferer in this photo. No. 2—Mrs. Mullin's work among the children has made Sugar Creek proud of her. She has on several occasions procured a baby specialist from Kansas City to assist Drs. Charles E. Dickson and George Polk at the baby clinics. The latter doctors have given their services gratis. No. 3—This is the "good fairy of Sugar Creek" at ease for a moment during her work day. She keeps regular office hours and mothers are privileged to consult her.

(Continued from Page 1)

"As regards capitalization, our authorized capital stock has recently been increased from $140,000,000 to $250,000,000. Prior to this, the company was heavily under-capitalized, and while its earnings have apparently been large when figured on a basis of capitalization, when figured on the actual money invested, they have not been excessive.

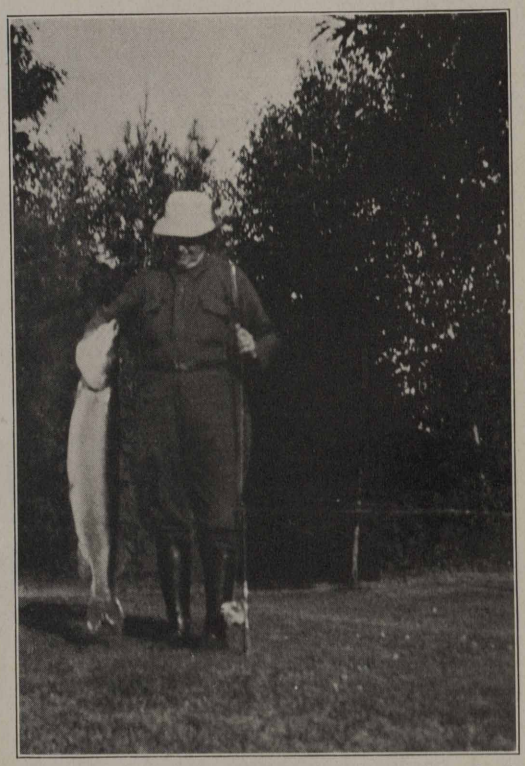
"It is interesting to note that while during the ten years ending January 1, 1922, this company has paid to its stockholders in cash dividends the sum of $74,561,005.60, during the same period it has paid in federal and local taxes the sum of $79,545,160.35.

"In its treatment of employees the company challenges comparison. We have an industrial relations plan whereby employees themselves pass on wages, hours, and all other matters relating to their general welfare. We have an annuity plan whereby veteran employees are retired on pensions and their dependents taken care of. Under this plan more than $500,000 has already been distributed. We have a plan whereby employees can purchase stock in the company on the installment plan, the company giving them $50.00 worth of stock for every $100.00 worth they buy. These are merely the high spots.

"At enormous expense, this company carried on experiments which resulted in the Burton process for the manufacture of gasoline, doubling and trebling the yield of gasoline from crude, thus maintaining the price of gasoline at a much lower figure than it otherwise would be. The company has not kept this process to itself, but licenses its use by any refiner who wishes to use it.

"The management of this company appreciates that a monopoly is abhorrent to the minds of the American people and will not be tolerated by them. It does not desire, nor does it endeavor to put any competitor out of business. We believe, in fact, that our competitors are as essential to our business as our customers. All we are trying to do is to obtain a fair return to our stockholders on the money they have invested, and at the same time to perform our entire duty to our employees and to the public."

BOY! PAGE CASPER



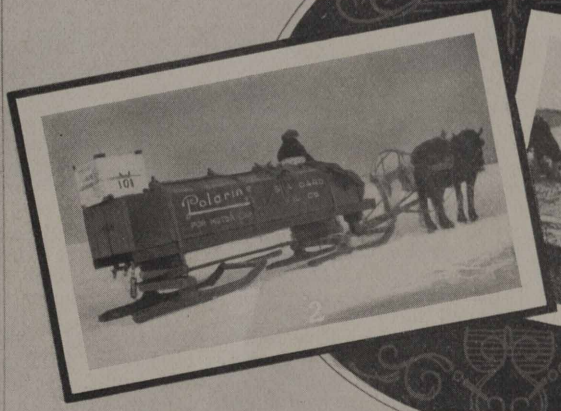
Here is a photo! Look it over carefully. In it you see F. P. Allen, manager of the asphalt department, sales, with a, count them, twenty-five pound tiger muskie. The tiger was shot with a club by Mr. Allen. We have his word for it. The battle waged forty minutes, count 'em, forty! At last, this is proof positive that at some time, Mr. Allen had a twenty-five pounder in his hands. That he caught the muskie, there is little doubt. As Mr. Allen says, "Do you suppose anyone would allow ME to hold his twenty-five pounder? Do you think I would let anyone hold mine?" Mr. Allen would like Casper, Greybull, Laramie and all points west to take a long healthy look at the muskie. "Try and beat it," he defies. We forgot to say the muskie was caught at Upper Gresham Lake, Wis.

JOHN M. DURHAM DIES

John M. Durham, 69, member of the Wood River Refinery Joint General Committee for two years, dropped dead at the west gate of the Standard Oil Company plant on January 27.

Mr. Durham had just arrived at the filling station to make preparations for going to work, when he was overcome. He had, apparently, been in the best of health and had been working every day.

SOME SNOW AND A FLIVVER



No. 1—This shows the results of a recent mild snow at Huron, S. D. Notice the Red Crown pump at the right. No. 2—When it snows in the Saginaw division, it snows. Here is Agent Harley Williams of Roscommon, Mich., taking a short cut over Houghton Lake. No. 3—Station Examiner C. S. Kolb of Saginaw recovered an empty steel barrel, missing six years. Mr. Kolb picks up stray barrels in connection with his regular duties.

TWO GIVE BLOOD TO SAVE FRIEND'S WIFE

Frank Searcy (Left)
and
Harrison Shiffner

When the word was passed about in the Sugar Creek, Mo., refinery that the wife of Foreman Frank Woodward, one of the veteran employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) was critically ill, and the doctor had said that she must have a blood transfusion, the response was instantaneous. Twenty-nine employees volunteered to give a quart of blood each in the effort to save Mrs. Woodward's life.

The physicians hastily examined ten, and the two most fit for the operation were selected. The other nineteen waited long after so as to be ready if a second call should be sounded.

Mr. Woodward was profoundly moved by this demonstration of the feeling of brotherhood that unites Standard Oil workers and makes them willing to sacrifice even their blood for the sake of a fellow employee.

The two, who were chosen for the transfusion, are Harrison Shiffner and Frank R. Searcy, whose photos are shown in this issue. Both men are married. They are refinery main pump house helpers and native Missourians. They reported for work on their regular shift following the operation, although, according to physiological data, they had each given an eighth of their body blood.

The other twenty-seven who volunteered are Ashton B. Jones, A. S. Hurt, James S. Van Winkle, D. A. Scott, Leonard Neilson, Oscar Westwood, Charles E. Zuvers, Harry Sturges, Lawrence J. Weaver, Harry Abbott, Albert Duff, J. H. Samons, Fay E. Holloway, Jess Flowers, J. D. Porter, William C. Wright, J. F. Pippenger, Ernest Dickey, Harley C. Turner, James E. O'Hara, Orval Bellville, Frank V.

SAFETY COURT WINS POLICE PRAISE

Minneapolis, Minn.—The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Safety Court of the Minneapolis division recently won the plaudits of Lieutenant George Foreman, chief of the Minneapolis police traffic department, and Lieutenant Bert Nelson, chief of the motorcycle corps, for its efficient work in keeping down traffic accidents. The two officers attended a meeting of the court. Mr. Osman, superintendent of the Northern States Power Company motor department, also attended the session and was loud in his praise of the court. This photo shows the court in session. Left to right, the persons shown are: P. C. Dickey, J. E. Huckenpahler, A. J. Cameron, C. E. Wolfgang, J. W. Eckman, W. J. Robertson, H. H. Quackenbush, chairman (January), F. L. Cochran, C. A. Riebe and L. A. Rossiter, secretary. The purpose of the court is to investigate traffic and other accidents and "pass sentence" on the Standard Oil employee if he is found to be at fault. One guilty truck driver in one of the Standard Oil Company divisions was sentenced to work two weeks at common labor. The excellent work of the Minneapolis court has been mentioned in several newspapers of the Twin Cities.

Brown, Marion T. Willhoit, Harbert Fieck, Robert Lohnes, J. N. McBroom and John W. Rocky.

To a person outside the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) this response may appear surprising, but to the officials and men of the organization, it was to be expected.

Whenever there is an appeal for help, Standard Oil men are first on the list, ready to give to the utmost in what is needed. This loyalty is everywhere apparent in our company, but the whole organization wishes to congratulate Sugar Creek on this striking demonstration of it.

* * *

Daughter: "Oh, pa-pah, what is your birthstone?"

Father of Seven: "My dear, I'm not sure, but I think it's a grindstone."—*Exchange.*

To a tramp who wanted to earn a bite to eat, a woman said, "If I thought you were honest I'd let you go to the chicken house and gather the eggs."

"Lady," he replied with dignity, "I was manager at a bathhouse for fifteen years and never took a bath."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Boss: "Didn't I ask you a week ago to oil those casters? They creak something awful."

Porter: "I know you did, but there is not a drop of castor oil in the house."—*Exchange.*

* * *

"What age would you say I was, sir?"

"Half of what you really are, dear lady."

* * * —*Exchange.*

An Irishman coming out of ether in the ward after an operation exclaimed audibly:

"Thank God! That's over!"

"Don't be too sure," said the man in the next bed. "They left a sponge in me and had to cut me open again." And the patient on the other side said: "Why, they had to open me, too, to find one of their instruments."

Just then the surgeon who had operated on the Irishman stuck his head in the door and yelled: "Has anybody seen my hat?"

Pat fainted.—*Exchange.*

WHAT'S THE FARE TO DULUTH?

1

2

3

4

With the publishing of these pictures it is expected that a flood of transfer applications will be sought. No. 1—These are the "boys" of the party, being dressed in knickers. No. 2—Lucky dog! No. 3—This quartet were the "girls" of the party, being dressed in skirts. Hattie Dwyer, right, is not shown on the "full house" photo. No. 4—Here's the "full house" of girls from the Duluth office, who spent a week-end cabin party at Pike Lake. They are (left to right): Ann Lynott, Phrona Currier, Olive Pugh, Christine Larson, Amanda Klovstad, Florence Lufholm, Edna Nelson, Myrtle Lindstrom, Esthyre Pomroy, Lill Bergstrom and Mae Cummings.

FOREMEN TO DISCUSS PRODUCTION PROBLEMS

President R. T. Myrick Discusses Plans for Ensuing Year at Opening Banquet of Whiting Foremen's Fellowship Club, Held at the Morrison Hotel, Chicago, January 18—Storer and Boyle talk

The Foremen's Fellowship Club of the Whiting refinery of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) invaded Chicago on January 18 for the opening meeting of the year. A business session, paid entertainers and a banquet were on the program, which was given in the Rose Room of the Morrison hotel.

Plans for other meetings this year were outlined by President R. T. Myrick, who told how the original articles of agreement had called for the holding of three "dinner" meetings a year and how three other meetings were later added. Whether more meetings were wanted by the foremen is a matter up to the members, he said.

Discussing a proposal concerning the addition of more educational meetings, he said:

"Your committee has heard many members express a wish for more educational meetings. However, to increase the number of regular meetings at which a member feels more or less obligated to attend would be a very unwise move.

"Still, in order to meet the demand of at least a few who seem anxious for more general information about plant processes and fellow foremen's duties and problems, the committee proposes to conduct a few optional meetings during the year, attendance at which will be in no wise compulsory but left entirely to each member's own wish and desire. By the way in which these meetings are attended, it will soon be perfectly obvious whether or not the foremen want this sort of thing. The future action of your committee will be governed by the turnout at the first two meetings of this sort."

The committee has planned to hold these meetings at the Industrial Relations building, where little or no expense will be borne by the club. While programs of these extra meetings have not yet been definitely settled, Mr. Myrick said the committee is mapping out schedules.

"We have heard one discussion on the general subject of petroleum refining with especial reference to the manufacture of gasoline," he said. "One of our meetings this year might well be devoted to the general subject of lubrication. At this meeting we could have two or three short talks on the production of various classes of lubricants and one talk on the 'proper use of the correct lubricant in the right place.' This phase of the subject is one which gets far too little attention.

"Another of our meetings might be devoted to a discussion of power production and distribution, its use and conservation. In this connection steam would be of most general interest and importance. Electricity, gas, air and water would come in for their share of consideration.

"Other subjects of purely local interest might be 'the manufacture of wax and candles;' 'sulphuric acid recovery,' and 'asphalt, its manufacture and use.'

"One meeting might be devoted to hearing something of the work of the other Standard Oil Company (Indiana) refineries, the coal mine at Carlinville and the clay mine at Olmstead. We are all interested in the Rocky Mountain division and would be glad to hear from some of the former Whiting men now in that division.

"It is the plan of the committee to have some talks on general foremanship at each of these meetings in addition to the more strictly refinery process discussions. Such subjects as 'the foreman and costs'; 'the foreman and his relation to the welfare of his men'; 'foremen and the industrial relations plan', and 'discipline—various kinds for various types of men'.

"And there are hosts of other topics, all of which are of vital importance to the modern foreman and which can be discussed among ourselves by our own foremen with profit to all. It may be possible also to secure some outside speaker along similar lines, such as Mr. Simon, whom we heard last year."

In conclusion, Mr. Myrick impressed upon the foremen that the future of such meetings lies with them.

Following the business meeting the "eats" were the big thing on the program. After everyone had gorged himself on half a roast chicken and all the fixings, paid entertainers took the spotlight.

Miss Alice Mathews led off with a musical monologue. She was followed by Miss Sophie Shaeffer in a vocal act. Harry Roelf, Don Purdy and Tom Duggan thought she was the hit of the piece. Charlie Patton sang a duet with her and all joined in for a few songs. Ted Melroy was the next on the program with a monologue. His group of Irish stories almost proved the end of Billy Walker, who laughed so hard he nearly had apoplexy. Other members of the Benson troupe put on some numbers and rounded out one of the best meetings the foremen ever held.

Following the entertainment, Past President Storer and Mr. T. S. Boyle gave short talks.

The meeting then adjourned and the crowd (some of it) returned to Whiting. Mr. Myrick's car got as far as Roby and then stopped for want of food. The nearest filling station was a mile away.

SUPERLAS LEAD PIN LEAGUE

With the Stanolind bowling league season a little more than half completed, a battle royal is being waged by the Superlas and Polarines for first place. The Superlas are in the lead by one game with the Polarines like the proverbial wolf, just outside the door and hungry for a view at the world from the top.

The Perfections, who are comfortably seated in third place, are itching for a place in the sun, claiming third place is too shady. The way the Perfections are going, the season may go to any one of the three.

With the top three battling for glory and strikes, the bottom trio of teams are fighting to keep out of the cellar, which position is now held by Eureka, two games in the rear of Renown and Semdac, the teams tied for sixth place.

The Stanolind League is composed of teams and players from the Chicago Sales department and Home Office with some Whiting employees.

Art Grebe, individual winner last year, is again setting the pace with an average of 184 for 54 games. His high mark is 225 pins. Fred Lau is in second place with an average of 179 for 42 games, with 216 as high mark.

The standing of the teams on January 27 was:

	Won	Lost	Pct.	Avge.
Superla	39	15	.722	854
Polarine	38	16	.704	868
Perfection	34	20	.630	851
Red Crown	28	26	.519	814
Capitol	25	29	.463	814
Renown	18	36	.333	789
Semdac	18	36	.333	785
Eureka	16	38	.296	787

The individual averages follow:

	High	Average
Grebe	225	184
Lau	216	179
Henrickson	266	178
Bumhour	245	176
Gadish	227	175
Juergensen	214	172
Whitey	237	172
Sable	231	172
Thomas	267	171
Roberts	253	171
Kloepfer	219	170
Weppner	247	169
Wendt	233	168
Thorstenson	209	168
Benight	225	168
Burns	244	167
Knorst	210	167

Summary:

High team average for three games: Perfection, 942; Polarine, 930⅔. High single game: Polarine, 1013; Perfection, 1004. High individual average, three games: Henrikson, 225⅓; Grebe, 209⅓. High single game: Thomas, 267; Henrikson, 266.

DIRTY FACES

The Whiting Mutual Benefit Association closed 1922 with a balance of $19,131.13, according to the report of Secretary W. O. Walker.

The balance was invested as follows:

Liberty Bonds	$4,000.00
Whiting Savings & Loan Association stock	5,627.53
Hammond City Bonds	5,000.00
Savings Account, Bank of Whiting	3,328.05
War Savings Stamps	361.86
Checking Account	813.69

There are 1,311 members in good standing.

FIRST IMPRESSION OF WORKER MAY BE WRONG

Foreman J. R. Gambriel of Whiting Declares that the Best Policy is to Treat Newcomers in Courteous Manner; Urges Personal Interest in Employees

(The following address was given by Mr. J. R. Gambriel, acid works shift foreman, at the January 18 meeting of the Foremen's Fellowship Club of Whiting at the Morrison Hotel. His remarks were well received and the editors believe that they were of sufficient general interest to be given in full below.)

By J. R. GAMBRIEL
Acid Works' Shift Foreman

Mr. Chairman and fellow foremen:

For some unknown reason I have been asked by the committee to say a few words tonight. I want to assure you their request will be granted, as the words *sure will be few.*

My wife has always told me the collars I wear are too tight. Tonight I am firmly convinced she is right, for this one I am wearing is getting tighter every minute.

I have chosen for my subject, "FIRST IMPRESSIONS."

In view of the immense labor turnover in this and other industries throughout the country at the present time, it strikes me as being an opportune time for members of this club to give some real valuable service, of value to the company as well as ourselves, for the two most certainly go hand in hand.

I have come to the conclusion that a large percentage of first impressions are wrong. How often have we said to ourselves, as we watch a new man approach, "Here comes a hard-boiled guy." How often have we later changed out mind when we had an opportunity to know the real man? A hard looking front does not always mean the same inside. Possibly the front was caused by just that kind of treatment. Let us *greet* and *treat* him with courtesy and we will in most cases soon lose our first impression.

Now, while we are busy placing our man in what we believe the right index, what sort of a first impression is he getting of us? It seems to me our impressions should be shelved until we know whether they are right or wrong. The really important thing is to make *his* first impression a good one, which we can easily do by treating him as man to man.

If our manner is gruff and our answers short, he will without hesitation say to himself, "I'll bet he's a hard guy to work for." On the other hand if we greet him with courtesy, we will have immediately gained his respect and have taken a long step toward changing his attitude and gaining his confidence.

When we assign him his work, we should go into it in some detail and not try to get by with the fewest words possible. Let him feel that we have a personal interest in his welfare.

Another thing, and by no means the least important, is to explain carefully General Safety Rules of the plant. While we are instructing him in *what* to do, it is just as essential we point out the things he should *not* do, for his own safety. I am afraid some of us too often make the mistake of sending him with "George" to do a dangerous piece of work, because "George" is familiar with it and will watch out for him. This is all right to a certain extent, but wouldn't the man feel better if we showed enough interest in him to give him a few dont's ourselves?

I am afraid some of us are apt to overlook this very important part of the man's introduction to his job.

Dr. Coue and his prescription, "Day by day, in every way, I am growing better and better," causes me to say of safety, "Day by day, in every way, I am growing more and more convinced of its importance in our plant."

Now, I do not want you men to gather that I feel *myself* perfect in these things. I don't. Rather, it is the realization of my shortcomings that has caused me to speak of first impressions tonight.

Therefore, let us endeavor to make the man's first impression a good one and withhold our own until we have had an opportunity to know our man.

* * *

Every day, in 'every way, let's increase our sales the S. O. way!

HARRY GLAIR

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only g-g-girl that I adore—

Mr. Harry F. Glair, whose portrait appears on the outside cover of this magazine, is the well known assistant general superintendent of the Whiting Works, and entertainer-in-chief for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). No company social affair is complete without him. Even the sales department has to draft him to inject pep into the annual meeting of managers.

There's a long, long trail a winding
Into the land of my dreams—

As a result he is one of the hardest workers in the employ of the company. He labors all day at his job as assistant superintendent of the World's Greatest Refinery and spends most of his evenings acting as song leader, cheer leader

Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay, I-Ay
Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay,
I don't care what becomes of me—

or official announcer at some company function. He is 100 per cent efficient at all of them.

Born in Chicago in 1888, he graduated from Hyde Park high school in 1906, and in September of that year went to work at Whiting as timekeeper and clerk in the machine shop. Later he was transferred to the drafting room, and in April, 1907, was sent to Wood River with the engineers to start construction work on that plant. In September, 1908, he left Wood River to enter the University of Illinois. He spent his summer vacations working as a machinist's helper and in the electrical department at Whiting. After getting his diploma from the U. of I. in 1912, he returned to Whiting as an

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the teardrops—

employee of the drafting room. In January, 1914, he was made assistant superintendent of the paraffine works, and, when G. H. Fifield retired in

Now, altogether, everybody sing!

November, 1920, he was made superintendent of the paraffine department. In September, 1921, he was made assistant general superintendent of the Whiting works.

For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody will deny!

ECHOES OF SUMMERTIME

When you recall how Al Jolson sings "Those clouds you see on all the hills, they're not clouds of rain, they're clouds of daffydils," you get the idea of this picture. The photo was taken last summer at Courtland Park, Silverlake, Ind. The picnic was attended by agents and their families of the Warsaw territory of the South Bend division. C. R. Jontz, salesman, gave the party to the agents. Those who attended hope that he will give another this summer. So forget the icy breezes and your flu and pent-up sneezes for the summertime is coming bye and bye.

CASPER ORGANIZATION WINS TRADE DISCOUNT

Standard Shiftmen's Benefit Association in Agreement with Merchants to Get 5 Percent Discount on Cash Transactions.

Directors of the Standard Shiftmen's Benefit Association of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) refinery at Casper have entered into an agreement with ten of the leading merchants of that city, which calls for a five percent discount to the 400 members of the organization for all cash transactions.

A button, worn by the member, or a card, issued in favor of the wife, will be accepted by these stores as evidence of membership. More merchants are expected to enter into the agreement.

The plan works out in such a way that if the member spends $100 a month, he gets $5 interest on the money spent, therefore, the dues to the organization will cost nothing, beside showing a profit of $4 a month.

Joe Wimsatt is president of the organization and D. M. Lobdell is secretary. All complaints are made to Mr. Lobdell, who sees that an investigation is made immediately.

The ten stores which have entered into the agreement are Hufsmith's Market, White's Grocery Company, Jessen Brothers, Barnett Outfitting Company, Johnson Brothers, White's Market, Holmes' Hardware Company, Harry Yessness, Casper Gas Appliance Company and Manhattan Cafe (meal ticket).

This is a new idea of the association's directors, who ask that every member make use of this privilege.

PRIZE WINNERS AT LAFAYETTE

Lafayette can boast of two sterling basketball teams this year, one being Purdue University's five and the other the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employees' quintet. This is a photo of the Standard Oilers, who have been going great guns this year, mopping up the opposition like the French taking Ruhr. The champions of the South Bend division are, left to right, top row: Harry Burke, Roy Yelton, B. V. Force, manager, E. Roberts and P. Delancy. Left to right, bottom row: H. Wilson, E. Heiland, captain, and F. Schubert.

PURCHASING AGENT

James F. Hewson has been appointed to the position of purchasing agent of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) to succeed F. H. Bosworth, who has been transferred to other duties.

The promotion of Mr. Hewson is another example of the reward that is given to efficiency in the Standard Oil Company.

Mr. Hewson began work with the company in the estimating branch of the engineering department at Whiting in November, 1917. Later he was transferred to the construction department.

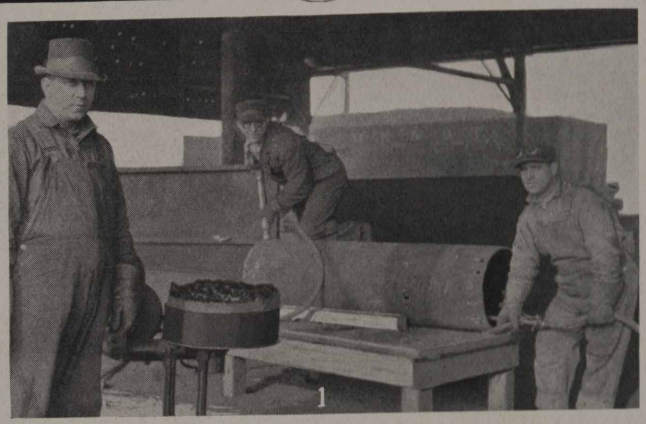
About two years ago, in October, 1920, he was transferred to the Chicago office of the purchasing department primarily to handle the purchasing end of new construction at Casper refinery.

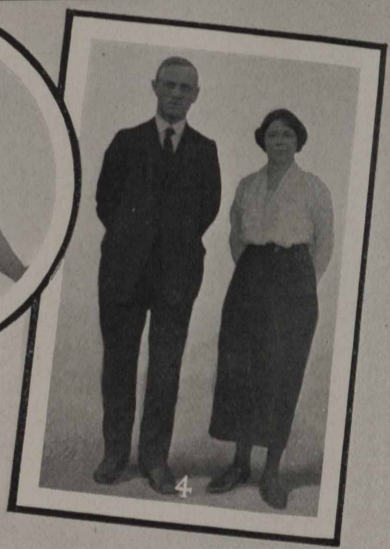
Mr. Hewson was graduated from the Engineering school of the University of Michigan in 1909. For the two years immediately preceding his employment by the Standard Oil Company he was a structural engineer for the Interstate Commerce Commission. Before then he was employed as a bridge designer by the Chicago, Minneapolis & St. Paul Railroad.

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends!

WOOD RIVER CELEBRITIES





No. 1—The bold photog braved the noise of the pneumatic hammers so you might see them working without the crescendo effect. They are boilermakers (left to right): J. Barki, E. Deucher and G. Brewer. No. 2—Here's Frank Schneider. He's the most popular man at Wood River. Yes, homebrew and radio. No. 3—Of course, you'll want to meet Mrs. Bode. She's chief cook at the Standard Restaurant. "She's SOME cook," says our correspondent. No. 4—Mr. and Mrs. Winkleman. He is in charge of the main office grounds and building. Mrs. Winkleman has charge of the table at which the officials eat.

KANSAS CITY FIELD IN PICTURES

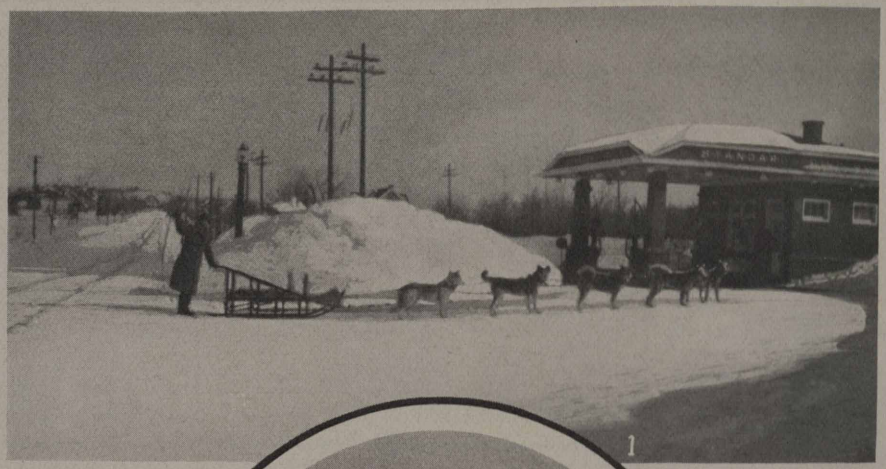
1

2

3

No. 1—Agent W. F. Coe of Cottonwood Falls and Salesman Harry Bishop at last stood hitched long enough to have their pictures "took." Agent Coe is an old-timer and is going great guns. Harry is a real live wire. No. 2—This is a Standard Oil truck all dolled up for the Fall Festival, held in Marshall, Mo. The men are (left to right) Driver Moore, Agent Colvert, District Superintendent John Hefty, Salesman Paul Surber and Smoke Stack Salesman T. J. Curry. No. 3—Here's a photo "shot" somewhere in France. The "shootee" is Station Examiner Ralph Zarker.

OUT WHERE THE NORTH BEGINS



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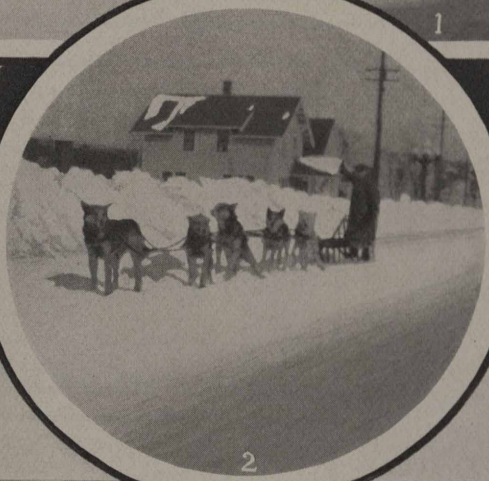

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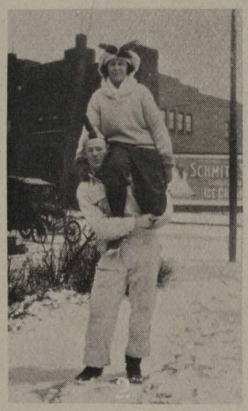
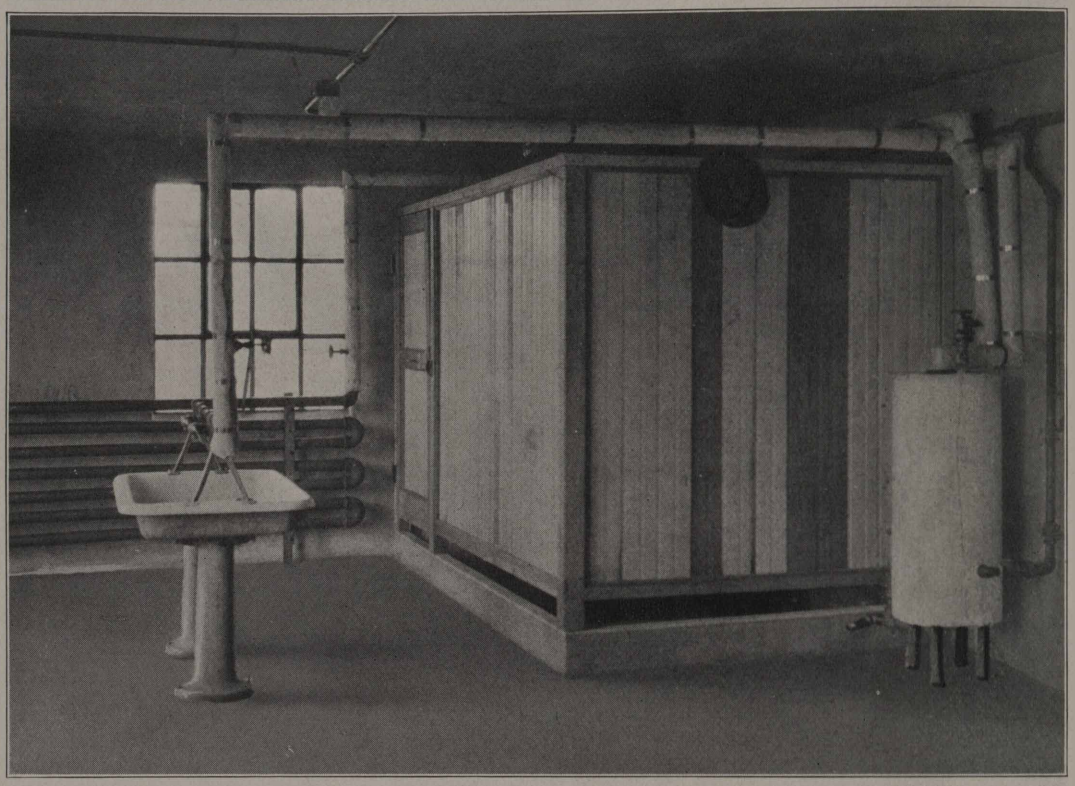
No. 1—Wilderness and civilization shake hands at the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) service stations. Here's a picture taken in Duluth, out where the North begins. From the land of almost perpetual snow, where blustering blizzards and 60 below weather struggle for supremacy under death-white banners, to the land of sunshine eternal, where soft winds caress the smiling earth into overwhelming plenitude, Standard Oil Company (Indiana) service stations are found! Gosh! No. 2—Hitting the trail again are this dog team and driver, huskies all. Perhaps they are going to some trapper's camp to get the furs that will grace M'lady's person next winter. Perhaps.

A WINONA STRONG MAN AND SOME S.O. GIRLS



No. 1—Our correspondent at La Crosse writes in that Douglas ("Red") Guentz, Winona service station attendant, is a strong man. Now, we don't know whether one or two of the three he's holding are standing on boxes, the picture is too short. However, if you're credulous, believe it; if not, don't. The girls are Frances Beranek, Leona Frohm and Ellen Wood. Frances and Ellen are of the La Crosse office. No. 2—Here's Red again. This time he's supporting the (we've only heard it hinted) future Mrs. Red. No. 3—Mayme Leiser of the checking department at La Crosse is shown all dolled up in her new Hudson seal.

SANITARY DEVICES INSTALLED FOR WORKER



Here is a corner in the wash room at the grease plant of the Wood River refinery of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). The room is well heated, and lighted. It is supplied with sanitary wash basins and bath lockers with hot and cold water. A sub-committee of the Joint General Committee at Wood River makes a plea to employees that they observe sanitary and health rules for their own sakes.

(Following is material supplied in connection with the work of the sub-committee on health and sanitation of the Joint General Committee at Wood River, Ill. Because the ideas expressed are of interest to other Standard Oil Company plants and sales divisions, it is published in full.)

Wood River, Ill.—Whether in construction of the home, factory or city; whether it be work of the army and navy in war time or civilian in peace time, the problem of sanitation is most carefully considered. In the work of our Joint General Committee, a part of its effort is directed to health and sanitation. Health and sanitation are closely related; in fact all sanitary work pertains to health and hygiene. Engineers consider sanitation when making plans for building and managers of industry make it a definite part of their work.

Sanitation in industry has only one purpose, the health of the worker. Most of the workers know and appreciate this fact. However, there are some who do not and these form a very serious handicap and are a menace to the health of the majority who are willing to cooperate with the management on sanitation.

It is the habit of neglecting such little things as spitting, failure to use garbage cans and sewers that works much injury to health. For that reason, if for none other, the most important part of sanitary work depends on a body of workmen being careful. Most sanitary measures do seem trifling, but if disease germs were so large they could run over you like a fire engine if you got in their way, or kick like a Missouri mule if you got near one, there would be no need to give warnings. It is a duty of every employee to forego such habits as will endanger the health of his

fellow worker and without exception, use such equipment as is provided and follow such rulings on sanitation as are put out by the company in the best feeling.

The sanitary conditions at the Wood River plant have always been above the average, although by no means perfect, nor are they at this time, but much has been done and much is being done. A sub-committee of the Joint General Committee makes tours through the plant at stated intervals and makes recommendations to the Joint General Committee. Since the work of this Committee started about three years ago, it has interested itself in drinking fountains, water supply, cuspidors, garbage cans, lockers, locker rooms, bathrooms, light, ventilation, toilets, wash basins, wash rooms, cleaning arrangements. Besides these, the sub-committee has by different methods, talks, signs, bulletins and much exhortation, tried to get the co-operation of the men.

As shown by a recent report of the Safety Department, the year 1921 included sixty-one lost time cases and the year 1922 eighteen lost time cases. That is a wonderful accident score, but how about the "lost time cases" on account of sickness? This is time charged up to the worker alone. Sanitation is designed to secure or preserve the health of the worker. It seems then, since the average worker must have his health to insure his earning power as well as his pleasure, he must have a kindly feeling for all sanitary measures. Of what value are waste cans and men to empty them if workers throw refuse on the ground; of steel lockers if they are not kept clean; bathrooms, toilets and drinking fountains, if they are not used? Should the man who spreads disease worry when it is the other fellow who must suffer?

The company is providing a First Aid Station, locker, locker rooms, bathrooms with hot and cold water, wash basins, toilets, adequate lighting and ventilation, heat, pure water and sanitary drinking fountains, garbage cans and men to take care of this equipment. It is being done for the sake of your health, the most valuable thing you have. Will you do your part?

PLANT NO. 1 WALLOPS NO. 3 AT CASPER

Plant No. 1's basketball team is lording it over No. 3's basketeers at Casper Refinery of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) following the crushing defeat of the latter, 35 to 18, on January 24.

Until the start of the second half the teams were fairly evenly matched, the score at the end of the opening half being 18 to 15, with the final winners in the lead.

With the blowing of the whistle to start the second period, the No. 3 crew blew up and the No. 1's were able to score almost at will while keeping the No. 3 team down to three points.

A large number of rabid followers of the two teams were on hand to root for their favorites, neither of which had suffered defeat up to the final whistle.

Art Lano's field goal opened the scoring. Kirk followed with another goal and a free throw gave the No. 1's a five point lead. The No. 3's, however, came back with enough points to even things as the crowd howled.

Wilson, of Plant No. 1, and Rynalsk, of No. 3, scoring stars of the Casper Basketball League, failed to show much during the first half, being well taken care of by Guards Erickson and Mather, respectively. Wilson, however, showed up well in the second half.

* * *

"Why has your wife decided to give up the European trip she was contemplating'?'

"She happened to hear somebody say that travel broadened one."—*Exchange.*

* * *

He: "What would you say if I kissed you?"
She: "I wouldn't be in a position to speak."
—*Exchange.*

* * *

SAMMY DIDN'T GET IT

As a reward for being a good boy little Sammie's mother took him to the new opera house which had become a brilliant addition to the small town.

As the celebrated soprano began to sing little Sammie became greatly excited over the gesticulations of the orchestra conductor.

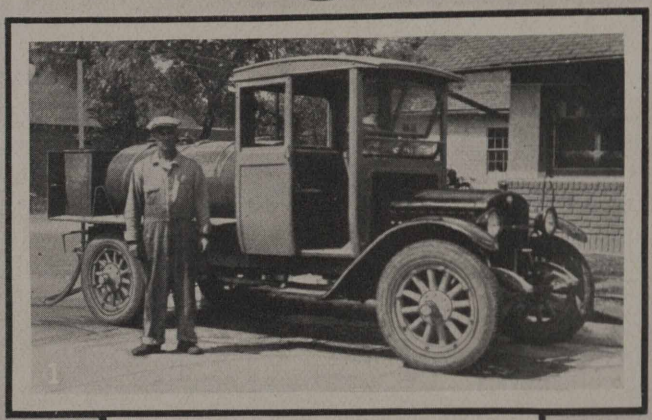
"What's that man shakin' his stick at her for?" he demanded quite indignantly.

"Sh-h! He's not shaking the stick at her."

But Sammy was not convinced.

"Then what in thunder's she yellin' about?"
—*Judge*

A POTPOURRI OF PHOTOS



No. 1—Here's Tank Wagon Agent F. W. Summers of Glenwood, Iowa, with his new tanker. Mr. Summers is out to double last year's business in 1923. No. 2—Miss Lucy Marshall, assistant to chief clerk at South Bend, who was married January 20 to Albert Hallen. Mrs. Hallen was an employee of the Standard Oil Company for ten years. No. 3—Agent Instructor G. R. Cole of Peoria field likes to hunt. Here's one day's bag. Fair enough. No. 4—Here's a real Standard Oil boy. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Green of Kansas City field.

SELLING THE SALESMEN AT DAVENPORT

Here are two views of exhibits of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) products displayed at Davenport during meetings for Standard Oil salesmen and service station attendants. The salesmen met on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, January 8 to 10, and the service station attendants on Thursday, January 11. The object of the meetings was to sell the advertising idea to our salesmen. The large photo was taken of the general display, and the insert shows a birthday cake featuring Standard Oil Company candles.

* * *

In most businesses, competition is actually an asset because the biggest expense in selling is in the preliminary educational work.—*Through the Meshes.*

* * *

Every time you lie you incur a liability. There is nothing like a steadfast man, one in whom you can have confidence, one who is found at his post, who arrives punctually, and who can be trusted when you rely on him. He is worth his weight in gold.—*Charles Wagner.*

* * *

Every sales manager and salesman should remember that line of Charles Frohman's, "there are no bad towns—only bad plays." Every town will show its good side to good salesmen, and good products and good service.—*The Treasure Chest.*

* * *

Don't try to be clever—the competition is too keen; there's more money in plain industry.—*Factory News.*

"ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE"

J. W. Shields, La Crosse, Wis., lubricating engineer of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), has made a great record at the Nekoosa Edwards Paper Company, of Port Edwards, Wis., according to the Nepco Bulletin, house organ.

"A year ago a campaign to save lubricating oil was started," says the Bulletin. "The Standard Oil Company sent their expert, Mr. Shields, to show us how to save. He did. In one year the saving in this one small item alone was wonderful, nearly unbelievable. In some departments only one-quarter as much oil is now used, and in no department has the cost not been reduced at least one-third."

WHITING, IND.

K. K. Kessler of the machine shop office has a new bicycle on which he travels to and from the works. He was very careful to choose a color that would attract attention, and so well did he succeed that people think the fire department is coming when they see K. K. K. riding on the street, and they immediately clear the way for him. One morning his lunch, which he tied to the handle bars, broke through the wrapper and was scattered to the winds. Now he has attached a fine mesh wire cage as a lunch basket.

Joliet says, "Nothing would please the boys better than to arrange a series of games with the Chicago home office," and that Joliet "now ranks as a leading contender for the flag." It might also be mentioned that Whiting has previously visited Joliet and has bowled them five games which they were to return at Chicago. Why does Joliet pick on the Chicago office and avoid Whiting? Is it because they have found out enough to stay clear of Whiting? Choose your games as you will, Joliet, but don't forget to come and get your medicine when you are ready. It is still waiting for you at Whiting.

Herman Schroeder, employed at the can house, seems to be well informed on radio topics. His homemade receiving set is giving excellent results, through which were received messages and concerts from San Antonio, Tex., Atlanta, Ga., and Schenectady, N. Y., all on the same night. Chicago programs are just like so many new up-to-date phonograph records. On one night he even had his pet dog enjoying some radio music.

George Brunner keeps the skate sharpening industry busy during season. If he isn't skating for a trophy or medal, he is skating to practice up for the next event. Talk about greased lightning and hot-dog on ice! You should just see him as he leaves each yard of ice behind.

F. Minsberg was confined to his home on account of sickness for a short period during January. The machine shop boys are glad it wasn't serious, for they miss a well liked superintendent during his absence.

Debate: "Resolved, That kerosene can be successfully used to advantage in automobile radiators in freezing weather." Affirmative, George Moffett. Negative, Don Daegling. This debate furnished the machine shop office with much amusement. Here are a few wise cracks: George Moffett maintains that a car of Oakland quality should be protected from freezing radiators, while Daegling insists that cars of the quality of Oakland should not be abused by using a fluid that ruins radiator hose. Fortunately they both drive Oaklands and so couldn't knock each other's car, but were advised by Fred Kahl to try molasses.

An old fashioned sleighride in a new fashioned way. This was recently accomplished when a dozen or more East Side boys were given a good time by tying their sleds behind a motorcycle and side-car, which pulled them over the first good snow and cracked-the-whip with them. C. J. Schroder drove. Later, several couples were given a ride to Whiting, back to Irondale and then home, among whom were the charming Misses Dunn and Millis, and "Monsieur" Kuehnke. The days of real sport are not gone forever. (Why not some pictures?—Ed.)

Leslie Bicknell and party enjoyed a hunting trip in Bicknell's car; that is, they were hunting for parts that fell off the car on the trip.

Mike Bukovitz, stillman at the Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth Battery, has a new car. We do not know what make it is, but the only place he can get parts for it is the Northwestern Stove Works.

We wish to apologize to Jerry McCarthy for saying he swallowed an olive. We were wrong. It was a grapenut.

John Zahata spoiled what appeared to be a perfect day by losing the bottle. He then had to walk home. John has been hunting all season and only got two rabbits. The dog caught one. Then he, John, lost the bottle. Banahan shot the other one for him. John is now taking a correspondence course in how to shoot.

Jim Febeck has given up the idea of using hatchets hunting rabbits. He scares them to death with his car. Joe Thiel please take notice.

Pat O'Connell is just recovering from a black eye. He said he had been hit with a truck. (Old stuff.)

Wild Bill Murdock is coming out for mayor of Whiting next election with a platform for woman suffrage. Trying to get the ladies' vote.

Luke Kelly, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Battery, is complaining about all the bull around the batteries. So Safety Smith installed shoe scrapers at both doors, so he could scrape his shoes as he goes out. Better put a shovel there, too, Safety. He needs it.

The boys around 15 and 16 are going to have a stock party on Fat Turner next month. All are welcome.

Al Ramstock had a narrow escape last week. While out hunting he was attacked by a squad of vicious rabbits. He had nothing to protect himself with but a couple of automatic shotguns. But Mike Buckovitz came to his rescue with a bottle, so Al was saved. They are both high shooters.

The New Year's dinner at the Ohio Avenue Improvement Club was a complete success. The natives were entertained by T. Lemen with his radio. He cut in on the bedtime stories, and after listening to the concerts, Mr. Lemen put on a couple of songs. Everyone agreed that his voice was of a wonderful quality, he having a loud tenor voice. A good time was had by all.

Ed Cahill has been looking for a new car this year, but up to yet has not found one to suit him. The new '23 cars have no whipsocket on them and Ed is out of luck. Buy a Ford, Ed, what's the difference?

Julius Kish has been elected president of the Whiting Sewing Society.

"We wish to thank the men of the second shift, Division No. 2 of the pressure stills department, for the beautiful floral piece given in our late bereavement in the loss of our son and brother, Glenn Butcher, World War veteran."—Signed, George Butcher and family.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

A joint meeting of the management and department heads and foremen was held at the Sugar Creek refinery on the evening of January 15, in the Industrial Relations Building, under the auspices of the Foremen's Social Club of Sugar Creek. Those present included G. H. Moffett, manager; F. W. Bruckmiller, assistant superintendent; R. C. Harris, superintendent mechanical department; J. W. Kelly, general refinery foreman; Messrs. Wetmore and Thompson, representatives of the main office; J. A. Hininger, shipping department, and Messrs. Hurt, Howard and Koehler, representatives of the industrial relations department. An invitation was also extended to the six employees' representatives

on the joint general committee, four of whom were present. H. R. Boehmer, superintendent of the Sugar Creek refinery, who is also mayor of Sugar Creek, was unable to be present on account of having to attend a council meeting. F. G. Lee, president of the Foremen's Social Club, acted as chairman. This meeting was the result of a resolution passed by the Foremen's Social Club at their regular monthly business, meeting in which they expressed a willingness to meet with the management at any time outside of regular plant hours for the purpose of discussing such matters pertaining to the general welfare of the plant, as the management might designate. The subjects discussed at this meeting were:

Foremanship is an essential part of management.

The foreman as an interpreter between management and worker.

The foreman as a responsible leader of his men.

Developing his own initiative and that of the workers under him.

Promoting team play.

Short talks were made by Mr. Moffett and the majority of those present. Light refreshments were served, and a very enjoyable and profitable evening was spent. This is the first of a series of several meetings planned for the next three or four months, at which various subjects of general interest will be discussed.

Alex Napuda, painter, had the misfortune to lose his wife by death on January 27. He has the sympathy of all his fellow employees. Mr. Napuda was married less than a year ago. A picture of the wedding party appeared on page 25 of the April, 1922, issue of the Stanolind Record.

Tom Chandler can be seen most any day now reading the "Safety Items" that Clifford Howard puts out. Tom is a cracking good tool man, but should have used a crowbar to pry the lid off that inkwell instead of his knife. He claims he has used a knife as a conveyor of food for a good many years and hasn't even scratched his lips yet. The next time he has an inkwell to open he'll use an icepick, he says.

The Basketball team continues to play basketball and it continues to go down to defeat each time it does. At a recent game with the Sugar Creek schoolboys, the boys were so rude as to take the ball from the Red Crowns at the beginning of the game and kept it all through the game, only returning at the close so its rightful owner could get in a little much needed practice with it.

In October Earl Cox bought some hens of guaranteed high egg yield. Like many other beginners, Earl had to have his eyeteeth cut, but after a few months an egg or two began to show up on the table. Now Earl is predicting wonders. Here's one chicken man that will find out that even a feather duster will lay in the spring, but only birds of quality lay the year round.

About a year or so ago announcement was made in the Stanolind Record of the wedding of Wayne Williams and Miss Margaret Hartrup, and some wiseacre made the comment, "now watch the Sweet Williams grow." True to prediction a son was born to them on January 10. The boys enjoyed a good cigar at Wayne's expense.

At the table at the recent foremen's "blowout," Matt Delles asked,"Will Tom and Jerry be served?" We assured him that no one would be overlooked and Tom (Mahoney) was already eating. Jerry we couldn't place. Matt bawled us out for a "numbskull," and explained that Tom and Jerry were not men but a drink made with 'skee, raw eggs, nutmeg, etc., and served piping hot. Then we recognized "Tom and Jerry" as something we used to take for a cold, called "egg-nog." We used to have more colds in those days than we do now, and oh! boys, what a cure it was. "Hooch, Mon."

Usually when we have doubts as to whether or not a man is working, we look at his clock card, but with Bill Hickey we look at the morning paper, and if Montgomery Ward doesn't have a sale advertised, we can count on Hickey being on the job.

Arch Hicks took a ride on a passenger train not long ago, and now he is trying to get the jitneys to furnish a porter to open the door and assist him off and on the car.

Jim Hinde has joined the Standard Oil Radio Club. Another sure sign that *Radio-ing* is a cheap sport. Jim says he doesn't have to leave his house now on Sunday evenings, and yet he is able to get the whole sermon of his church. (He never fails to cut off just before they pass the collection box.)

Wanted—25 or 30 good men, handy with fly-swatter—to swat lightning bugs next summer at the ends of breather pipes on West Hill gasoline storage tanks. Apply H. L. Broughton, drafting room.

Charles P. Johnson paid us a visit recently. Charley is one of our old time office employees, who is now selling the full line, working out of Quincy, Ill., for the Standard Oil Company sales department. He says business in that section is real good and every day in every way it is getting better and better.

George Stillinovich, tower still cleaner, has been suffering from an attack of influenza. Here is hoping he gets better and better and the flu lesser and lesser.

Sad, but nevertheless true, that the Standard Oil Company basketball squad lost their second game of the season when they went up against the Sugar Creek Ward school on the school gynmasium a few nights ago. The schoolboys took the lead in the second quarter and at the end of the game they had piled up a score of 49 against Standard Oil Company's 11. There was considerable booh-hooing after the game, when some of the schoolboy players became separated from their mothers, but they were finally all placed in their mothers' arms and whisked home to be tucked in their little beds and to have pleasant dreams of their wonderful victory over the dipsomaniac players of the Standard Oil Company. Jess Reeder claims to have touched the ball once, but as no one of the spectators recalls seeing him to it, we will have to take his word. What we want to see is the team that Captain Stewart's squad can beat. As a suggestion, Captain Stewart might give each one of his players a shot of "happy dust" before the start of each game. Sugar Creek players will go up against one of the best trained teams they have met this season when they play the "Old Soldiers' Home" in a few weeks. The "Old Soldiers" defeated them at baseball last season, and to show the Sugar Creek boys that they mean to do the right thing, each player on the "Old Soldier" squad has agreed to be blindfolded and have his legs bound securely during the basketball game. Bets of ten to one are being placed on the "blind and bound" players.

Arthur ("Hop") Hauptley of the storehouse has "opened up" and squandered several dollars for a radio outfit, which is a sure sign that times are getting better and the new year will be one of the most prosperous that we have seen for some years. Kennie Jacques, "Hop's" handsome secretary, has taken up a night course in radio so that he may talk intelligently to his majesty on this subject.

Clay Hensley, one of our flashy dressed office runabouts, had his life's darkest moment recently, when after spending several hours dressing in his best for a trip down town with a very dear friend of his, and after plowing through that Mt. Washington gumbo to the car line, he found that he was badly in need of a shoe shine and decided to get his shoes shined the very first thing when he got to town. Then before reaching town he discovered that in dressing he had donned one brown and one red sock, so his shoes carried the same gumbo back home with him that evening. He says he had a very unpleasant evening.

It has been suggested that the ventilating pipe be removed from the northeast corner of drafting room office, that is, if Martin Grinter will promise us that he will continue to treat the drafting room boys with a "whiff" now and then of that sweet smelling black narcissus.

The "Suggestion Committee" has asked that the company make a ruling that all office employees be compelled to wear rubber heels, so as not to scratch the tops of their desks.

Joe Breuer is still wearing his new overcoat, and says he would like it just fine if it wasn't for one thing. The buttons on the sleeves hurt his nose.

Who said "Hook" Hoffman couldn't come back? Did you take notice at the last dance given at the Sugar Creek School House? Outside of Ed Richmond, "Hook" was the most popular man there.

Herbie Broughton slipped one of wife's pumpkin pies under his coat recently before going to work, but he had to take the pan back in the evening and she caught him. Now he has to stand a thorough "shake-down" of his clothing every morning before departing for his labors.

C. A. Galloway, of the shipping department, who has been in bad health for several months, thinks that if we could get a good big snow the change of climate would put him on his feet. We all hope that he gets his wish if it would help him in the least, as it would probably save him the expenses of a several months' "rest cure" in Trinidad.

Anyone having any new radio patents, or any old radio magazines, kindly send to R. L. McMains, one of the main office accountants.

Jim Novak, who has been off for about a month with a sprained back, is on the job again.

We would like to know if Roy R. Peck is a Socialist. For particulars, ask Jim Hinde.

Verne Hancock, the favorite "goat" of A. Flunky White, is sporting some relics of '49 in the shape of a pair of button shoes. Yes, siree, boy, they cost all of $3.50 sixteen years ago. In fact, Three-Ball Jim, who is good authority on such matters, says that Verne probably got them out of the Public Library Museum.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

While McNeely of the lubricating stills was on the jury, a notice appeared warning all white mule agents to beware. We hear most of them were. And still are.

Miller, the noted detective from the steam stills, was reported seen with his famous red book.

Ty Cobb says that somebody is gonna get shot, by heck, if he misses any more of his prize winning rabbits, and George W. Lang says sand burr syrup is good for that tickling in the throat.

Charles Huber, better known as Romeo, veteran broom chaperon at No. 3 crude house, is wearing a broad smile these days. It is a new son-in-law. Charles thinks said son-in-law is a pretty good fellow.

Charles Wiggins has bought a new Chevrolet. Heretofore said Buick was a Peerless wonder, but he has gone back on the old standby and tries a new sample. At the present time, he has only burned out three piston rings, broke one crank shaft, knocked down three telephone poles and killed three of his neighbor's prize chickens. Being a veteran of all the wars of England, he will undoubtedly stand it all.

Herb Powell came out of No. 3 receiving house, looked up the road and then made a dash up to the top of the battery. He got three buckets full of water and threw the water on the base of a telephone pole he thought was on fire. The fire did not go out and it was discovered that a steam line had sprung a leak at that point.

Harry Lenhardt has installed a drinking fountain for his chickens and now is spending much of his time trying to educate them to turn off the water and turn it on as needed. Harry says, "All it takes is a lot of patience." If that is all, he is bound to make a success of it.

After Richard Dawson had his radio installed, he talked so much about it that Peter Corrigan became interested. Later, Dawson decided to get a set for his brother-in-law, Al Gerard. When he tried to buy the material, he was told he would have to wait for a new shipment because a man had just placed an order for fourteen sets and the supply was exhausted.

Charlie Smith, Freeland Thompson and Dave Moore went hunting recently. Charlie, not being much of a shot, loaned his gun and shells to Thompson and decided to chase the rabbits after they were shot. After Thompson had shot all the shells without results, he threw the gun at a rabbit and broke the stock off. Now Smith says that he is "off of" hunting for life.

Anyone wishing information as to "how to keep a Ford from freezing" can obtain same from R. McDow of the tin shop. He knows now.

Billy Meacham has installed a radio set in his home and is trying hard to hear something from his Old Home Town, London, England.

Did you ever hear of a Ford getting cold feet? It is the custom of J. Maurice of the machine shop to call on a certain young lady who lives near St. Louis. John, making the trip one Sunday lately, decided to take a short cut and found himself on a road that was not paved. Soon after he found his Ford stuck in the mud. All John could find in the tool box was four socks, so he fastened these on the wheels and to his surprise was able to meet her on time.

Miss Virginia Freeman of the switchboard was quietly married to Harry Webb recently. Mr. Webb works at the Roxana Refinery. For a short time they made their home with the groom's parents, the Rev. and Mrs. Webb. Their future home is on Whitelaw Avenue. Best wishes.

Mrs. Hannah Johnson and Helen Powell were St. Louis visitors recently. They heard Harry Lauder at the Odeon and returned to Wood River tired and weary. That evening they attended a meeting of the Ladies' Energetic Club at the home of Mrs. Hornbill. Helen says there was no business done as everybody tried to talk at the same time and wouldn't pay any attention to the president.

Mr. Tremmel, machine shop foreman, recently had the misfortune of having his home destroyed by fire. We hereby extend our sympathy.—Machine shop friends.

Red Hamer has his Nash roadster for sale or trade. Mr. Hamer evidently thinks he cannot support a wife and a machine at the same time. His wedding presents were numerous, but the most useful presents were presented to him by his fellow workers of the tin shop.

Joe Rumple of the pipe coverers has left the employ of the company and has started a cafe in Alton. Good luck to you, Joe.

Herman Wuestenfeldt of the machine shop has passed through a serious illness, having been stricken with la grippe and quinsy. Herman is some better at this time and we hope to see him back at work soon.

They say that Lee Jenkins is a second Al Jolson when it comes to this minstrel stuff.

Bob Ford has moved into his new home on Seventh street and we will say it is a regular place.

Ty Cobb has added "two kids" to his 506 rabbits and now is looking for a couple of stray rattlers.

Johnnie Stepson, boiler maker helper, is the proud father of an eight and one-half pound baby girl, but John finds it hard to overcome the wish that it had been a boy, as he now has two girls. The stork also visited the home of Henry Loyed, boilermaker, and left a nine-pound baby girl. Congratulations.

Mike Golock, who has been in the service of the company for twenty-four years, has enrolled in the night school and is studying hard that he might improve his English. He desires to become an American citizen and will try for his second papers.

We are glad to hear that Henry Ronnenberg, who has been sick for some time, is improving at time of this writing.

Julius Gamer, one of the night men of the roundhouse, who has been seriously ill for some time and taken to Barnes Hospital, St. Louis, to undergo an operation for tumors of the stomach, is showing much improvement at this time. The operation was so serious that his life was despaired of for some time.

While making a round of the Alton stores recently, Edward Schoenbaum came across some rare bargains in underwear and seeing a pile priced at 39 cents each, he told the clerk his size and got a supply. But when Edward got home and opened the bundle, he found that he had purchased women's underwear.

A great mystery has been solved, We often wondered where John Dooling spent his thirty-two hours off. We discovered him at a bootlegger's trial the other day with Tobias Poeling.

Bernie Halloran says he is bothered very much with the pumper's itch. One has to work to find relief.

Frank Bauer recently installed a new furnace in his home on Wood River avenue. It must be a good one because he said it even keeps the front porch warm on a cold night.

Edward Stillwell must be leading a wild life. He has been seen around the "Y" in Alton as late as ten and eleven o'clock at night.

Martin Day, pumper, said he was not feeling well the other day, so we watched him all day and he never ate a bite, so we know he must have been very sick.

We all extend our sympathy to F. Brasier whose home was burned down January 21 at a great loss to Frank and his family. Through kindness of his neighbors he and his family were given shelter.

Nick Zager, who has been employed in the track labor gang, has resigned to go to school. Nick, while in the employ of the company, was a loyal and faithful worker. Here's to you, Nick! You are on the right road. Keep in school and you will win out better than on the end of a long handled shovel.

"Mutt Rhodes," our coke yard veteran, spent eight hours on the firing line this month. Where's your extras, Mally?

The coke gang appreciates the new sewer that was put in the yard.

"Greedy Cox" has got the building fever and intends to start a new bungalow when spring comes.

"Jumbo" Feldman is sojourning at the clay plant, but insists on wearing his rain coat. Is it raining, Jumbo?

"Shorty" Schenk is doing time at the machine shop. Don't go after any left-handed monkey wrenches, Shorty.

Alton, Bethalto, East Alton, Grafton, West Alton, Wood River and Roxana are represented in the coke yard, but we are some gang just the same. Ask E. E. Shape.

"Uncle Tute" says there are quite a few eligibles in the coke gang, and he will gladly furnish references. Don't crowd, girls!

Tommy Mitchell has been transferred to the coke yard on account of being gassed on the ash system.

The coke yard gang had its picture taken, and then Sammy Williams said he would have to get a new camera.

Thomas Lambert Stahoviac, pressman at the press house, and also captain of the good ship "Polarine," has taken the boat to his house for a complete overhauling. Lambert passed the remark that there was one gentleman that could put the boat in good condition, and that was he. He will overhaul the engine, put some very artistic touches on the boat and repair the fishing tackle.

We are always glad to see employees reading the Safety notices on the Safety Boards. We know that the employees are interested in these boards, as the following Foreman's Accident Report will indicate: "Walter Hubbard, clerk, was engaged in reading Safety First Sign. He was impressed with the caption thereon, 'Do not look at flame of electric welders.' Turned around to go to R. R. office and met cinder with left optic, said cinder becoming embedded therein." We were sorry, Walter, to hear that you were injured in pursuing such a worthy cause, but a martyr for a worthy cause is always rewarded in the end. This is certainly a good advertisement for our Safety Sign Boards.

CASPER, WYO.

There was a rumor around the plant last week that Bill Frerichs, tower still foreman, had married, but it was false. Bill is a pretty wise bird at that.

J. C. McCullough, foreman in the carpenter department, is the daddy of a fine baby boy. Mother and baby doing well. Congratulations, Mack.

Twin boys were born to Mr. and Mrs. Sam B. Weaver on January 2, 1923. Mr. Weaver is cleaner on pressure stills. All are doing fine.

Earl Thompson, foreman of the loading rack at plant No. 3, is the proud father of a fine boy baby, born on January 7, 1923. Earl, will you trade him for a girl? Mrs. Thompson and the boy are doing well.

A fine baby daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Fowler on December 19, 1922, at the Women's and Children's Hospital. All are getting on well, including Charlie.

Our old friend Judge John A. Murray recently has taken unto himself a wife. This event happened December 27, 1922, at Orchard, Colo., when Mrs. Hattie B. Girardot became Mrs. Murray. The happy couple are now at home at 743 South Durbin Street. They have our best wishes.

Dr. Paulus and his wife have returned home, January 20, after having been to a foreign land (Whiting) for several months.

J. E. Rouse and his wife came home January 22, after having been to Whiting to find out why the boss and his wife were staying so long.

L. Spencer, pressure still fireman; William Diff, tower still helper; J. E. Little, pressure stillman; James O'Leary, separator box pumper; C. E. Gross, sewer cleaner; Jess England, pressure still helper, and V. L. Preston, tower still helper, have left the service of the company.

J. L. Carlson of the treating plant took a two weeks' vacation to go away some place and get married. When he came back he said he did not get married. What are you going to do with a guy like that?

L. G. Smith and wife were coming home from a party the other night and were turning the corner at the postoffice when a car coming east ran into L. G.'s car. An eye witness to the smash declared L. G. jumped out of the car, took off his coat and said: "I have a notion to knock your can off." Last reports from Douglas were that a taxi driver was still running east.

Bill Loden, pressure stillman working on the graveyard shift, called up Bill Emmel at the lab. the other night to report off from work. Loden had a bad cold. The following conversation took place: Loden to Emmel: "Bill, I want—cough—cough—cough." Emmel—"All right, Bill, you can stay home tonight if that's the way you feel."

Estes and W. N. Losey are back to work, after having been to Colorado on account of the death of their mother. They have the sympathy of the boys on the plant.

Bill Rehur, Luke Doyle, Jess England, Nuel McGreevy and Arch Presley, all of the refinery department, have left the service of the company.

Dan Fenton, sweeper on twenty and twenty-five batteries of pressure stills, is back to work again after a two weeks' spell of sickness.

E. Weise, top helper on seven and twenty-six batteries of pressure stills, has been transferred to the still cleaning department.

One of the members of the joint general committee was stopped by one of the men in the yard as the committee adjourned and asked: "Why is the meeting over in such a short time today?" and the committeeman answered, "Bob Heinze has a cold and can't talk and Bill Tolhurst is not feeling very good today." Thazall, ain't it the truth.

J. J. Jacobi, helper at No. 1 pump house, and E. S. Boyle, fireman at the tower stills, have joined the ranks of the benedicts. We are still waiting for those good cigars.

Lew Mathis of No. 1 boiler house was called out of town on account of the serious illness of his father.

Walter Bowman, pressure stillman, has been called to Missouri on account of the serious illness of his mother.

Richard R. Davis, our accommodating timekeeper at plant No. 1, slipped away on December 19, 1922, on what was presumed to be a holiday vacation, but upon his return he informed us on December 22, 1922, he was married to Esther Virginia Ralston at Colorado Springs, Colo. The couple is at home at 653 South Grant street. The cigars were very fine.

Homer took the L. & M. department to Parkerton in his Buick and on the way back they all got out at an abrupt curve in the road to look at the stars. The Buick is convalescing in a nearby garage and Johnnie is walking around like a patent medicine advertisement for a weak back—before taking. Jean has his left arm in a sling, but says a fractured arm is nothing in his young life, as he breaks his neck almost daily on the new account numbers.

Despite the recent accident sustained by Jean, the basketball manager, plant No. 15 team is still undefeated.

Wilson, our left forward, had a tender swelling, which he describes as a big red boil, on a certain portion of his posterior anatomy, and the Methodists, knowing this, showed an unchristian spirit in trying to persuade Mr. Wilson to seat himself forcibly on the uncushioned floor of the basketball court. However, as Mr. Wilson has registered more points than any other man in the league, there was method in their madness. Maybe that's why they call them Methodists.

J. F. Sallard, of the engineering department, was caught by the necktie while inspecting some new machinery in the machine shop, and hauled in up to the nose. He said that was too close a look for him, and that he would accept Jean's advice and buy a jazz-bow, which Jean is going to recommend to the safety department as the only safety-first necktie.

E. N. Henley, after a year and a half as chief clerk at Glenrock, decided to come West and grow up with the country. He is now employed in the main office at Plant No. 1.

Wanted—Interpreter who can instruct Pete Meinert in the ways of a Ford car. The latest out states Pete has ordered a new Ford, and all he needs is a conscientious interpreter.

Archie May had the misfortune of coming in contact with Wyoming zephyrs while on top of the coke trestle, losing control of himself and being blown off the trestle almost into the river. Some zephyr!

Arthur Larson, plant No. 1, has returned to married life after a two weeks' vacation. Mrs. Larson has just returned from a furlough in Colorado, and "Speed" is congratulating himself that he was able to put the house in such good shape before her arrival. So far no questions have been asked.

E. J. Harry has been transferred from the asbestos department to the yard office force.

Walter Jourgensen has moved his family to the south part of town so as to be nearer Garden Creek Falls for the summer.

Darrell Hathaway of the yard office didn't care to play with plant No. 1 basketball team, so played with the Backlogs, and as a result got beat by plant No. 1. In the future Darrell had better look ahead and pick a winning team.

We miss you, Bill Tolhurst, come on over; but remember we are always glad to bet 'em up—we'll take all the money you can procure and double you. Signed—Plant No. 1.

We understand that plant No. 1 employees are trying to decide whether or not they should return the winnings, as they seem to feel that it would be a humane act on their part to take this money and spend it repairing No. 3 plant team. This may be kindness on your part, plant No. 1, but really we don't need sympathy—we are good losers—besides we feel confident that you may have cause to expend this "pot" on your own team after the game that is to be played in March.

On January 4, Plant No. 3 team took the Methodist Church team into camp by a score of 42 to 38. The Methodists made the plant No. 3 team hustle to win, and it was a good fast, clean game.

January 11, No. 3 team won again from the Ohio Oil Company team 64 to 19.

January 15, the Plant No. 3 team won from the Baptist Church team 64 to 23. In all these games Rynalski, Patterson and Rae, for plant No. 3, showed up well in the scoring line, and Kidd played his usual steady game at guard.

Plant No. 3 suffered their first defeat of the season at the hands of plant No. 1. At this writing we are in second place in the league standing. (Obviously the above basketball gossip was written by a plant No. 3 scribe. So, in the interest of fair play, the scores of games played by plant No. 1 team follow. —Editor:)

No. 1 defeated Presbyterians.....47 to 14
No. 1 defeated Texas Company.....49 to 20
No. 1 defeated Kiwanis.....84 to 18
No. 1 defeated Backlog.....62 to 17
No. 1 defeated Methodists.....30 to 21
No. 1 defeated Plant No. 3.....35 to 18

Etelka bet 10 cents (TEN CENTS) on the basketball teams at No. 3 plant. We always knew you to be a good sport, Etelka!

Betty has been very sick for the past week with a severe cold. Hurry back, Betty, for we miss your smiling face.

Andy, I wonder why you are *so* popular with some girls. Too bad we are not all popular.

Adeline and Isabelle are growing up, no more bobbed tresses for them, and if I do say it, they look real stunning.

Ernie, who drove the car for the girls, didn't show up January 25. One of the girls asked what happened to Ernie. She was informed that his batteries gave out and he had to have them recharged. Rest assured, Ernie, you have our heartfelt sympathy.

GREYBULL, WYO.

Big Horn County can rank right alongside of Florida, California, and all the rest of those so-called ideal resorts when it comes to the question of weather. The little speckled beauties are getting lonesome, and every day the mountain streams bring down the message that we'd better examine and replenish our stock of tackle.

Con Maloney says he wants a tent like that of Claud Derby. He's going to furnish a new apartment in his Buick with camping necessities and comforts exclusively. Claud lost his fly book last summer, but he is going to import another just like it.

George Rimer is wrapping his own flies, and he is some wrapper. At least he seems to make 'em look like fishes' favorite food.

The mountains haven't a monopoly on all the scenery in the country. At least, Tom Patterson and Bill Stricker find the Basin road rather attractive of late.

After obtaining an interview with A. A. Hurst, we find that he has withdrawn his charges against Bill Maloney, and that the latter is now eligible.

Miss Janey Hodge, brand new addition to the laboratory force, had a birthday recently. We know, but we won't tell as long as she keeps quiet and signs herself "Miss."

Vern Patterson, stillman, raised some turkeys this summer, and after taking first and second prizes at the county fair, sold two of them at $10 per. He spent part of the proceeds in the purchase of a new Ford.

L. H. Sutherlin just received news of the death of his father. The elder Mr. Sutherlin was 76 years old and resided in Iowa.

C. E. Dalrymple, shipping department clerk, has just returned from Colorado, where he spent an extended vacation for health's sake. We're glad to see him back. He's looking fine.

Fred Quartman, bricklayer, has always been able to work on a 2 x 4 scaffold, dodge and lay bricks in precarious angles, but he met a master the other day in the form of a pair of roller skates. While attempting this lively sport he had the misfortune to fall and break his leg. We're glad to say now, though, that every day he's getting better and better.

Miss Charlotte Hartman, former clerk in the accounting division, has left the S. O. family, and has gone back to her home in Indiana.

The shipping department has two new members, R. W. Chase, formerly in the yard, and Harry Munson, heretofore with the First State Bank of Greybull.

Joe Cole, machinist, has returned from his vacation and looks fat and sassy. We don't believe the report that he is married.

C. C. Dobbins attended the Elks' dance all by himself. Better look out, Mrs. C. C.

Frank Webb has left us and has gone into the plumbing business for himself. He has also been appointed deputy sheriff under J. L. McMillan, who at the time of his election was boiler fireman at No. 2 house. We wish both of these men the best of luck.

W. B. McCune, who spent two weeks in K. C., said he only had four or five nights' sleep in the whole time. That's nothing, some of us don't get *one* night's sleep in two weeks. You know what Rule 13 says in regard to that.

Say, boy! They sure do some refining under No. 1 house! All the way from Pennsylvania to California.

First this year. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Avery, January 1, at 12:20 a. m., an eight-pound girl. Mother and babe are getting along fine, but the father won't fare so well unless he changes his mind about those cigars.

Anyone back east in need of a pair of good mud scows will do well to get in touch with Joe Zednick, gauger. We understand he will soon discard his old shoes. The water doesn't bother us, or we'd keep 'em ourselves.

We wonder why it is that Charlie Heckard is seen carrying so many bottles around, claiming that they contain nothing but malted milk.

We've just found a man who will take the world's prize for laziness—or something. E. T. (Swede) Larson falls down standing still! At least that's what happened at the roller skating rink the other night.

When you have business in the laboratory be sure and take a look at Roy. But stay away from the southwest room upstairs.

Buck Sutherlin is getting worser and worser, in ——. Her name starts with "R" and her dad is a painter. Don't tell him we told you, 'cause we told him we wouldn't tell that he didn't want you to know.

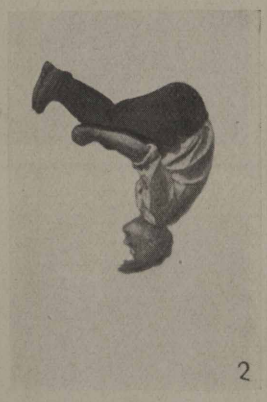
What do you know about a lazy fireman who can't even walk around his boiler and pull the whistle cord on an occasion like New Year's. That's what we got around here. Can you beat it?

(*Continued on Page 35*

SOME PEP PRODUCERS AT FARGO

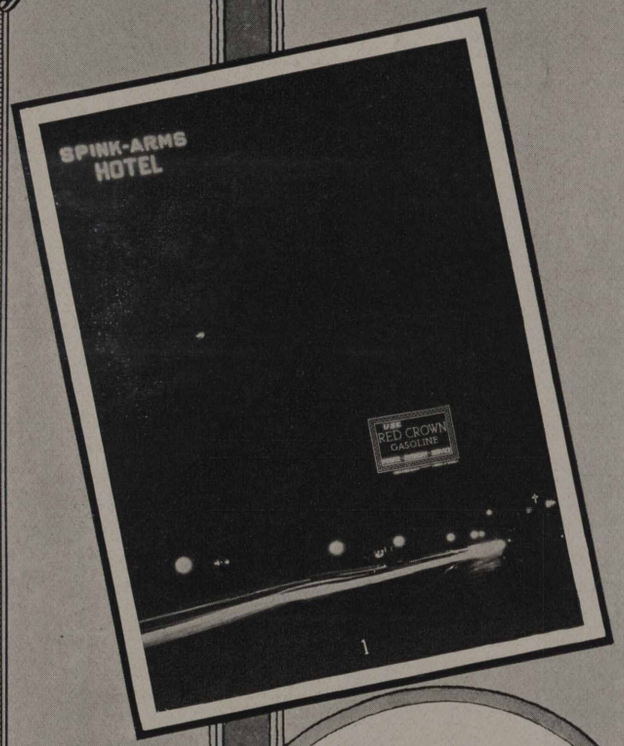
One of the best sales promotion meetings in years was held at the Fargo, N. D., office recently. General Manager T. J. Thompson complimented the Fargo division on the fine exhibit (shown as the background for the two photos), stating that it was the best he had seen during his travels over the field. No. 1—District superintendents, manager and assistant manager are shown here. They are (standing, left to right) S. F. Hollingsworth, C. K. Hills, J. H. Hay, B. F. Leonard, R. H. Dodd, G. F. Harris, F. J. Lawrence and Duane Clappe; (seated) Manager F. I. Packard (left) and Assistant Manager J. P. Beaton. No. 2—This is the Sales promotion force (first row, left to right) W. H. Carnine, J. P. Beaton, F. I. Packard, H. H. Hathaway, B. L. Smith; (second row) H. H. Cook (left) and A. E. Asleson.

UM! YUM! THEM WERE HAPPY DAYS!



No. 1—Go it! But don't get any in your ears. This photo was taken at the second annual picnic of the employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) of Flint, Mich., of the Saginaw field, late last summer. The fun-making was at Meyers Lake, near Argentine. No. 2—Think it's easy? Try it and see. The photo is of Mr. Dupreau in the midst of a "flip" at the same picnic. No. 3—Now go back to photo No. 1 again. This is Forrest Havens, winner of that watermelon eating contest. Oh, boy! How he did eat.

STANDARD OIL BEACONS IN TWO MOTOR CITIES



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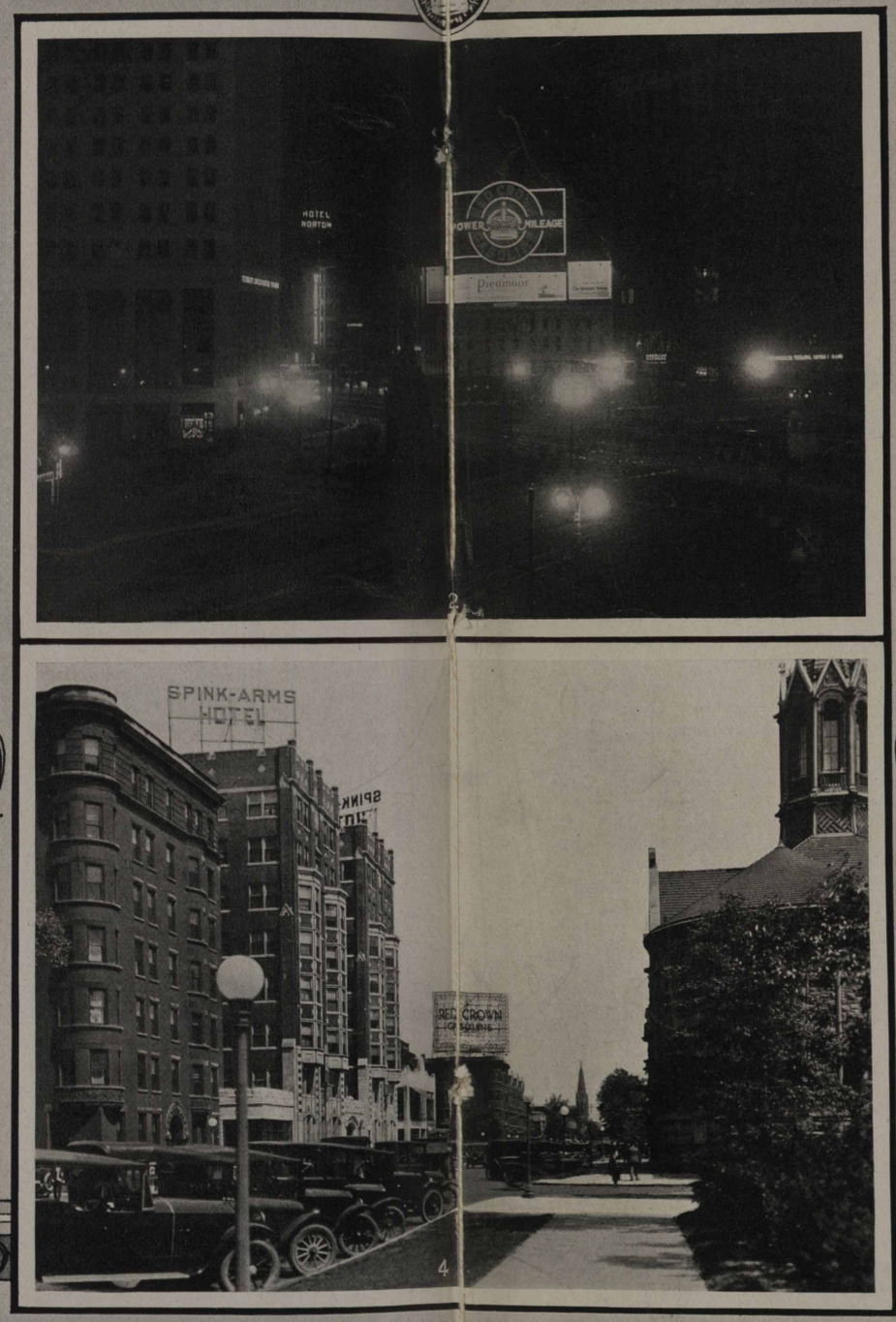

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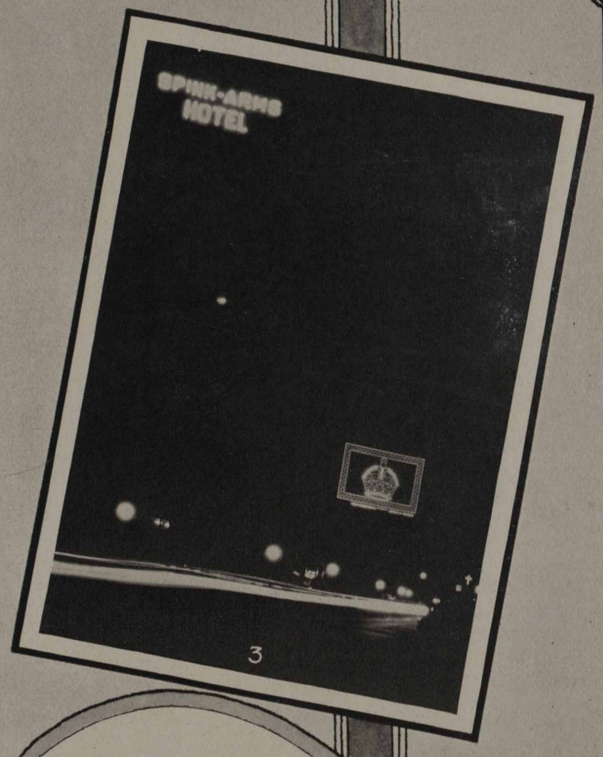

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Our ad department is on the job day and night. These four photographs show two electric signs in operation in Detroit and Indianapolis, two of the greatest motor cities of the United States. 1—This sign in Meridian street, Indianapolis, tells motorists night and day the best gasoline to buy.

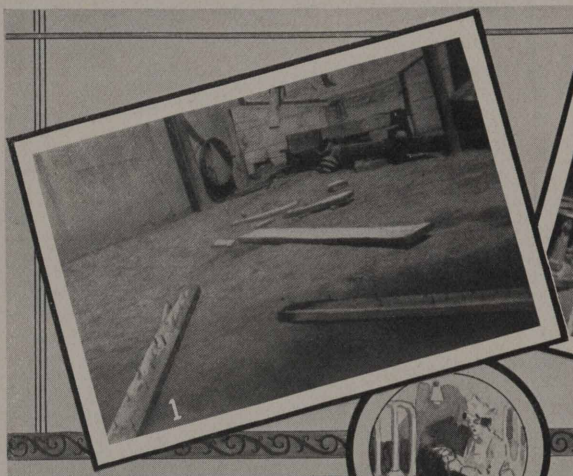
2—This sign holds a commanding position in the Circus, the heart of Detroit's business center.

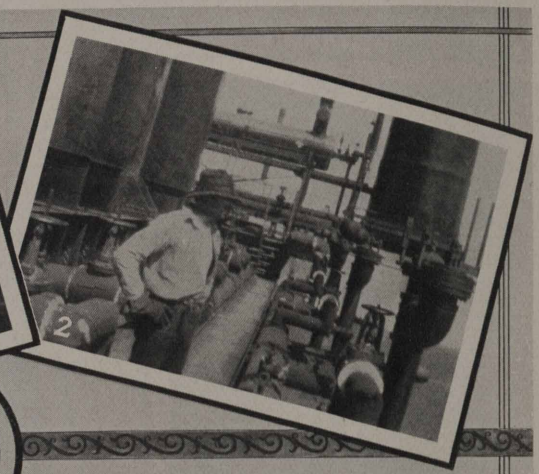
3—This is another flash of the Indianapolis sign.

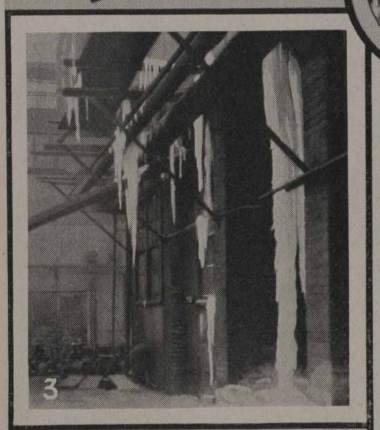
4—Meridian street and our sign in the daytime. Meridian street is to Indianapolis, what the Gold Coast is to Chicago.

4

Brought to Light







No. 1—The "crime wave" possibly has caught our western city of Casper, for this is surely a crime. We are informed that the two boards laid in this path for two days. Where, oh where, were all our Safety committee men? Never again, Casper.

No. 2—Do you remember when you were a kid, and one night after dark, while playing in the back yard, you ran into your mother's clothes-line? It caught you just under the chin. Then what happened? Just think about that, then study this picture. "Nuff said."

No. 3—This is icicle time, when first it freezes and then it thaws and repeats the process over and over again. There are many dangers in icicles like these. Worse than "raining pitch-forks." It pays to keep them knocked off from overhead pipes. Perhaps they would not need to form if slight repairs were made. Did you look into that?

No. 4—In this case there is no window in the truck curtain; therefore, it is impossible for the driver to see the situation which has come about outside of the truck cab. Who is careless in this case? We will be glad to have you write us, giving your ideas. The man on the running board, who is close to serious injury, may be the truck driver's helper.

Safety First

C. W. Smith
Director Safety Division
Industrial Relations Department
and
R. A. Hartzell
Safety Director, Casper

(Continued from Page 29)

Here's a chance for an argument. We claim we have the best ice skating rink in the United States. Ask Steve.

Every time you see a dark streak shooting toward the east, why that's Gary Whitney going skating.

Bill Fisher has a goat. Tom Patterson says it's nothing but a common barnyard fowl, but Bill says its a milk willow goat, 'cause it eats willows. Bill has two rabbits, a hen, a rooster, a cat and a dog, and they all bunk together. If he can get this goat to share quarters with the rest of the critters, we'll say he has Robinson Cruso beat a country block.

Jud Kemmer, formerly of the pipe gang and later of the shipping department, has been transferred to the sales department at Milwaukee. That's fine, Jud, but he careful you don't get as bald as the gang you left.

They say that Charlie Warne has sold his Ford and taken a Chevrolet as part payment. Some class to Charles. What!

LARAMIE, WYO.

Dr. Williams, of the office force, after studying for ten minutes one of the pumps at the oil pump house, said to the pumper, "Say, tell me, the oil doesn't go *through* the pump, does it? It looks to me as though the pump creates an action or tremor on the line and forces the oil through." Pumper: "That's it exactly."

Desch, stillman helper, was married on January 19, 1923, to Miss Leona Smith, a teacher in the local schools of Laramie. Desch was uncertain whether he could attend his honeymoon, but he was willing to send his wife so she at least could enjoy those days. Recently we have learned that both have gone to Denver.

Little Boy Bilyeu was off duty for several days because the mumps got him. Roy Scofield worked on the stills in his place.

Old Man Gathercole! How does it seem to be Grandpa, Ed?

We are told that Mr. Blair has cut out the use of tobacco, both chewing and smoking. We are glad to hear it, but how will the tobacco trust take it?

Bill Morris does not believe in fortune tellers, but he had his fortune told. The prophetess told him that he was married and had two children. He really was upset, but now he knows that he doesn't believe in them.

Frank Blair was elected president of the Lions Club, and Ross Moudy is the tail twister.

Cash Miller, after looking sideways at a perforated pipe for some time, finally spoke up, saying, "Those pamperations look like they are clogged up, don't they?"

On Sunday, a party including Bill Morris, superintendent of plant No. 1, went hunting in a little valley at the foot of the mountains. Bill, being able to buck the snow longer than the others, managed to shoot a coyote. The animal was a dandy, so Bill proudly shouldered his kill and carried him about one-half mile to where the others were waiting. Poor Bill was so happy, but he finally had to scratch. Then he discovered that a coyote carries more than one life.

Al Musser says the reason why he did not get the brick wall straight is because the string that he was using was old, kinky, bent and not straight. Before he begins the next wall he says that he will get a new one.

We see in the Stanolind Record that Glenrock has made a great record for the short time they have been in operation, a record that they can be proud of. Now we don't claim to have made any more gasoline than they do, but we do say that we make better gasoline. To prove it, I will tell you what took place last fall. Two of our good men, *bold* and *true*, filled their tank with gas and started on a hunting trip. When they had gone a few miles they came to a steep hill, very steep. "Shorty" said the hill was about four miles high, and John believed that they never would reach the top. "Don't worry," said Shorty, "You get on the hood and hold her down so she won't fall over backward and we will go right up with the kind of gas I have in the tank." Now I suppose you would like to know who these two men are. They are Shorty Moyer and John Vanderhof. They are in the class with George Washington. We hardly think that either could tell anything but the truth. They did not say how many deer they brought home.

Employees of plant No. 1 extend their sincerest sympathy to C. G. McClintock, stillman helper, and B. W. Ferris, stillman shift breaker, in the death of Mr. McClintock's baby boy and Mr. Ferris' father.

G. W. Weeks, stillman, and R. Sweitzer, helper, decided late one evening (on their day off) to take a little trip to Cheyenne. Nothing very eventful happened except that they spent two or three hours, at about 9,000 feet above sea level, delightfully digging themselves out of numerous snowdrifts. After plowing through snow, fixing tires, and attending a show, they returned home some time in the wee small hours of the morning. A most delightful time was had by all.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO
N. A. McRae, Correspondent

We have with us in the distribution department, fifth floor, Miss Maybelle Sweeney and Charles H. Little, recently from California, land of sunshine and cinema. Don't misunderstand us, neither one ever spent a night in Hollywood.

Miss Lucy Gordon of the fifth floor is contemplating sojourning to California to spend her last one hundred years. We believe that her age and experience will keep her immune from the epidemic of "Hollywooditis," now ravaging a portion of that glorious state.

Bill Thon of the fifth floor has now recovered from a siege of the "boils." There was a time when Bill ate his meals off the mantel during the period of affliction. His patience was NOT Job-like.

Miss Jeanne Stockley of the fifth floor has returned from a vacation in Hutchinson, Kas. Glad to have her back, too, even if we do have to share her with "Jack".

What is a friendship ring? Ask Miss Hayes, as she has one on the third finger of her left hand. Who said "*Friendship?*"

According to the latest bulletin, Indianapolis is turning out some very pretty silk shirts. Ask John Shaffer—he knows.

Is bobbed hair becoming to Minnie Hodson? We'll say it is. Yes—we really like it, Min.

We understand Emma Cornils is following Dr. Coue's method: "Every day, in every way, I'm getting thinner and thinner." Why so, Emma? We like you "as is."

Olive Johnsen has been making daily trips down Wabash avenue of late, the end of her journey being Eighth street. Just what is the attraction at those four corners, Olive?

From observation, it would seem Edith Swanson

is not drinking milk these days. Is it change of weather or change of milkmen, Edith?

The Honorable George Elihu Nelson is said to be on a diet. He claims to have lost one whole ounce last week.

Say! did you notice that sealskin coat Miss Salmon is sporting these days? She's quite the cooties' collar-button, all right.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION
Frank F. Wente, Correspondent

L. L. Broderick, our agent at Harvey, Ill., was presented with a baby boy on the morning of January 2. The co-workers of Broderick wish the family luck, and hope that Junior will be able to deliver the goods as well as his "dad."

W. H. Eickenberg, formerly in charge of the coupon book department, was recently transferred to our Ragers Park station in the capacity of cashier. We wish him all luck in his new position.

R. C. Smith, former salesman, is now in charge of the sales promotion of tank wagon business. Al Enzenbacher, former cashier at Englewood station, is sharing some of the worries by assisting R. C. "in getting the business."

In spite of the severe cold Saturday night, February 3, a nice group of the Standard Oil Company family turned out for the sixth annual dance given by the Stanolind Bowling League. With the combination of good music, refreshments, and a special number known as "Frisco by our George," everybody had a good time.

John Hayden of the equipment department fell and broke his arm while skating last week. Upon arrival at the office the next morning John said that the only thing that worried him was the thought that the doctor might detain him too long some morning and cause him to be late for work.

Some of the folks were somewhat disappointed when they found out Leonard Lawrenz and his banjo were missing from the dance Saturday, but when it was explained to them that "Buck" was at home taking care of his new eight-pound son, born January 31, the bunch forgave him for being absent.

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. F. Welzenbach, Correspondent

Leo Reis claims his vacation was altogether too short, but Lillian claims it was the longest week she ever put in. On our check up on Christmas presents we find that Harriet still holds first place.

Ray Walzenbach reports that he picked up a message from Honolulu on his crystal set, at least he thinks it was Honolulu as he wasn't able to distinguish just what kind of noise he heard, but he thinks he heard grass rustling.

Miss Grady says it won't be for two years yet, but judging from her activities in sewing and domestic science schools, one would have reason to believe different. How about it Marie?

One day a fair member of the stenographic force bought a dress at Weigles. When she came to fix up the credit part of the deal, which is always so essential, the manager said: "Oh, you're from the Standard Oil Company, so I guess your credit is good because they only hire nice girls." Needless to say, the next day Weigles did a rushing business during noon hour, waiting on girls from the S. O. Co. who wanted New Year dresses on credit.

Sheik haircuts are all right on some people, but for the pink-headed boys, nay, nay. How about it, Red? Or can't you afford to have both your mustache and your hair trimmed at the same time?

Bob Kibler, head of the tank car department and of the tank rental agreements has been appointed general clerk in the Davenport office, succeeding Mr. Bode, who was transferred some time ago to Huron, S. D., as assistant chief clerk. Bob is a quiet, fair-minded, diligent worker, and we are all glad to see him go up another round.

Dutch Showalter is now tank car order clerk and Szidon of the stock department has taken his place as assistant.

Lester Edstrom, of the sales department, is now filling Szidon's shoes in the stock department, and John Bald, former messenger, has Lester's place.

Clarence Gibson, a new member of our flock, is messenger boy.

John Morris, check department, is to take over the tank rental agreements, Ben Wells being transferred from the warehouse office to succeed him.

Ed Hay, warehouse checker, is the new warehouse clerk, and Ardley Capps, another new man, takes Edgar's place.

Harold Naugle has been transferred from the construction department and is now a member of the aristocratic warehouse fraternity.

ATTENTION, GREYBULL!

We noted your remarks apropos Teddy Schnoor's hose. For your information, we wish to state that this is a genuine tankwagon hose which the absent-minded Teddy occasionally drops by the wayside, and not the sort to which you refer. However, we thank you for opening up a new and undeveloped line of thought on this subject. Pray for Teddy.

DECATUR, ILL.
W. A. Brown, Correspondent

Ross C. Smith, Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Schroeder, all of the Chicago sales force, were with us several days in January. We enjoyed their stay immensely and the information and help, together with the enthusiasm they inspired in our sales organization, is showing excellent results. We wish to thank Manager Hatmaker for the interest he has shown in the Decatur division in sending them to us.

A short time ago an announcement was received in the Decatur office telling of the marriage of Carl C. Dusthimer and Miss Catherine Elizabeth Tengen of Danville, Ill., January 17. This clears up the mystery of why "Dusty" spent so much of his time in Danville lately. We extend to you our heartiest congratulations and best wishes for the future, Dusty.

Jim Tankersley has been raving to go all day today (one day in January) and the only thing we we know is, that Jim dictated about five or six letters all in one spot, due to the fact that someone had accidentally disconnected his "Lizzie," or "Miss Dictaphone."

Bess' latest fancy is a "Mann." That's his name.

Claire said there were more people interested in his job than any other job in the office. Looks like you had better hold on to it, Claire.

Mildred: "Sales people come in contact with better class of people."

Anne: "Yes, and that isn't the only kind they come in contact with."

Cecilia's new hat has caused a lot of curiosity at church. A certain young man is wanting to meet her.

M. C. Cline has just recently purchased a small farm west of town, and says he is going to raise

chickens on the side. We will all be out early this summer for a big chicken fry. Anyone knowing of a cow and hogs, etc., for sale, see Mr. Cline.

Ask Lansing Threlkeld what was on his mind the evening he sat in the Wabash depot for an hour and fifteen minutes waiting for an Illinois Central train to pull in. And he was waiting for his best girl, too.

We just cannot believe that our handsome district superintendent, E. L. Kachelhoffer, would woefully neglect washing his face, and have come to the conclusion that he has decided to "grow one" on his upper lip. Would advise prompt publication of this item, for we imagine the Missus will take a hand in this before it reaches a stage of maturity. (As submitted by our East St. Louis office.)

Here's another one: E. V. Kendall, salesman, is soon to be married to Miss Lena M. Gill of Phillipsburg, Pa. A few days ago we received a letter from Mr. Kendall, in which he mentioned he had just made a trip to Phillipsburg and other points in the East. We now understand the object of his trip. We hear she is a very charming young lady, Ken.

Zerola Patterson has been looking at cedar chests lately. Hope chest, Doc?

Cecil H. Cramer, tankwagon driver at Litchfield, Ill., died suddenly at St. Francis hospital, Litchfield, December 28, 1922, and was buried at Elmwood cemetery, Litchfield, December 31, 1922, with full military honors. He leaves a wife and three children to mourn his death. He had been with the Company one and a half years, and by strict application to duty had proven himself a loyal employee. We extend our sympathies to the bereaved family.

Down in Effingham, "Egypt," as they call it, they say they are still existing, but since the safe was cracked at S. S. 13, District Superintendent N. W. Salter is driving a Dodge roadster. Look out! Next time he may be driving a Packard

L. E. Barnhart just recently moved into his new suburban home west of town. Great life, Barney, if Lizzie is always on the job, but if you happen to see Barney walking down the country road some cold morning, you will know Lizzie balked. (Note: Since the above was written, Lizzie "balked." So much for life in the country, Barney.)

What is this we hear about Clyde buying Anna Mary silver for Christmas? Looks prettys erious, we claim.

Nina is happy now, as her "Harry" is back in town and he never misses an evening meeting her.

In Mr. Riste's district, they say they have a master mechanic who can put in a crankshaft so that when he throws it in low, he goes backward. In high it still will back up, but throw it in reverse and away you go. Not mentioning any names.

Found—another use for Semdac! If any one of you contemplate entering a chicken or other fowl in a poultry show, just have them smooth their feathers down with Semdac; it puts on the gloss. Let's go!

Help solve the mystery! Do district superintendents have to have number plates now? It was this way: E. L. Kachelhoffer walked into the East St. Louis office the other morning with about steen numbered tags pinned in various places about his spick-and-span cravenette. When his attention was called to same, he claimed to know nothing about them, and is still wondering who got that close to him besides his wife. He also stated he was sober, but we think that looks bad, E. L. K.

We want to introduce the new East St. Louis salesman, Alden E. Jenkins. He is a fine looker, girls, and single, too! We heard one of our customers around or about Nineteenth street and St. Clair avenue has dibs on him. That's fast work, Jenks. How about it?

There was a salesmen's educational meeting held at East St. Louis on December 8. Mr. Carrington gave a very interesting talk. He was assisted by J. A. Deem, and accompanied by picture slides. W. F. Launtz and J. A. Budde also gave interesting talks.

Salesman Gorla was so interested trying to prove the merits of Semdac Liquid Gloss to the Board of Education at East St. Louis, that he forgot all about the meeting of salesmen. We thought perhaps he forgot to wind the alarm clock.

T. B. Clifford, manager, and Robert Allen from the construction department at Chicago, were visitors at East St. Louis recently, and both enjoyed the climate riding around in an open car, although they did not shed their overcoats.

Mr. Deem, better known as Jay, looks more like a peacock since he struts about in his new Ford coupe. First one in the East St. Louis territory, too.

W. A. Brown "called" at the East St. Louis office on December 11, making one of his usual hurried visits.

Can you imagine it? On seeing Mr. Salter in the Decatur office, January 2, Mr. White said, "Good morning, Midget!"

W. H. Owens, who has charge of the general supplies, pulled a good one the other day. He had gone out to the supply room and as he approached it he noticed the door was slightly open and someone's finger sticking out. Thinking to surprise someone he caught hold of the finger and pushed the door wide open. Someone was surprised all right, but it was W. H. himself, as he found he was holding the hand of one of the mechanic's wives who had just dropped in to see her husband. Being extremely bashful and a married man, he lost no time in getting out and back to the office We understand he did not even beg the lady's pardon. Look before you leap after this, Mr. Owens.

Mr. Seward Long, agent at Kincaid, says there is only one thing which is in demand in his town more than Red Crown. If you could drink the gasoline, that would be beaten, he says.

We understand that Leslie Hanauer, service station attendant at Taylorville, is considering asking for a transfer to Paris, France. Why not bring her over here, Leslie? They say Taylorville is a pretty good place to live.

Mr. Yanny, the hustling assistant, and Mr. Norris, agent at Alton "A" station, recently called to "Shorty," who is an ambitious driver, and who would sooner deliver a barrel of Polarine than eat a meal, and said, "Here are a bunch of orders for you to deliver. Wrona is back on the job again."

Frank Barnes, driver at Taylorville, Ill., asks what other use you can make of Mica Axle Grease besides greasing wagons, plows, and pigs. He says the way his customers are buying Mica here lately, you would think they were eating it.

They say George Smith, tankwagon instructor, is going to build a new house. He was caught in Raymond, Ill., just recently, trying to take home several bricks in his suitcase.

District Superintendent Madeira and Salesman Kendall report seeing a new brand of gasoline the other day. Going over a new territory they came to a crossroad store with a curb pump. Mr. Kendall asked what gasoline was being sold. The answer was, "The boss ain't in, but I'll go look and

see." Stepping to the door the clerk replied, "We sell 'Bowser' gasoline."

Ann, checking over her tickets, said, "Where is St. Peter" (Ill.)? Irene answered, "Up in the sky."

As the directions are not on the container, anyone in doubt may call Salesman Wrona of Alton, who will prescribe a course of treatment with Merusol Liquid Petrolatum. No charge.

Agent Louis Vander Pluym, Breese, Ill., is reported on the sick list. However, we hope it's not for long.

N. W. Salter, district superintendent, is now operating a new typewriter. We wonder what system he is using. The "H. and P?" (Hunt and poke.)

J. E. Forrest, agent at Wood River, is now working both his large and small tankwagons delivering Red Crown and Perfection. It sure is a good sight for sore eyes. Go to it, Jack, it will help to increase those commissions.

Someone is soon going to buy some paint. Since John Schillinger, truck driver at Granite City, received his new Ford truck the boys can comb their hair any place on the road. Keep it up, John, you're setting a good example. Here's hoping some of the other boys need their hair combed.

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

Mrs. W. H. Beaman, wife of our chief clerk, has returned home from the hospital, where she underwent a severe operation. Mr. Beaman reports that she is getting along fine and hopes to be out soon.

The office force feel well repaid for the effort put forth in getting the December reports out, since the receipt of F. L. King's letter of commendation. Manager H. A. Monson's supplementary note was also appreciated very much.

Doris Brown, stenographer in the sales department, is sporting a wonderful diamond ring. We don't know whether it is a birthday present or an engagement ring, but from the way Doris blushes when the ring is referred to—well, we hope to be able to report more fully on this in the next issue of the Record.

We are just closing a very successful year for the Red Crown Social Club and wish to extend our hearty congratulations to those few who have worked so incessantly and willingly to make this club the success that it is. The last party under the present officials will be given on the evening of January 27, and we expect the best representation of the year, as these workers are entitled to this consideration. We expect to "do it up right" and you know "Des Moines does things." Will tell you more about this party in the next issue. We know it will be a success, but the extent thereof must be talked about after it has happened. Let's all be there with bells and show them we appreciate what they have done.

Our basketball team is doing pretty well this season, after getting started late. The team has only played five contests, winning three and losing two. I believe that if some of the girls from the office would make arrangements to see these games it would help our percentage column. Notice: It doesn't cost anything to try this out. Let's go.

L. J. Cappel is again putting in time in the office. Julius has been out as a station examiner for the past few months, but is now in the construction department of this office.

We have two teams entered in the coming Iowa State Bowling Tournament and we are sure they will give a good account of themselves, as we have some real bowlers in our organization. Returns will be announced later with a photo of the trophy we expect them to "fetch back with 'em." The members of the teams are: First—Baier, Thelen, McCue, Farley and Anders; second—Larson, Swygard, Galbreath, Rowley and Carlson.

Ray Norton says the same sensation produced by "white mule" can be obtained by kissing a spark plug when the motor is running.

We are glad indeed to state that Mr. Rowley, of the cashier's department, is back on the job, after a brief stay at one of our hospitals while the M. D.'s took out "what-he-didn't-need." Rowley and Skipton are not such good friends since.

A new experiment was tried out in the Des Moines field during the week of December 17, when every clerk in the Des Moines office was requested to "step out" and sell as many coupon books as possible. The accompanying list shows how highly successful this event turned out and gives the names of some of the winners. In all 605 books were sold.

1—E. G. Wright...97½	6—J. B. Welch...27½
2—E. E. Mann....68	7—I. Eberhart...26
3—W. H. Sullivan..61½	8—W. W. Janisch 14
4—M. L. Bitting..42	9—R. H. Souder..13
5—H. H. Carstens..40½	10—B. W. Johnson 12

The home office has a slogan, "Every clerk a salesman." We are.

"Two good men gone wrong," might head this news item, as it is with a certain amount of caution that we announce the recent marriages of Mr. Martenson, December 26, and of Mr. Moseley, January 7. They have our best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year. Let's make it unanimous. Carried!

"How can you hit 'em when you can't see 'em," sounds good at a baseball game, but Leslie Sampson, of the station examiners' department, can give you the dope. On the night of January 10 Les tried to use a crossing at the same time a carload of "dark brethren" was there, and Les can explain the above question. He is out of the hospital now and doing nicely.

On January 18, C. J. Junker paid the Des Moines office a flying visit. Mr. Junker was formerly in the credit department of the Des Moines office, and now has charge of the credit department in the Huron, S. D., field. Always glad to see you, Mr. Junker.

T. R. Dawson, of the Chicago auditing department, has been with us for the last several weeks. Mr. Dawson is always a welcome visitor.

Jack Welsh, Des Moines' famous tenor and former head of the sales writing department, is now specialty salesman in Des Moines. We wish you all kinds of good luck, Jack.

The boys in the credit department cannot understand why the stenographers should give Dewey Angstrom's files preference over all others; there must be someone speeding up his work so he won't have to work nights.

We are very sorry to learn of the death of the wife of Ganet Smorenburg, service station attendant at Pella. Mr. Smorenburg has the sympathy of us all.

George Knapp, warehouse superintendent, is confined to his home by sickness. We wish you a speedy recovery, George.

We understand that January 1 Ivan Eisenlauer, who has his application in for membership in the Benedict Club, tried to climb a telephone post while steering his Ford with one hand. Miss Thomas said it was the tightest squeeze she ever got. Ivan, where was your other arm?

Neal Van Hemert, tankwagon agent at Knoxville, was a welcome visitor at the Des Moines office

on January 23. Come again, Neal, with just as enthusiastic a report of prospects as you had this time.

G. A. Draper and L. W. Kingery have joined the station examiner's force. This adds about 400 pounds avoirdupois. That should hold the scale balance to the credit side of the ledger, boys.

C. A. Davis has taken the station examiner's field formerly held by A. L. Dunlap, who resigned to accept a position as financial secretary of the Des Moines General Hospital.

William Frazer has been appointed tankwagon agent at Riverton, Iowa. Mr. Frazer comes to us from the Midwest Refining Company at Casper, Wyo.

Miss Margaret Welch, stenographer, is still confined to her home by illness. Hurry back, Miss Welch, we miss your smiling face.

Sympathy is extended to Mr. F. A. Sackett, sales manager, in the death of his father, Mr. C. M. Sackett, who died on December 31 at Chatfield, Minn.

Our truck driver, C. O. Gilgan, has returned after spending two months in California.

Mr. Van Patter is making a nice start on the new Iowa Falls field.

Robert McCullough, agent at Webster City, was married during the holidays. Congratulations!

Leslie Reister is our new agent at Cambridge. We welcome him into our organization.

Salesmen are proud of their cars since they were painted. Mr. Morrissey says he thinks they put tractor glands in his car, but speed governors do slow them up.

Mr. Wehrman, our new service station attendant at Eldora, is getting along fine. We expect to see the business doubled this year.

Mr. Hemness has set the pace on Parowax sales.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA

Marshalltown employees are all sorry to lose L. F. Pederson, who was transferreed to Mason City as agent salesman.

Salesman T. R. Jansen recently invited all his agents and their wives to his home, and after explaining the gasoline distillation to the agents, the evening was spent in playing games and enjoying refreshments. Everyone reported a fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Jansen of Eldora entertained at a dinner for Mr. P. H. Headley, district superintendent of the Standard Oil Company at Marshalltown, and his wife, and the tankwagon men and their wives of Wellsburg, Steamboat Rock, Union, Eldora, Hubbard and Radcliffe. Fred Wehrman of the Eldora service station and his wife were also among the guests. After dinner the oil men talked over plans to make more of a success of their business, while the ladies became better acquainted. They decided to organize as a club under the name of their good gasoline, "Red Crown." They plan frequent meetings at the other towns.

DETROIT, MICH.
Vance Woodcox, Correspondent

William O'Mara and some Standard Oilers spent an enjoyable evening with Mr. Fritts and his wife a few nights ago. They told of some delicious fruit cake. Why not invite the rest of us next time, Mr. Fritts?

Taxicabs in Detroit are doing a better business since Bert Anteau has found a method of sleeping a few minutes longer. Wonder how he does it?

The route foreman at West Detroit made the remark to the driver of the Furnace Oil rig that the young lady at the last stop had smiled quite sweetly at him and received this reply: "That's nothing, the first time I saw you I laughed."

JACKSON

E. A. Wagner, service station attendant at station 155, has been promoted to city specialty salesman in Jackson. "Wag" is a go-getter and we certainly are all pleased to see him coming up the ladder. Good luck, old boy, we are all with you.

A report reaches us that E. F. Patterson, district superintendant, has to get up at 4:30 a. m. to catch the 8:05 for Detroit. We know he isn't this slow in instilling pep into new salesmen and "B" station agents and would like to know the reason for this.

Mr. Doolittle, formerly "B" station agent at Mason, has been promoted to country general salesman out of Jackson, which indicates there is nothing in the old theory, "What's in a name?"

Harry Rodgers, formerly specialty salesman at Jackson, has severed his connection with our company to enter business for himself, which is along advertising lines. Good luck, Harry, and we all wish you worlds of success.

"B" STATIONS

Stewart Gregory, agent at Carleton, and Miss Liela Schafer of Detroit were married Saturday, December 30. The happy couple are now at home in the new bungalow Mr. Gregory recently constructed. It looks like a case of building the nest before getting the bird, but we all extend our heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

Our agent at Linden recently had a novel excuse presented to him for the non-payment of an S. & N. C. by a customer. He explained that due to an accident at their home he had been unable to get into town earlier. Our agent later found out that the so-called accident was a bouncing 10-pound girl. Some accident!

Mr. Kerr in charge of the safety work at the Milwaukee office, visited Detroit and was present at the meeting of the accident board recently. We hope he comes again and gives us a few new ideas. We are sorry that our meeting is not held earlier in the day, because we were just getting acquainted with the charming Mrs. Kerr, who accompanied him to the office, when our regular office hours were over and it was necessary to leave.

For the benefit of all speechmakers in this division Mr. Witter gives us a novel use for the dictaphone. Before our recent annual sales meeting Mr. Witter dictated his entire talk and then sat down and got a pretty good idea of how it was going to sound. From the salesmen's standpoint it turned out in mighty good shape.

DULUTH, MINN.
S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

Resolutions last about this long. From all indications shown by the waste-paper baskets, the rule is not being broken this year. While on the subject of resolutions, here a few that would make our harmonious existence still more pleasant.

Resolved:

To bring back all articles borrowed, strayed or stolen from the stationery room. Mr. Horgan says that this will allow him a lot more time to attend to his duties instead of having to run all over the building looking for his hammer, screwdriver or pinchers.

To listen to Pete, the Jewish janitor, singing "My Wild Irish Rose," without carrying out your thoughts in action. Pete doesn't sing good, but he does sing loud.

Mr. Hawarth, auditor from the Chicago office, now checking over the Duluth territory, was called to Tennessee a short time ago by the very unfortunate death of his mother. At the time of this writing he has returned, and is with us once again. We offer you our deepest sympathy, Mr. Hawarth.

Ella Clark of the order department was recently bereaved of her father through his untimely death. Mr. Clark suffered a stroke of paralysis. The entire office force wish to extend to you, Ella, our most heartfelt sympathy

Chester Barnes, one of our employees, is leaving the services of the company to accept another position. We trust you won't forget your friends at the Standard, "Red."

Welcome back to our midst again, Hattie Dwyer. After having been away, seemingly years, though it was only a month and a half, we surely are glad to see you and to have you with us again.

Mr. Shields did not know that Barney Vann, superintendent of construction, had hired a man by the name of "Motherhead," and was nonplused upon receipt of the following telegram: "Send Britten and Motherhead to Ironwood at once." "What in the world is a Motherhead?" said Mr. Shields to Mr. Dock, who was in the room at the time. After thinking a minute, the reply was, "I'm not sure, it must be a part of a truck."

L. C. Dennett, seriously: "Nice pair of shoes you've got there, Inch." Inch Johnston, the printer's devil: "Ya, these have kid leather in them." L. C. Dennett, still serious: "Oh, kid's shoes, eh?" Leo hasn't talked about Inch since he left the hospital.

On January 23 the Perfections stepped out and took one of three games from the highly touted Red Crowns. "Charlie" Rounds was high single-game man with a score of 198, and Hammerbeck was high three-game man with a total score of 537 pins. The standings of the teams at this writing follow:

	Won	Lost	Percent
Red Crown	14	4	777
Semdac	8	7	533
Perfection	6	9	400
Solite	2	10	163

The five high men are:

	Games Played	Average
Charles Foster	3	197
"Charlie" Rounds	17	174
Clarence Turning	21	167
Clyde Gardiner	15	157
Stapleton	15	156

Dance! That's been the password to all office gossip for the last three days, and all because of the dance that was given last Friday, January 26, at the Spalding Hotel ballroom. It's the first one for some long time, and from all rumors that can be obtained, it's only the first of a series. Everybody was at the dance, and everybody enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent. Punch and refreshments, the kind favored by "prohibishinists," was on tap. The ballroom was trimmed in the company colors of red, white and blue, and the orchestra stand further decorated with four white pillars mounted by four large ornamental Red Crown globes, all lit up. Wow! And wasn't that music grand, and they weren't a bit stingy about their encores either. It was surely one grand and glorious night. The pep that it produced will surely push another dance through. The committee in charge of the dance and program are to be complimented on their good work for this dance. All hopes center on the one question, "How long before we have another?" The surprising thing about the morning after was that everybody was on time. Quadrilles, waltzes and foxtrots flew thick and fast on that memorable night. (It was too bad the photographer was absent!)

EVANSVILLE, IND.

W. J. McBrian, Correspondent

Of course, all married men, being usually rather jealous themselves of the single man's many advantages, will on occasion do all in their power to minimize these advantages wherever possible. Hence arose a near tragedy and all over George Jackson, young, single, good looking and in every way quite "eligible." In answer to queries from members of the stenographic department, Walter Glesige lied gracefully. "Jackson, oh yes, he has been married a couple of months now," and turning to Ernest Mentzer, who just then passed, "Menz, isn't Jackson married?" And Menz unblushingly replied: "Who, Jackson? Oh yes, he has two or three children."

Carl Goodall has been promoted to the agency at Fairfield, Ill., taking the place of our old agent there, J. S. Coulson, whose death occurred December 8. Mr. Coulson served the company for twenty-one years.

Walter R. Wymer has joined the force at Linton, Ind., taking charge of the service station at that point.

Clarence Ayers is the good-natured young man who has assumed charge of the West End service station at Evansville, Ind.

F. C. Roberts has been rewarded for his continued good service with the company by being given the agency at Marion, Ill.

Clifford Collins was advanced to first attendant in charge of the Marion service station.

And Norman D. Belford has been installed to help Collins push the sale of Red Crown and Polarine.

Henry Keil has been given charge of the No. 12 station at Evansville.

Roy Bush, as usual, is drawing a large personal following to the Main and Michigan station, of which he recently took charge. Roy has been climbing steadily since joining the company. Service pays, Roy, keep it up.

The little god of matrimony, who has for some time been hanging around the Evansville office, has at last succeeded in finding a victim to appease his prodigious appetite, and as Abe Martin would soliloquize, the prospects are right fair for a few more fall. Mrs. Joe Blondin, aunt of our former vivacious bill clerk, entertained the girls of the office force with a miscellaneous shower in honor of Margaret, her niece, a few days before the wedding ceremony was performed. A feature of the evening was a mock wedding in which Mabel Ruff, soon to play in reality the part of a bride herself, took the part of the groom and Helen Zackman, as a gypsy parson, performed the ceremony. The bride, of course, was the bride-elect, Miss Blondin. Among other things, Miss Blondin was presented with a cut glass iced tea set by the girls of the office.

Francis Helfrich was one of the girls who attended the shower.

As to the meaning of the tiny wire hairpin found stuck in Julie De Treville's coat collar the morning after Miss Blondin's party, we give up. Of course we desire to cause no trouble between any persons thinking of taking the plunge into the whirlpool of matrimony. (Trouble comes soon enough afterwards, so we have been told) but anyway "True

love never runs smoothly," and—well, the hairpin was really there, Francis.

Joe Hammerstein says he finds plenty to do on his new job as service station superintendent. You can see him hard at work almost any time between 6 a. m. and 10 p. m. We will say for Joe that there has been no grass growing under his feet since he first began work for the company.

The thirteenth of the month holds no terrors for Roy. H. Beatty, Evansville service station attendant. On January 13, Roy took unto himself a bride, formerly Mabel Lyons. Though he may not have been afraid of the thirteenth, he must have had a few qualms about other things, for he went all the way to Boonville to get married. All Roy has been talking about for the last several weeks has been his new wife and his new home. Congratulations, Roy.

Mr. Bailey seems to have more than enjoyed his trip to Chicago and Milwaukee. He reports that the "Chi" theatre is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and that the Canton Tea Garden suits him to perfection. He had a pleasant, as well as profitable visit, to the home office, learning a number of new ideas which he immediately put into effect.

We are very sorry that on account of illness Ella Frey was unable to be at her desk for several days.

Several changes have been made in various departments. Joe Saberton, former service station checker, has been transferred to the stock department, and Ed Walker has been transferred from "A" stations to service stations. Sylvester Klein has been added to the checking department.

A. J. Hartlein thought he had been in the checking department quite long enough, so decided to become a service station sales promoter. However, it seemed that his old desk held too many attractions for him and that he couldn't get along without the checking department, so he is again back at his old desk and everything seems to be going nicely.

Miss Tillie Newman has been added to the stenographic force. Welcome, Miss Newman.

Almost everyone likes candy, but Billy Ralston seems to have more than a liking for it. They have it for sale, Billy, at most every corner in town.

Ed Jandebeur and Asa Skeels have exchanged positions, Mr. Jandebeur now holding the position of assistant credit man and Mr. Skeels of assistant cashier.

Harold Berges, general clerk, has been promoted to assistant cashier.

Homer Paris has been transferred from order clerk to general clerk, and Marion Stevens to the record department.

Harry Shriver has been transferred to the tank car order department. W. A. Glesige succeeded Mr. Shriver as head of the stock department.

Ed Willis has been employed as assistant traffic manager, to work under the direction of our efficient traffic manager, Ed Vessels.

Oscar Kessler has been added to the order department. Jack Millen is our good-looking new file clerk.

Leroy Zimmerman has been promoted to the billing department.

Clarence Mann of the stock department has become a victim of the bonds of matrimony when Miss Esther Pohl promised to love, cherish and obey. Congratulations, Clarence, and best wishes for a bright and happy future.

Ed Aldridge has purchased a new Ford coupe. The first evening he had it, he took a drive out Lincoln avenue, but not being familiar with the traffic regulations, almost had his dimmers dimmed when he failed to use his dimmers. Well, we won't tell any more, but we would suggest that Mr. Aldridge keep off of Main street for at least a few days.

The correspondent thought he had discovered a real cubist in the stenographic department recently when, on passing one of the young lady's desks, he noticed her drawing various squares, rectangles, etc., in divers arrangements. But a closer inspection revealed the words, "kitchen," "porch," "B. R." and others in the various figures. Can't you make up your mind, Mabel?

Toreador trousers have invaded the Evansville office, being brought to us by the newest member of the stationery department, Bernard Wittgen.

Ed Reitz says the old-fashioned boy who wished his father owned a candy store, now wishes his dad owned a filling station.

Julie De Treville, Safety First man, ventures the remark that they may some day make windshields of unbreakable glass but they will never find drivers with unbreakable necks.

Ed Eberhardt has been promoted to the stock department.

Fred Miller stepped right into a big job in the record department, but he seems to be able to handle it satisfactorily.

Our manager, Mr. Lang, is not a bit stingy with his new radio outfit for he has had a number of the "family" out to his home to get in on all the good things.

Alfred Hartlein seems to become slightly confused at times when talking over the telephone. At least he was heard the other day to tell one of the city service station attendants to send his 090 tickets into the office in "numatical" order.

Service has always been the policy and the watchword of Attendant McPhillips of Evansville, but he was completely nonplussed some time ago when a farmer drove his team of mules under the canopy and asked to have his load of corn weighed.

It is rumored that Horace Alexander of the Safety First committee has lost a great deal of censoriousness since that accident he had on the Boonville road.

"Rodolph Valentino is visiting us," was the word which flew through the office on the occasion of the last salesmen's meeting in Evansville, and the swift staccato of the typewriter keys was for a moment supplanted in the stenographic department by a buzz of conversation. Alert for news, the correspondent was promptly on the trail of a real scoop. Investigation, however, discovered the cause of the commotion to be only the good-looking salesman, George Jackson, of Vincennes, who had come upstairs to talk to Ernest Mentzer.

Chauncey M. Olin, recently retired on a pension after about thirty years of service with the company, is now enjoying his well earned rest in sunny Florida.

What we fear are certain malicious interests have urged upon the correspondent that he insert into the record certain words to the effect that if "Dutch" Glesige would only stick his head outside the window he would not have to use the telephone to talk to those across the street. Needless to say, the correspondent will continue to ignore such manifestly unkind cuts.

Here is a bit of news which, though only discovered recently and rather old, is too good to withhold. During the races at Dade Park, George Gymer had what he considers a rotten piece of bad luck. He had picked a certain horse to place on the ticket and had invested his money accordingly, but the horse slightly exceeded George's expectations, being the first one to cross the wire. And-

comments George, "There I had to go and tear up that place ticket."

If there are any young men in the division who are looking for an old-fashioned wife, the kind mother used to be, they will do well to come to the stenographic department at Evansville, for when Jack Millen had the misfortune the other day to tear a large three-cornered piece out of his trouser's leg, it took Nettie Klein only a couple of minutes to stitch the corners back into their places.

Julie De Treville spent about ten minutes at a downtown store the other day trying to explain to a patient clerk just what vanishing points were before he discovered that Joe Berridge had figuratively left him holding the bag.

The Evansville division has remained a hundred per cent for the stock purchasing plan ever since November 30 when it first became so. This speaks volumes for the fidelity of the employees and their confidence in the company.

Billy Ralston is still wondering who gave him the gift box containing all the miscellaneous items which he had been in the habit of borrowing from his neighbors.

Tom Kerth, having passed all the necessary qualifications and gone through the customary initiation, has now been admitted as a member in full standing into the Most Noble Order of Dingbats. This is an exceptionally exclusive organization, no one being admitted who has not fallen off his or her chair, into the waste basket, or in other manner proven his right to belong.

FARGO, N. D.

Melville L. Rufer, Correspondent

The annual meeting of the sales promotion force was held during the past month. Manager F. I. Packard conducted the first day's meeting. Messrs. Beaton, Hathaway and Smith gave instructive and educational talks. All district superintendents were also called upon for short talks. Pep and enthusiasm were in evidence from the opening gong until the curtain was rung down at 5:30 p. m.

On the second day we were especially fortunate in having with us our general manager, T. J. Thompson, and Assistant General Managers Grimshaw and Ball.

After the sales meeting the management treated all in attendance to a feed at the Commercial Club rooms. Mr. Packard sang a solo which was much enjoyed (by all that could hear it). After swapping stories and renewing old acquaintances for several hours, the meeting broke up, all voting the management to be real hosts.

Extra! Extra! Salesman Colwell was seen in the office several hours with his hat off! Someone must have stolen it.

Salesman A. G. Cummings made quite a hit with the young ladies at the Fargo office.

Each district superintendent seems to think that he had the best looking bunch of salesmen. The different superintendents were continually asking their bunch to stand up. Why not hold a beauty contest next year and settle the issue?

District Superintendent Dodd vows that District Superintendent Clapp has no appreciation for the beauties of nature. Mr. Dodd was describing the wonderful waterfalls in his district. In a sudden burst of enthusiasm he was heard to say: "They're wonderful! Simply grand! How wonderful it is, those millions of gallons of water going over the falls each day!" Mr. Clapp: "I don't see anything so wonderful about it. What in 'ell is to stop it from going over?"

Salesman E. C. Lang requested a list of the different departments of the Fargo office. Upon being referred to the stenographic department, and after he had looked over that department, he also requested a list of the stenographers.

E. M. Anderson, our agent from Wolverton, Minn., was a caller at Fargo office during the past month.

Mrs. Katherine Gerteis was confined to her home several days with a sinus infection.

C. M. Hanson, construction foreman at Jamestown, reports the arrival of a new "stenographer" at his home.

Paul J. Tehelka, formerly head of the U. T. L. department, is now our salesman in the Cavalier territory. A. W. Urdahl has assumed the duties of the position left vacant by Mr. Tehelka.

Salesman Albert Rotta reports that day by day, in every way, home brew is getting poorer and poorer in his territory.

Myrtle Johnson and Ann Wynand were Twin City visitors during the past month.

Mrs. J. K. Else, wife of Salesman Else, recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. We understand Mrs. Else is convalescing nicely.

District Superintendent Duane Clapp is back on the job again after a recent illness.

Miss Inga Nelson of the sales department has left on a four months' leave of absence to study music and drawing in Chicago.

Specialty Salesman L. E. Yaple has taken unto himself a wife. The bride was formerly Miss Catherine Jensen of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Just when the girls at the office get them spotted somebody else cops them off!

The girls of the "K. K. Klub" were entertained at the home of Mrs. Charles Gullens, Monday evening, January 29.

It is reported that Salesman-Agent A. J. Pass, Minot, is not married. Now girls, don't crowd.

O. S. Nicholson and Henry Baker are rivals. The little brunette, formerly of the order department, is the popular lady.

Station Examiner E. A. Larson, recently transferred from Devils Lake to the Jamestown territory, is grieving over the "girls he left behind."

H. E. Grim, construction man, Devils Lake, N. D., and Miss Marie Prestbo of Chinook, Mont., were united in marriage on December 15. Congratulations.

Genevieve Daley, of the mailing department, has been confined to her home with an attack of the grippe during the past two weeks.

Emma Reep of the sales department is wearing a diamond.

Caryl Thibideau says she will never make another date to go skating with Henry Lerud. She doesn't like to spend the evening at the rink house, waiting.

FARGO WAREHOUSE

The warehouse force has adopted the slogan: "Boost Standard Oil Company products 'day by day in every way.' "

E. Husen and John Parker, the barrel chasing twins, have put the warehouse in tip-top shape for the mad rush of the summer months.

Anyone who does not thoroughly understand the word "efficiency" should watch our truck driver, Lou Viets, master that large Wilcox truck. It's well worth the time spent.

Northwind Wilkinson of the Moorhead station was a caller at the warehouse yesterday.

Station Examiner Schlagel from Minot visited us during the past month.

A. A. Drager, tankwagon salesman, is getting accustomed to the use of a shovel handle these blustery days when making country deliveries.

Here are some of the calls that are received on the 'phone at the warehouse: Send 10 gallons of 11-cent oil; I want a gallon of stomach oil; Non-partisan headlight and d——n good gas. We will never go wrong on the latter, as we send them Red Crown.

CROOKSTON

We all think Santa Claus a good fellow. However, some of the boys are a little jealous of Warehouse Foreman LeBlanc as he reports Santa arrived at his house on Christmas Eve with an eight and one-half pound boy.

January 23.—Midnight caws, flying crows, mallard ducks refusing to migrate south, and foggy and misty weather, are some of the features of one of the mildest winters ever experienced in northwestern Minnesota. Many farmers in this vicinity have reported the presence of crows, while in the open water below the Crookston dam four mallard ducks continue to paddle about in the icy water. The swimming pool, however, is closed, which reminds us of winter.

Recently Charles Daymond was informed that he would be transferred to Carrington to repair trucks the next day. He left the garage hurriedly at 6:00 p. m. and took the train to Warren. Didn't think it was so serious, Charlie.

"A" Station Clerk Bergan recently failed to arrive at the office until 10 a. m. His explanation, however, was satisfactory. He reported the arrival of a nine-pound boy.

Inspectors Rickertt and Daymond have completed the overhauling of trucks and cars here and left for Bismarck, N. D. We expect them to return soon, even if the penitentiary is located there.

Mr. Stefferud of the equipment department spent a day here in the interests of the company.

CANDO

Sam Wilson, Starkweather salesman-agent, famous as the Eureka harness champion, during the campaign of 1922, is out to set a new record for the full line during the present year. Sam has purchased a new Ford truck, which, together with his trusty Studebaker, assures his patrons of good service.

Roy Cook, agent at Egeland, N. D., is the latest benedict. We have been unable, as yet, to obtain the name or any particulars in regard to the fair one. Give us her picture, Roy.

Now that the Webster and Chruches Ferry stations have been added to the Cando field, we are going to have some real competition, boys.

Matt Haugen, Cando agent-salesman, made a hurried trip to northern Minnesota during the holidays to look after some real estate. Matt says the land may be good, but all he saw was snow.

D. T. Donovan, agent at Mylo, N. D., reports the arrival of a baby boy. Frank Giese of Bisbee is also the proud father of a bouncing baby boy. Both fathers insist that their boys are strong Standard Oil boosters.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Ray Peters passed out cigars, on the morning of January 6, by way of celebration. It was a nine and a half-pound boy, born on January 5. Ray is city tankwagon driver at Benton Harbor, Mich.

Now that the Eureka campaign is on in earnest, the boys at Benton Harbor "have their money" on Dave Cowgill, who in the past has shown them how to do it.

This can be heard any time now: "The people in the next alley were better than we were." No, our employees are still living on streets and boulevards, but the girls have taken up bowling. Was the boys' bowling league an incentive?

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family of Elizabeth Boumaster, comptometer operator in the Grand Rapids office, who had the sad misfortune of losing a nine-year-old daughter through a coasting accident.

We missed Carl De Vries' "gentle" voice in the order department the past week. Carl, we hope you'll soon recover from that attack of quinsy.

W. H. Gay of Three Rivers has a come-back. He says the reason for patronizing said restaurant (mentioned in December issue of Record) was that they got "service," which is a hobby with Standard Oil Company employees. He says for that same reason C. H. Sullivan, salesman, H. E. Potter, district superintendent, and R. Richards, salesman, also attend said restaurant. We wonder—.

Somehow or other we overlooked Leon McJurey, clerk at Three Rivers, Mich., when we mentioned other Three River employees. Perhaps, Leon, it was because your "bright light" wasn't with you. A "red-headed school ma'm" is bound to attract, even as she did you.

The two-year-old son of Paul Austin, service station attendant at Three Rivers, Mich., had the misfortune of falling into a pail of scalding water and was severely burned. We all hope for a complete and speedy recovery.

Dora Walters, of the Grand Rapids office, apparently doesn't care for the men, but we understand her constant prayer is "Send my mother a son-in-law."

Benton Harbor comes with the following: Three Rivers speaks with pride of their 240-pound tankwagon driver. How about Benton Harbor's extra heavy Cowgill, 240 pounds gross; heavy Peters, 230 pounds; medium heavy Jager, 150 pounds, and medium light Froberg, 115 pounds. They sell the line as their names would indicate. (How about photos?)

On December 22 a little stranger, in the form of a daughter, came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Cowgill to stay. There were those who entertained hopes that it might be another rural tankwagon driver for Benton Harbor, and were therefore disappointed.

On January 25 J. Cortland Miller of the garage had the misfortune to break his leg. You have all good wishes for a speedy recovery, Mr. Miller.

Bills usually arrive on the 1st and the 15th of the month. Yes, and on January 15, Ed Reed got a "Bill" that will require payments every day for at least twenty-one years. Ed says, "Mother and Billy are doing fine." Ed works in the Grand Rapids warehouse office.

If eating pickles is a sign of being lovesick, oh, Jane! Jane Janereth sure can make pickles disappear. Joey Morrison loves sandwiches. Understand?

Hugo Pierson made his initial appearance at dancing and surprised the crowd.

His usual request (at times) is, "Let's sing." However, that night it was "Let's dance" and everyone was ready.

When it comes to singing "ditties," Bill Workman "wins the cork anchor." His singing was especially impressive.

Grand Rapids office folks remember the sign on the blackboard reading, "Please bring back those pliers—just gone—not stolen—Buck." Well, Mr. Buck found them where he left them in the vault, but told no one. Can you beat it? Mr. Buck, you made us all feel guilty.

"Dope" Stratton has made a study of money. He likes it, the money. He hates to part with it. That bird could walk down the street on a dark night, with a thin soled shoe on, and step on a dime, instantly determining whether it is "head" or "tail" up.

Oscar "Joke" Nelson, otherwise known as general clerk in the Grand Rapids office, is a lover of jokes (provided they are on the other fellow). On account of his quiet manner and celerity, he was selected by the stock department to assist them in making up form 24. When boys work they must eat. At 4:45 p. m. each day, Oscar beat it for the basement to "hook on a nose bag." Elsa handed out the "bags," and also prepared the ingredients. Oscar took his sandwich and went to his corner, when the battle started. Oscar was on his feet, but met with a mustard barrage. He was helpless. Elsa was still counting off the minutes when the battle ended. The sandwich was unscarred, but Oscar's sweet disposition quite unruffled. Elsa then explained to the gang that the sandwich was made of oiled paper and ham sewed together and camouflaged with mustard. Elsa has a lot of patience, Nelson, but try a joke on someone else for a change.

A vocal duet with a song entitled, "Every day, in every way, we are getting fatter and fatter," as sung by Mable Pinckney and Christine Vehyl, might be a winner.

Grand Rapids field—past, present and future.—

Past: Indians, lumber, horse cars, schooners (big ones for a slim nickel).

Present: Largest furniture, carpet sweeper and flypaper factories in the world.

Future: Largest sales of Polarine, Semdac, gasoline and Mica in the eastern division.

If others are built for speed, try and follow us.

Roma West, payroll clerk, is also a Sunday school teacher. She even tries to sell the Standard Oil Company to the kids. The other Sunday she was telling them about gasoline and its various uses. She became enthused regarding the subject, and ended by saying: "Years ago people used to 'take' gas to commit suicide, and now days all they have to do is 'step' on it."

Some of the gang thought because they lived on the East Side, they could go and come on Eastern time. Those who lived on the West Side, at the foot of the hill, were under the impression they were operating on Mountain time. They have now put new hinges on the front door and are going in and out in bunches from now on. All together, now. Let's save the hinges.

Mr. Knapp said, "I want empty barrels, lots of 'em." He picked out Harry Robbins and told him to go out and get 'em. Harry is always kicking because he is obliged to quit work once in a while and sleep. Well, Harry got a truck and a driver and started out after steel barrels. Harry has a strong will. He cannot be tempted. He has a fixed idea and a unity of purpose. Mr. Knapp sold him on "empties." We said Harry could not be tempted; he spent a long time on the "West Side" the home of the "Moon." Mr. Knapp said, "I want two or three-year-old stuff." Harry came back without any two or three-year-old-stuff. He kept his head and did not even pick up an old beer barrel, but "Oh! boy," how he did pick up the steel barrels.

On the morning of January 29, "Bill" Workman came down with a black and blue finger—in fact, it was painful to look at it. We asked Bill how it happened and the only satisfaction we got was, "Went after a cigar and a fellow stepped on it."

Roy Fonger came down and reported that on the night of January 28, he played the role of a hero in a drama. He and wifey had stepped out and when he came home he noticed the back door ajar. Roy, fearless and trembling, went after his gun and with wifey watching the switches, stole fearlessly through the house, the only clue to be found being a smashed in cellar window. You might have avoided the expense of a new window, Roy—who has the key to your cellar?

The tank car clerk said he often wished agents would order their own cars. He asked a few of them what they thought of it and they agreed it would be fine if they were in such a position. The orders are coming in, ninety-one Packards, ten Buicks and six Cadillacs. The balance of the agents ordered "Puddle Jumpers"—made in Detroit.

"Capt." L. E. Angle has been promoted to head of the service station department. We wish you success, Lea.

HURON, S. D.

Harold L. Eves, Correspondent

Oscar Rundquist does not seem to outgrow his childish habits, for if any of the girls in the office happen to glance in his direction he makes a face at them. Aren't you ever going to grow up, Oscar?

Evidently Salesman Wilkinson did not take into consideration that girls sometimes compare notes as to the different "lines" the guys spring. Be careful, Wilkinson, they're getting wise to you!

Anyone watching the POLARINES practice, January 13, would have seen a good comedy. The salesmen's meeting was in progress and the salesmen wanted some exercise. They got it. They were furnished suits and went to it. They held their own until "Dett" got lucky, rolling them in from all angles. (Too bad "Old Lady Luck" deserts him in *our* games). An Irishman with a Swede brogue took time out three times, just to ask Pat Ryan what he thought was going to happen to his trunks. Also ask George Justice, who played with the salesmen, why he wasn't as long winded as he usually is.

As a "Safety First" precaution, we might suggest a handkerchief held to the mouth and nose when sneezing and coughing.

One of the ediphone operators, after transcribing six of Van's records, was heard to remark, "I didn't know Van was catty but he certainly is doing a lot of scratching."

The morning after the Elks had their initiation, Mr. Nayes did not show up at work and when his home was called by telephone, a small boy informed us that Mr. Nayes was taking *his nap*. Pretty good, Orvis, loafing at the office and napping at home!

We notice that Mr. Packard has been on time of late. Wonder why? It can't be that she keeps him so long.

When Mr. Mercer was telling about the thrilling moments of the ceremony that made his wife his wife, he said that at the words, "till death do us part," his wife was looking her most serious and he squeezed her little hand a little, thinking he could make her smile, but she continued to think that THIS WAS serious!

If anyone doubts the fact that Claire Snyder is the most obliging man in the office, just ask the stenos who were obliged to work downstairs during the salesmen's meeting.

The sympathy of the office is extended to "Mac" in the loss of his brother.

Lowell Traver is taking a week's vacation. We don't think he really needs it so much as he seems to be standing up pretty well under the strain of married life. In fact he says there's nothing like it. Well, we hope so.

C. J. Junker is taking a much needed vacation. If he's going to call on all his girls, he won't be back until next Fall.

We are glad to have "Newtie" back with us again. We certainly missed him on our basketball team.

Irene says that Salesman Wilkinson has a cork leg because she stuck a pin in it and he never hollered. Is this true, Wilkinson?

You ought to hear George Olson rave about the washing machine he has down to his house. I guess the reason he raves so is because it lets him out of a lot of manual labor.

The other day Alice and Irene were heard admiring Mr. Kohnke's wonderful physique. However, they said his being so tall was sort of unhandy as they were afraid a short girl would have to use a step-ladder. We don't know just exactly what they would use a step-ladder for. Won't you please explain, girls?

The mezzanine floor of the Marvin Hughitt certainly seems to be a popular place in the evenings, during our salesmen's meetings especially.

Here is hoping that we have a lot more cold weather so that Dorothy can skate and cavort around with her Dane skater. 'S all right, old top, we are for you every time, only we do extend our sympathy to Roy. He'll probably hibernate "Down on the farm" for the rest of the winter. Cruel woman!

Jerry Burke, once of the order department, but now a salesman in our beloved hills, is as much of a lady killer and heart smasher as ever, as was evidenced by his popularity among the girls during the salesmen's meeting. Have to hand it to him, though, because he really does have quite "taking ways." A regular li'l' lady's man.

We always had hopes that the Little Smith Boy, you all know him, had grown up, but only this week he amused himself by tieing a rope to his body and then to an automobile and was unsuccessful in obtaining the pleasure anticipated because he broke one of his fingers in the fall he received. He was on skates.

WATERTOWN

January 4, Salesman Zerfas secured five new customers, and six more on January 5. Matt says there are some nice features about cold weather, especially if competitors are afraid of the cold.

Salesman Ginsbach not only insists on his customers using the best quality of kerosene (Perfection) but advises them that good chimneys and burners can be secured which will materially assist in a "good light."

Warehouse Foreman Jack Johnson was off duty two days recently because of sickness, but is back on the job and everyone pleased because of the fact. Mr. Johnson's place is hard to fill and he is therefore very essential in keeping the wheels moving.

Clerk W. R. Fish spent Christmas with home folks at DeSmet. He reports he had a "full feed" and a pleasant holiday.

Salesmen Rau and Wilbur of S. S. 302 say that 100 per cent increase on coupon books for the new year is their goal and that they are going to retain the slogan "sell the full line."

Salesman Fred Johnson had decided that the easiest way to retain customers and increase sales is to "always be ahead of the other fellow."

We note with pleasure that Salesman Daly has been transferred to a territory in the Watertown district and we feel that with his assistance that we can notify all other districts in the Huron division to vacate and release any and all interest which they may have in first place on sales.

Every indication points to the fact that all accounts due which come under the supervision of Salesman Croft are going to be reduced in the very near future.

It might be well to advise other districts that while they are looking over the December sales report, to remember that G. R. Cadwell belongs to the Watertown district and therefore "hands off."

It has almost been decided to ask that the first eight places on the collection report be reserved for Mr. Perkins' district.

Anyone wishing to find Agent Welter these days will find him out on the trucks assisting on the sales of harness oil, separator oil and increasing the sales of Red Crown and Perfection. We are very proud of Mr. Welter's showing on increased business.

M. W. Plowman has been transferred from the sales department to agent instructor. While we shall miss Mr. Plowman's work on the sales, we feel sure the agents will be materially benefited by the capable assistance of Mr. Plowman.

J. R. Stephens recently secured some very nice sales on Neolite. Yes, Jim belongs to Watertown.

City Truck Salesman Smith continued to retain his natural stride in the way of increased sales and new customers.

The social club enjoyed one of their regular "feeds" at the Lincoln Hotel, January 16, and were pleased to have with them Messrs. A. H. Dodsley, Hardman and Bode of Huron. The first two brought Mr. Bode with them. We trust that we may have the pleasure of their being with us again soon.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

W. W. Harshmann, Correspondent

Salesman R. F. Baity and his best girl, who by the way is Miss Pauline Kline of the order department, tried to skip their Red Crown bill at S. S. 44 the other Sunday night. They got as far as the end of the "drive-away" and it was there where Attendant W. A. Knuth ended his sprint and shook a wicked fist for his money. Your popularity and good looks, R. F., may be O. K. in Aurora along the along river, but that stuff don't go up here among the "licorice lights" and "no left turns."

Better now than never. We take this late date to acknowledge receipt of a very nifty jingle sent in by Agent Ray Merrell and Driver Floyd Davidson of Laurel station. As poets, you are there, boys.

Frank Woods, who has forsaken the sample case to tell the salesmen how to put out car loads of specialties, pulled a fine Merkle the other afternoon. After a meeting of salesmen, which broke up at about 4:30 p. m., Frank proceeded to do his, exiting, forgetting that as an office man the "grand march" doesn't start until 5 p. x.

L. W. Rayla, Lapel agent, got so stuck in the mud he had to tell somebody so he stuck the following in his daily report: "Stuck in the mud all day."

Present company always excepted. Forelady of the Ediphonists announces: "Many a man thinks he is overworked just because he takes all day to do a three-hour job."

Overheard in the stock department: Duke Floyd asked Zeek Showalter, "What do you do when they knock down a barrel?" The answer was lost amid the applause.

In a battle with mice which called for enough extra equipment to threaten our stock dividends, Janitor Bob Mathews went back to nature by trying out the cat idea. This introduces Oswald who has twenty mice to his credit. He is still going strong.

Clinton, Ind., is in the Indianapolis field and Russel Daugherty, of S. S. 311, very much so, since his latest stunt of selling thirty cans of Finol in one day.

As we go to press it develops that M. W. Spotts, general clerk, has turned efficiency man. He was found down in the old records room turning over boxes for Oswald, the mouser.

Apology is due the Lewis family, of Lebanon, over the "muff" in the January issue in mentioning them as being gallonage hounds of Tipton. Everybody knows Lebanon is a much larger village than Tipton and much more "high-brow."

Incased by a six-inch collar, John R. McCallian, service station boss, started a lively debate as to whether he was trying to be dressed up or only figuring on cutting his ears off.

Guess the mail-shooting rack will be moved up on the second floor so Long Boy Bill Lichtsinn will not have to stoop so.

A. G. Jones and C. R. Tryon, of the warehouse office, are running a close second to the municipal dog pound. Anyone in the market for a mongrel, phone or wire.

Miss Irene McCurdy, following up her "rep" established over the Christmas party cake, will soon hang out her shingle as a distributor of "home made cakes and candy." Quotations (subject to fluctuations) calls for "four bits" per pound on the candy and a wide range of prices on the cakes, according to the eggs involved. No fooling; mail orders will be filled promptly and you will get good stuff.—Adv.

Mrs. Kean, tiring of home drudgery while Ray was sedaning up and down the avenue, decided to elope the other Sunday. The runaways got at least four blocks from the "old fireside," jimmed the emergency brake and had to phone for Ray to come and get them.

C. B. Cox and his breezy ways will be missed around the Indianapolis office. He is our new agent at Terre Haute.

Our Twenty-ninth Street station has been opened with Ott Whitlen as agent and Al Vehling as "office manager."

And it happened right down by Columbus, Ind. "Honest weight given here, twelve ounces to the pound," read a sign in front of an Ogilville grocery store. When customers reminded the grocer that there were sixteen ounces to a pound he remarked: "I never knew that and I have been weighing out groceries for twenty years."

Mrs. Thompson, of the check department, entertained the girls of the office at her home in University avenue, Sunday afternoon, January 6, with a miscellaneous shower for Mrs. B. E. Jenkins, formerly Miss Edith Scalley. Mrs. Jenkins received many beautiful and useful presents. The afternoon was given over to games and contests, with Miss Hanlon and Miss Goldberger annexing the prizes. An added attraction was the lecture given by Libbie Lee Turner on how to make a $10 spring bonnet out of ¾ yd. silk and two pins. As it rained that afternoon Daisy Voyles of the filing department has caused a very perplexing conundrum to circulate around the office: "Why did a shower keep her from a shower?"

We forgot to state that Miss McCurdy, candy and cake maker de luxe, will furnish one of her autographed photos with each order for a 5-pound box of candy or with a twenty-four egg angelsfood cake.

Brown sweaters are the rage among the male gender, both upstairs and down. It has all been figured out why; they got them for Christmas from friend wives and now they *have* to wear them.

It being her 'steen birthday, her mother invited the SOCO girls to throw a suprise party on Miss Ella Wagner, which they most surely did. The rainbow never had anything on Ella's face after when she opened the door to let the whole pack in. Miss Wagner was presented with a string of pearls as a remembrance of the good wishes of the girls. Everybody had such a good time and consumed so much cake and ice cream that all are planning on being regular visitors to the Wagner home every year.

Welcoming to our midst Hugh Kanagy, sales writer; C. A. Fuller, engineer, and E. Whipple in the refined oil department.

On a bad day in January, Miss Turner of our "Ediphone harem," busted out with a brand new pair of patent leather oxfords. When asked why she wore them on such a bad day she said: "Well, that's about the only way you can get your name in the Stanolind Record."

The arrival of an eight-pound boy visitor at the home of H. G. Gaston, of the lubricating department, was a wee bit too much for Red's composure. He made his first trip to the office, following the event, attired with one gray sock and one brown.

Miss Goldberger, stenog to the "soft carpet," has thrown away her books on reducing. Now she has to make the long drill around Mr. Serrin's office. How would she stack up on a motorcycle?

JOLIET, ILL.

C. H. Kniep, Correspondent

(Salesmen's meetings all over the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) sales divisions have prompted much poetry, so much that if all the verses were published, there would be little room for the rest of the "gossip," so we have resurrected the anti-poem rule.—Editor.)

James B. Marston, clerk at Rockford, was one of the poets who received inspiration at the recent salesmen's banquet, held at the Woodruff Inn, January 9.

We went to the annual salesmen's meeting. The whole darn gang was there. Harrison from the wilds of Blanding, and Herb Wagen trying his best to stick to a chair. "Johnny" Quinn was present from Kankakee (out on parole). Dan Otis also; they caught him painting a pole. John Sontag came with his stately air and brought Johnson and Hendricks, a good pair! Mr. Hendricks, what's the initial on New Navy? Correct, sit down. Pete Radigan came, a little tame, WHY? And Elmer Devenney as tough as a lion. "Jim" Connell, too, he's small, but OH, MY! "Larry Pietsch blossomed out in his new sheepskin lined. Then there was "Al" Snyder of Mica fame and Mat Harmon, who puts sugar in his soup. "Andy" Bennett showed up and played at the game in which Charlie Kinkushi almost lost his new suit. Roy Prussing saved his life by raising the bid and taking the pot that bought him his new lid. Bodman and Karschnick, Stratton and Wadey came too, and left with kind thoughts of those corrugated chairs that kept all awake. And P. D. Nease, decorated with blue ribbons and Semdac. "Verne" Comp, who stood

the test on the tractor book, and "Eddie" Cordon, who says, "Charlie knows more about that tractor book than the man who wrote it." J. D. Sheehy with that voice so grand, and Paul Sanno slicked up to beat the band (little moustachio and everything). "Eddie" Greb came but couldn't eat, and D. R. Smith was always complaining about his seat. Last, but not least, there was "Jimmie" Lay and George Ball, two real honest to goodness fellows.

The meeting could not have been complete without li'l'. Herbert Wagen falling off a chair. This accident happened during one of Mr. Kinkuski's *short* speeches. Herbie's chair gave way to his great weight and down to the soft cement floor went our Savanna vampire. Without turning 'round to see who it was, Jim Connell said to Kinkuski, "Just a minute, Charlie, Herbie's fallen off his chair again." What made Charlie Voight's face flush so furiously while turning the crank of the movie camera? After spending two or three hours at Patty McCann's, some of our boys, three in particular, returned to their hotel to sleep, but it couldn't be done. Mr. Lakin's speech on the "Possibilities for 1923" haunted them. In the wee hours of the morning, when they had at last dropped off, Eddie Cordon wrecked the party. What he was yelling at the top of his voice, only Sheehy and Mat Harmon can tell you. Ask either one. We hear A. P. Bennett and C. F. Kinkuski are thinking of going into the movies, inasmuch as they photograph so well.

Did you hear about John Davies' new dorg? He runs home every noon to see it. He's afraid it'll grow up when he's not looking.

Why the distorted lamp on Bob Anderson, the morning after the night before?

Miss Kane, she who desires to learn the bootlegging trade, appears among us again with the one-sided mumps.

We are under the impression that Ray Nelson is looking for a girl. At any rate, he's living up to his New Year's resolution. What was it, Ray?

We are glad to see Walter Schauland, head of the station examiner's department, back on the job, after being off several days with pleurisy. You win, but you don't get anything, Walt.

We understand that E. P. C. (you know him) while walking down the boulevard with two (no less) young ladies from the office, was overtaken by Herbie, who in an angry voice demanded one of the young ladies for ransom. We would think that the young lady in Savanna might be jealous, so don't tell her, anybody.

Mr. Ingold has returned from his vacation, after touring the northern and southern part of the state in his Ford.

We wonder what Roy White and Helen Rimke were up to—that day down in the hall.

Miss Rylander has turned Theda Bara. Did you notice the long earrings?

ATTENTION, EDNA, KANSAS!

Please send photographs for our matrimonial bureau.

Another triangle in the office, Agnes Paton, Bill Watson and Frances Smith.

We would like to know how the dickens Roberts thinks an agent could unload a carload of gasoline over the telephone. Explain yourself, Roberts.

What's this we hear about the package Jack Otis, at the garage, received containing the pig's tail?

Fred Erickson, garage foreman, says he is going to teach his daughter how to run the Ford. Said daughter was born December 20 and weighed 8¾ pounds, but she brought about a ton of sunshine into the family.

We hear Evelyn Reece is thinking seriously of joining the Orpheum Circuit soon. She surely will make a success of it. (She gets enough practice, that we know.)

Our stock department quartette is rising to the front quite a bit of late. Did you hear about their singing at the salesmen's banquet at the Woodruff Hotel? We understand one of the leading theater owners is trying to book them for future engagements.

Glad you liked the oysters, Eva. Won't you have some more?

Have you noticed Alex Findley's new girl? She's the whole thing, with Alex.

You will stay home, Editor. You didn't think we could do it.

(Nice lot of gossip, but pictures! Where, where?)

FREEPORT

Our district superintendent, R. L. Prussing, has found a new light in Freeport. It is our understanding that he has entirely dispensed with electricity and gas, and is now using patriotic and Kalochrome candles. We base our judgment on his large purchases of candles last month for home consumption.

When they handed out Ford roadsters to the salesmen, they must have given Red Harrison one with a sponge in the radiator, because Red has been running dry quite a bit of late. At least something must be wrong when you have to put water and alcohol in your radiator two or three times a day in this weather.

Joliet figures may not be exactly correct at all times, but we figure it is best to consult their figures whenever Dixon claims they went over on their quota of gasoline sales.

Freeport station held a farewell party last week. Barney and Minnie, two old reliable employees of our station, handed in their resignations and will take up work on the farm. When they left they took currycombs, fly nets, harness and a few other pieces of lingerie as a remembrance. It was with some difficulty that we managed to keep the shovel and fork at the station, but these are pieces of equipment that can be used quite often at some of our Sunday morning gatherings at the plant. Minnie says she was glad to leave for one reason, and that was because Jerry insisted upon calling her "nigger," just because she was black.

All the arrangements have been made for a big feed for Freeport station to be put on by Mr. Prussing. All that is needed is his O. K. Henry Kaiser says if the feed is anything like the one he put on early in the fall, it will be all right.

Looks like there is going to be another "triangle" at Freeport. Whenever Salesman D. R. Smith's wife rings up the plant,she asks for Mr. Unmacht. With Irving Black's triangle still unsolved, and the suspicion of the new Smith triangle, it looks very much like we will soon be on the front page of the Tribune. The only new light we have on Black's triangle is, that his wife denies being with him on the fateful night when his Lizzie balked, and so far she has named at least twelve other women whom she suspects. It looks very much as though we will need some expert detective to handle this matter and it has been suggested that we call on Mr. Voight of the equipment department to go into this matter further. Mr. Voight has been recommended on account of his good work in tracing down trouble at various points in the field.

We don't expect Salesman Nease back in Freeport for some years. He sold his mother-in-law a gallon of Finol for her washing machine. While we

give him credit for selling Finol in large quantities, he should not have taken advantage of his mother-in-law in this manner.

We can't get much dope on Salesman P. H. Sanno. There is not much information to be gotten on him, and one reason, we suspect, is that he makes his headquarters in Dixon. Dixon being a suburb of Sterling, we would have to get our news in a round-about manner, and we insist on one thing and that is reliable information. It is not our desire nor will it be our policy to print any scandal. All news for the Record is carefully investigated before published.

At present time our investigators are busy trying to find out who the young lady is that got E. W. Greb in bad when he took his wife to a show while on his vacation in Chicago. We give Mrs. Greb credit for the fact that she looks on both sides of a story before passing judgment.

STREATOR

We wish to express our heartfelt sympathy for Mrs. P. S. Radigan, whose mother passed away recently.

Mustard gas is just plain mustard gas when it stays inside the bottle, but when the bottle breaks, it is—well, you had better ask "Babe," as the rest of us have made New Year's resolutions which we don't want to break.

Riddle: Where could space be found in Streator to install another gasoline pump? Impossible.

It was reported around town that Del Egan got a "strike" at the bowling match the other night. Oh, he's good!

When it comes to bringing in the rabbits, they all take off their hats to Cap Preston. Anyhow, he sure tells some wonderful stories about them.

STERLING

Guy W. Jones, tankwagon driver at Sterling, surprised his friends when they learned that he had slipped away and taken unto himself a wife. We extend our congratulations.

H. A. Wick reported for work the other morning with a big smile. It wasn't long before we heard the news that the stork had paid him a visit. We understand the youngster's name will be Robert. Daddy Wick drives a tankwagon at Sterling. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Wick.

ROCKFORD

Charlie Kinkuski, formerly agent at Elgin, is now at Rockford in the same capacity. Welcome to our city, Charlie.

J. B. Sontag, former agent at Rockford, has turned things over to Kinkuski and will take up other duties.

H. R. Motherwell, superintendent of equipment, is visiting Rockford and looking over the trucks. Getting things in shape for that extra increase in gallonage that Mr. Lakin asks for.

Henry Wolfe, our genial smokestack salesman, came into the Rockford office this morning with a mysterious package under his arm. All the boys gathered around, only to be sadly disappointed, said package being only a lubricating indicator. It indicates more sales for 1923. We are with you, Henry, 100 percent.

Mr. Arkey, service station attendant at No. 15, Rockford, says to tell the other service station men in the Joliet field to look out for their laurels on Semdac and Finol for January.

"B" STATIONS

Glen Adamson, Woodstock agent, has suffered the loss of a finger. J. T. Hogan, warehouseman at Rockford, Ill., is acting as agent at Woodstock during Mr. Adamson's absence.

W. D. Smith, service station attendant at Geneseo, was married to Miss Grace McBroom recently. We understand that the honeymoon was via Ford coupe to Green River, Ill. Congratulations!

Wesley Goble, our agent at Hooppole, has copped onto a house and is now residing in peace.

E. E. Rees, Scarboro agent, has grown so stout that another carload of cinders had to be ordered so he wouldn't sink through the ground at the station.

Our new agent at Shabbona, T. Stanley Berg, is going to prove a successful agent, we believe.

We expect S. A. Egland, now at Rochelle, will see that Rochelle steps out with a nice little gain each month from now on.

O. P. Hall, agent at Creston, Ill., is the champion lubricating oil salesman. He has sold two and one-half cars for spring delivery.

We hear that Charles Byers, our vampish Kirkland agent, can surely sell Standard Oil Company products. This is what he does. He proceeds to vamp the ladies of the house, sells them Semdac and Finol, etc., and then induces them to make their husbands by Red Crown and Polarine. That's the system, boys, why don't some more of you try it?

We wish to extend our sympathy to G. Warren, motor tank wagon driver at Ottawa, whose mother died January 12.

Roy Eberly, agent at Hinckley, promises gains for his station this year.

Our agent at Plainfield, Ill., W. H. Boner, who was recently married to a nice little lady from his home town, wishes to announce that he has returned from his motor truck honeymoon through Wisconsin and Michigan, and is now making his home in a new six-room bungalow, located on one of Plainfield's aristocratic avenues. If, at any time, any of the Standard Oil Company employes become stranded in the above city, Mr. and Mrs. Boner will gladly render first aid. George Ball, please take note, your credit is good and you will not be forced to use postage stamps as payment for meals and lodging.

L. W. Buchman, agent at Mendota, reports a wonderful Christmas dinner at Oswego. W. J. Maher, service station attendant, enjoyed his yearly vacation at Amboy, Ill. Driver John Brady, spent his day off under quarantine for scarlet fever, and Driver Minot won't say where he was.

Mendota wants to know what has become of A. G. Stratton, as he hasn't been seen or heard of since December 24. (Broadcast.) Anybody seen Arthur?

What's this we hear about the oil expert, Mendota?

A. D. Pyfer, agent at Polo, Ill., has already sold a carload of lubricating oil and grease for spring delivery. We hear that Ernest Pyfer, A. D.'s son, is helping out. Mr. Pyfer also bought his wife an electric washing machine, so that it could do the washing on Monday morning while his wife takes orders to the station, no time lost.

George Sauers, the Mica King, is now service station attendant at Polo. He is some service station attendant, too, especially when ladies drive in.

Elmer Kirchner, agent at Wilmington, has had quite a bit of trouble lately, on account of getting stuck in the mud. We're afraid you're getting to be a regular stick in the mud, Mugs.

L. G. Horrie, Gardner agent, is busy futuring orders for Polarine oils and greases. He expects to do some real business this year, and we don't doubt it, as he is always on the job.

Neal Peterson, agent at Reddick, claims that he can sell more Semdac than any other one agent. He had the misfortune to slide into the ditch the other day, he says it was the first time in four years.

Wills at Mazon is Neolite king, having sold 100 gallons in five gallon cans. How about some Semdac, Jim?

"Al" Watson, tankwagon salesman, is acting agent at Herscher at present. From all indications, Watson is going to get by with some of that Aurora speed, as he is selling everything he can get his hands on, especially Semdac and Finol.

Chick Hansen, agent at Dwight, is selling both Semdac and Finol along with Red Crown gasoline, Perfection and Polarine oils. Go to it, Chick.

Pat Leach, agent at Odell, looks rather blue since the town burned down. Pat says one more fire and he will have to move to Nevada.

Schafroth at Cabery is still putting out the stuff and also on the lookout for new customers, even if he is going farming.

John L. Franks, warehouseman at La Salle, has been seriously ill with the grippe. We trust he is up and out again.

We wish to express our heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Arthur J. Hoyt and also Mr. and Mrs. Ira Hoyt on the death of Arthur J. Hoyt, after a short illness with pneumonia and pluerisy, January 19. Mr. Hoyt was a war veteran, serving overseas in the World War. He was well liked in and around De Kalb and was service station attendant at 6, De Kalb. His courteous ways and readiness to accommodate, made him innumerable friends to whom his death comes as a shock.

A poem was written in honor of our Lemont agent and driver, William Martens and Walter Jungles, by one of the prominent Lemont citizens. Some class to Walt and Bill!

Why does Herman Kuntz want to sell his Buick roadster?

Champion Leonard Ward, radio expert, thought he heard an opera the other night, but come to find out it was only a dog and cat fight.

We are informed that Frank Lichtenberger, painter, is Irish by way of the League of Nations agreement.

Ten-year service buttons were given the following recently: Charles Banwell, driver at Belvidere; C. A. Roberts and A. S. Hanna, Joliet office; J. T. Latourette, agent at Henry, Ill.; C. L. Mitten, driver at Aurora; W. E. Snyder, salesman; H. W. Donaldson, salesman; A. Cheeseman, agent at Stockton; F. M. Haight, driver, at Rockford; M. L. Crossley, agent at Princeton; O. J. Brown, clerk at Elgin; H. E. Kaiser, driver at Freeport; and J. S. Connell, district superintendent.

On December 28 Letha Schmidt, daughter of A. P. Schmidt, construction superintendent, was married at the home of her father at Mendota to Lawrence Yates of Lexington, Ky.

Laugh and grow fat, the old story goes, but we can't figure out how Oscar Horn of the equipment department ever got so fat. We haven't seen him crack a smile for the last six months.

James Pollock is a new member of our force as sub-station examiner. He looks good to us.

We request that Chuck Voight please keep his toothache tablets to himself.

Well, Angie, did the case of ——— arrive, and were the glasses included? Lynda is quite worried.

Roy Olson recently found a gold pencil belonging to a girl named Helen. Finders keepers, Roy.

We are informed that W. W. Watson, Roy Olson and Harold Lloyd Houck attended the opening ball at the Alamo ballroom in full dress suits. They thought it was the charity ball.

Have you found out yet what was up in the tree, Mil?

Herman Walters, motor tankwagon driver at Joliet, has been off duty on account of sickness, but has returned to work.

Fred Jahneke, warehouseman, has been laid up with the grippe, but is back on the job again.

Mr. Foster, order clerk of the Standard Oil Company, Decatur, called on us for a few hours the other morning. By the way, we learn he is the chap who wrote Pat Morrisey that long love letter after falling in love with her picture in the Record.

Mr. Tindall is a new addition to the office force as real estate and tax man.

Miss Eva Corp received a new chime clock for Christmas. Looks as though there will be a new clerk in the cashier's cage shortly. All Eva needs now is a mantel to put the clock on.

Mrs. O'Day is making quite a success with her fancy work parlor. She has fancy work of all descriptions, girls, even T. A.'s, T. B.'s and T. C.'s.

We hear Hilda Anderson bought a new hat the other Saturday. Sunday night she was holding down a box seat in the Orpheum. How do you like those boxes, Hilda? You seem to be a steady customer these days.

Miss Evelyn Reece is slowly recovering from a recent attack of heart trouble; however, we hear she still likes the song, "Hot Lips." Don't blame you much, Ev, competition is the spice of life.

One of the boys at the Joliet warehouse came to work the other morning with a severe cold, and when asked where he got it, he said that his brother belonged to the K. K. K. and came home about 2 a. m. and took the sheet off the bed. Who's who?

We are glad to learn that Mrs. J. D. Sheehy is slowly but surely recovering from severe burns received when a teakettle of boiling water overturned.

"I am through with men"—a familiar saying heard at least twelve times a day. We think actions speak louder than words. Don't you?

On the evening of January 22 the girls of the office held a banquet and theatre party. The four-course dinner, which was served in the banquet room of Davidson's cafeteria by H. G. E. (ask Pat who that is) was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and much credit is due to Evelyn Reece, who planned the party. A pleasant surprise of the evening was the presentation of a lovely box of candy by Sylvia Hubal, a gift from our manager and assistant manager, C. C. Lakin and C. M. Monson. Together, girls, "Thank you Mr. Lakin and Mr. Monson." After the banquet the girls took in the Orpheum, where Katherine Kane tried to vamp Alexandria's cat with a carnation. All were present, with the exception of Mrs. O'Day, due to illness. Sorry, Mrs. O'Day, you missed out, for we had a wonderful time. Hope you will come to our next one.

Speaking of the girls, they are giving a Juvenile Valentine party February 12. No men allowed. (But girls can snapshot! Huh?)

A new salesman at Rockford is H. J. Schuck of Joliet.

KANSAS CITY, MO.
W. F. McGarry, Correspondent

It is with sorrow that we received the news of the death of Mr. Gray, former auditor. His passing is regretted by the many warm friends among the old timers in Kansas City who knew him.

We are laying for Murphy of the sales writing department, and will have something in next issue about him. Watch your step, Murph.

We see Bill Saeger back after a pleasant vacation. Any vacation is pleasant. But isn't it tough coming back, Bill?

We are glad to welcome a new station examiner, W. B. Egbert. Tommy Higgins now supervises the following well known examiners: John Condon, Lockwood Armstrong, Frank Marxen, Ralph Zarker, A. C. Fox and Mr. Egbert. Looks like you could get up a basketball team out of that bunch of huskies, Tom.

Our old friend and bachelor, Harry Thompson, salesman, was married January 11. A little reception was attended by several old timers and the bride and groom were royal entertainers. A reading lamp and smoking stand were presented to the happy couple by Standard Oil employees. This was acknowledged by a very nice letter from Mrs. Thompson, which was passed around and need not be published herewith. Everybody wishes them a long and happy life. Look for a bunch out to your cozy little home some night, Harry.

It is with regret that we learn of the illness of Mrs. Hurst, wife of E. Hurst, service station attendant at Westport and Broadway. We hope for a speedy recovery. Also we would like to see Mr. Hurst in action once more on the ball diamond.

We hear that Mr. Turner, who operates the station at Sixty-third and Brookside for us, is alone and batching it. How would it be if we'd all come out for a home-cooked dinner one of these evenings, Mr. Turner? By the time this gets into print Mrs. Turner will be back, and it will be "a grand and glorious feeling" for Mr. Turner, we know. We've been there.

We see Phil Hutchings in the office once in a while now, but long for the time when you'll be back permanently, Phil. How's that examiner work? Strenuous, isn't it?

T. D. Sprout succeeded A. J. Brooks as superintendent of construction. Welcome to Kansas City, Mr. Sprout.

We see Miss Carpenter, of the construction department, back at work, after a short illness. Glad to see you, Miss Carpenter. Mr. Pittman was snowed under while you were gone.

Roy Curnutt is holding a meeting every two weeks for the service station attendants. He reports that they are real humdingers of meetings, and that 1923 will certainly be the best ever. These service station attendants are a real bunch of live wires. Roy says he has no news to report this month, but we insist that he should scrape up something about this worthy personnel of which we understand he is very proud.

We understand L. W. Berry is in the market for a horse. What's the idea?

Claude Hicklin, agent at Lexington, is sick. We hope for a speedy recovery.

New agents this month are: N. E. Dowd, G. R. Callaway and Carl G. DeTar. Greetings. Watch them go with the Standard Oil Company.

M. R. Gooch is the new agent at North Kansas City. We saw him in the office the other day with Bob Greenleaf. Bob is our service station attendant at North Kansas City, and was the subject of several very nice compliments from the girls in the office when he left. But the correspondent told them all he was married. That settles Bob as far as the fair sex is concerned in the Kansas City office.

Julia Carstensen has just returned from a week's vacation. That's right, get it early, Julia.

Henry Parry reports that his sweetheart is undergoing an operation on her tonsils. She went back home for this operation and Henry is very blue these days. Also, we are glad to note that he is on time every morning now. Guess he doesn't stay up late nights any more. How about it, Jack Harris?

We have it from good authority that Jack Harris is using Stacomb on his hair, but he claims it is only Stanolax.

Our new operator's name is Miss Kemp.

Miss Gaffney is in the hospital, and we all miss her. Hope you surprise us all with a visit one of these days, Miss Gaffney.

Miss Martin is doing Miss Grace Colgan's work for a while.

Miss Grace Colgan is on a vacation. Hope you have a good time, Grace.

We are going to reserve space for more news from the Kansas City field from now on, on account of the appointment of some new live wire reporters right out among 'em. Give us all kinds of news, men, send it in. It's *your* Stanolind Record.

Earl Chitwood, of the tankwagon department, took the fatal leap just after Christmas. Best wishes, Earl.

Among the many that attended the Business Women's Club dance at the Brookside Hotel, January 30, were Miss Beatrice Piernie and Joe Wilhelm.

Agent Harry Shepperd, Lee's Summit, has an addition to the family, an eight-pound girl. This makes three girls this lucky man has. He also has a new G. M. C. truck, self starter and all.

George Gates, Ed West, Elmer Staples, John Willis and Mark Nichols, special garage salesmen, are bringing in some dandy new accounts lately. With this squad working, all the garageman has to do is throw up his hands and say, "Take the business."

The following junior salesmen have been promoted to regular territories: N. B. Smith, H. T. Rees, E. E. Glenn, K. C. Harris, and C. Cargile. Watch these huskies grow with the Standard Oil Company.

Billy Colvin is still out making two sales grow where none grew before.

V. N. Dyer, we want you to have a new one next time you come in. None of those old chestnuts go.

Flavel Johnson, high powered specialty salesman, has been turning in some sweet 029's. We see lots of these 029's with much better writing on them, but they have to step some to beat this man on sales.

Albert Ware, city salesman, is also hitting the ball.

The salesmen selling tank cars of Red Crown or Perfection this year so far are: A. H. Worrall, E. W. Keller, F. Fortney, E. L. West, W. C. Glass and C. S. Behrle. Agent Theel, Leavenworth, also sold a tank car. Breaking into the major, eh, Theel?

Who is always looking for an argument? Ed Monroe, the famous locker room orator, is the answer.

The following is a list of the gentlemen who were recently presented with ten-year buttons, and we'll say they're some proud bunch: L. A. Berry, E. C. Clifford, R. E. L. Cockerill, G. S. Cormack, I. L. Dayhoff, H. F. Fikes, F. E. Johnson, W. P. Ruch, A. L. Russell, R. M. Smith, E. L. West, C. M. Duncan, L. B. Albin, H. B. Porter, C. G. Coons, J. L. Oliver, P. O. Pease, W. E. Frantz, S. P. Hallford, E. E. Griggs, J. M. Regan, M. P. Brady, D. S. Hopkins, C. A. Hurst, H. E. Winkleman, J. Brownrigg, E. C. Foley, E. W. Lloyd, C. Mahoney, T. Mitchell, W. A. Smith, G. F. Swoboda, E. M. Fraher, L. R. Jones, D. D. Allen, L. B. Bulson, D. D. Davidson, T. A. Evans, P. Green, J. D. Harley, C. M. Johnson, F. F. Moresby, William Saeger, F. A. Seckinger, F. R. Seward and J. G. Seward.

The salesmen were presented with their buttons at the recent general salesmen's meeting, which was held at the Muehlebach Hotel. Mr. Gradinger, ex-salesman, with forty years service, was the gentleman who was selected to present the ten-year buttons to employees in district No. 4 at a resent agents' meeting.

Wish to announce the arrival of the stork with an eight-pound boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Scott. Mr. Scott is salesman in Clinton territory.

Salesman F. E. Scott is knockin' 'em back at Lawrence. He and Jess Scrivner should go well as a team. Jess, we understand, is broke to double harness, while Scotty may be contemplating something of that sort. What?

Miss Bulson, who is state treasurer of the Business Women's Association, recently attended a meeting held at Topeka of that organization, going as state representative. Miss Bulson is also going to give a party and dance at the Brookside Hotel on January 30, at least the business women are. Miss Bulson is the head of the entertainment committee.

Paul Fraser just returned from a week's sojourn in the country. He is so tanned you wouldn't know him. He reports a good time, and lots of fried chicken and eats were had. Lead us to the country, Paul.

Dan Davidson has a new flivver. Some Ford coupe we call it.

Mr. Sala is at present on a vacation in Rock Island, Ill. We hear that is a pretty tough town, Bill, and look forward for your safe arrival home. Hurry back, the boys in the stock department want you. Getting near the end of the month.

We are very sorry to hear of the death of Jerry McGowan's father, Major Cockerill's mother, Grace Ingram's father, and Jessie Bell Latimer's grandmother, and extend to all the above mentioned employees our condolences.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Miss Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

V. L. Kent, our agent at Claremont, Minn., was a visitor at the La Crosse office last week.

We are glad to note that Lucille Frizzell is again at her desk, after being confined to her home for several days on account of sickness.

Another Social Club meeting was held recently. It was decided upon to rent the K. P. hall for the meetings, so the members can have an entertainment after each meeting. E. R. Remp, Ellen Wood, E. Frey, F. Miller and Mabel Baker were named to plan a series of entertainments for the entire year. The first of the entertainments is to be a card party, and the next a dance. The committees are all at work, so some wonderful times are expected.

C. B. Bullis, J. A. Haanstad, George Rathbun and former Salesman E. Korn spent the holiday vacation about Chippewa Falls and Red Cedar fishing for pike. A number of very large fish, ranging from two to twelve pounds, were caught, they claim. Sounds fishy, but it may be true, as John says he was awakened at 1 a. m. by some noise out on the ice, and on investigating, found the twelve-pound pike tugging at his line.

Miss Mabel Baker spent the past week in Portage and Milwaukee. She said she had a wonderful time at both places.

W. O. Dixon is spending a few days at the La Crosse office this week.

A baby girl has come to the home of Helmer Johnson of the stock department. Congratulations, Helmer!

A. J. Goddard and C. B. Bullis were called to the La Crosse office to attend a meeting of the disrtict superintendents last Tuesday and Wednesday.

Harold Pardis is again at his desk, after spending the past week in Minneapolis. While there he had the pleasure of hearing Padereweski.

E. H. Evanson was a business caller at Rochester and Austin, Minn., last week.

Fred Klick's watch stopped, he filled it full of Finol, and it has been running like a "top" ever since. Fred thinks Finol can work wonders.

E. Frey was a business caller at Austin, Minn., last week.

Erwin Herrewig has been added to the record department staff.

Art Wanner, of the record department, is the proud father of a baby girl. Congratulations, Art!

Ellen Wood and Frances Beranek were among the La Crosse crowd at the Winona carnival. About 6 a. m. Sunday, Ellen was awakened by an unusual noise, which sounded as if a mouse was at work. She tapped on the bed, thinking the mouse would go away; it did, for awhile, but soon came back stronger than ever. This time she got out of bed, but remembering a movie that she had seen, where a mouse had crawled up a man's trousers, she practiced "safety first" and kept hold of her pajamas. By this time Frances was up and trying to find the mouse. After careful investigation they found that their "mouse" was just the steam coming up in the radiator.

Strains of music were heard coming from the stenographers' room. After pushing through the crowd, we found Margaret Thrune perched upon her desk, picking away at her "uke." She is just learning, but by spring will be ready to give concerts of all kinds. Make reservations now.

The social club held a card party at the K. P. hall January 25. Eleven tables of "500" were played, after which ice cream, cake and coffee were served. Fred Schroeder took the favor as high man, Mrs. A. Barton as high lady. Mrs. H. Liso carried away the booby prize for ladies, and Walter Selbo was handed a (?)—let's see—box of cigars, was it, Walter?

While at the Winona carnival, Ellen Wood, nicknamed "Red Crown" by some of the Winona folks, Frances Beranek, nicknamed "Solite," and Leona Frohm of Winona, enjoyed (?) the rough ice of Lake Winona on a toboggan pulled by a Ford. While enjoying a ride, a large bump came to meet them. Solite was "so light" she flew about four feet, marring the right side of her visage. Leona, used to boxing, escaped with a bruised arm, while "Red Crown" stuck to the ship, which just turned over. She suffered a few bruises. All are very much alive again.

MANKATO, MINN.
W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

We appreciate the editorial tip, published in the January Record, and assure the editor that Clay Lee will *not* receive an opportunity to write up a Red Crown Club dance, at least not while this correspondent remains on the job. We don't know why not, but nevertheless we appreciate the "tip." The fact remains that we recognize the pep, ginger and enthusiasm of Mankato's new assistant manager and this correspondent intends to stay just about two jumps ahead of Mr. Lee as far as Record News is concerned. How that man does dance! He dances just as hard as he works. Don't take our word for it. Ask the girls!

Somebody is bound to lose. When the manager, assistant manager and sales manager get to quarreling as to the superiority of the several districts there's always one of the three who wants to bet. Well, you bet there were some bets bet and the more they bet the better the bets that were bet. (Of course you get that.) Now the strife is all up to District Superintendents Dorgan, Berry and Struthers. The argument is in regard to which district will show the largest percentage of gain on gasoline for the year 1923—of course it is conceded that the Mankato Division *will* show big gains—and nothing under fifty per cent is to be considered. Secret consultations are held by the backers of each district, plots are hatched and each one vows that it looks dark for the other district. May the best district win and may the correspondent get in on the banquet.

Everett Gottschalk, head sales-writer, surprised us when he announced on January 8, his marriage on August 19 to Miss Mabel Dovre, accompanying his announcement notice with cigars and candy for everyone. We unite in wishing many happy years of domestic bliss to Mr. and Mrs. Gottschalk.

Frank Lunkenheimer, Mankato driver, demonstrated Standard Oil Company service when he pulled P. E. Crandall, secretary of the Hubbard & Palmer Co., Mankato, out of the mire, after Mr. Crandall's car became stuck in the muck at the side of the road. Mr. Lunkenheimer, seeing Mr. Crandall's plight, stopped his truck and volunteered his assistance, which was gladly accepted. That this kind of service is appreciated is testified by the following letter received from Mr. Crandall:

"Mr. M. H. Chesbrough,

"Dear Sir:—

"A few weeks ago I was driving out to the golf grounds and near the Fletcher farm I was obliged to turn out to pass one of your trucks. The road out that way, you know, has been very bad for some time, and in turning out I became hopelessly mired.

"The driver of your truck saw the difficulty I was in and very courteously returned and offered to help me. Together, we secured a chain from the farmhouse nearby and he then backed up his truck and pulled me out of the mud.

"I take this opportunity to express my appreciation of the courteous treatment which your employee extended to me, and I will be glad if you will ascertain his name and again extend to him my thanks for his kindness.

"I congratulate you in having in your employ a driver who is so considerate.

(Signed) "F. E. Crandall, Secretary."

On January 13 a meeting of all employees was held in the Mankato offices, at which time Manager Chesbrough, with a few well-chosen remarks, presented five employees with a ten-year gold button. Those who received this beautiful emblem of service, were R. E. Nuebel, C. J. Jensen, L. C. Wilcox E. S. Hagerty and Joseph Weingartz. The presentation was a complete surprise, but each one of the gentlemen responded, expressing their appreciation at being thus remembered. Short talks were likewise made by R. W. Pinney and R. B. Walton. This is the first occasion of this nature in the Mankato offices and it is our opinion that a profound impression was made on the minds of the people present. We heartily congratulate those of our companions who received the token and trust that they will live to receive many more stars added to their record of services rendered.

Miss Gertrude Hager, stenographer and secretary of the Red Crown Club, underwent an operation at St. Joseph's Hospital during the last week in December. Most favorable reports have been received, so we hope that Gerty will soon be with us again.

Miss Minda Johnson, stenographer, who was reported ill early in January, was removed from her home to the Immanuel Hospital for treatment. We express the hope that Miss Johnson will make an early recovery, as we miss her (especially those of us in the corner room).

Henry Emken, former agent at Le Sueur, paid a visit to his old friends in the Mankato office on January 4. Mr. Emken is looking and feeling fine. We trust that his business will bring him to Mankato often, as he never fails to come in to say, "hello."

Charles ("Chuck") Johnson, collector, who was laid up for some weeks with the flu, is again back on the job, smile and all. Chuck is looking a trifle peaked, and therefore expects to take it a little easy for another week in order to regain his full strength.

Judging from reports received, the sales force's Christmas vacations were a grand and happy success. They are all back on the job now with renewed vim, vigor and pep.

The Red Crown Club was pleased indeed to have the opportunity of entertaining District Superintendent T. A. Dorgan at its Christmas party. The club is glad at any time to have the boys on the firing line come to the social affairs and hope that they will take advantage of any opportunity they may have.

Mrs. Harry Palmer has been assisting in the Mankato office for a few days in January, due to sickness of various members of the stenographic force. Mr. Palmer, Mankato city salesman, does not, as yet, show the effect of restaurant food, but he has been quietly voicing the hope that the present arrangement will be soon terminated.

The Mankato division got off on the right foot for the new year on January 24 in a rousing sales meeting. That this session was the most enthusiastic and successful ever held here was the expression of those who attended and heard the "pep" talk by T. J. Thompson, general manager of the General Sales Department. Mr. Thompson's address surpassed any of his previous efforts His evident sincerity expressed in simple, well-chosen words, affected old-timers and new men alike—implanting a spirit of determination—"Mankato—I will." N. R. Grimshaw, in speaking of "The Duties of a District Superintendent," brought out his points in very forceful fashion. This was the first opportunity of the Mankato force to meet Mr. Grimshaw

and he put his ideas over big. We are expecting another visit from Mr. Grimshaw shortly and all salesmen are looking forward to that occasion with much pleasure. Amos Ball followed Mr. Grimshaw with a very impressive talk regarding our company. Mr. Ball had his facts arranged in a very interesting manner, proving every point by logical examples which could not help but impress the mind.

At a business meeting of the Red Crown Club it was voted to purchase a piano for use at office parties. A committee was appointed and soon there will be "music in the air" at all Red Crown Club functions.

While A. L. Struthers was attending a sales meeting in the Mankato offices on January 6 he received a telephone message announcing the birth of a daughter. Al. emitted a joyful whoop, grabbed his portfolio and took the shortest route to Faribault. We heartily congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Struthers and hope that their family circle will remain intact through many happy years.

FARIBAULT

Art. Fox, truck driver at Faribault, defies anyone to equal his record on Mica sales for the month of December, 1922. Art traded three pails of Mica to a farmer customer for a calf. This particular farmer is a sure user of Mica for the 1923 season, says Art.

C. S. Sorenson, Faribault field salesman, spent Christmas and New Year at his old home in Sherburn, Minn.

District Superintendent Al. Struthers spent part of his Christmas vacation hunting rabbits in the wilds of Rice county. We understand that C. W. Miller, salesman at Owatonna, accompanied A. L. on one of these trips, but that he secured only one rabbit, which laughed itself to death at the sight of Miller trying to shoot the old double-barrel.

We regret to chronicle the death of Mrs. L. C. Nelson, mother of Agent Nelson, Faribault, and Agent Nelson, Ellendale, who passed away on December 14. The sincere sympathy of the entire organization is extended to the brothers in their bereavement.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Miss Marie J. Zacha, Correspondent

The annual convention of the Milwaukee division salesmen was held January 29 and 30 at the Hotel Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Wis. Plans for 1923 were discussed at length. Addresses were made by Allan Jackson and T. J. Thompson, of the Board; N. R. Grimshaw, Amos Ball, assistant general managers, Chicago; C. F. Hatmaker, Chicago manager, and others.

The convention found its climax in a banquet held in the Gold Room of the Hotel Wisconsin. D. J. Sheehan acted as toastmaster. Solos were rendered by District Superintendent Dougherty and Salesman H. F. Wilson. Mr. Dougherty emphatically denied being a woman-hater, adding in explanation that the exact opposite was the case. It was generally conceded if the boys go after future orders as they went after the juicy steak, all records will be broken.

The honor guest of the evening was Thomas H. Kane, veteran salesman, who recently retired after thirty years of service.

F. L. Beaudreau, salesman, was recently advanced to sales promoter of specialty goods for the Milwaukee division, replacing H. C. Oullette, who has been assigned to other duties.

Salesman H. I. Pierce reports the arrival of a sturdy future Standard Oil Company salesman. Congratulations, Harry.

A prophet has arisen among the Milwaukee service station attendants. He is able to tell at least twelve hours in advance when he will be sick. The vision usually appears when working hours are shifted. How about it, Russell?

Did you "ketch on" to Gene Love's miniature bow tie? He says that's all they'll sell you in little towns. Even if you had bought a tie before leaving town, you wouldn't get much more in Milwaukee for twenty-five cents.

Little black-eyed Rosie Nissenbaum is spending time and money freely, aspiring vocal fame. While forced to admit that Rose is pretty good, she will have to do some tall hustling to equal that deaf and dumb prima donna we heard sing the other evening.

For telling fairy tales, Fred Schrout can make Ring Lardner look foolish. He surely has that indefinable something to put them over big.

Billy Norton, erstwhile of the checking department, offered a feast for the eye when he appeared attired in a genuine imported English tweed suit, right up to the minute—in fact, an hour ahead of time. The weather has been in favor of Norton. (We're all praying for rain.)

We judge from the marks George Kraemer, iron barrel department, has on his calendar, that he is counting the days until the duck season opens. He will not miss an opportunity to go *if the weather is warm.*

Roy Fletcher won first prize in a window trimming contest at Brandon. Reason: He was the only one in the contest.

Quite a number of agents visited the main office: A. Hitch, Whitewater; C. E. Thayer, Sturgeon Bay; Glen D. Rice, Antigo; John Spurgeon, Westfield; G. Hernke, Hilbert; F. E. Loeffler, Brandon. Very glad to see you, boys, drop in again.

Agent F. J. Smith at Deerfield, Wis., we understand, is a sharpshooter of the first rank. We do not know how many medals he has received, but he is willing to compete with anybody in the Milwaukee division. Come forward, all ye expert shots!

We were indeed glad to welcome Miss Edna Blodgett into our midst. Miss Blodgett, up to a short time ago, was employed in the general manager's office in Chicago. Her congenial personality will radiate sunshine and her gentle ways will soon endear her to workers with whom she comes in contact.

A word of caution to Tekla. We noticed a certain male of the species ogling in your direction fluently. Be careful, little round men are said to be dangerous. (We refrain from mentioning names.)

Hotels in the Madison district are certainly modern and up-to-date. A form 029 recently received by District Superintendent Shaver reads: "Had bed with bath."

District Superintendent Shaver is making a heroic effort to acquire a taste for ludefisk. He thinks it one of the most difficult jobs he has ever tackled. "Yeah," comes the consolation from Harman Kalbhakken, member of the Sons of Norway, "it takes fourteen years to like ludefisk."

Wyllis Raymond Hanen, mechanic at Madison, fought a terrific battle with a Ford the other day. It seems the Ford won. Now Bill makes a semicircular detour whenever he sees one of the critters.

Albert Voth, attendant at the Columbus service station, recently sold seven cases of Finol in two hours. All brand new customers, too. Then Al became sick. We wish you a speedy recovery, Al, we need men like you.

Lester Stelsel, formerly agent at Waupun, has been promoted to farm salesman in charge of sales in the Waukesha circuit in the western division. We are glad to receive D. F. Fletcher, just installed as agent at Waupun.

There was a meeting of district superintendents January 29. All were present—I. H. Shaver, T. A. Lee, A. W. Miller, G. T. Dougherty and W. J. Duncan.

A great deal of difficulty is being experienced in the territory from Slinger north, because of the heavy snows of late. The boys at Fond du Lac had a particularly hard time, being out continually for forty-eight hours before they were able to get in. The roads are open again and business is going along in the usual manner.

How's zat, Ralph, you meet your better half every noon?

ATTENTION, DES MOINES

Abe Eberhardt, listen. Grover Nicks of the Milwaukee office will call your bluff and asks that you bring with you that box of fifty cigars when attending the A. B. C. tournament at Milwaukee. (Mr. Nicks says he has you booked for another wheelbarrow ride.)

Save your pennies, fellows! They'll probably soon be passing the brown derby for Tommy O'Connor. Tommy evidently believes he has met the right girl, as a little bird tells us he slipped her the ring last Christmas.

George Schmidt, of the cashier cage, looks lovely in that red striped shirt. George says the shirt made such a hit he's having calls to loan it out for certain occasions.

Ed. Baril, service station attendant, is the proud papa of a baby girl. Congratulations! His coworkers are still smoking Harvesters.

The suggestion was recently made that T. A. Lee, district superintendent of the northern division, be directed to visit each station in the other divisions to enable the natives to gaze upon his hat. It surely is a lala. We don't think it is fair that northern division agents only should have the privilege of enjoying the sight.

If you suddenly find yourself rocking with the building, don't be alarmed, it is just Mary Horbas laughing.

Anna, *you* could do a better job washing and ironing a white muffler.

Inquiry: Len Zobel, who pays for Gregory's three-cushion billiards?

On with the coupon books! Floyd Stepke is considering the purchase of a Ford. By the way, be quick about applying for a ride, girls, and get your name on the list. We stopped counting at number one hundred sixteen.

We're glad to shake hands with Mr. Bumford and Mr. Hanna, auditors, who are taking the usual audit. We hope they will have a pleasant visit.

Zimmie Ryan, Beau Brummel of the stock department, is looking forward to the early receipt of his bonus from the state of Illinois. We suspect the first place he will hit for is Polacheck's tailoring parlor and then for a dinner at the Greasy Spoon. Now be careful, Zimmie, and don't let Goldman hang a bright light onto you.

Besides equipping motor vehicles with speedometers, we think it would be policy to equip dictaphones in like manner. Just listen to Herbie Roraback talk into his machine and be convinced.

There has been a remarkable improvement in the street car service since the new absence and late reports have been in use.

Hayes certainly turns out some good pictures, Pauline. That ought to get 'em. (Incidentally, the Stanolind Record would like to get some good ones.)

How lovely is love! Margie Rodell was seen at Mr. Owen's desk depositing one nickel after another into the public telephone slot while actually using the private phone, wondering why the operator did not respond.

Jimmie Peterson, checking department, wears a dimple on the chin of his right cheek. Whether this is an honest-to-goodness or a so-called parowax dimple still remains one of life's little dark mysteries.

Here's a tip. Just about the time you hear Swanee pronounce the following paragraph: "Saukumbevitch Kockolovitch," beat it quickly, for that's a non-failing sign he's awfully warm under the collar.

Congratulations are in order for Louis Joost, who is a granddaddy once more. On the occasion of a shower previous to the newcomer's arrival, Mr. Joost sent a ball and baseball bat. The old bird stork pulled a good one on Grandpa Joost and dropped a baby girl. Now Mr. Joost is asking for the return of his gift.

Joseph Anuel Knudtson, tank wagon salesman at Madison, is galavanting around with thumbs in his vest pockets, because he sold the most coupon books during the recent drive.

J. R. Moore, future order king at Madison, is so hard boiled that he plays tiddledy winks with manhole covers.

Martin Langseth, farm salesman in the Dodgeville territory, has been selected for jury service. We all feel sorry for the poor unfortunates who will be tried by the jury that Martin is on.

Margie Floode has just returned from her vacation, looking fine, during which period she did a good deal of house work and had a number of rehearsals in the culinary art. This sounds promising for Sy.

Miss Carrie Liederbach was agreeably surprised to be presented with a handsome wrist watch by the Sun Shine Club, of which Miss Liederbach was the originator, as a token of esteem.

There's at least one Ford serving a two-fold purpose. Besides a means of transportation for Elmer Ferriter, it also serves as a rattle for Betty Joan.

Did you ever notice Billy Kolka waiting on the lady of the blond locks?

We recently enjoyed a visit by Benjamin Paepke, agent at Columbus. How about passing the sweets, Margie?

Hostilities between the coupon book department and iron barrel department have ceased, thanks to Mr. Hyde's kind consent to have the elevator enclosed. This will also eliminate the property man's job of shifting scenes.

For further particulars regarding the dent in the floor at R. Yont's desk, see Mr. Yont. A word to the wise—change your brand, Ral.

Mr. Reiss, of the stock department, is keeping fit by means of a very novel form of physical culture, namely: removing the ashes and shoveling snow for the w. next door.

Tank Wagon Driver, E. W. Williams, Kenosha, Wis., was recently presented with a baby grand. Congratulations, "Bubbles."

Salesman P. H. Stops, we have been reliably informed, intends to establish a household of his own. Fine! We're glad to hear it and wish you lots o' luck.

For sale. Lady's white gold wrist watch. Address Charles R. Swanson, Madison, Wis.

Prospective purchasers not allowed to ask any questions.

A tobacco chewing contest is now on between Grover Nicks and E. J. Gregory. We understand the one chewing for the largest number of wrappers gets the fur lined gaboon. Confidentially, Grover Nicks has already succeeded in getting a hand painted parlor rug by this means.

Bill VanEimeran, of the order department, has taken unto himself a position of pugilistic standing. Milwaukee's most popular lightweight, Richie Mitchell, had the opportunity to dine with B. V. E. at our exclusive house of eats, the Star.

Balances must have been coming out pretty jake for Miss Marie Kieckbush as we haven't heard her threaten to "Nash her hair and pull her teeth" lately.

Inez White, our popular payroll clerk has been on the sick list for quite a period. We've got our fingers crossed for you, Inez, in the hope that you'll soon regain your health.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

G. E. Anderson, Correspondent

January 24 and 25 will remain a memorable occasion to the sales force of the Minneapolis division. On these two days the annual sales convention took place in the Assembly room of the Radisson Hotel.

While a gathering of all our salesmen at one time in the interests of our company is an event of more than ordinary interest, a most fitting climax was approached on the second day when we were joined by General Manager T. J. Thompson, Assistant General Manager N. R. Grimshaw of this division and Assistant General Manager Amos Ball of the northern division.

We heard from Manager Cochran and then from various members of the office and sales force on timely subjects in the following order: J. C. Vincent, J. H. Connolly, H. G. Wrinch, J. F. Hentschell, George Day, C. E. Keith, R. F. Connors, H. A. Damkruger, L. M. Klebba, H. A. Smith, H. F. Luedke, G. E. Anderson and H. H. Quackenbush.

We knew Mr. Grimshaw was the good-looking one all the time.

We had a rare treat. Saw T. J. Thompson smoking his pipe.

Mr. Ball doesn't look like a ball. But he certainly bats .1000 in our eyes.

Too bad Mr. Shallenberger couldn't hang that sign. Mr. Cameron should have held it.

Mr. Vincent said in his speech that the first one you meet on your way to heaven is an accountant. (St. Peter.) You tell 'em, J. C.

The Solite sextet, composed of Messrs. Cameron, Eckman, Quackenbush, Yager, Fisher and Johnstone, sang for us. So did Mr. Klebba.

Sh-h-h! It was the midnight before the meeting. We were tired. Eckman had a mysterious look. He said come on. He led the way through the Radisson kitchen, through many doors into the alley, cautiously creeping along. Ah-h-h! Here it is—the car. We went to Child's and had a lunch. Salesman Knoll paid the checks.

Salesman Morken drank nine cups of coffee the first day and fourteen the second.

We have our suspicions where some sixty-seven distinguished gentlemen employees of the Standard Oil Company spent Wednesday evening, but we won't tell.

Agent Snyder, at Benson, is the original Red Crown Solite Perfection kid. His hair is *so light* (Solite) in one spot that the balance makes a *Red Crown* to *Perfection*.

Our Minneapolis Safety Court is rapidly winning fame. On January 9, Lieutenant George Forman, chief of the Minneapolis police traffic department, and Lieutenant Bert Nelson, chief of the motorcycle corps, together with Mr. Osman, superintendent of the Northern States Power Company, motor department, attended one of the court's sessions and were greatly impressed and greatly pleased with the cooperative efforts of the Standard Oil Company to eliminate accidents. Considerable publication has been given to us through the columns of our local papers and the public is beginning to realize the broad spirit of our company in lending its assistance toward the minimizing of traffic accidents.

When it comes to "flesh," Edwin Anderson, agent at Annandale, stands alone, 295 pounds. (Photo, please).

It doesn't take two looks to get the nationality of Roy Curtis, agent at Arlington. Roy, you're there, at that.

We wonder what Leo Gallery, agent Bird Island, is doing with his profits. We caught him in a jewelry store recently.

We wish Carl J. Brown, agent at Buffalo, would send us a picture of his kiddies. Carl is a proud father and justly so.

Edwin Borden, agent at Buffalo Lake, owns 158 purebred hogs. There's plenty of pork at Borden's.

Matt Driscoll, agent at Chaska, drives his truck without gloves. Forty below zero means nothing to Matt.

Oscar Loberg, agent at Cokato, is the only real Oscar in the world. How Oscar remains single is more than I know.

Dassel, Minn., added a new fireman to its fire department. Agent Anders Mikkelson helps pull the hose.

Our old friend, Raylond Kasparek, agent at Delano, is a glutton for new pumps. Atta boy, Ray.

Leslie Caswell, agent at Eden Valley, is a trapper; that is, he traps new accounts.

Say, Edwin Harrison, you of Excelsior, why are you so conscious of that overcoat? Sandman wants to know.

Frank Pullen, agent at Fairfax, promoted a bazaar recently. Frank sang a group of songs as an extra added attraction.

Cold weather means nothing to our agent at Gaylord. His name is Winter.

F. J. Karstens, agent at Glencoe, wishes he could sing. Boy, if you could sing like you can sell, you'd have some voice.

Luke Burgstahler, agent at Hector, has a wonderful cook at his home. District Superintendent Klebba will tell you that.

Somebody said "Competition" to Lars Larson, agent at LaFayette, and Lars didn't understand him.

Ed Straight, agent at Jordan, waves a curly head. Ed's getting the business with qaulity and a smile.

Bill Heinrichs, agent at Hutchinson, says he's going to kill Fredeen's bear.

A fire destroyed the barn on Agent Bill Schnabel's farm at Hopkins. Tough luck, Bill.

Harry Walker, agent at Loretto, is growing a beard. What for, Harry?

Hans Bendickson is back on the job at Litchfield. Welcome back, Hans.

Christensen spends his annual vacation at "Pep Up" Lester Prairie. How does he act, Charlie?

Our banty rooster at Olivia has a Plymouth Rock kick. How about it Hank?

There's a new truck at Monticello and Agent George Bryant is the proud driver.

Agent Omer Doherty is the Beau Brummel of Maple Lake. Look him over, girls.

Frank Chalupsky, agent at Silver Lake, never caught a fish through the ice. Frank says it can't be done.

We wonder how that man Hatten, agent at Stewart, is? Ask Salesman Hoglund.

Bill Heinen, our new agent at Waconia, is to be married this spring. Torkelson told us about it.

"Let's get that garage going," said Roy Hahn, and they'll sell S. O., won't they?

To find Idor Peterson, agent at Watkins, in town is like finding a beardless man in Russia.

If anyone has a cub bear for sale, write Chester Fuller at Waverly.

Come on, Pearson, what do you care about tanks? Let's go.

Snow, rain, sleet or low temperature makes no difference, we are out selling goods just the same.

We feel like complimenting Mr. Vincent on his discrimination in choosing feminine employees.

Miss Padelford of Venus de Milo fame is enlisting quite a number of recruits in her swimming and physical culture classes. Miss Rhoda Halvarson is elated over the results thus far obtained and to use her own words, she expects to continue the course indefinitely to "improve if possible" her already graceful figure. Some of the other new enlistments are Miss Napier, Miss Beck, Miss McCarthy and Miss DeMars.

It is a foregone conclusion that the swimming parties for the coming summer will be more popular than ever, and that the office mermaids and the masculine "see" lions will be out in full force. Realizing this more keenly than anyone else, Mr. Pee Wee Anderson has requested the Red Crown Social Club not to stage any swimming parties on dates when the Kittenball team is in action. Kewpie admits that a baseball uniform cannot compete with a bathing suit when the latter is properly filled. (And pictures? Don't forget 'em.)

Incidental to the rather elaborate program of entertainment of the sales force during the period of their annual meeting, a smoker was held at the office on January 26. Two corking good boxing matches furnished the main feature of entertainment. In the preliminary Ollie Bartlett and Verne Butler fought five fast rounds to a draw, and in the wind-up our own Frankie Stevens had a decided advantage over his heavier opponent, Augie McGuire, in the four rounds of milling. Numerous speakers responded with snappy talks and humorous stories. Mr. Cochran put over what he insists were two perfectly good jokes, but up to the time of going to press no one has been located who actually got the drift. George Day's burst of laughter was unfounded, as he admitted under merciless cross-examination that it was done for the moral effect.

On Tuesday, January 30, Miss Mary Gleason, who forsook us some weeks ago, became Mrs. Francis Coady. We have admitted our regret in losing Mary from our circle but rejoice with her in her new happiness. Congratulations and best wishes to the bride and bridegroom.

PEORIA, ILL.

P. A. Johnston, Correspondent

We are on the March.

Our staff of assistants suffered a sad jolt on January 18 when Jane Higgins left us flat. The slim boss of the filing department was a live wire news hustler and the best of good "fellows."

Dan Cupid scored another bullseye on January 31, when Miss Alice Fitzpatrick, formerly of the sales record department, became Mrs. Edward Paul. "Fritz" departed on January 20, leaving a gap in the ranks of the "veterans" that will be hard to fill. A beautiful silver coffee urn was the office's testimonial.

And still another missing!

On January 31, Miss Catherine Adams forsook our hopitality for a location elsewhere in the city. The little miss with the big eyes has been a regular for lo! these many moons, and her going has left us quite depressed.

Why did Salesman Gones so carefully avoid the telephone desk during the meeting?

Taylor missed Bernice so badly the wrote a poem about it.

Fred Lammers, attendant at S. S. 10, Peoria, struts around his duties these days, head up, chest out—oh, boy! And that's just what it is—a boy. Congrats, Fred!

After attending the stereopticon lecture on January 17, we know how Battin's Missus keeps order in the house. She snaps her fingers at him.

And Floyd Wright is now among the "missing." The droll humorist of the stock department has hied himself back to that dear Champaign.

Emil Semlow of the stock department is extended the sympathy of the office in the recent death of his sister.

Bernice Moran, chief smile distributor of the billing department, has been missing for several weeks, laid low by inflammatory rheumatism. Reports are encouraging, however, and we're looking forward to welcoming "Sophie Tucker" back to her haunts.

Ask Chris Ludwig about a good cure for yellow jaundice.

Peoria warehouse reports another hunting trip with "Shorty" in charge and Leo Seitz, Lester Watkins, and one Kellogg in the van. Casualties: nineteen rabbits and one prairie chicken. And Leo asked, "What is it, Tom?"

One way to start the New Year: "Shorty" Johnson, looking in at the office window on the holiday afternoon, viewed the ancient Ludwig, phonograph ablare, gliding round the floor all by his lonesome. Ralph, here's competition.

E. Terwilliger of London Mills has been appointed agent at Galva.

Laurence Jones, specialty salesman, got so excited over his big candle figures last month that he took a high dive into matrimony. Galesburg reports that the first instructions Jones received from his new boss were to remove the "cream separator" from his upper lip. As yet, he hasn't. (Stick to the ship, Jonesey, old man. Y'see, we're experimenting in that line ourselves, right now.)

District Superintendent Awerkamp spent his vacation with relatives and friends in Quincy, Ill.

Galesburg branch recently was host to T. J. Thompson, H. W. Lewis and Mr. Engle of Chicago, these gentlemen stopping over en route from Quincy.

Amos Anderson, attendant at S. S. 3, Galesburg, signed a lifetime contract recently. Good luck, Amos.

Wonder why Assistant Manager G. F. Phillips always likes to walk instead of riding with the Galesburg agent?

Salesman H. A. Lewis and family of Galesburg recently visited with Salesman and Mrs. J. P. Barnes in Peoria.

What happened to Gus Johnson, up at Orion, this month?

Likewise Caldwell, Purcell & Co., over at Bloomington?

And likewise Webb, Wilson et al., down at Springfield?

Must have had an earthquake down in the Capitol City.

All right, Wilson, old man. Now you've got that sweet singer, Charlie Winslow, down there, we'll expect you to "double your output."

Have you seen Mr. Phillips' new hound? He's a sociable little cuss, not shy or bashful at all. He makes himself right at home.

What is it the height of? Our Safety First exponent, attending the evening meeting January 16, parked his car on the sidewalk—and the law's upholder invaded the office looking for him?

Well, well! A "contrib"—two of 'em—from Friend Brown of Rantoul! Shake, old man, and let's hear from you regularly.

Agent Roscoe Cullip of Gibson City, old reliable Standard Oiler in that vicinity, is sporting a brand new International Speed Truck (1923 Sport Model) and his trade sure gets "service with a smile."

Agent Brown of Rantoul rises to inform us that Uncle Sam took nearly forty thousand gallons of Red Crown during the last quarter, the aviation school at Chanute Field absorbing some eight thousand gallons.

We've heard of "white mule" making men climb trees, but we never thought it'd make a man try to get aboard a street car snow plow. We saw George Heser try to board the plow.

What else did Salesman Winslow lose besides his composure when talking to the young lady behind Mr. Wantling's desk?

Mrs. Munea told Jack, the mailboy, that Bernice had the "pip." Jack's worried. He thinks it's contagious.

Ed Naylor says,"they'll be passing the 'forty-one' for Ralph if he doesn't quit talking to my cookie."

Lester Watkins, utility infielder, Peoria warehouse, has just returned from a temporary sojourn in Toulon. Lester looks good. (The question is, how does Toulon look?)

Bernard Fuchs, formerly of the service station force, Peoria, and who twirled so brilliantly for the Red Crowns in the closing stages of last year's hectic pennant race, has been transferred to the Peoria office. Howdy, Bernard, and may you prosper.

Leo Seitz, late of the tank wagon clerkship, Peoria warehouse, now of the office stock department, took his collars to "the chink's" on Monday. Leo gets check, and says, "Can I have 'em Thursday?" Hop Ling walks up, takes check, puts it on hook, and says, "You glet 'em Slat'day." One new customer for the Capitol Laundry.

Don Suttie, marcel and all, has quit and gone to Chicago. What will the Red Crowns do without "Babe?"

Brooks of Watseka disappointed us also this month.

Lawrence Backes, did you ever wear a "bonnet?"

QUINCY, ILL.

T. L. Bell, Correspondent

Agents' meetings were held in the Chamber of Commerce building, Quincy, for three days, beginning January 17. District Superintendent W. J. King conducted the first meeting. The second was attended by agents from the territory of District Superintendent W. C. McAdams. District Superintendent W. A. Lynn's agents met the third day.

In a secret pocket in Salesman Walter Cook's overcoat is hidden a list of lady friends residing at Burnside, some of whom he makes it his business to call upon when in that village. The list is quite lengthy and we're wondering if he has ever succeeded in visiting all of them. Oh, shameless man!

Ted Koelsch of the stock department related an experience which he had at one of the local restaurants last week. Ted said that he and two other gentlemen were seated at a table and all called for pie. However, the story is too long to write about, but ye readers might ask Ted what kind of pie they wanted.

Garnett Smith has finally saved enough money to help on John Golden's rug. He is willing to do as much as Worley and Radtke, so he informed us.

"Sheik" Patterson our Burnside agent, sure created a sensation in the office upon his arrival for the January agents' meeting. Typewriters stopped, feminine heads went up and "Pat" started a series of snappy talks with the girls that lasted long after the meeting opened. The height of his popularity was reached when at a dance at Ertel hall in the evening he discovered that none of the S. O. girls were present, resulting in a spirit of depression. It's the way of a sheik's life.

As an eyeopener and general all-around tonic for the human system, Perfection oil is classed with the best on the market, according to Agent J. W. Snider, Kirksville, who talks from actual experience. Snider drinks one-half pint every morning before breakfast and urges others to try it.

On Christmas day Glen Burton, service station attendant, and Miss Gladys Sparkman were married at Moberly Mo. Another way of exchanging Christmas gifts.

After quizzing several office people we learned that it is Ester White, our Green City agent, who is sending the four-leaf clovers to the mail girls.

Agent J. F. Sandison, Huntsville, while in Quincy spent his leisure moments walking the streets and displaying a pair of smoked glasses. On his way to Quincy he had decided to buy a new skirt for his wife, but later changed his mind because the skirts came too high in this city.

Let's offer congratulations to Bert Schwebel of the garage force and C. S. Adams, service station attendant at Quincy, at whose homes the stork visited recently, leaving at the Schwebel residence a girl and in the Adams home a boy.

To while away the time our Unionville agent, W. L. Rockwood, oozed into a manicurist's shop where he allowed a charming young lady to tickle his hands until the morning session of the agents' meeting opened. We'll bet he's keeping this a secret from his wife.

Just before the agents' meeting Assistant Manager T. P. Jones announced that the place of meeting had been changed from the Standard Oil office to the Chamber of Commerce building. The announcement was followed by the Misses Cason and Ernst suffering a chill.

After attending the agents' meeting, C. C. Dickerson, our Carthage agent, stated that he wanted to go to a show. He remained in Quincy over night. He was seen on the streets after midnight and to this day we have been unable to find out what show he attended. Tell us, Dick.

Carl Bexten has joined the Standard Oil ranks again after being away for several months. We understand Carl used to make "bluing" and quit the business on account of that job also having a certain amount of grief.

Agent H. E. Whalen, New Franklin, who has the influenza, asked us if we knew of any agent who has a surplus supply of hootch, thinking, perhaps, that we had first hand information. Answering Whalen through the Record, we would suggest that he get in touch with Monte Lenhardt, who we believe has some, in fact more than he can use.

Let us hope that Salesman C. F. McWilliams, who is reported sick and threatened with pneumonia, has fully recovered by the time this item is printed.

Squire S. P. Holman, agent at Green Castle, Mo., was married January 3, to Miss Mida Daniel. Squire started the New Year with full-headed steam for he had been doing odd jobs, such as shocking corn, sawing wood and sacrificing tobacco in order to accumulate some cash for this occasion.

Miss Janie Donald having reached a reconciliation with R. L. Wilson, our honey salesman, is again "stuck up."

G. R. Bumbarner, our Brookfield agent, is credited with having received the greatest increase in sales of Red Crown during the months of November and December. George still seems about normal, both physically and intellectually, but District Superintendent W. C. McAdams, who covers Brookfield, has since been suffering from an enlarged "hemispherical roof."

H. D. Thomas, Quincy's new Safety First director, in addressing the agents at the January meetings, employed a great many stories, humorous and otherwise, to illustrate the points of his talk. All of the agents seemed to grasp the points readily and in appreciation of the splendid narratives and tales told by Dean they presented him with a bouquet of roses. However, Dean gave the flowers to Squire Holman, who was married January 3, claiming that Squire was more entitled to the bouquet than he. Squire took them home to his bride.

Chief Clerk Worley made several attempts to sleep at the agents' meetings, but Assistant Manager Jones kept a mean eye on him.

Sam Worman, our Golden agent, says it not only "pays to advertise" but that it also pays to get married, as he has put on twenty pounds since the nuptial knot was tied.

Recent additions to the Standard Oil family includes Salesman I. L. Blodgett, who succeeds his father, who died recently; H. B. Smith, service station attendant at Quincy, and Francis C. Sullivan, second service station attendant at Macomb.

SAGINAW, MICH.

S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

The Saginaw main office is located on the second floor of the Brewer Arcade, with an entrance in the arcade. Our live marketing department grasped their opportunity and placed a Red Crown Sign Globe on a standard at the arcade entrance so that the hundreds of daily window shoppers may have imprinted in their minds our gasoline trade-mark simultaneous with their approval of our beautiful new sign reading "STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)."

In these days when we see so much of that advertising phrase of the Consumers Power Company reading, "It earns as it burns," we wonder, when we see so many lights burning in unoccupied parts of the office during the noon hour, if each respective department shouldn't reflect a little more sentiment for our own little pet, viz., "Make your stock pay dividends," and give the switch a vigorous push.

A short time ago Mrs. F. A. Dettenthaler, wife of our tankcar order clerk, suffered a very painful injury when several strands of her hair became engaged in an electric washing machine wringer, which pulled it out by the roots and inflicted various scalp injuries. Fortunately she escaped with only a fraction of the horror possible from such an accident, and we are glad to learn of her rapid recovery.

M. Robert Morris was employed as salesman in the northern division, January 23.

C. S. Morton was appointed agent at Montrose to succeed R. C. Shepard, January 24. Congratulations, Mr. Morton, you have a first-class territory.

M. A. Robinson, agent at Mt. Morris, met with an accident on the highway a few weeks ago. He was returning to town after dark one evening when he thought he saw a dark object directly ahead. His lights were not working properly so he immediately slowed up and turned to the left to avoid hitting the obstruction, when it suddenly took legs and also turned to the left, forcing him into the ditch, with the result that his outfit turned over, breaking one of his ribs and bruising his face. Morse says the next time one of those moo cows tries to hog the road he'll use the bumper.

Frantz Lawrence has completed his education and has returned to the main office on full time duty, helping solve some of the difficult problems so familiar to an office of this size.

The department head meetings are arousing such keen interest that it has been necessary to have a few specials.

The stenographic department is strengthened by the addition of Miss Marcella Thompson of Chicago. We hope she will long wave here.

Harold Zuber bought some electric lights for his Christmas tree which when strung upon its boughs became suddenly addicted to short circuits, causing said tree to become a burnt offering. By heroic efforts he was able to extinguish the flames unassisted. Harold said, "Why I can't understand it, I did the wiring myself."

Someone wants to know if that is a chemical cigar that Mr. Lang uses exclusively for his daily office entrance.

If you have been used to getting eggs which no one but a mother would love, see Austin the egg man. The eggs he sells are fresh in their mothers' memory.

If we ever have the hard luck to lose our pocketbook on some third or eighteenth, may the fates grant that Mr. Younckman may be the first man to come that way. A few days ago he found a wallet in which were a few dollars, and in spite of the fact that it was still a long way until pay day, he inserted an ad in the paper requesting the loser to call and identify his property. After all, he was only carrying out the old tradition that Standard Oil employees are gentlemen.

Emil Hall has been transferred from the check department to the safety department as an assistant to Mr. Cuthbertson. We have thus been emancipated from the afternoon tom-tom extravaganza to which we had been so accustomed and anticipated with much dread.

We understand that our janitor is getting bowlegged from sitting astride the boiler these cold days in an effort to keep up his circulation.

W. C. Downing has been appointed agent at Unionville in addition to his duties as agent at Gagetown.

Jack Leahy has been transferred from the service station department to the iron barrel department, in which he is now in charge.

Charles Plowman, agent at Alma, says that whenever he receives a letter from the main office, he can tell from the feel of it whether it contains any criticisms.

The equipment department has moved upstairs; you just can't keep those men down.

Day by day, in every way, we are getting more hunched from riding to work in those "straight jackets" which are trying to prove the antiquity of the street car.

We have never gone on record of accusing Louie Reip of modesty, but now we are forced to admit that he is decidedly so. It was the week following Thanksgiving that Louie was returning to Owosso in his Ford roadster at a very late hour of the night. He came upon a party en route to Grand Rapids from Lapeer, who were stranded. Jumping out, he offered assistance; after cranking the car until he was nearly exhausted he drove back to a farmhouse for a tow rope, but was not successful until he had routed out the third farmer, who sold him one. By the time they got back to the car the tourist's wife and baby were nearly frozen and it was neccessary to rub them with snow to restore their circulation. Louie loaded the wife and infant into his car and towed the husband and car into Owosso, where they were placed in the care of a physician. The beneficiary of Louie's humanitarian act realized, when he saw the Polarine and Red Crown sign on the sales roadster, that he was indulging in that nonpareil "Service" so widely heralded and reflected by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employees, to-wit, SERVICE—ANY TIME—ANYWHERE. We did not get the party's name, but he told Louie that if that was a sample of Standard Oil service, from then on he was going to get it all.

January 15 and 16 marked the annual salesmen's meeting held at the K. of C. Hall, which was a complete success and enjoyed by all present.

The first day's program consisted of talks by Mr. Keating, Mr. Soop, divisionsu perintendents, and heads of departments, which were of a highly constructive nature.

On the second day we were favored by a visit from General Manager T. J. Thompson and Assistant General Managers Cochran, Grimshaw and Lewis.

On Wednesday, January 24, Robert W. Carington, of the Indianapolis division, entertained the Rotary Club at their luncheon with a lecture on the production of crude oil and the manufacture of Red Crown gasoline, which was profusely illustrated by stereopticon views.

The meeting was attended by sixty-eight of the keenest business men of the city and they marveled at the various stages, the extraordinary amount of equipment and the precautions used by this company in making the best gasoline in the world. Our manager is in receipt of letters from E. A. Patterson, the club's chairman, and other members in which they express thanks for the high class entertainment which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Some people still believe the old fairy tale "Two can live cheaper than one." Garland Petoskey, of the check department, was one of these, and January 6 took into himself a wife in the person of Miss Ruth Bowles of Saginaw. The employees of the office presented them with an electric percolator and service. Garland promises not to use the percolator to make moonshine. He announces that he is contemplating the purchase of a Ford coupe, which shows that he is truly dauntless.

The office was treated to a little diversion when Mr. Mathews unwittingly gave us a demonstration of the futility of an ostrich trying to fly off the top of a barn. Not having a barn top for the act he used his stool, which had one leg with a concealed joint, which extemporaneously let loose amid thunderous applause. "Mat," you made the landing and won our admiration.

We regret to inform our readers of the death, January 23, of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Balhoff. Mr. Balhoff is our service station attendant at Sandusky, S. S. 33.

Leo A. Westbrook has been appointed attendant of S. S. 307, Croswell. Welcome, Leo, you'll have a wonderful opportunity to show your talent. We're watching you.

ALPENA, MICH.

Assistant Manager E. R. Soop was a caller at the office January 25 to 27, inclusive.

On January 21 a meeting of all employees was held and the interesting subjects discussed at the salesmen's meeting at Saginaw were explained and commented upon. A club was formed and Daniel O'Ryan was elected president and B. R. Lamp secretary and treasurer. A number of entertainments were planned. L. A. LaFluer was appointed reporter for the Record. Plans were made for educational meetings to be held on the fifth and twentieth of each month at the residence of George Monaghan, former agent (retired), where each employee would be given a S. O. Co. product to discuss and answer all questions. A question box is to be installed at the service station and warehouse, where questions could be dropped by those interested, and answered at the next meeting. Mighty fine, Eugene, keep it up.

The attendants at S. S. 6 were handed a lemon by Old Man Winter. They were expecting Mr. Soop to arrive and had the snow all cleaned off the driveway, roof, sidewalks and lawn. The night before he arrived the residents witnessed one of the heaviest snow storms of the season, and when Mr. Soop appeared the next morning, he had to wade through snow to get inside the station.

BAY CITY, MICH.

John Wetters, rural tank driver, thinking like a great many more of us, that two can live as cheap as one, went into partnership with Miss Alice Mueller, January 15. Well, Al, you know the old alibi John had when he was late or slipped up on a date? Be patient, Mrs. Wetters, as he is making a special drive on Finol and Eureka Harness Oil and will be late very often, as he needs the money now.

We had a tankwagon salesmen's meeting at Bay City, January 22 and 23, and had with us Mr. Cuthbertson of the claims department and Mr. Hintz of the motor equipment department. Both gentlemen favored us with short talks on accidents and care of equipment. F. D. Church gave a splendid talk on "Service vs. Safety."

Paul Jolly, tankwagon driver, made a call on Dr. Campbell a few days ago, and timidly asked the "Doc" for some teething lotion, that he might get some relief from a molar that was full of aches and pains. The Doctor, after taking one look at the snag, issued the verdict that it was to be yanked out. Paul promptly fainted, the doctor seized the opportunity and extracted it; however, Paul failed to come too, whereupon the good Doctor called our agent on the 'phone and asked him to send someone down and get him as he was trying to jump out the window. Frank took compassion on him and sent the truck and another driver to take him home and bring his machine back to the garage. Later Paul recovered sufficiently to be on the "Today as usual" list.

On December 29 a welcome little eleven and one-half-pound boy by the name of Daniel Marian

Gwizdala came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gwizdala and will make his permanent home with them. When he grows up he will no doubt aspire to follow his father's vocation and work for the Standard Oil Company.

OWOSSO, MICH.

Otto Santfleben, attendant at S. S. 23, is seriously ill, being threatened with pneumonia.

Paul Snyder, attendant at S. S. 24, is confined to his home with the flu.

C. T. Byerly, tankwagon driver, is maintaining the "service" at S. S. 23 during the absence of attendant Santfleben.

SAGINAW MACHINE SHOP

Elmer Baker, our genial machinist, announces the arrival of a son.

Mr. Thompson, our former manager, and Dave Bradt, together with Louis Reip, were dining at a Port Huron restaurant. Mr. T. and Louis had given the waiter their orders when Dave looked up from the bill-of-fare and said, "G-g-g-give m-m-me ham and eggs, Canton style." After the waiter had taken the order Mr. Thompson said, "Dave, I'll bet you don't know what you have ordered." Dave replied, "No, but it's a d-d-d-damn g-g-g-good time to find out, wh-wh-wh-when you're on the Standard Oil expenses."

Albert Lindberg is the representative from the machine shop. Persons having news items will please hand them to him.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Stewart Chaffin, Correspondent

Manager L. W. Cameron returned January 20 from a week's trip in central and western Kansas. He reports that conditions are flourishing in that section, and business will be materially better in 1923 than last year.

Assistant Manager R. S. Orr spent two weeks of January in going over conditions in western Kansas. As an old salesman and superintendent for many years, we believe that the men will appreciate Mr. Orr's assistance in analyzing affairs and assisting them.

W. L. Dougherty is a new recruit hailing from "The Northland." This gentleman has had many years of valuable experience in the tractor and automobile business, and we are sure will be a valuable addition to the St. Joseph division.

Special Salesman Reichard has made several recent trips out of town exploiting Red Crown gasoline. Heinie never fails to land on top.

Semdac Pete has broken loose agin, shooting a number of orders for barrels and half barrels of Semdac Liquid Gloss. Other service attendants please note, and see if you cannot down this dude.

Superintendent Sheik Zimmerman says that he will never rest content until western Kansas blooms like a rose.

Superintendents and salesmen in the St. Joseph field enjoyed one of the finest sales meetings ever held January 11, 12 and 13. On this occasion we were honored with the presence of T. J. Thompson, Norman Grimshaw and H. A. Lewis, from Chicago. These men made stirring addresses, which forced home to us many appreciative thoughts. Mr. Cameron's talks were equally inspiring. We are not only all set to go this year, but are going, and the St. Joseph field is making rapid strides.

Several of our northwest Missouri agents are very capably handling the business we are doing with the ditching contractors in that section. This is handsome business, and while it does not last long, it is something that should be followed up with great zeal while possible.

The new service station at 22d and Francis streets, St. Joseph, Mo., is nearing completion. This station will afford better service facilities for a thickly settled neighborhood.

The new service station at 18th street and Frederick avenue, St. Joseph, Mo., is going full blast, having been opened under the tutelage of Assistant Service Station Superintendent Waller.

The stock purchase plan has gained new impetus recently. Eighty-six per cent of the eligible employees have signed up, and it is our manager's desire to make it 100 per cent soon.

Salesman C. D. Waddill has the sympathy of the entire organization on account of the recent loss of his little daughter.

Salesman G. E. Sarvis recently contracted the matrimonial fever, tonsillitis and appendicitis at the same time. Operations for all three complaints were successfully performed. Congratulations, Bill.

Superintendent George Washington Coldsnow presided as toastmaster without a flaw at the banquet given at the Robidoux Hotel, St. Joseph, Mo., during recent sales meeting. George is without a peer, and if his connection with the company is ever severed, the vaudeville boards will gain a valuable adjunct.

Edgar Grindstaff has graduated from the mailing department to the advertising department.

P. D. Reinerteen joined the St. Joseph organization, and after serving an apprenticeship at service stations and in the office, has gone out as agents' instructor.

T. V. Warren, assistant manager at Davenport, and G. W. Ashman, chief clerk at Indianapolis, remembered the St. Joseph division with kindly sentiments Christmas time.

Agent Instructor D. H. Wiggins had the misfortune recently to fall off one of the agent's trucks. Mr. Wiggins has a very good constitution, as he successfully withstood the truck running over his anatomy.

Our esteemed friend, J. W. Power, for many years manager of the St. Joseph, Mo., division, was our honor guest at the salesmen's banquet at the Hotel Robidoux, January 11, and gave us a brief history of his connection with the Standard Oil Company, and how he had seen it grow during his career in St. Joseph. This was very much appreciated.

When R. S. Orr was in central Kansas visiting agents and Geo. W. Coldsnow, recently, C. H. Breckenridge, agent at Woodston, Kan., inquired as to when the next agents' meeting would be held. Mr. Orr stated it was planned to be held during the next rainy spell, so as not to interfere with the agents getting out all the gallons to the country that was possible. Hearing this, the agent replied: "Your meeting is going to be indefinitely postponed, as far as Woodston is concerned, as we have had no rain here since last July."

Walter Bowen, superintendent in the Concordia division, and his men are to be complimented on the neat and attractive manner in which they keep the plant, as same is certainly appreciated.

K. T. Wenger of Chicago spent a week or more with us, imparting some very valuable suggestions.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Miss Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

A new way to "ketch 'em!" Have one of those coats with a tassel hanging from the back of the neck. Mrs. Felts has one and on leaving the street car the other day found she had entangled a good

looking young man. She is undecided now as to whether she will get a new spring suit or keep on wearing this coat.

Cotton Cowherd surely has some deep secrets, as he spends most of his noon hour waiting for one of the private telephone booths at Scruggs. Can't you tell it all to Cora on your calling nights, Cotts? If not, ask her to give you another evening in the week.

The men folks of the Standard Oil Company seem to have developed a sudden fondness for dry good stores. Our esteemed assistant chief clerk was seen waiting in the tearoom of Scruggs recently, deeply ensconced in a soft padded rocker, and the chances are he wouldn't have "come to" soon enough to get back on time had not some of the young ladies of the office spied him and rudely jolted him out of sweet reverie. He hastened to explain that he was waiting for his wife.

E. H. Harrison, cashier, is surely anxious for the spring time to come. He was working at his desk the other day and suddenly shouted, "We surely will have six more weeks of this weather, the groundhog can't fail to see his shadow, just look at this." It developed that the "sunlight" on his desk was caused by the electric light which was shining brightly. He says he isn't used to desk lights, anyway.

The office folks extend their sympathy to Raymond Hotto, whose brother died recently.

It has been noticed that when the salesmen are called to town a certain salesman from Springfield, as soon as he reaches the office rushes madly back to the accounting department and whispers into the "Schell" like ear of one of the young ladies, then rushes back just as madly to the telephone and calls up one of the theaters for tickets.

SPRINGFIELD

Mr. Ewing, assistant manager, toured the Ozark territory on an inspection of the southwest district. While on the trip Mr. Ewing learned to chew real strong homespun tobacco.

Mr. Crumpley, the Peerless Monarch of the Ozarks, ordered two pieces of pie for dessert, while at dinner one day, which is a good indication of renewed youth.

Perry Beals is a real believer in uniform service station service. Ask him.

L. R. Smith is now in charge of Joplin territory, succeeding Mr. Beals, who was transferred to Springfield.

The southwest district salesmen attended a sales conference in St. Louis and returned to their territories bringing the goats of the balance of the division home with them as usual.

It cost Manuel Tornquist, Monett agent, two ribs to learn that football is a young man's game.

John Carlson and Reggie Merritt nursed stiff necks after an evening's entertainment at the Gayety while in St. Louis. Glyde Lodge was there, too, but no complications, he's used to rough stuff.

The mayor of Ike, Mo., sends warm personal regards to our genial manager, Mr. Robinson, and extends to him an invitation to visit the city, assuring him a warm welcome.

Ethel Clark is the new stenographer at Spring field, succeeding Mary Daily, who left to help operate the 'Frisco railroad more efficiently.

John Chittim, cashier at Springfield, is mourning the loss of a .22 caliber Ford coupe.

CAPE GIRARDEAU

C. Gladish, father of Salesman M. W. Gladish, passed beyond the great divide January 17, his death being due to pneumonia. We extend to Mr. Gladish our heartfelt sympathy.

We cannot tell you much about it, but Salesman J. R. Anderson left the happy ranks of bachelorhood. However, we did find out the lucky girl's name was Effie Inman. We wish them lots of joy and happiness.

Salesman W. G. Borchelt of Cape Girardeau made frequent trips to Charleston during the holidays, but since school has opened the attraction seems to have come back to Cape. No doubt Mr. Borchelt want his territory transferred to Charleston after after June 15. We're betting on you, Bill.

H. G. Simpson, salesman at De Soto, has taken the final step at last. We thought he would not wait much longer. He was married on December 26 to Miss Gladys Danielson at Kansas City, Mo. We all extend to them our best wishes and congratulations.

Agent H. Hopgood, at East Prairie, whose family was hurt in an auto accident, are recovering nicely. Henry has been chief cook for some time.

Contracts have been let for practically all the stretch of road between Cairo, Ill., through Charleston, Sikeston and Dexter to Poplar Bluff. When finished tourists can cross from New York to California right through the best country on earth.

Attendant W. A. Swink of the Farmington service station and Lois Wescott, Oran, Mo., were married December 30. Our best wishes for a happy and prosperous wedded life.

Alex Wright, stock clerk at Springfield, is a real lady's man. He ought to be, he was trained in Joplin.

The wives, sweethearts and other female relatives of the Springfield gang have banded together to promote good fellowship, harmony and other things too numerous to mention for the general good of the organization. Watch the future Records for reports of the real pep meetings the ladies have planned.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Miss Clare E. Donegan, Correspondent

The regular salesmen's meeting was held in the Sioux City office January 21 and 22. The selling force was more than pleased to have our general manager, T. J. Thompson, and Assistant General Managers N. R. Grimshaw and Amos Ball with us. Their talks on the selling line were interesting and instructive and we were sorry they could not remain for the second day which was devoted to talks by our salesmen, district superintendents and Manager Thayer. Assistant Manager Elkert, owing to a severe illness, was unable to attend. However, we are glad to state that he is recovering and at this writing able to spend at least a part of the time in the office. The agents' meeting was to be held during February.

Gus Rath has been promoted to service station attendant at station 6. We have all watched Gus grow up, know the stuff he is made of and are more than glad to see him climb the ladder in this fashion.

Our agents are going after their quotas thick and fast. Ira Steele at Lake Andes and J. Coates of Yankton, not satisfied with a pail of Mica a day, are making their slogan, also a 1-5 harness oil.

The machine, carpenter and paint shop crew, together with a few from the office, have been making the fur fly on recent Sundays, coming in most of the time with a few rabbits. Our salesmen, we note, are also taking a hand at the gun. Salesman Conley, for instance, and wife with a record of 176 ducks. Some record, ain't it?

The dictaphones have found us—and popular? Well so much so that it would make almost any

steno green with envy; but listen, girls, to what Mr. Dyer was heard mumbling the other day:

You never are late in the morning;
You never get restless at four,
And I've never known you to giggle or chew;
You never use slang any more.
Your costume is simple and quiet;
Your color is always the same,
And I'm seldom impelled by the words you've misspelled
To heap maledicts on your good name.
Yet I feel there is something I'm missing,
My life seems peculiarly bare,
In spite of the fact that your every act
Is performed without fixing your hair.
Yet I've found that your soul is a motor,
Your motives are amperes and volts;
Your memory is wax, if you drop it, it cracks,
And your posture's dependent on bolts.
So I think I'll recall Miss Mabel
To sit at the desk at my right.
Her eyes are quite blue, and I think I'll hand you
To the clerk she went out with last night.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

Sioux Falls hasn't been on the map so far as news for the Stanolind Record is concerned, but we've been right on hand on the sale of coupon books.

We are glad to welcome Paul Mathaidess, auditor, who has been transferred to this territory, relieving L. C. Abrahamson, who is now in the Sioux City office. (Sioux City is sorry to lose Paul. We like him, but we are also glad to welcome Dutch, we like him too.)

E. Compton, of the Sioux City office, was a recent caller at Sioux Falls.

Tonsillitis seems to be on the rampage in our vicinity. Pete Halvorson, drayman, and Salesmen Courshon and DeWald all laid up with it.

District Superintendent Wirsing, Salesmen Courshon and DeWald all attended the salesmen's meeting at Sioux City and report a most interesting one.

Ernest Brown, trader in Ford cars, made another trade. He now has an Oldsmobile 8 cylinder roadster and a bank account of $100. Not so bad, is it, girls?

A warehouse bunch, headed by Ernie Compton, went rabbit hunting, getting fifty-one rabbits, but the office folks haven't heard anything about putting on a feed.

Manager Thayer and Assistant Manager Elkert report a very interesting managers' meeting at Chicago.

Assistant Manager Elkert spent a holiday vacation in Milwaukee. District Superintendent Ferrell, Duluth, Assistant Chief Clerk Peterson, Minneapolis, and the rest of the bunch remained in Sioux City.

Walt Goebel's little girl has been seriously ill with pneumonia. We hope she will have a speedy recovery and soon be playing around in her sunshiny manner.

Doris Beaubien (Bo-be-on, if you please) seems to have an unknown admirer from the nougat bars and Hersheys she finds in her desk every once in a while. What's it mean, Dorrie?

We hope the little item in the News Bulletin, "We want news items for the Stanolind Record," will be particularly noted by our salesmen and agents. There is no better way of getting acquainted than through the columns of the Record, so let's hear from everybody.

It's really a pleasure to have B. F. Webster back with us again. He has charge of the real estate, taxes and accidents, with the slogan, "Safety First."

And didja hear about the stew party at Marie Tinder's home on New Year's eve? Alluvem stewed. Oysters, of course.

District Superintendent Wirsing and family of Sioux Falls spent their holiday vacation in Sioux City with old friends and acquaintances. M. L. has many friends here who are always on hand with a glad "how do."

The most up-to-the-minute excuse on inventory reached us December 30 from F. P. Schramm, who advised that he was unable to send inventory on time owing to the arrival of a nine-pound boy—an A-1 Standard Oil Company booster.

E. R. Ringler, agent at Harris, also advises that Clifford Wayne, weighing nine pounds, arrived January 9, and will soon have complete charge of the Harris station.

Salesman Willis from the Rosebud country, in journeying to a remote corner of his territory, was obliged to cross the Missouri river at Snake Creek in a rowboat. Incidentally, he got into an ice jam and after pulling off a "Washington crossing the Delaware" for about three hours, landed safely on the other side. He advises that hereafter it's solid footing or a ferryboat for him.

W. B. Hyink, agent at Alton, writes that Iowa took the prize in Iowa on corn. However, Leonard Raeh, of the checking department, says Alton wouldn't have had a chance had he entered with the corn on his heel. Some corn, eh, Leonard?

A "dawnce" given by the Standard Oil Social Club was enjoyed by all. The committee in charge, composed of Edna Morrison, Mildred Page, Alice Kendall, D. B. Thayer, Bill Young, Joe Gordon, W. Willoughby and C. T. Hanner, saw that everything was in apple-pie order. The usual straight program was peppered with a prize waltz and lemon dance. Station Examiner Abrahamson and Mrs. C. T. Hanner stepped the waltz off to perfection and were awarded the prize. With about sixty-five couples on the floor, none of them a back number in the waltzing, and all doing their durndest, 'twas no easy matter to award the prize. Everyone helped with refreshments, which consisted of nougat ice cream and wafers.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

J. G. Wright, Correspondent

W. D. Bannister, newly appointed district superintendent in this division, is welcomed from the Chicago Field. We will make him feel at home, and extend to him the spirit of good-fellowship.

Ashley Marshall, agent at Middlebury, has been promoted to position of salesman. We are looking for big things from Ashley. If he makes as good a salesman as he did an agent, considerable cosmic dust will be stirred in the Middlebury Field.

Donald Neff has been transferred to Goshen, Indiana. Everybody watch out for Goshen!

Otto Miller has been promoted to position of salesman from the agency at Sidney. From what Ashley Marshall says, Otto will have to stay in high gear.

D. J. Garman has been appointed agent at Arcola, succeeding R. Richardson, another salesman appointee.

E. Restler has been appointed agent at Converse, succeeding A. G. Newell, who was appointed salesman in the Converse territory.

R. L. Jenkins is our newly appointed agent at

Michigan City. We are looking for big things from Michigan City.

C. C. Maddox has been appointed salesman in the Marion territory. Go to it, Charlie. Our eyes are on Marion.

Elliot Beech, lubricating salesman, has been promoted to position of S. S. superintendent. It's a big field, but we're back of you.

J. G. Wright, clerk in South Bend warehouse, has been promoted to position of advertising clerk in the South Bend main office. The office force extends the hand of welcome and assures him of their hearty cooperation in his new position.

Twenty-five young ladies of the South Bend main office entertained at dinner in the Florentine Room of the Hotel La Salle. Miss Lucy Marshall of the chief clerk's office, who will be married soon, was a guest of honor. Another honored guest was Mrs. Peter Fetters, employed in this office, who was recently married. Both guests were presented with silver sandwich trays. The table was attractively decorated with green fernery. Two bridal corsage bouquets marked the place of the honor guests.

Daniel Rassi, of the land, tax and accident department, says he never saw so many pledges and receipts in his life. He says this is the only place outside of churches where everybody signs a pledge. We are good folks, Dan.

Dame Rumor has it whispered that Catherine Kierein purchased a shaving outfit about Christmas time! And it is not to be used in her own home. Goodness, who would ever have thought if of Catherine?

From the number of mice Pat O'Rielly has captured, there is some question in the mind of the manager whether he is training them with a view of going on the road, or whether he is going in the fur business. We understand the county pays him a bounty of 10 cents a head.

Amandus Vanderbosch gave Ruth Chearheart a string of pearl beads just before Christmas. We understand he bought two sets. That's a mystery.

Laura Kruger always walks down Division Street since she understands that she is beautiful. Why Division Street, Laura? But all right, we know it's a "dark" secret.

Bill Stanley, clerk in the machine shop, will be given a new hat by his fellow employees in the spring because his little skullcap and big goggles make it hard for them to identify him from a professor of bugology.

We feel sure that when Marie Rogers discovered a mouse in the top drawer of her desk, she made a mistake in not sending for Pat O'Rielly instead of calling the Clover Huller department.

Frank Huemmer doesn't understand that matrimony is like a mousetrap. Those that are in want to get out—those that are out want to get in.

Fred Arndt, our new office boy, was on the job bright and early—corduroy pants and everything.

Joseph Nemath, new office boy in the marketing department, is giving us good service. Keep it up, Joe, we are hungry for that kind of service, and don't fall by the wayside.

The other noon while eating lunch, Amandus Vanderbosch gave an exhibition in "equilibrium." From reports given by the audience of three it was a success. All that could be seen of Mandus was two feet and an uplifted hand in which was clutched the remnant of a sandwich. It was a beautiful pose. (Safety Committee please note.)

"By Their Words Ye Shall Know Them."

Fred Webb.....*"Fair enough! Will see you in forty days!"*
Jack Hatch.....*"Atta Boy!"*
J. T. McLaughlin..*"Peaches!"*
Frank Tschida.....*"How's that? I get what you mean!"*
J. J. Marcus.....*"It's a wonderful world!"*
Arthur Tyler.....*"I'll tell the world!"*
Joe Eagan.....*"Well, you see it's just like this!"*
Fred Irvine.....*"Now, for instance!"*
S. A. Pyle.....*"However!"*
Van L. Schrom....*"By George, what did I do with that?"*
Genevieve Murphy.*"And the night is still young!"*
M. R. Staples.....*"That's the clear McCoy!"*
Catherine Kierein..*"What did you say?"*
Louise DeGroote...*"Isn't that dumb!"*
Frank Bower.....*"What's what and who's who!"*

MARION

Ray Wilson.....*"Put her there, old kid!"*
Ross Stevens.....*"Big world we are living in!"*
John Teegarden...*"Say feller's, I've got a new one to tell you!"*
George Abbott....*"No difference to me, but I'll do it!"*
Orpha Golding....*"I'll say she do!"*

LAFAYETTE

I. Hall.....*"Can't use that stuff!"*
A. Thewlies.....*"Oh, it can't be done!"*
H. Burke.....*"Tain't nothing else!"*
George Hildebrand.*"Them barrels haint empty yet!"*
A Scarlett.....*"Say! Listen!"*

KOKOMO

J. Murphy.....*"So long, see you in Sunday school!"*
N. Lorts.....*"Hooray, hot Tessie!"*
Glen Burget.....*"Great barrels of gumdrops!"*
Frank Kerlin.....*"Cold as a dead Eskimo's nose!"*
William Smith....*"Nuf hay down?"*
William Griswold..*"Gee fer socks, gimme the grease gun!"*

WICHITA, KAN.

H. E. Faulkner, Correspondent

Eldorado, Kan., S. S. 18 sold, during 1922, one $10.00 coupon book for each 135 gallons of gasoline sold through the station. The boys are looking for someone who can show a better record.

Agent T. L. Van Antwerp of Great Bend, Kan., is the proud father of a nine-pound baby girl. Just to show Van he was not the only one to increase the Standard Oil family, Tankwagon Driver Francis Ve Nard came along a few days later and announced the glad tidings of a ten-pound baby girl at his home. No doubt the sales at Grand Bend will show an increase owing to this increase in population.

Our agent at Arlington, Kan., Fred Richardson, was confined to his bed for three or four days and Salesman G. H. Black was there to see that this company did not lose any business. We didn't know George could drive a truck, but presume he is just like the rest of us, he could do anything for the Standard Oil Company. We did not learn what the nature of Agent Richardson's illness was. We are glad to learn Fred will be back on the job "rearin' to go" soon.

During the early part of December our La Crosse

agent was off the job for a few days and now he comes along with the information in the form of an announcement of his marriage, December 25, to Miss Edith Hallett Dickson of La Crosse. With George's plunge into the troubled watersa nd the added inspiration which he has recently acquired, it goes without saying that the business at La Crosse, which has been coming very nicely since George was checked in, must now of a necessity be doubled because George doubled. We extend to you our heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

Salesman J. L. Oldson recently was transferred to Winfield, Kan. He was the winner in the Polarine campaign, having sold the largest number of barrels during a period from November 1 to December 31. He was followed closely by Salesmen Ben Newton, J. C. Meyer and E. R. Starkey, taking second, third and fourth places, respectively.

R. M. Beschwitz, our former agent at Utica, Kan., who served so successfully in that capacity, has been transferred to Hays, Kan., to take charge of our station there. Prior to his departure from Utica, a surprise and farewell party was given in honor of his wife and himself, at which time they were presented with a very beautiful rocking chair as a token of the esteem in which they were held by their many friends. We feel confident that the success of our Hays station is assured.

Our New Year's party, which was held at the Wichita Office on December 30, was a howling success, due to the untiring efforts displayed by each of the committees concerned and the congenial spirit which each one present displayed. It is fitting that we should praise the talent displayed by the parties who, by their high standard of entertainment, went toward making the evening a success. Miss Iva Vance contributed a vocal number. Her sister, Ruth, accompanied her at the piano. Virgil Sherwood performed in his usual excellent manner on the xylophone and Harry Cramer, Jr. young son of our supervisor of motor equipment, gave a very enjoyable reading. Also, the very appropriate talks made by Manager P. J. Quinlan and Assistant Manager W. C. Van Horne were received with much enthusiasm by all those present. The latter part of the evening was spent in dancing, after which excellent refreshments were served in the dining room by our most efficient chef, M. C. Bufford.

Salesman C. F. Simmons, of Hutchinson, Kan., is in California for a few days, called there by the critical illness of his aunt. Mr. Simmons made the trip in order to be with his mother, who also is making the trip.

Our agent, Otto Ubelaker, of Nekoma, Kan., is the proud daddy of a ten-pound boy. No wonder "Boots" shows a gain at Nekoma for the year.

N. W. Furnish, J. A. Rankin, M. W. Stenseth and H. B. Kendrick became members of the sales force January 1. These men appear to be producers and we welcome them to our organization with best wishes for their success.

Charles Kline has assumed the duties of agent at Tribune, Kan., and we feel assured of his success.

Reward Scott, our new agent at Utica, Kan., has a high standard to live up to, set by his predecessor. However, Reward, we are betting on you.

We are pleased to announce the arrival on December 23 of an eight and one-half-pound girl, named Lloydene Margaret, to Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Imel, our agent at Mullinville, Kan.

* * *

Every day, in every way, let's increase our sales the S. O. way!

EXIGENCY COLUMN

Economical Eddy was standing on a street corner with his fiance.

"Taxi, mister?" asked the driver of a car.

"How much will it cost to ride from here to Tenth Street?" asked Eddie.

"About one dollar, sir," replied the driver.

"How much for the lady?"

"Nothing for the lady, sir."

"Then take her, and I'll walk."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Teacher: "How much is 3 times 3?"
Willie: "Nine."
Teacher: "That is very good, Willie."
Willie: "Good? Hell, that's perfect."

* * *

When the old lady saw the magician cover a newspaper with a heavy flannel cloth and read print through it, she rose in her seat and said to her husband, "Henry, I'm going home, this ain't no place for a lady in a thin calico dress."—*Exchange.*

* * *

She—"Did I ever show you where I was tattooed?"

He—"Goodness me, no."

She—"Well, we'll drive around that way on our way home."—*Exchange.*

* * *

"Early to bed, early to rise, cut the weeds and swat the flies, mind your own business and don't tell lies, don't drink booze nor deceive your wives; pay your debts and advertise, keep your mouth shut, but open your eyes, and you'll be healthy, wealthy and wise."—*Exchange.*

* * *

There are two kinds of men: Those who do what their wives tell them, and those who never marry.—*Exchange.*

* * *

Business Man: "Why did you leave your last place?"

Young Lady Applicant: "I was caught kissing my employer, sir."

Business Man: "Er-um, you can start tomorrow morning."—*Exchange.*

* * *

"Physical culture, father, is perfectly lovely!" exclaimed an enthusiastic young miss just home from college. "Look! To develop the arms I grasp this rod in both hands and move it slowly from right to left."

"Well, well," replied dad admirably, "what won't science discover next? Why, if that rod had straw on the other end, you'd be sweeping."—*American Legion Weekly.*

* * *

May—"Now, what do you suppose Adam and Eve wore when they took a vacation?"

Ray—"Aw—leaves of absence."—*Exchange.*

* * *

"Did that efficiency expert pep up the efficiency of your office employees any?"

"I'll say he did! Why now they can lock up and be out of the office in a trifle under forty seconds!" —*Exchange.*

* * *

What are YOU doing to make your stock pay dividends?

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Northern Division
AMOS BALL, Central Division

H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
C. F. HATMAKER, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
JOHN H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
R. H. THOMAS, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
C. H. WAGNER, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
P. H. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
C. C. LAKIN, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Asst. Mgr.* (Operation)
H. J. BEMIS, *Asst. Mgr.* (Sales)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
E. N. SHALLENBERGER, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
H. H. KEATING, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
R. S. ORR, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
C. R. EWING, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
E. P. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

Why the Standard Oil Company's (Indiana) Business Is Successful

CONSUMERS buy petroleum products from the Company which serves them best. The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has succeeded notably because it has given notable service.

The desire to render maximum service to the community has actuated this Company in every one of its undertakings over a long period of years. Proof that the service is being adequately rendered lies in the Company's sales sheets.

Lines of efficiency radiate from the Board of Directors through every department of the organization to the ultimate consumer.

First on the efficiency chart comes quality of product. To maintain this quality there has been organized modern laboratories where every product is chemically tested for the service it is designed to render. High quality once achieved is made a standard from which deviation is never permitted.

Sales and distribution also are organized to produce maximum results at minimum expense. This assures the consumer a dependable supply, and it guarantees that when he buys a Standard Oil Company (Indiana) product he is paying only a fair and equitable price for which he receives full value.

Every factor entering into the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) business, from the purchase of crude, its transportation to the Company's refineries, its manufacture into a large number of useful products, its distribution through an intricate network of main and sub-storage depots, tank wagons, and service stations, is developed with a single eye to serving the public.

Experience has proved that the most profitable business accrues to that organization which serves the public best.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 4 APRIL 1923 No. 6

GO CHICAGO! GO CHICAGO!
P. A. Raupagh—C. F. Hatmaker

Published for the Employees by the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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B. Parks, *Vice-President, Asst. Genl. Mgr., Mfg.*
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E. J. Bullock, *Director of Purchases*
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Casper Plant No. 3
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R. E. Wood, *Assistant Superintendent*
J. E. Rouse, *Assistant Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 1
H. M. Lockard, *Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 2
B. L. Warren, *Superintendent*

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STANOLIND
RECORD
Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
C. V. JULIAN, *Editor*
Publication Office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 4 APRIL No. 6

"SHALL RUIN BE THE PENALTY OF SUCCESS?"

Chicago Tribune, in Fearless Editorial, Depicts Report on Oil Industry of Senator La Follette's Committee on Manufactures as Kind of Business Principle for which American People Will Pay Heavy Price

(The following editorial, which the Stanolind Record believes to be the sanest and most able exposition of its kind that has appeared in the American press in many months, was published in the Chicago Tribune on March 6.)

"The senate committee on manufactures, directed by Senator La Follette, has returned a typical La Follette report attacking the various Standard Oil companies as, in effect, a monopoly more dangerous than the company was before its dissolution. The action emphasizes a growing tendency in this country to break down anything which is a success.

"We quote one paragraph as illustrative of the thought or lack of thought which produced the whole: 'While it may be that a Standard company in a particular territory does only about half the business in that territory—and some of the Standards do more than half and some less—yet in all territory some Standard company is so much larger than any single competitor that it has come to be almost universally accepted that the tank wagon price in any territory is controlled absolutely by the Standard marketing company for that territory.'

"In words not arranged by Senator La Follette, that can mean only one thing, namely, that there is competition, and that prices are determined by the most efficient organization. If not, it is clear that a smaller company would undersell the Standard, and so bring prices down. The purpose of the report is to break up and destroy the more efficient organization for production and delivery of oil and oil products. What would it leave as a substitute? Numberless small concerns, doing business inefficiently and with high overhead costs, which without the competition of the Standard would immediately force prices up, not down. Incidentally it would stimulate promotion of all sorts of wildcat oil companies which would dupe investors or speculators and help raise the price of oil products.

"In more detail, the report complains of the private use of Standard pipe lines, and wants to make them common carriers. In other words it would penalize a progressive organization and force it to divide its means of service with inefficient organizations. That sort of tyranny over business cannot go on. Human beings will not work without reward. They will not improve service or cheapen production and distribution if the profit of such improvements is to be legislated away from them by socialistic demagogues. If this report became the basis of the legislation it seeks it would destroy the incentive for improvement and energy in the oil business, and that business would lapse into a condition where we would pay many times the price we now pay for its products.

"Such thinking and such attacks upon successful business of any kind threatens the same disaster. It means demoralization of industry and energy and threatens an end to all improvement.

"The writer of this editorial does not now own, and never has owned, nor expects to own, one share of Standard or any other oil stock He has, however, owned flivvers, which consume oil products. He can understand how owners of automobiles would like to see the price of gasoline and oil come down. He can understand how a man like La Follette would seek the approval of the millions of automobile owners in this country by shouting that they are being robbed, and promising to stop it. But he believes too much in the intelligence of automobile owners to think they will seek lower prices of gasoline by destroying the most efficient producer and distributor of gasoline.

"It would not only be folly to bring that about because of its immediate effect, but because of its future effect. The Standard Oil companies are doing more to establish new sources of supply outside this country for American consumption than any other business we know. They have prospectors and engineers and financiers working throughout the world to obtain wells. Are we so lacking in intelligence that we would destroy a concern which is seeking to provide for our needs after our domestic supplies are exhausted?

"There is but one suggestion in the entire report that appears sane and reasonable. That is the one for prohibition or regulation of export. That is worthy of consideration and study. It might be advisable, though even then we would have to consider possible retaliations and the question of whether it would be wise to cut off such a portion of our foreign trade. National defense might warrant it."

CORRECTION

In the January issue of the Stanolind Record under "Annuitants" it was stated that Mr. S. N. Marsh was a tank wagon driver. This was a mistake. Mr. Marsh was agent at Kalamazoo, Mich.

* * *

Father (from upstairs): "Helen, isn't it time for the young man to go home?"

Young Man: "Your father is a crank."

Father (overhearing): "Well, when you don't have a self-starter a crank comes in mighty handy."

—*Boston Transcript.*

DIRTY FACES

The Whiting Mutual Benefit Association had a balance of $20,263.02 on February 1, 1923, according to the report of Secretary W. O. Walker.

The balance was invested as follows:

Liberty Bonds	$4,000.00
Whiting Savings & Loan Association stock	5,627.53
Hammond City Bonds	5,000.00
Savings Account—Bank of Whiting	3,758.05
Checking Account	1,877.44

There are 1,324 members in good standing.

ANNUITANTS

Five more veteran employees have been placed on the annuity payroll, according to an announcement by E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and fourth vice-president of the company. They are:

William A. Taylor, 426 North Fourth Street, Mankato, Minn.; formerly service station attendant in the Mankato division; with company 15 years and eleven months.

M. F. Manning, 282 South Ninth street, Wood River, Ill.; formerly bricklayer foreman at Wood River refinery; with company 33 years and five months.

John McElroy, 423 Indianapolis boulevard, Whiting, Ind.; formerly still fireman at Whiting refinery; with company 19 years and 1 month.

Frank Leatherman, 418 Fischrupp avenue, Whiting, Ind.; formerly watchman at Whiting refinery; with company 22 years and 6 months.

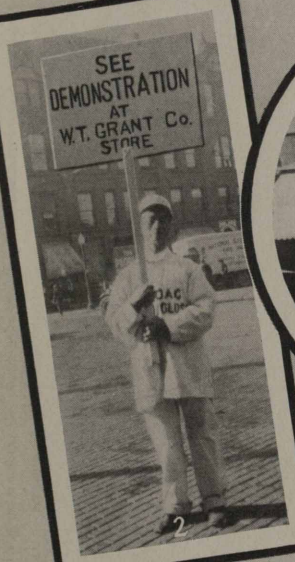
George Kralz, 921 New York avenue, Whiting, Ind.; formerly laborer at Whiting refinery; with company 24 years and eight months.

ANNUITANT DIES

The Stanolind Record regrets to report the death of Mr. Paul Sell, one of our annuitants, on February 13. Mr. Sell was formerly in the service of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) at the Whiting refinery.

PUSHING SEMDAC SALES IN MICHIGAN

1



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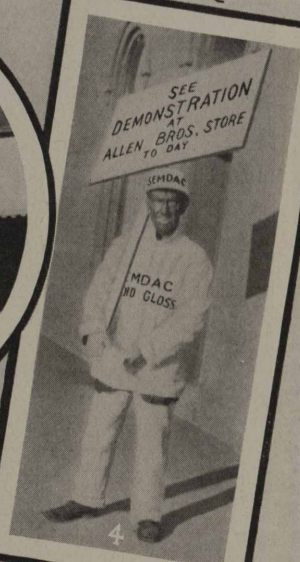


4

No. 1—This photo shows the window display in Allen Bros. Department Store, Ionia, Mich., featuring Semdac. No. 2—Here is Walter Day on a street corner in Kalamazoo, Mich., with a banner telling the world where to go to see Semdac demonstrations. No. 3—This store is where Walter Day is telling them to go. No. 4—Uriel Liar was the outside man for Allen brothers in Ionia. He's shown in this picture.

POLARINE TRIANGLE AT DULUTH

Duluth, Minn., salesmen of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) started the New Year's sales drive with a burst of speed on January 26 when they gathered around the festive board, shaped like a Polarine triangle. The meeting was one of the most successful ever held in Duluth.

NO GOBLINS GOT ELLEN ON 11TH FLOOR

Fair Visitor from La Crosse Finds "Sacred" Precincts Hospitable

Miss Ellen Wood, employed in the LaCrosse office of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), recently visited the Home Office, Chicago, and the refinery at Whiting, Ind. Learning of the trepidation with which Miss Wood had ventured upon the Eleventh floor, and the surprise she received, we asked her to write an account of her "adventures".—EDITOR.

Editor, Stanolind Record: I shall be glad to write what I can for the benefit of those who have not had the wonderful opportunity of visiting the Chicago office and Whiting refinery.

Being young and alone, and standing in some awe of the Home Office, I hardly knew whether to venture there or not. I had a letter to Miss Burns, who was formerly employed at LaCrosse and is now secretary to Mr. Allan Jackson, but Miss Burns was on the Eleventh floor, where the Board of Directors meets and where several members of the Board have their offices! To me the Eleventh Floor seemed a sacred precinct where no ordinary mortal dared venture. I do not think I am the only one who has that impression — in fact, I know I am not, for when I left LaCrosse some other employees laughed at my idea of getting a pass to visit Whiting and doubted if I would even be able to get to the Eleventh floor.

Ellen Wood

However, I took the elevator to the Fourth floor and tried to look brave when I asked at the information desk if I could get to see Miss Burns. The cordial affirmative reply I received surprised me, especially when I was told to go right up, without a bodyguard or anything. This in itself, was a little alarming, however, for I felt in need of a bodyguard when I ventured into the "sacred precincts". Every second I expected to have someone appear and demand: "Here, what are you doing here?"

Imagine my delighted surprise when I was received with cordial courtesy and conducted immediately to Miss Burns. She arranged for me to see some old LaCrosse acquaintances who are now in the Home Office, and when I expressed curiosity as to the room where the Board of Directors meets, she led me right in there. I know now that I could have seated myself in one of the chairs and pretended for a moment to be Chairman of the Board without anyone punishing me for it. Miss Burns told Mr. Allan Jackson, head of the sales department, of my desire to visit Whiting, and he not only procured for me a pass but arranged for me to have dinner at the refinery the next day so I would have time to see the whole plant. The "goblins" of the Eleventh floor are certainly the most gentlemanly, cordial goblins I ever heard of. I guess our superstitious awe of the Eleventh floor is because we do not see often enough the people who inhabit it.

The Home Office was fine to visit, but to one accustomed to working in an office

there was not much that was new, except that everything was on a larger scale than it is at LaCrosse. At the refinery, however, everything was strange.

At the Whiting office I was given a pass to any part of the works, and as it had started to snow, Mr. Glair, assistant superintendent, took me to the yards in one of the new Dodge coupes. We drove past the stills where gasoline and other products are extracted from the crude oil. I visited the plant where the wax is separated from the oil. At this place everything was oily and slippery, and I tell you I put on my non-skid chains for it would have been terrible to have had it appear in the Stanolind Record that I couldn't stand up when I got to Whiting. What would the folks have said back home?

The candle shops were among the most interesting features of the plant. Everything was explained in detail and I think now I would make a fine candle salesman, for I know how the many colored candles and all the rest are made. Christmas candles for this year were started the day after Christmas and Eastertide candles are being turned out by the thousands. There was one girl in this building whom I cannot forget. She was packing parowax. I was told she packs a thousand pounds an hour, and the way her hands flew was better than any movie.

At the can house all the containers are made for oils and greases sold in small quantities. It is wonderful to know that they depend on no outside concern for all these things. The city of Chicago could be almost furnished with ice if the freezing plant were used for that purpose.

Last, but not least, I visited the Community House which is under construction. The only thing lacking is a golf course and skating rink and the latter might even be made out of the swimming tank. There is a wonderful auditorium, gymnasium with running track, hand-ball court, bowling alleys, reception rooms, each having a fireplace, and davenports will be added later. Doesn't that sound like home? This place, as well as the whole refinery must be seen to be fully appreciated. I sincerely hope to have the opportunity of visiting Whiting again when the weather is not so much like a blizzard. One day is only a start in such an immense plant.

One place I didn't find is where water is mixed with the gasoline!

Hoping I have not tired you and that something may be of interest, I remain,

Respectfully, ELLEN WOOD.

ANNUITANT FOR MAYOR

Mr. J. C. Wayman, Standard Oil Company (Indiana) annuitant, formerly located at the home office, Chicago, has received the Republican nomination for mayor of Moundsville, West Virginia, according to press clippings from that state. Still a live wire.

PERSONS IN PHOTOS

On Opposite Page

1. First class. Left to right (top row) F. B. Crowley, R. L. Jones, H. M. Fritts, E. B. Shanley, J. P. Juric, R. A. Nowick, T. J. O'Regan, W. A. Merrill, (middle row) F. N. Smith, B. C. Hodowal, S. S. employment; E. L. Des Jardins, educational department; C. G. Le Forgee, S. S. superintendent, southern division; H. C. Monroe, S. S. superintendent, central division; J. F. Carmody, S. S. superintendent, northern division; R. Patterson, assistant S. S. superintendent, southern division; C. B. Evans, assistant S.S. superintendent, central division; (bottom row) H. M. Jensen, F. J. Reitz, L. C. Dwyer, J. P. Cleworth, J. C. Kelley, P. Dilley, F. L. Shantz and W. P. Briggs.

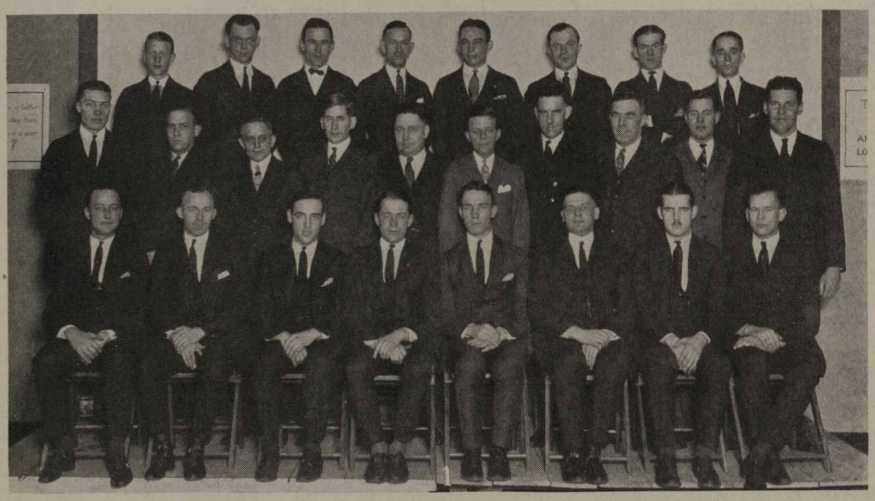
2. Second class. Left to right (top row) W. J. Bryant, C. F. Schmidt, W. C. Purcell, F. N. Smith, Jr., B. D. Roberts, J. W. Dorband, H. Boesch, O. O. Tysdal, (middle row) F. B. Kramer, L. H. Mains, C. H. Stassen, J. N. Marx, V. F. Vanderburg, C. M. Koch, R. R. Stephenson, W. R. McGowan (bottom row) R. A. Youmans, R. Pretzel, F. V. Matthys, A. R. West, E. R. Jennings, H. N. Cessna, O. L. Baldwin and G. R. Fleming.

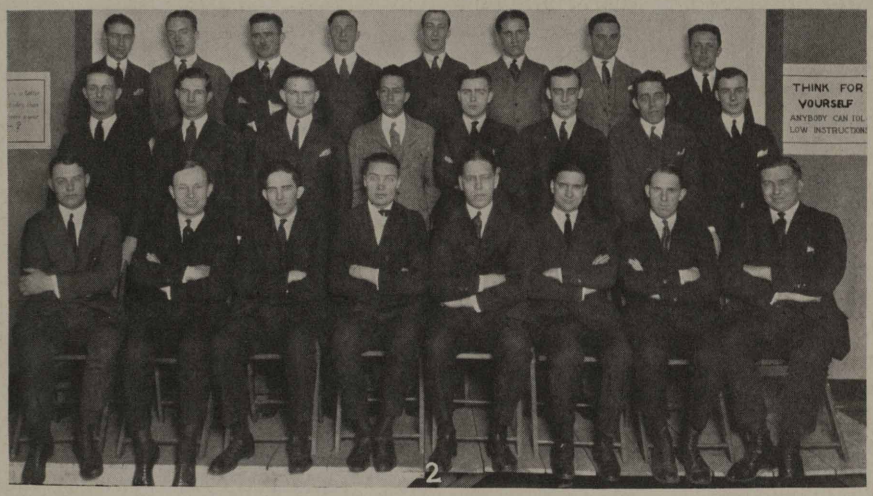
* * *

"How did it feel to drop four miles and a half in a parachute?"

"Madam, if you must know," replied the bored aviator, "I had a sinking feeling."—*Exchange.*

CHARLIE HATMAKER'S PRIZE SCHOLARS





Mr. C. F. Hatmaker, manager of the Chicago Sales Division, has added to his other titles that of "professor." Here are his prize scholars. They are graduates of his two weeks' course in service station attendants' training. They are selected from hundreds of applicants, both "natural courtesy" and definite educational training being required. When they graduate from the Hatmaker school they know all there is to know about uniform service, and are well informed concerning the Full Line. They also understand the benefits and opportunities afforded to young men with the will to progress, in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). The names of those in the photos will be found on the opposite page.

CHICAGO WINS 1922 RED CROWN BANNER

Lewis-Hatmaker-Raupagh Combination, Backed By Fighting Sales Force, Wins from Detroit, Runner-up, By Narrow Margin of Four-tenths of One Percent in Showing Biggest Sales Gain Over 1921.

Chicago wins the Red Crown banner for the year 1922.

Overcoming a big handicap imposed by a great sales record for 1921, the fighting sales force of the Chicago division, led by H. A. (Gus) Lewis and Charlie Hatmaker with able assistance during the last month from Paul Raupagh, stepped out and showed a twelve-month gain over 1921 that gave Chicago the banner by a narrow margin of four-tenths of one percent over Detroit, which finished second.

Mr. Lewis, recently promoted to assistant general manager, western division, was manager of the Chicago division during eleven of the twelve months of the campaign, with Mr. Hatmaker as his assistant. On December 1, coincident with Mr. Lewis' promotion, Mr. Hatmaker succeeded to the Chicago managership, while Mr. Raupagh came from Fargo as his assistant and rendered yeoman service during that last and deciding month.

"I really don't belong in the picture," protested Mr. Raupagh modestly when the photographer snapped the picture printed on the outside cover of this magazine, "but I suppose I might as well get some practice holding the banner because Chicago will win it again this year, of course."

Detroit, which made such a wonderful battle for the prize that the result was in doubt until the final figures could be checked and rechecked, was led for eleven of the twelve months by Mr. Harvey Cochran, promoted in December to assistant general manager, eastern division, with Mr. H. H. Keating, now manager at Saginaw, as his assistant. Mr. E. P. Galbreath, who succeeded Mr. Cochran as Detroit manager, and Mr. R. F. McConnell, who succeeded Mr. Keating as assistant, plunged into the fray with such vigor that Detroit made the best record for December and almost pushed Chicago from first place.

The banner was awarded first by months and then for the entire year. During five of the twelve months, March, April, June, July and August, it was in possession of Chicago. Detroit had it three times, September, November and December. Evansville copped it in Janaury and February, while Milwaukee had it in October and Sioux City in May.

It was a grand battle all the way, but nothing to the fracas which is now getting under way for the sales' honors of 1923. At this writing the 1923 banner—or shield—is in little Huron with Manager Dodsley threatening to keep it there all year and Assistant General Manager Norman Grimshaw vowing that at any rate it will stay in the northern division. Meanwhile Amos Ball is smiling a mean smile and—well, hop to it, folks, and let the bricks hit whom they may!

WEANING IT?

Mr. Beaumont Parks tells this one on Mike Harr, well known citizen of Whiting and until a few weeks ago attendant at the company's new service station at Whiting. It was during the rush hour and Mike was almost breathless from rendering speedy service, when the last car in line, a Ford, pulled up to the pump and the owner, a very fat man, with considerable difficulty squeezed through the door and raised the front seat, while Mike dropped the end of his hose into the tank. "Five gallons, sir?" queried Mike. "No, one," replied the heavyweight motorist. Mike's jaw dropped. "Say, what are you trying to do," he demanded, "wean it?"

* * *

"Pa, when telephone operators retire why don't they go into the jewelry business?" asked Clarence.

"What are you driving at now?" asked his dad.

"Well, you know they get an awful lot of rings while they are on the job," grinned Clarence as he headed for the stairs.—*Exchange.*

* * *

"Hello, old top. New car?"

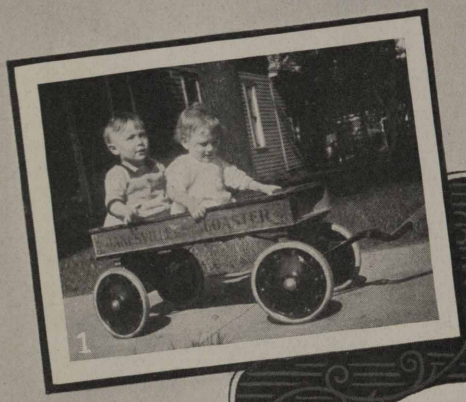
"No! Old car, new top."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Fifty: "Is the pleasure of the next dance to be mine?"

Twenty: "Yes, all of it."—*Exchange.*

SOME FARGO PRIZE WINNERS

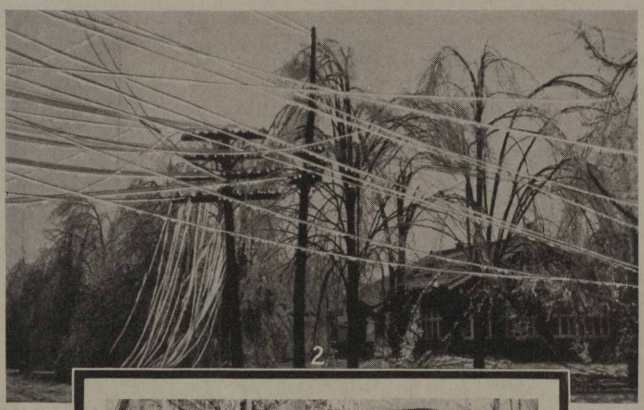


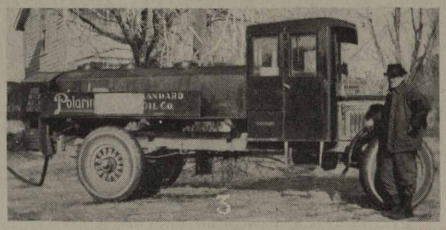
No. 1—Toot! toot! All aboard! Here is Lois Joyce Mielke and a playmate, Arnold Melhus, ready for a spin in the Lightnin' coaster. Lois is the daughter of Henry Mielke, head of the Fargo construction department. No. 2—Here's a quartet of winners. The two Perfection maids who are standing are Marion and Elizabeth Covert, daughters of O. Covert, of the Fargo office. No. 3—Marion Franzen, daughter of G. J. Franzen, of the Fargo check department, was taking a walk when this picture was snapped. That photos mean nothing in her young life (she's 2) is seen in that she kept right on walking.

JUST FOR THE FUN OF THE THING

No. 1—Here is a picture of the end of the wolf hunt, organized by Agent Henry Pauls at Hillsboro, Kan., of the Wichita field. Two wolves were killed. Agent Pauls is shown holding up the right side of the left wolf. No. 2—The S. O. Co. bowling team of Pittsburg, Kan., of the Kansas City field is all-star. In the photo are (left to right) H. C. Gillin, Russell Johnson, William Mackie, Harry S. Comstock and John E. Weston. No. 3—When employees in the Fargo field aren't hanging up sales records, they are generally hunting. Here are Salesman O. W. Roberts and Irich, student.

A MICHIGAN SLEET STORM





One of the worst sleet storms in history was suffered by Saginaw division in February. No. 1—This photo shows the effects of the ice on the trees, many of which were stripped of all branches. No. 2—Here is what the telephone company had to contend with. No. 3—But snow and ice failed to halt Standard Oil Company (Indiana) service. Here is Agent R. A. Koch, of Clare, who made uniform service a fact. Agent Koch uses Semdac to polish his truck. An idea?

WEDDING BELLS AND A WINTER CARNIVAL

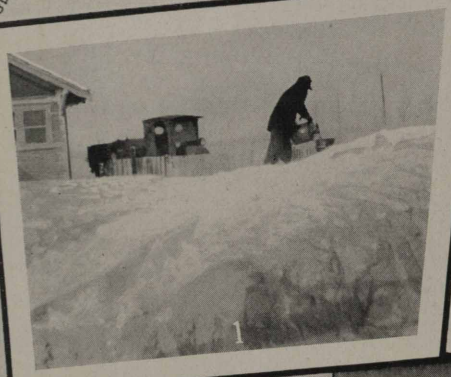
1

2

3

No. 1—Did those Madison, Wis., Standard Oilers step out in the Winter Carnival? Oh, Boy! The whole gang was there. Here are twenty-one (our count) as they lined up, live wires every one. The S. O. Co. was the only oil company represented. No. 2—Despite 10 below weather, this Milwaukee field orchestra of Charles R. Swanson and Herm. Kalbakken was the hit of the carnival. No. 3—Meet the new Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Lester of Minot, of the Fargo field! Mrs. Lester was Miss Taylor. Mr. Lester is attendant at S. S. 301. They were married February 15.

SERVICE ! ANYWHERE AT ANYTIME !



No. 1—The mercury hovered at 23 below when Arthur Logan and Charles Pierce received the hurry-up call for furnace oil, 2¾ miles from Aberdeen of the Huron, S. D., division. They had to break the road to make the delivery, but of course they delivered. No. 2—There used to be a proverb, "The U. S. Mail Goes Through." Now it's, "The U. S. Mail and Standard Oil Goes Through." Here are Kenneth Stewart, agent, and Fred Thompson, driver, at Viroqua of the La Crosse field, breaking trail. No. 3—This is the gang, which, according to Agent J. R. White, of Worthington of the Mankato field, will sell more Eureka Harness Oil than any three other stations in the division. They are (left to right) Harvey L. Chute, Arthur I. Johnson and Ed C. Hill.

EXPECT TO HANG 1923 BANNER IN THEIR OFFICE

The Stanolind Record suggested to Manager F. L. Cochran of the Minneapolis field that he send photos of the most attractive people of his force for publication in the Record. This was the result! Manager Cochran not only sent a picture of all the force he could round up, but got into the picture himself. The names follow: Top row (left to right)—E. L. Hanson, R. M. Rydlund, J. Mullen, C. R. Riebe, J. W. Eckman, Manager F. L. Cochran, Assistant Manager E. N. Shallenberger, Misses Napier, Anding, Boyce, Beck, Lane, Heller, Hoover, Forest, Gretzinger, Kendrick, Ginsberg, Sickler, Chandler, R. W. Burnstad. Second row (left to right)—J. C. Vincent, J. H. Stechman, H. W. Joseph, C. E. Friedland, C. W. Pring, H. M. Steffes, H. W. Nelson, H. W. Moran, A. Jamieson, A. C. G. Johnson, H. Jonas, E. M. Beisang, A. G. McCluskey, L. J. Doepke, R. Jackson, N. Ericsson. Third row (left to right)—W. C. Jehn, A. B. Flock, R. P. Holzschuh, J. A. Dahlquist, M. Anderson, R. Flyum, M. Petter, W. R. Bentley, R. D. White, F. R. Dutson, E. H. Kellberg, G. Hornzee. Fourth row (left to right)—L. Lundstrom, D. Johnston, F. Stevenson, Misses Munro, Tuffley, Sylte, Selness, Lagerson, Grosbusch, Gleason, Larson, Francis DeMars, Sinka, Padelford, Neven, Olson, W. G. Larkin. Bottom row (left to right)—G. E. Anderson, R. L. Anderson, H. W. Moshier, H. Roug, E. J. Flavin, D. Roche, R. L. Gustafson, H. Wolfe, V. Lundeen, L. Smith, R. Larson and H. Jones.

NEW LUBRICATING PLANT AT WOOD RIVER

Building Constructed After Most Modern Ideas; Especial Attention Given to Light and Sanitation

Wood River, Ill.—With the completion of the new lubricating plant here, the Wood River Refinery of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) took a step forward in becoming one of the most completely equipped of company refineries.

While artistry of construction was not stressed, visitors are impressed with the beauty of the plant. Provisions were made for as much light as possible and especial care was given to sanitation.

Construction of the plant was under the direction of the Wood River Refinery engineering department, work and plans being laid out by A. P. McCormick and W. I. Jolly, superintendent of construction. They were assisted by Engineers J. P. Wainwright and T. M. Hutchinson and Draughtsman Fred Paris.

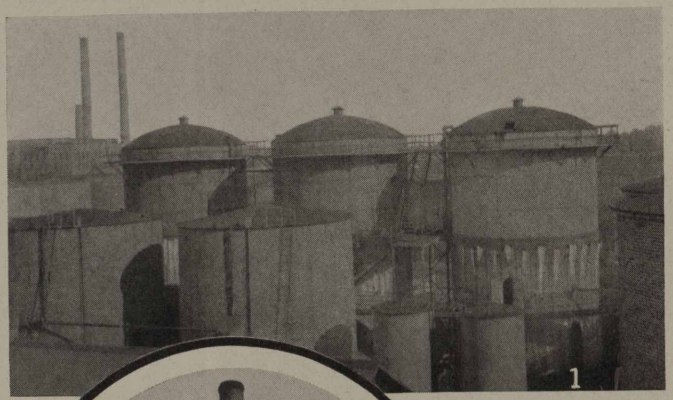
Arthur E. Gladden, superintendent of the new plant, was transferred to the Wood River Refinery in the Spring of 1920 to assist in the construction of the plant and to have charge of it when completed. Mr. Gladden has been with the company since 1886 and was at the Whiting Refinery about 30 years.

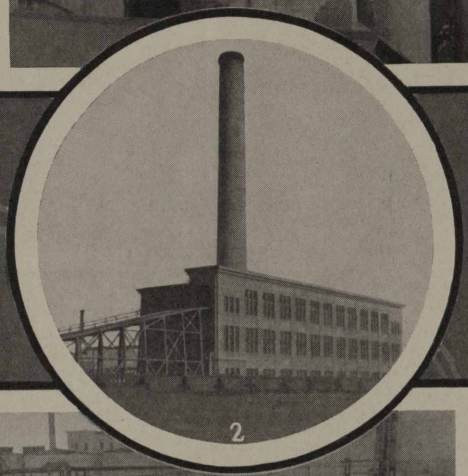
E. H. Payne is the assistant superintendent of the plant. He is a chemist and has been with the company since 1917 except for the time he spent in the army.

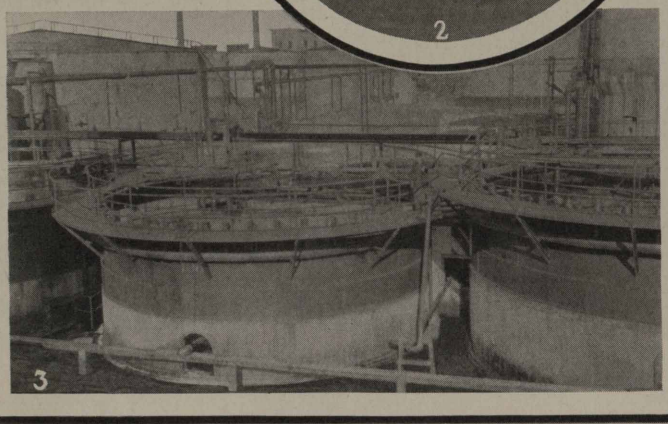
A new boiler house, made necessary by

(Continued on Page 17)

NEW LUBRICATING PLANT AT WOOD RIVER

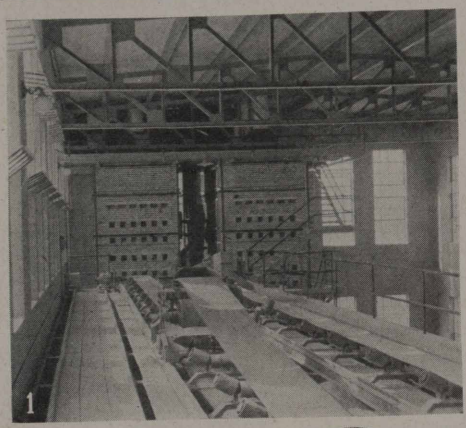


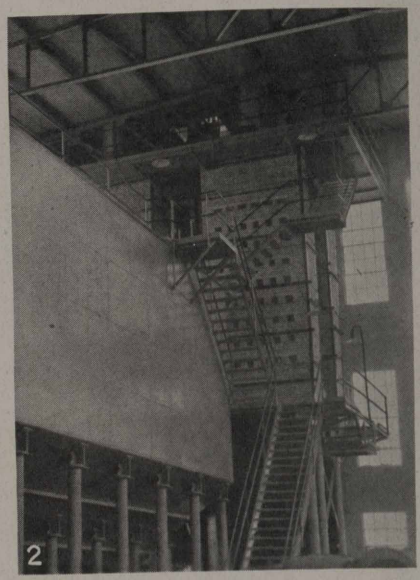


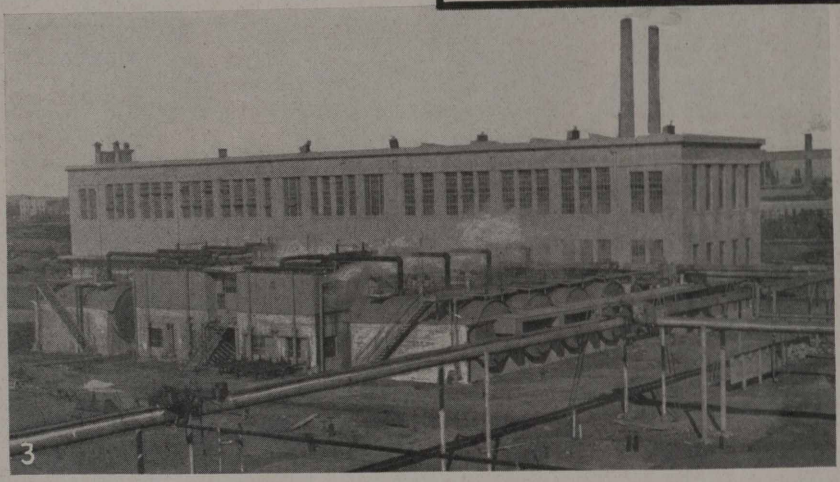


No. 1—This photo shows agitators, wash tanks, and, in the foreground, storage tanks. No. 2—Here is a view of the boiler house of the new lubricating plant at the Wood River refinery. No. 3—A closeup view of the acid separators is shown here.

VIEWS OF WOOD RIVER ADDITION







No. 1—This is a view of the clay filter plant of the new lubricating plant at Wood River refinery. This shows the belt conveyors and the dumper which may be moved on a track from bin to bin. No. 2—Here is another photo of the clay storage bins. No. 3—This photo shows a complete view of the steam still battery and filter clay plant.

FARMERS' EXPOSITION DISPLAY, INDIANAPOLIS

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) had one of the most attractive displays at the Farmers' Exposition, held in Indianapolis during the latter part of February. The working up of the display was taken care of by Frank A. Woods, specialty correspondent, with the assistance of E. J. ("Brick")Hicks (left), tractor man, and John M. Stoner (right) special specialty salesman.

LUBRICATING PLANT

(Continued from Page 14)

the additional construction, is located near the lubricating plant. The width of the boiler house is sixty feet; height, seventy-five feet, and length, 288 feet, with a stack height of 266 feet. The house is stoker fired. Water tube boilers are used. They are built in a straight line as compared with the double line of boilers found in many large boiler houses. An automatic damper control is used. Coal hoppers are at the top of the building and coal cars are drawn up an inclined track instead of hoisting coal to the hoppers by crane.

The plant includes a pitch drumming house, storage tanks, three batteries of stills, clay filter plant, refrigerating plant, acid separators, loading equipment, settling tanks and pump house.

She was from Boston; he from Oklahoma. "You have traveled a great deal in the West, have you not, Miss Bacon?"

"Oh, yes, indeed—in California and Arizona and even in New Mexico."

"And did you ever see the Cherokee Strip?"

There was a painful silence, but finally she looked over her glasses at him and said: "Sir, I deem your question exceedingly rude."—*Exchange.*

* * *

Settlement Worker—"What makes your husband look so worried, Mrs. Mixer?"

Mrs. Mixer—"He's' dreadin the time ma'am, when he'll have to go back to work."

"Whom does he work for and what does he do, Mrs. Mixer?"

"He works for the Salvation Army, ma'am. He Santa Clauses."—*Exchange.*

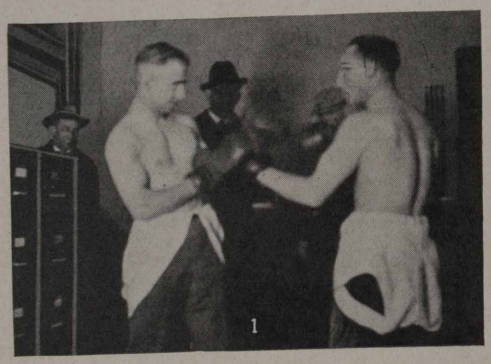
* * *

Mose and Sam were digging a trench over in France. Although not in an especially safe spot, for a time they were unconscious of their danger. Then a shell flew over their heads and exploded just beyond. Others followed. At the fifth explosion Mose asked inquiringly:

"Sam, don' yo-all think it's about time we-all done got religion?"

"Chuff!" retorted Sam scornfully. "Mose, yo' suttinly is a tho'ly shif'less boy. Me, I done got religion when de fust bomb bust."—*Exchange.*

GRAND RAPIDS CUTS LOOSE



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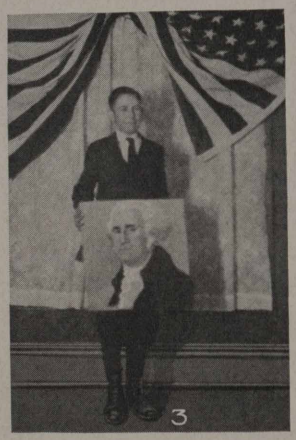


3

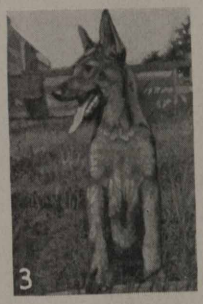
4

One of the most successful entertainments ever held in Grand Rapids, Mich., was held on Washington's birthday, when several hundred Standard Oilers got together for a night of fun. No. 1—The scrappers at the party were "Kid" Joe Pettit (left) and Capt. "Bob Martin" Angle. In the background are (left to right) William Doxe, Hank Duyser and Casey Clapp. No. 2—Here is Miss Mary Eleanor Morrison who did some Irish jigs. Her brother, Joe, is in charge of the mailing department. No. 3—This is a photo of Lawrence Jameison, aged 14, with his portrait of Washington, which he painted when it was discovered that no portrait of the nation's father was available. Lawrence is the son of Robert Jameison, tank wagon driver. No. 4—This is Mrs. Roy Chard who introduced some old time Irish jigs at the party.

OH, BUT HONEY, AIN'T WE GOT FUN?

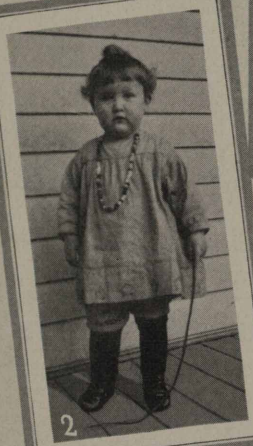
No. 1—Traverse City, Mich., of the Grand Rapids division of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) ripped the lid off the town for a hard times party. No names came with the picture, but a hunch points out the youth in the lower right-hand corner as being Harry C. Ellis, superintendent of the Northern Division. No. 2—When Grand Rapids held its Washington Day party, one of the hits of the evening was the dancing of Margaret Fonger (left) and Eleanor Drieborg. Their Spanish dance brought down the house. Margaret is the daughter of the Record's correspondent at Grand Rapids.

JOLIET FIELD IN PICTURES



No. 1—"Business is good," says S. A. Egland, Shabbona agent, who is shown about to start on his morning deliveries. The truck is loaded with 340 gallons and the wagon with 550 gallons. Salesman W. E. Snyder snapped this picture. No. 2—Driver Henry Kaiser of Joliet field never has had an accident in his eighteen years of service. No. 3—Here is a German police dog who is a walking advertisement of Standard Oil products. Alava, A. K. C. 335166, is the property of Mrs. J. D. Sheehy, wife of Salesman Sheehy of Joliet. In June Alava gave birth to eleven puppies, Soco, Arsee, Polo, Semda, Fino, Reka, Grano, Kalo, Autol and Batic. The names were derived from Standard Oil Company products. No. 4—Red Crown gasoline reduces the hazards of flying. The photo shows Agent M. L. Crossley of Princeton on duty at the fair grounds.

TWINS AND THREE OTHERS



No. 1—Let us introduce Joan Betty Ferriter, 6 months old. She is the daughter of E. J. Ferriter, assistant credit man in the Milwaukee office. Her mother, a former Standard Oil Company employee, and grandmother also are shown. No. 2—Dorothy Harriett Schroeder, 20 months' old, is standing up so all the world can see how big she is. This young lady is the daughter of Fred Schroeder of the checking department at La Crosse, Wis. No. 3—See the pretty birdie. Vera Jean and Vera Jane, twin daughters of Agent Allen of Sherrard, Ill., Peoria Division, are waiting. Suppose they didn't see the birdie? No. 4—Afraid? Not at all, says Adelin E. A. Gross, daughter of W. H. Gross, agent at Rogers City of the Saginaw district.

ATHLETIC SHOW AT WOOD RIVER DRAWS 600

The Wood River Athletic Association scored another triumph February 23, when an athletic show was given at the new Palace Hall. More than 600 persons were present and the S. R. O. sign was hung out long before the program opened.

The show opened with music by Glassmeyer's impromptu orchestra. Sam Williams, announcer, then made a curtain talk about the good work of the association and the need of cooperation by all the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employees at Wood River.

Dora Johnson

His talk was followed by more music and an act by Miss Dora Johnson, thirteen years old. Little Miss Johnson toe-danced herself into the hearts of the spectators.

Three boxing acts followed, "Bulldog" Schreiber facing "Wildcat" Roberts, Pete Aloe facing "Flunkie" Dwyer and "Kid" Benze meeting "Kid" Draper. No decisions were given.

Jack Hanson, ring veteran, was referee and Jack Addeline was timekeeper. The boys were well trained for their bouts and gave an interesting and exciting exhibition of the fistic art. Many were present who had never seen a boxing match before and the matches proved quite an education to some of them.

Fully one-fourth of the spectators were women and long before the end of the show, they were helping the rooters in giving advice to the boxers.

Comedy was provided by our comedians, Joe Richardson and Sam Williams. Joe did a black face monolgue entitled, "I'm Happy Because I'm Happy," and sang the song, "I Go So Far With Sophia on Sophia's Sopha," Sam sang "Kiss Mama, Kiss Papa" and both united in singing, "My Sunshine Jane."

NEW REPRESENTATIVE

Roscoe Williams

Joseph Stephenson, who was re-elected to represent the Third Division and then elected employees' chairman of the Wood River Joint General Committee, became disqualified on account of being promoted, and in the election to fill his vacancy, Roscoe Williams was selected as representative. Mr. Williams was born at Hamburg, Ill., March 3, 1895. Before coming to the company in 1920, he farmed for himself. He is a still cleaner.

SAYING GOOD-BYE TO OLD FRIEND, JOHN COMPTON

By D. J. Paskwietz

On December 29, foremen and veteran employees in the lubricating manufacturing department at Whiting said good-bye to their superior, Mr. John C. Compton, who for more than a quarter of a century had occupied a place among them of useful and commanding influence. In the loftiest sense, if we may use the word, he has been a true-hearted and untiring, conscientious worker. It is fitting that he should now take a well earned vacation, and that we, his co-workers should do him honor. Our assistant superintendent, Mr. Harry Glair, and Mr. Charles Naef, of the mechanical department, were invited to be with us on this occasion. In the photograph, Mr. Compton is seated in the center. Standing, left to right: William Stover, 1889; F. A. Wilhelm, 1904; Mr. Harry Glair; Gilbert Wolter, 1916; A. Schaeffer, 1900; E. Bonham, 1901; William Gaeth, 1905; Harry Scott, 1891; Dr. M. R. Schmidt, 1917; D. J. Paskwietz, 1892; M. D. Henrikson, 1898; George Parker, 1905; H. Harmon, 1915; P. Matthews, 1914; M. Muhich, 1913; William Zweig, 1897; E. Dobbertin, 1900; G. Pataky, 1917; Seated: T. O'Hara, 1909; R. Quinn, 1915; J. V. Nyland, 1903; D. M. Brenner, 1909; E. C. Gehrke, 1889; N. Zenka, 1894; Charles Naef; J. Evan, 1915; J. Chiluski, 1903; C. Scott, 1912; O. Miethke, 1896.

* * *

"I beg your pardon," said the girl timidly, "would you care to help the Working Girls' Home?"

"Sure thing," said the street corner ornament briskly, "where are they?"—*Exchange.*

* * *

"Oh, yes," said the pilot on the river steamboat, "I have been on this river so long I know where every snag is."

Just then, with a jar, the boat struck a snag. "There! That's one of them now," he added.

—*Exchange.*

By M. D. Henrickson

Years ago, a man named Compton,
  Came to the Standard, I don't know when
And started to work at the bottom
  As most of us have since then.

It pleased him so much to be working,
  That it puzzles me to this day
How he found time to go courting
  For he actually is married, they say.

If we all attended to business
  As this man I am writing about,
There would be no cause for uneasiness
  And results, we never could doubt.

The spirit in which he handled problems
  Spurred all of us on, don't you see?
And results were soon glowing emblems
  Of the things he intended they should be

To this man who treated all alike
  And was liked by all of the men,
We wish a future as bright
  As his past with us has been.

The Directors I know feel grateful
  And thank him for deeds of the past,
For if ever a man has been faithful
  It's been Compton up to the last.

* * *

He: "What do you do for a living?"

She: "I'm a dairy maid in a candy kitchen."

He: "Dairy maid in a candy kitchen. What do you do?"

She (bashfully): "Milk chocolates."—*Exchange.*

* * *

"She called me a cat."

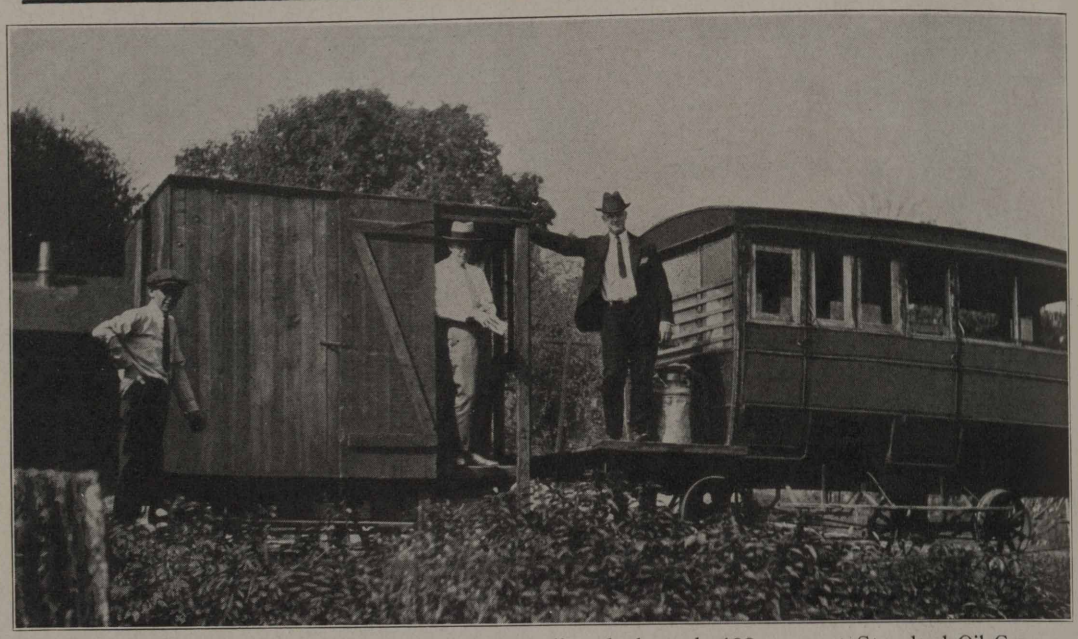
"Let it pass."

"I won't let it pass!"

"Do you propose, my dear, to prove she is right?"

—*Exchange.*

THIS RAILROAD 100% STANDARD OIL



Here is part of the equipment of the Hanover Railroad, the only 100 per cent Standard Oil Company (Indiana) road in the world, using our products exclusively. The line extends from Hanover, Ill., to Hanover Junction, in the Joliet field, and handles both freight and passenger traffic. The photo shows the palace cars. It wasn't long ago that a full change of the personnel was effected. C. M. Munson now seems to be general manager; R. L. Prussing, superintendent, and Fred Erickson, chief engineer. All promise to continue to keep the line 100 per cent S. O. Co. The road is owned by the town of Hanover and the Hanover Woolen Manufacturing Company.

THE UNSOCIAL CHILD

Although children suffer a natural degree of shyness and a certain timidity during the formation of an acquaintanceship it is usual for them to adjust their relations with other children for themselves. When the natural desire of children for social intercourse in not encouraged or is underdeveloped other children will tease them and torment them, if allowed to do so, or will have nothing to do with them. If a child is able to assert his rights he is taken into the fold by common consent and becomes a part of the flock. If, however, he is not encouraged to overcome shyness and timidity and to assert himself these faulty traits of character become more and more marked. The child becomes seclusive largely because of the greater opportunity afforded him to weave fancies about his insufferable lot. Later in life the habit of introspection thus formed serves as a mental pitfall.

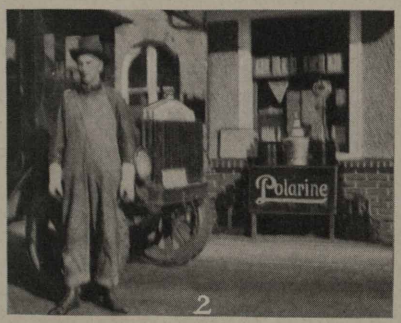
The wise teacher should note seclusiveness in children and the tendency of other children to leave them to this fate. If the true meaning of this is not understood, and if through sympathy she makes the mistake of encouraging a child by adopting him, as it were, as her protege, the child soon looks upon the teacher as a substitute and clings to her as a protector and the tendency to indulge in reflections over his supposed wrongs is encouraged. Dependence in this respect will increase with advancing age until it becomes a fixed habit of infantile tendencies.—*U. S. Public Health Serice.*

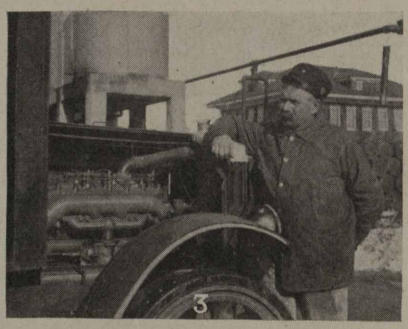
* * *

Caller—"Is Miss Jones in?"
Servant—"No, madam."
Caller (surprised)—"Where is she?"
Servant—"Don't you know, mum? Miss Jones is going to be married, and she goes to college every afternoon to take lessons in domestic silence."

—*Exchange*

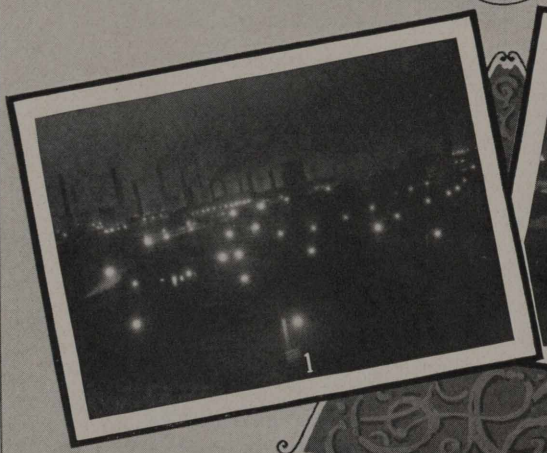
SIOUX CITY CELEBRITIES THIS MONTH





No. 1—Quick, how many? Salesman and Mrs. Conly of Madison, S. D., were snapped after a big hunt. There are 176 ducks in the picture. Salesman Conly says it's just like going after orders, if you go after 'em right, you are bound to get 'em. No. 2—This is E. Brown, the trading king at Sioux Falls, S. D. He is always trading cars and always comes out on top, 'tis said. No. 3—Here's Bill Austin with his Wilcox truck. His chassis expense since February 28, 1921, totals $9.23. He's been in the Standard Oil Company service for twenty-six years.

WHITING REFINERY BY DAY AND NIGHT



No. 1—Whiting refinery is a beehive of industry. Here is a photo of the stills on a moonlight night. The pressures are in the distance. No. 2—Here is another view of the refinery at night. No. 3—The same refinery by day. There is little more smoke in sight in this picture than in the other two, the difference being the wind has changed, blowing the smoke across the stills in this photo.

WHITING, IND.

The family of the late Esta Kohr Brown acknowledges with grateful appreciation the kind expression of sympathy extended to them by the employees of the tower still department.

The Safety Department is certainly to be congratulated on their effort to prevent accidents. We wish they would use their influence in helping to prevent sickness too. Take a look at the battlefield Safety Smith after we test a couple of stills and storage tanks.

There is a stranger from the welding shop who has been spotted by several men hanging around our reporter's neighborhood. Butch, Anna is wild about you. She told us that you are a steady visitor on Fred street. Now, Butch, be a man and don't fall too hard for her, because she is liable to let you lie.

Two weeks before Joe Malatinka got married, he was a very lively chap, but now you should see the difference.

Andy Korcyk of the welding shop wanted to sing "Three O'Clock in the Morning," but forgot to wind the old alarm clock and was somewhat disappointed. "Tomatoes" says, "the only way to make sure you get up is by a cuckoo clock." He knows from experience, and all you have to do is to be sure you feed the bird, Andy.

Bob Dooley got married, August 10, 1921, and we haven't heard anything as yet.

To the boys of the filter plant: We wish to acknowledge with sincere thanks the kind expression of your sympathy in behalf of our dear husband and father, who passed away December 25, 1922. (Signed). Mrs. Andrew Hazzard and family.

George Paul of the welding shop had hard luck Christmas Eve. He got as far as the Christmas tree in Whiting when his Jewish Packard refused to navigate. George began to sing "My Liizze, My Lizzie, My Poor Crippled Lizzie." Then George's Lizzie got healed quickly and merrily drove away.

The welders are wondering why Eddie Clabby and Charles Staley go to the Trianon together. A bit of friendly advice. boys, watch your step and take care of yourself while you are young.

Since the busses have stopped running, car fare must have gone up or some way or other Steve Modelsky must have lost himself, as we can't account for his absence from the four corners at East Chicago lately.

We wonder where the blind pig and the nailer are going tonight?

At last we have been fortunate enough to catch Tomatoes in the act of nibbling on some lollypops. Gee! they must have been very good since they were sampled by our reporter, George Kaminsky.

Mrs. Kinsock, wife of the welding shop foreman, underwent an operation and is indefinitely confined. The boys all extend their heartiest sympathy and wish a speedy recovery.

Sharkey says his troubles will be over when he gets hooked up. We hope so.

Joe Kaminsky spends most of his precious time at the Merry Gardens. He is well known as a toddle boy.

Abraham Lincoln has come back to life represented by Dick Griffin.

My dear Genevieve," of the can house," there is a man by the name of Irondale who want's to buy you a meal ticket. Here is your chance, so take it.

Boozer, of the boiler shop, and well known hero from Stiglitz park, was seen by the boys to be hanging around the blind pig and the nailer.

The machine shop regrets to hear of the death of Paul Zweig's mother, who passed away on Washington's birthday. She was 73 years old.

Lawrence McClelland of the machine shop, better known as Battling Larry, is still in love with his wife, although married five years. Three or four times a week he is seen going home for lunch at noon. Enough said.

Larry Moore, the Sheik, and Rudolph Vaselino are identical as to looks and nature. This stepping kid, having his hair trained to stay back and wearing submarines (patent leather oxfords) is all set for any Sheba. Sound the warning, girls, he knocks 'em dead.

Joe Matis, machine shop kewpie, has given up his Easter-egg girl for one with lots of money. He now rides around in a Jordan sedan, looking like a millionaire in a one horse town.

Billy Haman, grinder operator in the machine shop, possesses beautifully waved hair. They say he acquired this while visiting a little queen in Hammond, and that he is a heart-breaking buck. His frequent visits to the same "queen" seem to indicate that at least "two" hearts are not broken yet.

Dave Horgan is back to work again, having recovered from an injury received in a rush in a Piggly Wiggly store.

All the boys on the pressure stills have been wondering how it is that Pat Lynch is such a favorite with the ladies. Well, here it is. Pat tells them he is a stillman.

Bill Seelig has a Ford car. You have our sympathy, Bill. Did you have a hole put through the top or the floor taken out so you could be comfortable?

Bubbles Petersen has had a Cadillac gland inserted in his Maxwell to try and improve it.

Lew Griffith is having trouble with his knee. Why don't you go and get a new one, Lew? Try Thirty-first and State Streets, that is where the knee grows. (Think this one out for yourself.—Ed.)

There is no truth in the rumor that Red Byers is going to join the navy.

Lawrence and Felix have stolen Febeck's stuff, using an ax to go fishing. What do you birds know about them weapons? Ball them out, Jim.

Ross Clanin went to bed the other night without removing his teeth and during the night said teeth fell out and he bit himself.

Otto Georg gave Shorty Boyle a leg of his overalls and Shorty got two suits, a cap and a pair of gloves out of it and had enough left for a necktie.

Have you noticed Fat Turner's side whiskers?

Henry Ford Lain was on a wild time again last week. Cut it out, Hank, them Eskimo pies will get you yet.

Superintendent L. C. Moore is back on the job again after an attack of the flu. Welcome to our city, Lew.

H. J. Savage, our energetic swing pumper at the crude station, is the proud father of an eight and one-half pound baby girl, Helen Ruth, born Saturday, February 24, in Chicago. Atta boy, wild man.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks and appreciation to the steam department for the beautiful floral offering and their sympathy shown us in the time of sorrow at the loss of our darling baby and sister.—(Signed) Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Long and Junior.

One of the welders asked Foreman Kinsock what kind of a noise the break of day made. Here it is, Dusty Ed, daybreak.

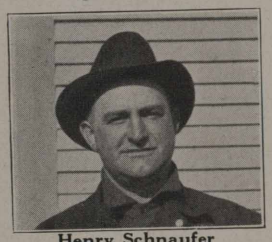
WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Jim Dooley is going to put on a new drama. The title of the production will be "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and it will have the service of the celebrated actor, Tobacco Miller. Mr. Miller will take the part of Little Eva and Dooley will be one of the hounds. They are rehearsing every night in Mr. Dooley's cellar.

Events of the day: M. Christy almost bought a package. John Van Buren's dog "Queenie" died. Hot dog! Jack Crofton gained one pound since he has been off the tube cleaning gang, he now weighs 106 pounds, barefoot. Anyone needing fresh vegetables should see R. Dawson at once, since he plans to ship all his truck April 1. Pretty rich!

Hats off to George Wilkins, No. 2 division. "Atta boy, George."

Great excitement took place near the Northern limits of Alton on a recent Sunday afternoon. Women were running and screaming, cows moaning, dogs barking and roosters crowing. The people traced the noise to the Woods farm. It seems that Bill Woods hired Bill Kaeser to help him build a hayloft. They worked all morning and at noon Kaeser had to leave. Bill thought he could finish the job alone. He did. He nailed the rest of the boards down, but when he started to the house, found he could not get out. That was when the hollering started.


Henry Schnaufer

Henry Schnaufer came to this company in 1914 as concrete worker at the Casper refinery and continued in charge of concrete work at that place until 1917 when he took a job as marine with Uncle Sam. After returning from the war, he came to the Wood River refinery and until February 1, was superintendent of concrete work. He is now assistant labor foreman. Henry weighs about 300 pounds, which are well distributed over a length of six and a half feet.

Malcolm Powell had a serious illness during February, but is back at work now. Watch your step, Mally!

Harry Stewart and Henry Schewe have been transferred from the refinery department to the bricklayers. One at a time now boys and lay them straight.

Sympathy of the boys is extended to Albert Hall whose wife is seriously ill in a hospital at Hillsboro.

Big Bill Obermiller is a specialist in fruit trees now. Having acquired a hillside farm with a few scragly fruit trees, he decided that February was a month to be devoted to pruning trees, but fearing to trust his 275 pounds avoirdupois on their delicate limbs, he invited Gus Moline and Ray Barthlow up to listen in on his radio.

Got a trading knife? See Mennemeier at No. 5 crude house. Large assortment.

We wish to extend our sympathy to Walter Heideman in the death of his father-in-law, Mr. Carl Buck.

J. O. Wells has again joined the force of the electricians. Glay to see you back, Jimmie.

C. E. Custer, pumper in the refinery pump house, is moving to the farm March 1, and is now securing contracts to deliver fresh eggs and spring friers at a decided advantage to the consumer, providing the Buick garage has ordered enough parts in advance to keep his roadster in operation.

This is the day and age of wonders, the third automobile manufactured is being operated by Galvey Smith. How successfully, we cannot say.

William Stoneham, president of the Standard Oil Athletic Association, claims the free entertainment given by the association will be equal to any $1.10 show in the country. We sincerely hope so.

Thomas Slaten, booster for the Star automobile, claims anything for the mechanical prodigy, but he still drives the Lincoln, Jr.

Times change, so do stocks. Harvey crude used to be worth a dollar, the shares now rival the German mark. For particulars, see Jack Carstens.

Charles Van Dusen of the main pump house is the proud father of a bouncing baby boy, so is Tiry Harrod, but Thomas drew a girl. Mother and babes are doing fine, but the fathers—oh, boy!

Harry Camfield looked as though he had come out second best in a free-for-all, for a few days last week, but he only ran into a steam line. Better luck next time, Harry.

W. A. Miller has again ventured into the second-hand automobile market. This time it is a Buick-6. The red Overland led Miller a dog's life. They say Bill Penrose was instrumental in securing the Buick sale.

Miss Helen Powell of the inspection department, entertained a number of her friends on St. Valentine's night. Various games were played and several vocal solos were rendered by Mrs. Mose Boyd. Carrol was somewhat nonplused when a certain young lady avowed, "she loved Rodolph Valentino." (He is too far away, so don't worry, Carrol.)

One of our girls
With eyes dark and tender,
Seems to be quite interested
In a fine young man named Bender.

Walter Shampine who intended raising gold fish to make German Marks out of went out of business because he said the income tax man would take it all. Walter says his neighbors think he is a prize-fighter (but he isn't). His wife fell down the steps.

Anybody here seen Kelly? Ask the operator.

Wiggins with his "Scatter Bolt Six" made Sunset hill on high with the emergency brake set. We saw a letter from the International Poultry Association asking C. Wiggins, the recognized authority on chickens (?) to lecture on (Strains), (Fertility) (and) (Favoroles) as he has fifty-eight hens laying a total of four eggs a day with an electric lighting overtime system and they want to know who pays for the light.

If you want to buy fuming acid, ask Joe Barr.

We are glad to know I. Hogle and family are convalescing after a severe seige of the flu.

Since Buck's honey has all been sold, we may expect to see George any day with his little basket peddling asparagus.

ATTENTION CASPER!

We, the employees of the Wood River refinery are anxious to locate James Gray. He started for your refinery some years ago. You would know him by his telling of the big wild game hunt he had with Roosevelt in the wilds of Africa. Would like to have him tell (through the columns of the Stanolind) of some of his big hunts in Casper.

Can you imagine: Rich Dawson not smiling? Ed Harris not asking for a chew? Harvey Moore silent? Emmet Branson not laughing? Gilbert Smith not asking for a chew? Dave Moore telling the truth?

Charl'e Zwieg and John Smith both admit the Eagles annual gridiron was a real success.

Well, Frank McCredie has finally put the load of coke he got in December in his cellar. We got so used to seeing it out in the street we thought it was part of the road bed.

Gladys Shaw, formerly stenographer at the Lab, was a guest recently of Mrs. Charles Baker.

T. Poeling of the lubricating works is nursing one of his pet boils. He must think a lot of this one, the way he carries it around on his arm.

Is John Davis in love, or did he get a razor for Christmas? He is so cleanly shaven of late.

Theresa Mooney of the Lab has a new diamond. His name is William Kienstra.

Several visited the auto show at St. Louis, but none are responsible for the carloads of motors sold. Wood River folks buy them at home.

Louis Hoffman, the great fox trotter and one-stepper, is still congenial to his tin Lizzie, having found the timer again on intimate terms with the carburetor.

Mrs. J. M. Durham, Russell Durham and other members of the family wish to thank the many friends for the kindness and sympathy shown in the loss of their husband and father, and especially to thank those who sent the beautiful floral offerings and those who so kindly offered the use of their machines.

Mr. Stamper broke loose the other day, He lost his temper.

CASPER, WYO.

O. E. Brown, stillman at No. 3 continuous house, and Mrs. McAmis were recently married in Nebraska.

Robert Harrington, after nearly six years' service, has resigned, and is now devoting his energies to the real estate and loan business.

Tom Mallany, who has been about three weeks recovering from an automobile accident, is again on the job.

Herman Smith, recently a pumper at No. 2 house, is now shift breaking at all three pump houses.

Tom O'Neil has been promoted on the treating plant as treater.

J. J. Jacoby, helper at No. 1 pump house, has joined the benedicts.

E. G. Weber, sign painter, is wearing a very broad smile, that is as broad as his face will permit. Reason—Baby Gertrude, eight pounds.

Mrs. Evers, wife of Pete Evers of the machine shop, will return this week from California, where she has been on an extended visit.

Roy Merrimen, the machinist, is at home on account of the serious illness of his child.

Paul Priest, pump mechanic, is off duty with the grippe.

John Schnur reports that his wife, who has been very sick with pneumonia, is on the road to recovery.

Flivvers are now ripe. One was picked by John McClellan, Jr., painter, and one by Joe Wimsatt, pressure stillman. Warren Watson picked a Nash and Pearl Belcher a No. 6 Columbia. Frank Adams, head tinsmith, has just completed a tin bug. Evert Beek, machinist, picked a Ford sedan.

Paul Morgan, boilermaker, is sure proud. It is a baby girl.

W. Oscar White, machinist, has moved from Midwest Heights to East Second street.

Dave Knapp, pipe fitter, has sold his home on Walnut street and has purchased a lot at Twelfth and Oak streets, where he will erect a fine modern bungalow.

Mickey O'Brien, stillman at No. 12 house, asked Tom McCoy where he got the brand new rubbers. Tom McCoy: "Oh, I just went and paid my shiftmen's dues. They also gave me a button and a slip of paper telling me where I can buy so as to get a 5% discount." Mickey: "By golly! Tomorrow is my day off. I'll go over and get me a pair, too." The next day Mickey went in, paid his dues and asked for his rubbers. The innocent clerk told Mickey to come back when Mr. Lobdell returned. He expects an overcoat then. There is no reason for Jack Tremain, stillman at No. 4 house, to laugh; for we know he expects the same.

J. B. Gray, inside helper No. 7 house pressure stills, holds the record of driving a 1914 Ford Model over 250,000 miles. He still drives the same car and expects to get several more years' service from it.

As the Cubs and Giants open the baseball season by going into Spring training, Briney and Kirk are blossoming out as managers of hirsute nines. The lack of hearty response to their strenuous efforts is probably due to the cold weather. Both managers, however, have ordered equipment from a well-known Chicago mail-order house whose catalog shows the latest styles in mustache cups.

H. M. Robb has disposed of his city property and purchased improved real estate in the neighborhood of Big Muddy.

Ham was off a few days with complicated tummy-ache. He says he's going to Russia where he can't eat anything to hurt him.

With four more games on the regular schedule the plant No. One basketball team has yet to be defeated. It looks as though they would enter the five-team tournament without having suffered a defeat.

Mr. Kinker, the latest addition to the main office force, has a pleasing personality and makes friends readily, but is inclined to set up a howl if he doesn't get immediate service. Kinker has, by the way, a set of whiskers that would look funny on anyone else in the office, but he is greatly envied by our two main office mustachios.

Medicine Man Jenkins wants to know who said it was cheaper for two than one.

Earl Thompson, loading rack foreman of plant No. Three is the daddy of a new girl.

Ray Conkling is fast becoming an expert shot. All the coyotes along the thirty-three mile road take to the tall sage brush whenever Ray and his trusty rifle meander out that way, he having made a rug out of the leader of the band a short time ago.

M. T. Cantrell, pressure stillman, has gone to Mayo Brothers for an operation. We are all hoping for his speedy recovery.

Girls, if you are looking for a good honest husband that don't drink, or anything, get in touch with Joe Wimsatt, Joe King or Bill Frerichs. We hear that they are just dying to get married, but are too bashful to go and find a wife.

Harry Hendry, pressure stillman, is back to work after a two weeks' illness.

Mike Goggin, pressure stillman, is back to work after a two weeks' illness.

J. M. Sullivan, pressure still fireman, has the sympathy of the entire department in the loss of his young daughter.

Harry Grondal, pressure stillman, was passing around the cigars last week. Why? It's a girl.

Percy Winter, dry farmer and oil man from Montana and at present acid separator man at the

(*Continued on Page 35*)

SOME PRIZE STANDARD OIL BABIES

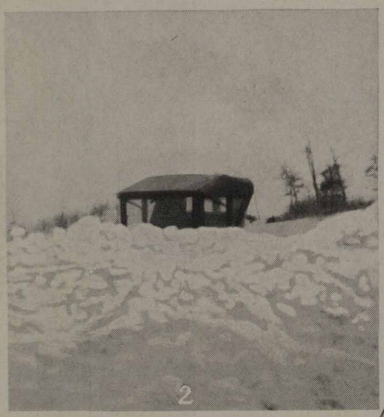
1

2

3

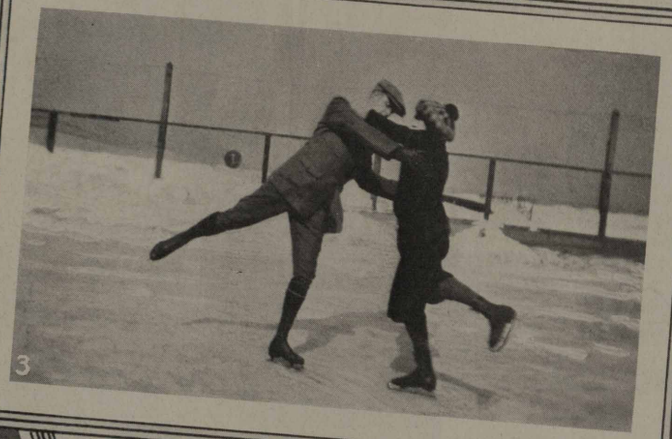
No. 1—Meet Tommy Mendenhall, Jr. He's the son of the driver at Clay avenue, Detroit. He's small but can back Semdac in good shape. No. 2—Here is the pride of the Cortland street station, Chicago. Her name is Ferne Deloras Vieth, aged 6½ months Miss Vieth is the daughter of George Vieth, motor tank driver. No. 3—Here's a chip off the old block, says William McGaughey of the Minneapolis machine shop. See the birdie? Snap!

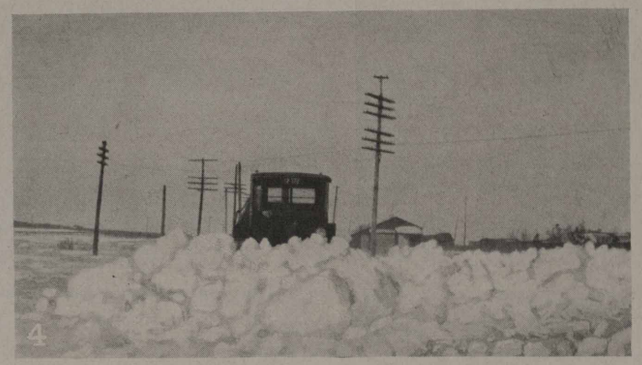
PICTORIAL NEWS OF MINNEAPOLIS FIELD

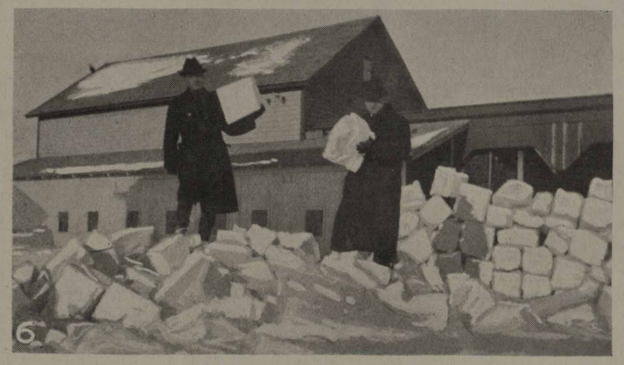


No. 1—We almost fear to publish pictures of girls as pretty as this quintette of Minneapolis office workers. Some men persisting in believing the Record is a matrimonial journal. However, these five are (left to right) Miss Grossbush, Miss Larson, Miss Gleason, Miss Patton and Miss Monro. No. 2—Here is a photo snapped on the Jefferson highway, after the big snow. No. 3—This photo was snapped at the farthest north point in the Minneapolis division. The men are Agent Emil Bilben and Driver Ingval Hillberg of Walker, Minn.

COLD HAS NO TERRORS FOR STURDY STANDARD OILERS

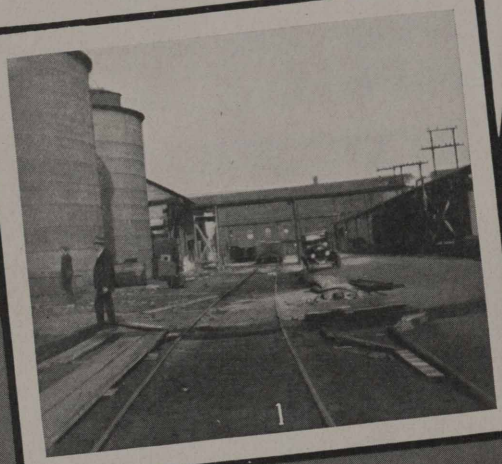






No. 1—The purchasing department, Home Office, is proud of Miss Mynette Fitzgerald, who is an artist both as a skater and a typist. Her fancy skating is well known to south siders who frequent the ice off the Chicago Beach Hotel, where this photo was taken. No. 2—Our Dakota girls certainly are a sturdy lot! Huron sends this with a note that the thermometer was 30 below zero when photo was taken. We thought our Huron correspondent was a prevaricator till we checked on a Red Crown thermometer and found he was merely an exaggerator. The one in the picture registers 20 below—note the mercury line. It was not drawn in by an artist, either. Also note the leafless trees and snow on the ground. Brr-rrr! No. 3—Mynette Fitzgerald and a skating partner. No. 4—Agent Dorsey of Two Harbors, Minn., Duluth division, breaking his way out of the bulk station shown in the background. Seventeen-foot snowdrifts were reported this winter in some places in the northwest, but Standard Oil Service continued without interruption. No. 5—Olive Pugh, "chief" of Duluth S. O. snowbirds. No. 6—Mining snow at Alpena, Mich., Saginaw division, Agent E. C. Monaghan and N. Berrie.

Brought to Light—Safety First



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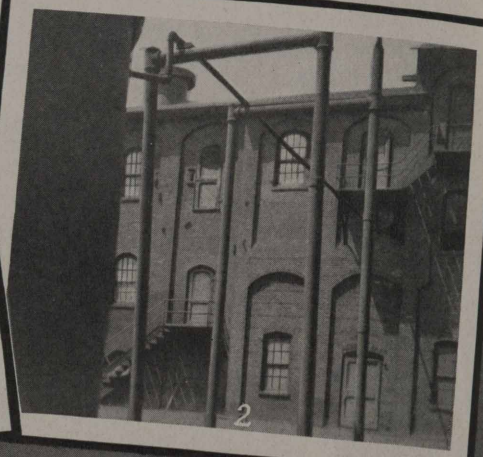

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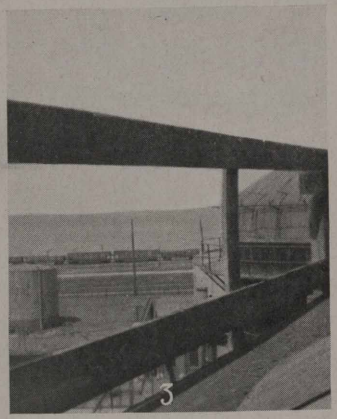

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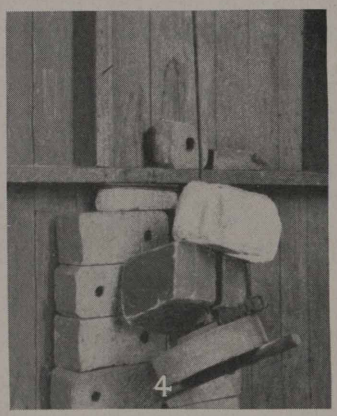

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No. 1—Many trainmen in this country have been injured because of the fact that construction materials and refuse have been piled too close to the tracks. Our refineries have had accidents of this kind. It is situations like the one shown in the picture which cause such accidents. Please remember that a switchman must have clearance on the side of a car and have free running space by the side of the track.

No. 2—How many of you can find the unsafe condition in this picture before we tell you where to look for it? Well, here goes. In the upper left-hand corner, on top of the stanchion, is a pipe which is propped up with a brick. Vibration of the pipe will cause the brick to fall. It is small things like this which are not apparent that cause us much trouble Heads are hard to mend.

No. 3—This platform is hand-railed and toe-boarded in fine shape, except that the toe-board is failing to perform the real use laid out for it. Note the distance between the toe-board and the platform. Heavy tools could be kicked off the platform between the toe-board and the floor of the scaffold.

No. 4—We will have to tell you what this is, for no one on earth would know from the picture. It is supposed to be a weight used to lower and raise an ash shute. Don't you think it the most shiftless piece of construction you ever saw? If someone should sneeze, the whole thing would fall on his toes.

C. W. Smith
Director Safety Division
Industrial Relations Department
and
F. W. Lau
Safety Director, Whiting, Ind.

(Continued from Page 29)

paraffine works, is the authority for the discovery of a new chemical action by sulphuric acid on valves. He claims that it "camphorizes" them so that they are useless.

John Glendenning, construction foreman, plants No. 1 and 2, is reported off sick with stomach trouble. However, it isn't the kind that comes after a poor grade of moonshine.

A. S. Bratager has been transferred from pipe department plant No. 1, to yard office, succeeding Richard Davis, who went on the firing line.

Oscar Howard, assistant foreman to Mr. Schaefer, of the pipe department, plants Nos. 1 and 2, is rather fond of his holidays, and usually makes it a practice to be off duty on such days, and make it Schaef's day on, when said days come around. He even tried to beat Schaef out of Ground Hog Day, but Schaef said he didn't care as he didn't come from Missouri.

Earl Caldwell of the warehouse force, plant No. 1, has just returned from a week spent in Iowa renewing old acquaintances and making new ones. He reports a fine time listening in on the radios, etc. Why leave the Mrs. at home, Earl?

Our paint shop foreman of plants Nos. 1 and 2, A. S. Hawley, has been reviewing last year's crops on his homestead, which were very favorable, and predicts a still better year in store for 1923. He is in the market for a new tractor and expects to double up last year's acreage. With plenty of fertilizer he should make a record for farming in Wyoming.

M. Edelmuth, storekeeper, plants Nos. 1 and 2, had an awful time the other night when attending a show. The theatre was crowded as usual when Shorty entered and he got a seat in the rear, which wasn't very satisfactory. However, when a couple got up from the front row, Shorty started for it, but not before another couple. The lady being a little quicker than her escort, entered the vacant seat first, Shorty, second. The escort didn't. The lady told "Shorty" that that was her husband, but Shorty didn't care as he had a good seat. A ter receiving a tongue-lashing, Shorty told her she better not get too fresh. After some argument, quiet prevailed. Witnesses agree that this was the best part of the show.

Bill Eads of plant No. 1 has a new job, that of dog catcher, which is a little out of season for Wyoming. One of his recent expeditions to fill an order was not very profitable. It happened on his way to work when he spied a regular "sheep dog". As Bill got out his noose, ready to lasso it, the dog's mistress came around the house and made a dash for her dog. With words unbecoming a lady of the plains she told Bill what she thought of his behavior. After Bill regained his speech she had gone.

L. G. Smith of plants Nos. 1 and 2 is also becoming a dog fancier, along with Superintendent Thompson. He recently acquired (?) what he says is a sheep dog. However, its breed isn't known for sure. L. G. has been studying up on "Diseases of Dogs", and what to feed them.

Claude Johnson and Charlie Warnocke have left for plant No. 1, Greybull, Wyo., where they will help out on some construction work for a short time.

GREYBULL, WYO.

Steve Krajicek's Saxophone Sextette will soon have the Brown Brothers backed off the map. If you don't believe it, ask Pilcher. None but the skilled need apply.

M. A. Dutton has returned to work after being sick for quite a while.

"Big Jim" Bluejacket holds daily classes now. They meet regularly from 12 noon till 12:30 p. m. and can guarantee the solution of any problem on any subject; baseball subjects will be given preference.

R. W. Chase has been transferred to the refining department and is now gauging tanks.

Jim Hill is away and Joe Marcek is official telegraph operator in his absence. They can't come too fast for Joe. Of course he may not get it all, but he sure likes 'em fast.

LeRoy Joyce has fallen at last! For a week he has been nervous as an 8-year-old with a new top, and we could not tell whether it would be a Marmon or a Ford. He finally compromised on a Chevrolet, and as a chummy roadster will hold only two, we fear for the salvation of his soul.

Guy V. Allen is sporting a new Gardiner, purchased recently from our thriving agent, A. W. Stricker, who is sure on the job when it comes to selling "Joy Buggies."

Our congenial janitor, "Mercury" Driskill, has been feeling badly of late. We found him in the vault weeping the other day, because one of his brooms was marked "Made in Iowa" and it made him homesick. That's all right, Guy, they all talk about Iowa, but they never go back.

"Bunk" Rimer, Charley Bradford and Steve Krajicek, the bowling team from plant No. 2, defeated Homer Williams, Ed Starks and "Red" Ryan, No. 1 plant team, by a total score of 1809 to 1801. That wouldn't have been so bad, but the fellows claim that Steve used a baseball to pick up the spares.

We seldom hear from the laboratory any more. The gang is so busy trying to make a good impression on their new stenographer that they haven't time to talk. Anyway, she is so quiet that they kind of got the habit.

J. T. Hill is away on a leave of absence on account of his wife's ill health. It was necessary to take Mrs. Hill to Rochester, Minn., where an operation for a goiter will be performed.

During his recent sojourn in Denver, C. E. Dalrymple must have progressed faster and faster, because now every day in his own way he writes a letter. We know him to be strong for a certain apartment on Eighteenth avenue. Are you contemplating a change, Dal? Oh! Voluminous.

H. E. Williamson was off duty several days recently with a severe cold, but is back on duty again.

Walter Chisam was painfully burned while fighting a fire which was damaging a neighbor's house. The next time you eat fire don't get it all over your face, Walt.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Starks, a baby girl on February 13. Many happy returns, Dave.

Earl Landers is serving on the jury in Basin, Wyo., during this term of court.

Frank Bullinger was called to Lovell because of sickness in the family. Frank reports it as nothing serious.

G. L. Shepardson was called to Rockford, Ill., because of the death of his father. The sympathy of the entire plant is with Mr. Shepardson in his bereavement. While in the East, Slim caught the flu, but is home again much improved.

Bruce Atwell was off duty a few days with the grippe.

LARAMIE, WYO.

This is only a small plant, but we have some big men in our midst. One of them is entitled to all

the honor that can be bestowed upon him—Hon. Russell Morris, our storeroom man. He has just invented an instrument to put on the door. All he has to do when he goes out of the door is to say, "I am going to the machine shop," or wherever he is going, and the instrument shows the words plainly and does it automatically. We hope that some day his name may go down in history in the same class with Robert Fulton and Thomas Edison.

Cash Miller has put his Ford in cold storage. He says that ice does not cost as much as gasoline.

Herman Grosse has returned to work after a period of illness.

"V" Knight has purchased a new home which is located south of the University. "V" declares that he has bought three or four houses with all the rent that he has paid, but he figures on keeping this one.

"Whitie" Stricker has been fattening grasshoppers for fishing season. Every Sunday he wanders into the hills looking for young hoppers or eggs which he takes home, puts into a cage and nurses to maturity.

Harold Desch strolled onto the plant the other day with a big smile and a box of cigars. He safely returned from his honeymoon and seems to feel happy about it.

Roy Stewart and Hank Hanson have been confined to their homes due to sickness. Both have returned to work with the good weather.

G. W. Weeks has been having a great deal of trouble keeping a muffler on his Chevrolet. We would be willing to help him in his troubles, but we realize that a muffler is too much equipment for such a car.

Bob Elliff added another car wreck to our list. His Ford and a sport model Buick collided Friday night, doing considerable damage to the jitney, but only bending a fender on the Buick.

Tom Jones, top man on the pressure stills, resigned and is going east to sing in an opera. Tom is our song bird and when he gets perched on some high point you can hear him for miles. Too bad he is leaving, we will miss him.

"Roundy" Sweitzer is going to California on a vacation, where he can lay around all day in the sun and eat oranges.

H. E. Bessie and C. W. Freeman, two worthy still cleaners, have been promoted to the firing line.

Harold Grout, after an illness from typhoid fever, is back on the job. He is breaking in easy, but will soon be as strong as ever and will hit the work with a new vim.

John Curry and H. Grout have been promoted from the labor rank to still cleaning, while Esterbrook advanced from fireman to outside helper.

Twelve still bottoms have arrived for the pressure stills and the repair work is expected to start before long.

The long lost shepherd has been found. Just recently we discovered that Harry Miner, the auto mechanic, herded sheep for twelve years. Many a gun fight has he encountered, but he always got away alive for his legs were good and never failed him. Harry made his fortune on bum-lambs and mavericks. Now he is the only one in captivity that can make a car say, "Ba."

Phil Ward's wife and children have returned home from Greybull, where they have been visiting relatives. Phil is staying home now like a good man and can not be seen on the streets after sundown.

Dick Williams is contemplating the purchase of a Star car. Just imagine all the nice fishing trips we will get in that car. Buy it, Dick, we are with you.

Talk about antique furniture!! George Goodman certainly has a mania when it comes to that line. Every day he comes to work highly elated about the wonderful antique furniture, he has been able to buy at such reasonable prices for his future home. He says it is the rare, dark, old, OLD stuff, about twenty years old. George is going to build a five-room house and he is also looking for antique lumber with which to build it.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

The many friends of Daniel Prignano of the tax department extend to his bereaved family their heartfelt sympathy in his untimely death. Daniel was taken ill with pneumonia February 21 and died three days later. He was a popular athlete, being a good ballplayer and bowler.

Joe Schurek and Lucie Roe of the stenographic department are reported as getting along very finely.

Jack Crothers, who has been ill for the past two weeks with the flu, is back again. He brought his brother, William, along for protection.

Does anyone know what keeps Jim Thomas' attention in the billing department? Someone said it was some feminine worker. How about it, Jim?

Joe Valentine reported spending a very nice evening with Anne of the jobbing department at the Trianon.

E. J. Hass has a much better disposition now that he can rest himself in a swivel chair.

Miss Hornung, one of our many pretty stenographers, is on the job again after an absence of two months.

Art Klein is going to have a Shiek haircut and sideburns.

Mr. Biester has raised a misplaced eyebrow.

Steve Kuczynski announces he is now the father of a baby boy. This is the first boy in his family.

The box of candy which Mr. Longhenry lost in a bet with Miss Foote has not been forthcoming although it is over three months since the bet was made.

Ask Mr. Daly what he thinks of the stock purchasing plan. He says he is going to pawn his shoes, if necessary, rather than miss out on his 20 per cent quota.

Mrs. John Bell (Miss Cora Erickson), former file clerk, was given a surprise party by Miss Burns, Miss Foote, Miss Swensen, Miss Tillish and Miss Randall, January 20. A midnight luncheon was served.

Two of our old timers, Miss Colby and Miss Nelson, have left us on account of ill health.

Mr. Stapleton has left this nice warm office to take a job at one of the service stations.

Our Titian haired sheik, Wm. O'Connor, is down with the flu. In the good old days he could have cured it in one night.

The younger set is getting busy. Vollmer Reehoff and Mary George, the two 16-year-old wonders, are looking longingly into each other's eyes. Oh, well!

One of the enterprising young men in the general manager's office was inquiring into the value of the spent clay from the filters at Whiting as a dust bath for chickens and examining a sample in the office. "Well, how do you use it?" he asked. "Why," explained the informant, "the chickens just dust themselves in it. You have seen the chickens wallowing in the dust, haven't you? Well, that is just what they do with this, only the petroleum in

the dust is just strong enough to kill the lice." "Pshaw," said the young man, "I thought they ate the darn stuff."

No one ever accused Willis Pate of being "hard boiled," but he served on a jury recently and, owing to the severe sentences he helped "plaster" on, the crime wave has almost been wiped out.

J. D. ("Babe") Callahan was a model housekeeper while Mrs. C. was in the hospital. He got so used to it that he now reaches for the dish towel every night after supper.

Alice Steeg has relieved a great deal of eye strain in home office by appearing in a new long skirt.

Anyone wanting a scrapbook full of "Tongue Twisters," see Ed Dockendorf, as he has already sent in a couple of waste baskets full to the "Trib." Ed puts them in waste baskets to save the newspaper the trouble.

Tell it not in Evanston, but Hank Bonniwell's dream farm looms further and further away. Instead of hoarding his coin looking toward the happy day, the spendthrift was detected recently, gorging himself (in company with G. Elihu Nelson) in the banquet hall of the Y. M. C. A.

J. Chester Tyrrell must be hard-hearted, indeed, if he does not succumb to the wiles of at least one of the fair senders of the tender missives addressed to him on St. Valentine's day.

You've got to hand it to the ladies for having lots of "pep." For instance, take Mrs. Nelson—not satisfied with handling 3,000 to 4,000 barrels (records) daily and doing the work of a 6-room flat, she had to take up bowling in order to keep in trim. If you have any extra time on your hands Mrs. Nelson you might let us know, as we have had considerable snow this winter, and shoveling is the best form of exercise.

The Misses Trace and Colbert say that traffic on Twelfth street does not seem to be so heavy nowadays. Some nights there is not more than 500 on a car, not counting the packages, and if one has had football training a seat at times is quite possible, that is, if there is any left after all the men are comfortably seated.

One young lady's version of the recent *stock* dividend, "Won't that be lovely. Believe me, if they are going to give away stock, I want a can of Semdac, an oil mop and some of those swell Christmas candles."

Forewarned is forearmed. Bell says he expects to get lunch and carfare money this summer from some of his unsuspecting friends on the Fourth floor. Guess he means it by the way he is digging up his back yard with a mashie and midiron. Interested parties please note and be governed accordingly.

Heard daily:—
Joe close the door.
Gee! it's cold in here.
Are you riding or walking?
Was that 2 or 3?
Are you coming, Lynn?
He's not in just now.

CHICAGO SALES DEPARTMENT
Frank F. Wente, Correspondent

Miss Charlotte Bates surely took a chance. She is now known as Mrs. Geary and it all happened on February 13. We wish her much happiness in her future, and hope that she will always treat Tom as nice as she did her friends in the office.

J. E. Jeffery, S. S. 507, is receiving the congratulations of his friends. Yes, it's a girl. Nine pounds.

Our chief clerk, L. D. Hyde, is getting acquainted with Chicago and its people and says he thinks he will like it. We hope you will like the bunch and we will do all we can toward that end, L. D.

J. H. Bamberger is now selling "the full line" and surely is placing the S. O. Co. "line" with the dealers. Good work, John, keep it up.

A. G. Senn, one of our salesmen, who has been with us for the past ten years, has resigned to take over another position. Al's friends sure will miss his smiling face.

Some of the girls were over to see Miss Finn at the Wesley Hospital, and report that she is getting along nicely. We all wish her a speedy recovery from her operation.

E. J. Schoenbach has decided to see just a little bit of our country, leaving us on March 31 to take a trip to California.

Miss Anderson came around the church corner the other day and to her great surprise met with a very strong wind, which picked her up and laid her down on her elbow. Someone heard her make the remark, "I don't mind falling, but I would like to fall for something worth while."

The friends of Albert Arnhorst were very sorry to hear of the death of his mother, who died Sunday, February 18.

We have just received word that Rose Finn and Eileen Glynn of the stenographic department are spending their week-ends in Barrington. Of course there must be a reason, but it is hard to figure out why they don't wait until summer. It's much more romantic, don't you think?

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. F. Welzenbach, Correspondent

During the short month of February several new faces have appeared and it becomes our duty to welcome you newcomers to our brotherhood. The record department boasts two new stars in its constellation Hugh Jannay and Miss Laura Corsiglia. We are glad to welcome you both. Laura has been hitting it off fine and we expect great things from her. Hugh's record as a pool shark will no doubt be a great assistance to him in his work.

Miss Olive Dawson, new attache of the check department, is a former high school flapper queen, we understand. Miss Iva Berg, our own bobbed haired belle, is regarding Olive as a dangerous rival and has recently imported a pair of Dutch Galoshes (Wooden shoes) with which to charm her fickle admirers. Speaking of Iva reminds us that Freddy Nelson and Russell Westmeyer have organized a company to protect her from such dastardly deeds as throwing her down stairs, stepping on her tootsies, throwing snowballs down her neck, etc. (Spike Kroy take notice)

Not knowing her name, Wilbert Paper, our perambulating messenger, referred to Harriet Schmid the other day as "that French girl." First thing we know we will learn that Joe Welch is a Dutchman, or Archie Kavinsky an Indian.

Mr. Wickland, our dashing sales department chieftain, washed Clarissa's face one day with snow. We commend Mr. Wick for this thoughful deed, but regret that he did not choose cleaner snow.

The first morning we had a five-minute recess, Valley Smith, pumper, thought there was a fire when everybody came running out. "Ring the alarm," he cried cranking up a truck ready to make a get-away.

Bits of life—Spike Kroy—"Well, you see, I don't tell everything I know." Lil Kruse—"Oh, you're different from most men, aren't you?"

If there were any typewriters found in King Tut's tomb, the local Stanolind Record correspondents would like to make a bid for one. We wish to thank Mr. Famp for the poem concerning Glen Slater's tonsils, but regret that space does not permit us to print poetry in these columns.

Ed Day, climbing Number 8 tank, said "I'd feel a lot more comfortable if I had a little more ladder and a little less air underneath me."

Wilbert Paper recently acquired a second-hand Phaurd and now drives to work in state.

We would like to know who put the no smoking signs on West's flivver.

We have always supposed that Fred and Gladys Nelson were brother and sister, but recently we have been led to believe that they are man and wife. How about it?

Dutch Showalter is hereby given warning to lay off scrapping with Archie Kavinsky or serious trouble will ensue. You know the old saw, Dutch, "It takes the Irish to beat the Dutch."

Tri-city collector going down steps at noon saw Evelyn at the switchboard. "By golly," he said to another, "Florence looks different every time I see her."

L. J. Garrette, our agent at South English, is the proud father of a ten pounder.

Mr. Harrington, city salesman at Dubuque, Iowa, was called away Tuesday, January 30, 1923, on account of the death of his father.

Archie Kavinsky now claims the undisputed possession of the justly celebrated handpainted porcelain-ware. February 22, he put in a telephone call for the Des Moines office and after a short wait the operator came back with "Office closed on account of Washington Birthday." "-??'—X$&(," said Archie (meaning rough words as they are used in his native tongue).

Robbie, our talented warehouse office clerk, took one of our stenographers (last name begins with H) to the Grand one night. Accidently, he discovered that she lived in East Moline This worried Robbie considerably until the Yellow Cab Company solved the transportation problem.

CEDAR RAPIDS

Tom Hodges of the team of Harper and Hodges, S. S. attendants at 308, who are favorably known to transcontinental tourists, is leaving for St. Louis to be examined by army specialists. Tom received two doses of German Gas in the Argonne and has been receiving treatments since his discharge from the army.

Lewis Bell, our agent at North English, is not afraid of competition. When a new company recently opened a bulk plant and service station in his town he met them with a smile and an extra truck.

Shelby H. Foss, is the new agent at La Porte City, succeeding C. J. Stover, who goes on a farm March 1.

Arthur Siek is our new agent at Blairstown. He is making a special drive on new customers and is getting them.

J. J. Shonka is our new agent at Independence. He is making preparations for a busy year and is getting ready to put on extra equipment.

Leslie Fishwild has been transferred from the repair department to S. S. 319 as regular attendant.

R. A. Sayer, station examiner, has been transferred from Waterloo to Cedar Rapids. When last seen he was looking for a bungalow that would hold two.

The newlywed, Ben Hanson, is a frequent visitor at the Cedar Rapids office, but he never brings his wife with him.

KEOKUK

Charlie and Julia, Romeo and Juliet of Burlington, are holding some 5:30 sessons from the plant home. She even turned down a ride in a new coupe. Gee!

At the present writing Mrs. J. W. Lewis is very ill. We all hope she will recover.

Sunday, February 18, was a red letter day in Hank Radasch's life. He took Robert Marshall Radasch out for his first ride in his new Rolls-Royce. Bobby said it was some ride.

C. A. Juve, salesman, took the fatal step on February 12, and is now located in Mt. Pleasant. We all extend our heartiest congratulations.

If you want to stop James Storer real quick, just sing out, "Call for Mr. Storer." It don't make any difference where he is going or what he is doing, he will stop.

C. M. Vogler made his rounds at the service stations in Keokuk division this week, giving out his usual instruction talk for the improvement of the service.

You got to hand it to Nick Klepfer, tank wagon instructor, he sure can sling out the oil and gas. He worked for a few days with the driver in Keokuk. The first day when he looked at the daily quota for the city, he said, "600 or bust," and came in with 700.

Happy Miller took his initial trip to the skating rink on February 16. Hap is generally pretty good at cracking the hard ones, but according to observers he did not have much luck with the ice, although he tried several times. We have all been wondering who sent Happy that lovely big red heart for a valentine.

Wonders will never cease. Mr. Brunat set his incubator with fifty eggs. He says they are all double yolks and with reasonable luck he ought to get around a 100 chicks. Can you beat it?

DECATUR, ILL.

W. A. Brown, Correspondent

Roy Pensinger has been nursing a severe cold the past several days, but has just about recovered. He was heard to remark this morning, "Dawgunit, I have been keeping away from my girl ever since I have had this blamed cold, as I did not want to give it to her, but she went home Saturday with a bad one and has been sick ever since."

Would you ever have suspected that the smiling telephone girl, Miss Carrie Delaney, was in the old maid class? She certainly doesn't look it. Anyway, Miss Carrie has an Angora cat and is looking for a parrot that can cuss. Carrie says, with a cat to stay out nights and a parrot to cuss, she will never miss a husband.

Mr. Ping said to Mr. Delaney recently, "I am going to have you up before the Safety Court for making a left-hand turn with a wheel-barrow full of ashes without giving a signal.

Since moving to the country, we are almost tempted to think L. E. Barnhart is laying some sort of a trap at his home to catch stray cars. This morning Barney reported another car tangled up with his fence, this being the second one to muss up his front yard.

D. W. Rundell has recently taken the position of tax, legal and accident clerk in the Decatur office.

Art Faster, our genial order clerk, who never gets "riled," was dictating a letter to an over anxious agent who had written in about the non-delivery of

of an order, and was heard to close his letter with the following: "I sincerely trust the lady was not injured by sitting on pins while waiting for the delivery of this order."

Everyone in the office is wondering where Annamary got that new diamond ring she is wearing. Perhaps they might get some information from the "Duke."

F. C. Singleton of the department of safety at Chicago, was in the Decatur office February 15 and 16, to establish a Safety Court in this division.

M. C. Cline said the skating was fine on the Decatur Lake Sunday, February 15. A few others who were there also agree with him.

Dean Morris recently tried to navigate the mud hills of southern Illinois in his flivver on a collection trip. Anyone thinking of traveling that way might get Dean's opinion of "them durn hills."

W. W. Dawson has been transferred from position as agent at the Decatur station to that of general salesman. We wish you every success, Mr. Dawson, and hope you will force us to enlarge our warehouse and shipping facilities to take care of the increased business.

Doc Patterson says she is going to spend her next "week end" in the metropolis of Oconee.

We've decided the Decatur office is the most unselfish one we know of. That is, as far as colds are concerned, as our motto seems to be "pass it on."

Claire said he sent his best wishes to his girl for a St. Valentine greeting.

It now seems true that as soon as Anne's brother can find Roy a house, we will have chocolates and cigars. This isn't another "false alarm," either.

We don't know whether Don Black thinks he's a banker or just naturally patriotic. The words, "Washington's birthday," and nothing else appeared on his report for February 22.

James Allman, driver at Monticello, had all of his teeth pulled February 1. He said he wanted to look as much like a ground hog as he could so as to slip up on the farmers. Hope this improves your health, Jim, old boy.

M. N. Wall reports an increase in his family, being the birth of a splendid baby girl on January 7. She has been named Mary Marie.

On February 6, C. F. Rex, our agent at Mahomet, was taken to the Burnham Hospital at Champaign and immediately operated on for appendicitis. He is getting along nicely.

We notice that our new salesman, Frank Redmond, has shaved the "cooty garage" from his upper lip.

On Thursday, February 15, our new service station at Sullivan was opened for business. Harold English and William Gardner are in charge.

Charles Cheshier, driver at Pana, Ill., has been on the sick list lately with an attack of the flu, but we hope it's not for long.

On February 17, at Indianapolis, Salesman E. V. Kendall was married to Miss Lena Gill of Phillipsburg, Pa. After a short honeymoon in the Hoosier state they will reside at Taylorville, Ill. We hear the boys are awaiting his return for a house warming. Our heartiest congratulations and best wishes, E. V.

On Thursday, February 8, salesmen and agents of the western district, under District Superintendent E. L. Kachelhoffer, held a meeting in East St. Louis. The meeting was attended by T. B. Clifford, manager; J. H. Budde, assistant manager; W. F. Launtz, sales manager and C. V. Watson, special gasoline man. This was a very interesting and enthusiastic meeting and should be the means of increasing our sales on the full line for 1923.

J. C. Schadow and D. C. Bartlett of the gasoline crew have been putting on special work in mileage tests in both Alton and E. St. Louis that have been productive of good results.

Peter J. Keim has been appointed agent at Waterloo, succeeding L. Lenhardt.

A. C. Weis is the newly appointed agent at Millstadt, succeeding Harvey Veit, who has been promoted to the position of general salesman.

Harold Kolhbern is also a new man, having been employed as service station attendant at Edwardsville, succeeding Simon Kellerman, who was promoted to the position of general salesman.

Charles F. Adam, warehouse superintendent at E. St. Louis for the past thirteen years has been sick since December 27. Latest report is that Charlie is suffering from a severe nervous breakdown and will possibly be off duty some time, although we are hoping for his speedy recovery.

District superintendents get stuck in the mud too, once in a while. On January 11, E. L. Kachelhoffer sat two hours in a mud hole down by Millstadt. He had given up all hopes when a farm wagon appeared on the scene and the only way he could get the man to understand him was to show him money.

Members of the E. St. Louis sales force, office and warehouse, etc., held a "stag" at the home of G. A. Dietrich, tankwagon driver, on January 20. We understand they had a lively time playing pinochle (?) and that most of them arrived home in time for breakfast. Reports are that Joe Compton fell asleep saying, "deal 'em up, boy."

Melvin Davis has been employed as a service station attendant at Granite City. Melvin seems to be a live wire and we expect great results from this station.

J. W. Honomichl, chief clerk of the Decatur office, visited in E. St. Louis and Belleville this week.

We have two new tankwagon drivers in E. St. Louis, E. R. Reiss and H. J. Doebert.

The members of our Belleville force are having quite a siege of sickness. George Schaub and his family have been laid up and Driver Warren has also been off duty several days.

Philip Ross was here on company business this week. He brought with him a picture of the Red Crown bowling team of Belleville, who, we understand, are leading the league. We hope, Mr. Ross, that you will still be in first place when the season ends. (Where, where is that photo?—Ed.)

Our genial sales manager, W. F. Launtz, looks quite sanctimonious standing behind the pulpit. All he lacks is whiskers. We believe "Bill" missed his calling.

Louis Vander Pluym, our hustling agent at Breese, Ill., has a new Ford truck, which he has had equipped with a Mohawk transmission in addition to the regular Ford transmission. Agent Instructor H. J. Osborn says it is a bear-cat to pull, having about the same power that two ordinary Fords would have, but that it takes a Philadelphia lawyer to operate it. Osborn says he can't operate it because the darn thing goes backward or forward in the same gear by stepping on different pedals. If it has twice the power, let's get Mohawks on all Ford trucks.

Our good-looking agent at Sandoval, Emmett Wood, says there is no chance for him to stay out of the "Red" this year. He drives an International Speed Wagon.

Our agent at West Union, Ben Crocker, was

unavoidably absent from the salesmen and agents' meeting at Effingham on February 9. A 7-pound addition to the family arrived on that day. The young lady's name is Lois Regenia. Good luck, Ben.

Agent S. H. Seal and Drivers Martin and Kennedy, at our Robinson, Ill., station, took turns having the "flu" the first part of last month, but Mr. Seal and Mr. Kennedy got their wires crossed some way and both had it at the same time. One or the other had it out of turn. However, all have recovered at this writing and are now trying to turn "Red" figures "Black". At-a-boy, let's go!

Salesman J. B. Below has an eye for business. The quail and chicken season being over, he has traded a variety of things for a foxhound. You just can't keep Joe from hunting.

Salesman Mason at Mulberry Grove has found a new use for Finol. He is now soliciting the different bands in his territory on Finol. He says it's great for horns of different kinds, particularly slide and valve trombones. We always wondered why some small horns made so much noise, now we know.

Mrs. T. B. Riste and son, Tommy, who reside in Salem, Ill., are now spending every second week in Effingham, visiting Salesman T. B. Riste.

Our lubricating engineer, J. A. Deem, says that widows and old maids are detestable and almost despicable. We knew Jay didn't have much use for women, but we never suspected that he was so hard on two classes that are so numerous.

Ira Gelsinger, the hustling agent at Edgewood, has a new International Speed Wagon. Better look out for Ira this year, boys.

There is some talk of another bulk station being put in at Carlyle, Ill. We'd like to bet a few berries that if there is, Fightin' John Arnold makes the bird that operates it earn all the salt that goes in his bread.

Two of the largest specimens of the Decatur sales force were driving along a paved highway which was covered with sleet. Coming to a level stretch of pavement, the taller of the two gentlemen suggested that they try a tail spin. The car skidded, then spun around a time or two and headed straight for the ditch. The tall gentleman said, "Hold 'er, Newt." The other said, "Hold 'er, h——! she's got Red Crown in 'er."

DES MOINES, IA.

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Miss Anne Hamilton of the order department, who recently lost her sister by death.

E. G. Wright of the order department started out with a Ford. Then he got aristocratic ideas and got some other kind of a "drain on the pocket". Eventually, however, he came back to his "first love," a Ford. He owns one now.

The title of this piece might be "Somnambulism," but it isn't. However, we have in our force a person who can give most of us the inside dope on it. We refer you to our specialist, Ben Fuller, of the stock department and his escapade on the morning of St. Valentine's Day. The only excuse we can give is that Ben had his mind on a prospective Valentine for the Mrs. For further information as to why Ben was coming to the office without collar or tie (heavens), see Bennie.

Miss Nell Valentine of the record department is now back at her desk after a siege with the flu.

On the evening of February 16, Mr. Landess was "among those present" at an attempted robbery of his father's grocery. Through the presence of mind of Landess, Jr., who threw a chair at the bandits' heads, the robbery was frustrated and the robbers took flight.

Miss Rebecca Stuble has been placed in charge of the payroll department. Congratulations, Rebecca —we know the payroll will be out on time.

Elmer J. Noonan has joined the S. O. Co. force as a specialty salesman at Des Moines. We are glad to welcome you, Mr. Noonan.

W. H. Bradbury, our attendant at S. S. 10, Newton, evidently wanted wiping rags badly when he sent the following order: "Send them in bundles, or send them in bags, but for the love of Mike, send us some rags."

E. B. Jones, former salesman at Clarinda, has been appointed acting district superintendent. Good luck and big game to you, E. B.

Miss Moore, formerly with the Decker Packing Company, Mason City, Ia., is now in charge of the transaphone room.

The Standard Oil bowling team pulled down first money in the recent bowling tournament by having the best average of any East Side team.

H. E. Webb of the station examiners' department and W. P. Yates of the cashiers are fathers of "brand new" baby boys.

Famous saying in the equipment department: Ray Norton—"What; 5 o'clock already? How time does fly when one is busy."

When a fellow starts saving his money and looking for a house, it generally means that Lohengrin's March is going to get some more exercise. It looks like Art Peters is going to furnish the cause of it all. We asked Miss Brown what all the activity meant, but all we got was a smile.

On February 17, the Red Crown Social Club gave a farewell party for Mr. Ross, assistant chief clerk, who was promoted to chief clerk at Quincy, Ill. Mr. Ross takes with him the best wishes of the entire Des Moines force. The employees presented Mr. Ross with a watch "and all the trimmings that go with it," as Manager H. A. Monson expressed it. Among the many enjoyable features were "the Barrel-Rollers' Quartet", from the Des Moines warehouse; "Scrap Iron Quartette," from the Des Moines office; Wilbur Ahrold in a very pleasing piano solo; Miss Reinke and Mrs. Simon Butler in a rare selection; Jack Welch in one of his always popular and appreciated selections, and R. H. Ewald in a cornet solo.

Bernard Paul, specialty salesman, was married on February 13 to Miss Isabella Grime of Los Angeles, Cal. They were married in Des Moines. "Webster cigars" were passed.

Edwin Wiles, motor truck salesman, of Clarinda district, was married February 4 to Miss Lona Chambers of Glenwood, Ia. Standard Oilers wish them well.

Neil Van Hemert, tankwagon agent at Knoxville, Ia., starts out for the year 1923 with the statement that he will make a gain on Perfection Oil and gasoline every month during this year. He backs up this statement by showing a splendid gain for the month of January.

George C. Duvall, of Newton, Ia., has resigned his position with this company.

M. W. Linden, of Knoxville, has been transferred to the Newton field and taken up headquarters at Newton. We wish Mr. Linden success.

Vergil Hamilton, S. S. attendant at Winterset, has been transferred to the position of general salesman in the Winterset field. Mr. Hamilton won his spurs by demonstrating that he has the ability to sell the Standard Oil Company and its products.

MASON CITY DISTRICT

A. M. Marsh, acting district superintendent, while in Des Moines recently was drafted for the Chamber of Commerce Glee club. He was the hit of the evening with his fine singing.

CRESTON DISTRICT

J. R. Clark has been transferred from attendant at S. S. 15, Centerville, Iowa, to agent at Corydon, Iowa. John Willis has taken Mr. Clark's place as attendant.

Ed Gibson was recently checked in as agent at Afton, Iowa.

Albia, one of the new additions to the Creston district, has also experienced a change in agents, H. J. Wishart succeeding T. L. Yoke.

Ask Floyd Goodrige, agent at Murray, how he likes pumping tank cars by hand

While we regret very much to lose E. B. Jones from the Creston district, we are very glad to see him appointed as acting district superintendent of the Clarinda district and wish him every success in his new work. With Mr. Jones we lose Salesmen J. E. Fletcher, W. M. Potts, H. H. Bladow and J. G. McClymonds, who are transferred to Mr. Jones' staff of salesmen.

A. N. Pierson, agent at Creston, informed us one morning recently that he had been to a dance the night before and met a spry young Miss who got him out on the dance floor and taught him all the latest dances. Somewhere we learn that everyone experiences a second childhood—we are still wondering.

Some time ago an article appeared in the Record to the effect that J. J. Leu, Jr., district superintendent, had lost two license plates from the rear of his car within several months time. We can now report one better than this as Mr. Leu, or rather "Barney Oldfield" as Mr. Clark calls him, has lost the rear tire carrier, new tire, tail light and license plate from his new Ford coupe "somewhere" between Corydon and Creston.

We wish to thank the Creston district for their cooperation in sending us news items and pictures for the Record. Keep it up, Creston, we're for you. After this issue of the Record, any district not sending in at least one news item, will not be furnished with copies of the Record. GET BUSY.—Correspondent.

On the night of January 26, Creston district salesmen and their wives enjoyed a banquet held in the Rose room of the Iowana hotel, Creston, Iowa, to celebrate the winning of the Polarine Campaign of 1922. After the big "feed," G. B. Heatherington, toastmaster, called on Mr. Thomas, Mr. Sackett, Mr. Leu, Mr. Jones and Mr. Hamilton, who gave short talks. Mrs. O. E. Hoskins favored the gathering with a song, and the remainder of the evening was spent at cards and dancing. Standard Oil products were used as table decorations. Among the features of the evening was the song composed by Toastmaster Heatherington, which was sung by all.

Those present included R. H. Thomas, F. A. Sackett, T. G. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Leu, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fletcher, G. E. McConkay, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Heatherington, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Pierson, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Potts, H. H. Bladow, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Black, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Hoskins, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Harter, C. E. McCallum, J. Merryman, Miss Hazel Danielson and Miss Fern Sammons.

DETROIT, MICH.

Vance Woodcox, Correspondent

Construction at West Detroit plant is moving along very nicely. The new loading shed and garage are about completed and the tank farm is under construction.

Henry Gruno, tank wagon driver at Strathmoor, was called to his home at Harrison, Mich., on account of the serious illness of his mother who is now on the road to recovery.

William S. Smith, route foreman at West Detroit, announces the arrival of a 10-pound baby boy. There was a noticeable lack of cigars.

W. W. Taylor, congenial cashier at Strathmoor, is driving his new Ford roadster, and is just as happy as if it were a twin-six.

Leslie Sash, "B" Agent at Trenton, sold more Polarine than any other "B" station in the Detroit field last year, with the exception of Mt. Clemens. Since Leslie delivered this entire lot with his Ford truck we can hardly count Mt. Clemens in with their extra amount of equipment. Leo Sheeran, general salesman at this point, says that Mr. Sash is entitled to a great deal of credit for this feat.

The entire force at Strathmoor plant extend their sincere thanks and appreciation to the committee for the excellent time they had at our Get-Together dance.

G. Kinne, agent at Williamston, was unable to attend "B" station meeting at Jackson on account of sickness. However, we hear that George is now back on the job.

Many changes have been made in the personnel of the force at our Monroe plant. W. C. McElroy being made "A" station agent in place of Charles Schnur, who was transferred to lubricating sales; Ray Van Acken from service station department to clerk in the office; Carl B. Taylor (Peck) is holding down the city tank wagon job in nice shape along with the two rural drivers, Dan Fish and G. E. Gensler. Some new faces have been added to the family in the persons of Albert Wehner, stake truck driver, Walter J. Heis and Erving Miller as service station attendents.

Harry Dotter, T. W. driver at Strathmoor, has been awarded the title of the "Little Passion Flower" due to his popularity among the colored set in this section.

W. H. Lincoln, who has been clerk in the Jackson office for five years, has accepted the agency at our new "B" station at Concord, Mich. Success "Bill," go to it! Don't forget the full line.

The city pavements at Jackson have taken on some excess temperature due to the hustling of our new city specialty man, R. Brown, recently transferred from the S. S. Department. We expect our old friend Wagner to be given a fine race by Brownie.

W. A. Lenihan, clerk at Ann Arbor, left the employ of the company January 23 to accept a position with the John G. Guy Co., at Lexington, Ky. Our best wishes for success go with him.

Wedding bells are in order at Ann Arbor since George Appleton, S. S. 159, and Lester C. Fritts, truck driver, have both agreed to pay some fortunate young lady's board "until death do us part."

Ann Arbor claims the prize for the best attendance at our party on February 13. They should have spoken quicker and arrangements would have been made to award the "diamond ring" to them.

It seems our Clay Avenue plant was in quite an uproar a few days ago on account of two innocent looking posts which decorate the lawn in front of S. S. 32. William Gatlin, superintendent, on look-

ing out of the window on this particular morning was heard to say "Those Red Crown pillars sure look fine since they were painted up." Charlie Rahn, assistant superintendent, on hearing Mr. Gatlin's remark, agreed that the painting was an entire success. At this point Mr. Green, S. S. superintendent came in with the remark that Leo Anteau had certainly done well in painting up those posts. Leo immediately puffed up with pride and agreed that he certainly was on the job. All this would have been mighty fine if the attendant, Stanley Burns, had not dropped in and remarked how much better those posts looked since he had scrubbed them off with a little soap and water.

For the benefit of the masculine employees in this field we would suggest that they refer to Jerry Newton for the best place to get their morning shave. We understand that on Jerry's first trip to North Adams he wandered into a combination harnesss and barber shop and after making a sale of five gallons of Eureka he climbed into the barber chair and got his morning shave.

Tank Wagon Drivers Pagel and Sperry arranged a sleigh ride party to one of the latter's good looking customers in the country. Mr. Pagel got so excited that upon greeting the hostess, slipped on the ice and sprained his thumb quite badly.

The Standard Oil Company employees at Hillsdale tendered Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cade a farewell party upon their leaving Hillsdale. On arriving home from his new field of work on Saturday evening, Jan. 27, Tom was very much surprised to have practically every man associated with him in the work for the last fourteen months with their families and well filled baskets drop in for a 6 o'clock dinner. After spending the evening in games, they presented Mr. and Mrs. Cade with a beautiful mahogany clock as a remembrance. Tom quietly confided in the writer that while he enjoyed living so near Detroit again and covering part of his old territory he still has a warm spot in his heart for the organization at Hillsdale.

C. W. French, tank wagon driver at West Detroit, was in the hospital for an operation for appendicitis and when he requested that Mr. Schneider bring him some reading matter to break the monotony, Mr. Schneider very kindly furnished him with a copy of "Information for Employees" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Leave it to Al to be on the job.

Our rural driver at Ann Arbor, Mr. Sperry, has discovered a new way of doing with S. & N. C. tickets. On several occasions he has brought in a host of miscellaneous articles, even musk-rat and skunk furs in payment for S. O. goods. Rather looks as though Ann Arbor was going back to Indian days.

Jack Simcock, attendant at S. S. 185, Rochester, has often wondered why his name doesn't appear in the Stanolind Record, so here it is, Jack.

Mrs. L. E. Butrick, wife of L. E. Butrick, agent at Dimondale, underwent an operation at St. Lawrence hospital, Lansing, February 3. At the last report we understand that she is recovering. All the employees unite in extending our well wishes for her recovery.

Roy Harris, attendant at S. S. 185, has purchased a new hunting dog and his wife says his hunting will consist of finding a new home for either himself or the dog.

Agent G. W. McLean at Ann Arbor has organized a very successful school for drivers and service station attendants to devise talking points and arguments in order to sell prospective customers more Standard Oil goods.

John C. Rogers, Jr., has been absent from his duties as service station attendant in Ann Arbor. At this writing we expect that John is back at his post, greeting customers with his well known smile.

John Goodwin of Bellevue plant announces the arrival of an 8-pound boy, Robert Frederick.

Al Kurtz, superintendent at Bellevue, is back on the job after an illness of a week or more and all employees at this point are mighty glad to have him back.

Mr. Elliott, engineer at Bellevue, is very careful these days about sticking his head out of the door when riding on the new D. S. R. street cars. We understand he was nearly choked to death a few mornings ago when the conductor, not noticing Mr. Elliott, closed the door on his noble dome.

Lee Allyn, garage salesman in Detroit, was successful in meeting one of Volstead's enemies the other day, but does not care for another interview on account of the fact that this particular party managed to drag him about three blocks, leaving him a cripple for two weeks.

Floyd H. Fillingham, district superintendent, Detroit, came into the office the other day with his right hand all wrapped up in gauze. He complained how hard it was to reach into his pocket for money. One of the girls suggested that he put his money in the left-hand pocket. He said he never thought of that.

G. C. Smith, district superintendent, and Perry Masten, lubricating salesman, Detroit, resemble each other quite a bit. In fact Miss Erhard was mistaken the other day when she tried to collect from Mr. Masten the price of Mr. Smith's ticket for the party.

A. A. Bailey, civil engineer, came down all smiles the morning of Washington's birthday, announcing that he had a lovely baby girl—Shirley Jean. We know she is going to be the "candy kid," because her dad started her out that way, treating all the girls in the office to bonbons, in her honor.

Jerry Miller, head of the iron barrel department, sent one of the boys out Miller road, whereas he should have sent him to Miller avenue. As one is in the extreme west side and the other the east side, it caused quite an unnecessary trip and Mr. Miller, in a disgusted way, announced, "There are too doggone many Millers, anyhow."

The West Detroit office (warehouse) has been wondering why Tom Odea wore his overcoat all afternoon on a recent date. He has been unable to explain it satisfactorily.

Miss Brossard, tankwagon clerk at West Detroit, must have had a wonderful time at our party, since she just came back to work, March 1.

Anyone wishing to get any information on Safety First will please refer to our able orator, Mr. Carpenter, employed at the West Detroit plant.

A committee of seven employees, representing every branch in the Detroit field, was appointed in January to arrange a big party for all the employees in this territory.

The occasion was opened at 9 p. m., on February 13, with dancing for all present until 10 p. m. At 10 refreshments were served and at 11:30 the prize waltz was held. A grand prize drawing was held at midnight, and as announced, every ticket was numbered and the number drawn out of the hat which corresponded to the ticket would decide the winner. On the first drawing it was found that six different people held the number drawn. On account of this fact a second drawing was necessary and this time

Walter Pierson, who was holding the hat, won the "diamond" ring. A cry of "fake" went up and the drawing was held over again. Vint Green, our jovial service station superintendent was successful this time. This was satisfactory to everyone except Mr. Green, who found out that the ring was purchased from Woolworth & Co., at the enormous price of 10 cents. Almost 900 persons were in attendance. The committee announces that plans are being made for a second party on April 21, when we hope that every employee in this field will be able to be present. (Hey, listen! Pictures, Pictures?)

DULUTH, MINN.

S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

Dave Stenberg, S. S. 12, was laid up for a week with the grippe, but is back again serving out the familiar S. O. Co. brands.

R. R. Forward, Jr. is now attendant at S. S. 16. We sure wish you luck.

"Jene" Horgan, attendant at S. S. 30, probably has the highest snow banks to tackle of any in the city. It's Jene's particular delight to fill up the ten ton tractor that is being used by Duluth to plow the roads.

Our sympathy goes out to "Billy" Vexel, attendant at S. S. 17, who lost his brother, Kenneth, who was 29 years old and at one time was one of the popular football players of this region.

Howard Kiley, attendant at S. S. 17, tackle on the professional Kelley-Duluth football team, is taking signals from another now. On February 8, he was married to Miss Florence Burke, a popular Duluth girl.

"Handsome" Dan Dinneen, formerly attendant, at S. S. 5, is now city salesman and is doing very nicely in his new position. We sure wish you success, Danny.

Henry Yoki, who was attendant at S. S. 16, has been transferred to station 5.

Pat Gormely, who had charge of the crank case service, is now attendant at S. S. 1.

Another addition to the S. O. Co. family was announced by Paul Smith, who had an 8 pound daughter arrive at his home a short time ago. We have not heard how Mrs. Smith and the baby are but we surely hope they are coming along fine. Pass the cigars, Paul.

Erling Berg, attendant at S. S. 6, was laid up for a few days with an attack of grippe but is back with us again now, full o'pep.

Recently, to be exact, on February 13, J. W. Dorsey our active agent at Two Harbors left with his truck to make deliveries to Finland, Minn., a distance of thirty-seven miles along the Lake Superior road, which is very desolate, besides being very open to the wind. After a hard struggle, he arrived and started for home. He had gone only a very few miles on his return trip when he run directly into the blizzard and was forced to return to Finland. After thawing himself out a little and acknowledging to himself that he would be unable to get his truck out again from Finland until the roads had been cleared, he started walking to Two Harbors so as to get back to his work and serve his customers. He expected to make it in two days and at the time of this writing his wife informs us that he is still up to his original schedule and that he would be home again within the next twelve hours.

One of the local papers printed the following:

"To the Editor of the Herald: I wish to offer a word of praise in appreciation for the service which I have received at the gasoline stations during my frequent visits to Duluth. I have patronized several of your stations. I have received nothing but the most courteous treatment, and I think it proper that the public hear about such things. Thanking the attendants and the editor." (Signed) Visitor from Hibbing, Minn.

Bill Griffin claims this was meant for the Standard stations and we certainly agree with him.

There have been a number of changes in the field selling force and the following are new members of our great family of "go-getters:" Mr. Wiedman, O. L. Olson, Mr. Sherman and L. C. Dennett. We sure wish you the best of luck in cornering your full share of business.

Wow! Another service station superintendent, says to Bill Griffin, who was blessed with a ten pound boy on February 23. Some boy! The cigars were fine, Bill. Thanks.

Heinie Carlson and Andy Burlaga (some pair) are handling the cashier work while Pete's away.

Mel Cullen, former assistant cashier, is now working on the books. Good luck, Mel.

Our best wishes go out to Peter Johnson, our cashier, who recently underwent a serious operation at Rochester, Minnesota. We received a letter from him and he says it sure cheered him up to hear from Duluth and to have S. O. Co. salesmen, agents and district superintendents at Rochester visit him. We all wish you luck, Pete, and will be glad to have you back with us again.

"Bill" Qargelin has left the service and is now connected with the Minnesota National Bank at Duluth. Good luck, Bill.

We wonder why the credit department's stenographer is interested in "stock records." Ask George.

We wonder why "Fletch" is interested in iron barrel records. Better ask Myrtle; not that we blame him a-tall.

Stub, alias Shorty, alias Inch, alias Claude Johnstone, our live wire office boy, has left us and we are sorry to have him go. "Inch" states that he is going to work for the Minnesota Steel Company at Gary and, as soon as he is able, will start university study. Thataboy, "Stub."

M. J. O'Brien of Superior recently joined the ranks of the Polarine and Red Crown pushers at Duluth station, and he brings with him the reputation of a go-getter. Here's luck to you, Matt.

The Polarine pushers of the Duluth station assert they have the champion "smear" gang of the field. Games by radio or correspondence are requested. For further information see Al Johnson or Morris O'Brien.

Iver Anders, our genial tankwagon superintendent, recently returned from playing a series of games with the Duluth hockey team. Iver maintains that if it were 044 reports that were being shot past him instead of rubber pucks, his team would be at the top of the league.

Carl Holm of the garage force is spending six or eight weeks in the field, giving the motor equipment the once over. Do a good job, Carl, because Duluth is sure going to need that equipment in shape this summer when we intend to break all previous records. Watch our smoke.

Notice is hereby served on the camera fiends, that unless some pictures are forthcoming, the G. M. will be asked for authority to raid some albums, and we know where some good one's are—"nuf sed."

SUPERIOR

Wallace Larson, our husky warehouseman, has returned to work again after a forced vacation. Wally steers clear of falling T-55 pumps, for some particular reason or other.

On February 9 Superior encountered a regular Alaskan blizzard which blocked our roads and caused a tie-up of our trucks. Mr. Mountford ordered all to be on hand early next morning when a shovel brigade was formed and after much work the roads were again opened. Creade Rule, our giant office man, was given the biggest shovel of the lot but failed to produce satisfactory evidence of his work and so was sent to answer phone calls.

Herman Rese, dray driver, tried stopping a Soo Line passenger with the front end of his truck. He escaped without any injuries to himself and only slight damage to the truck. Herman emphatically swears that the next time he stops a train it will be by flagging it.

Art Nelson of the manufacturing department has been serving on the jury for the past week. He claims it is not hard work, but retains a gloomy look on his face. Cheer up, Art, probably the next case will produce more evidence.

Our sympathy goes out to Alfred Fiola, warehouse foreman, whose brother, Leo, of Proctor, Minn., recently died.

HIBBING

Robert Gandsey, attendant at S. S. 27, is back on the job again after being off for the last two weeks on account of freezing his hands at a sleigh party. He must have had a girl with very cold hands. How about it, Bob?

EVANSVILLE, IND.

W. J. McBrian, Correspondent

Employees of the Evansville division sincerely mourn the death on February 6 of A. J. Hartlein, head of the checking department. Practically all of the office force attended the funeral rites. Mr. Hartlein entered the service of the Standard Oil Company on February 15, 1918.

James Miller, general ledger man of the Evansville office, came near to getting a Carnegie medal the day of the fire in the office annex when he carried a woman from her sick bed to the home of E. J. Stikeman, close by. That was good work, Jim, even if the building didn't burn down after all.

Otto Brill was another near hero of the day. Grabbing a tablecloth from one of the restaurant tables in the near part of the building he was seen to be madly sprinkling the contents of a pyrene gun over the bricks of the building with the tablecloth flying behind him.

Our lubricating engineer, Ed Stikeman, happened to be in the office at the time the fire broke out and was in the midst of the work of rescue. In fact, he was so much in the thick of the smoke that he was sprinkled with chemical.

George Gymer, sub-station examiner, wants to know where to look for the carbon on spark plugs.

Harold Guthrie, chief clerk, has been having the windows opened twice daily since so many in the office have been out with sickness, thinking he might thus check the evident epidemic. Page Dr. Coue, boy.

The correspondent had the good fortune to be across the street one day during fresh air time and joined the calisthenic class conducted by "Bink" Lowe, head of the iron barrel department. If any athletic institution is in need of a good physical director they can apply to the correspondent, who will endeavor to persuade Lowe to assume the duties.

"Pete" Ramsey got lost in Mt. Vernon, Ill. He started walking out the wrong railroad track looking for the Standard Oil plant.

Eddie Walker says he didn't expect to get off for Lincoln's or Washington's birthday, but that he hoped to be off for St. Valentine's day.

The live Cairo, Ill., bunch had a real time the evening of February 30. Mrs. J. L. Benson entertained that evening at her home with a surprise party in commemoration of her husband's birthday anniversary. After this, persons giving free feeds will please invite the correspondent. His name heads the Evansville column.

When Mr. Moore, our Cairo agent, requested Salesman Benson to give the toast of the evening Mrs. Benson objected saying: "He did give one—once!" His intimate friends seem to be in on this joke. J. E. Phillips, one of those at the banquet, did however, tell a joke on Benson in lieu of the requested toast. While dining one evening at one of the Cairo cafes, the waiter, after delivering the order, asked Benson what he would like to drink. "Red Crown, please," was the response.

Earl Lynn of the Evansville stock department is now an ordained minister. Everyone in the office should bear this in mind and give Lynn all the work they can. Marriages and such things requiring the presence of a minister should now be easily arranged by any of the office force anticipating the needs of a clergyman.

Harold Berges, running towards the telephone which continues to ring: "All right, I'm coming. Can't you see?"

"What time does the next train leave?" George Gymer asked the station master at one of the small towns in southern Illinois. "Tomorrow afternoon," was the laconic answer. Further questioning developed the fact that there was at that moment a freight switching on the siding about a mile and a half down the track. Of course George made the walk rather than lose a whole day. Climbing into an empty box car, George sat down and settled himself comfortably for the journey. After a while George began to notice the unbroken silence. With sudden misgiving he ran to the door and looked out. He saw the freight about a mile down the track. With it was every car which had been on the siding with the exception of the one George had chosen.

Edward F. Eberhardt has been promoted to substation examiner. It is rumored that Eberhardt will use one of the better known brands of perfumes exclusively in an effort to live up to the job's tradition as set by Stadler and Gymer.

Frances Helfrich's hope chest must be very complete. We heard a story recently about her having to prepare the prizes for a party on a few hours' notice and the prizes were all hand-made articles of household linens.

Edward Alldredge has gone into the cashier department where he will handle the cash and journal sheets.

Dave Greathouse has been advanced to the stock department.

Jack Millen is making good on his new job in the check department.

Verla Grant didn't know she was sick the other day until Ed Stikeman took her to the doctor, from whom she learned that she had a fever of 103 and a bad case of measles.

Harry Lay, of Christopher, has been sick for a couple of weeks. We hope he will be back with us by the time this is published.

Walter Riepe has been promoted to the new job of sales manager.

FARGO, N. D.

Melville L. Rufer, Correspondent

Messrs. Carnine and Gotto, chief clerk and credit man, visited Chicago during the past month. Mr. Gotto reports that he had quite a time keeping Mr. Carnine from "going wrong."

The storms of the past month were the most severe of any experienced in the Northwest during the past twenty-five years. Old timers who usually refer back to some previous storm simply watched the recent one and made no comments. Train service and all traffic were at a standstill for several days.

Salesman Paul J. Tehelka of the Cavalier territory was a caller at Fargo office recently.

We had heard a lot about the new "Torredor" Spanish trousers, but had seen only a few pair. However, it was up to Gust Rheault of the bookkeeping department, to introduce them to our office.

With the aid of the recent article in the Record, Mr. Ranger recovered his bicycle.

Messrs. Packard, Beaton, Hathaway and Smith conducted agents' meetings at Mandan, Mowbridge, Minot, Devils Lake, Jamestown, Breckenridge, Crookston, Grand Forks and Fargo during the past month.

It is with regret that we report the death of Oliver Wongberg, who was in the employ of the company for two years. His genial disposition made him friends with all with whom he came in contact. This young man will be greatly missed at the office. We wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Wongberg.

While unloading a tank car of gasoline at Moorhead, Agent Johnson, in makinga final inspection of the 110,000 gallon tank, noticed a large snowball stuck to the tank. Thinking there might be something wrong, he took a stick and knocked the snow away, discovering a wooden plug driven into a $\frac{5}{16}$-inch hole. There were twenty-six feet of gasoline in the tank at the time. Mr. Ellis assisted Mr. Johnson in making the emergency repairs.

J. G. Gotto was going to dope up his sore hands with "new skin." By mistake he grabbed a bottle of corn cure. Needless to say, he now has a rather sore pair of mitts.

Harry Boyd, former bookkeeper, Fargo office, now of St. Paul, called at the office on his way to Oregon.

All who attended the Valentine party, February 9, reported a most enjoyable time.

Ed Will, agent at Stanley, N. D., was elected president of the North Dakota Lumbermen's Association at their annual convenyion, Fargo, February 21. While at Fargo, Mr. Will visited the Fargo office.

Our mail was considerably delayed by the blizzard February 13 and 14. On one of these days only three letters were received, these were local letters, as no trains were moving.

Clara Aldahl of the sales department and Loraine Tardiff of the stationery department are enjoying their vacations, the former at Fertile, Minn. Miss Tardiff is visiting her father in Wisconsin.

Wm. Bechtle, agent at Linton, recently received a painful injury to his knee. A sled in which he was riding tipped over. The accident prevented Mr. Bechtle from attending the annual agents' meeting.

Betty Jane is the name selected by Mr. and Mrs. Roy Kramer for their new daughter, born February 4. Martin A. Nygaard reports the arrival of a daughter, Anna Loraine.

Jeanette Fetting and Emma Reep are both back at their desks after their vacations.

Joe Grinager, former attendant at Service Station 14 Fergus Falls who has been on the sick list since in Decenber, is not much improved.

"Big Bill" McCart, agent at Detroit Minn., recently installed a Western electric radio receiving set. We know just where to lay our hands on Mac now.

O. T. Reiersgard, agent at Ulen, Minn., is the proud father of a baby boy. Congratulations, Ole.

We wonder why "Polarine Pete," William Peterson, agent at Hawley, Minn., spends his Sundays at Moorhead. Pete will help increase the Red Crown sales, now. He purchased a Ford coupe.

J. J. Mueller, agent at Mahnomen, reports the arrival of an eight pound baby girl, January 14.

Olaf Skaare, agent at Gary, Minn., was the first agent-salesman in Salesman Fevig's field to make his quota on Eureka Harness Oil. Mr. Skaare is still "going" and is going to set a mark for the rest of the agents to shoot at.

W. B. Sherman, salesman in Williston territory, reports that his agent, Thomas Wh.te, of Ray, was o interested in the new book "Information for Employees," that he carried it to church instead of his prayer book.

S. K. Severson, agent at Zahl, N. D., was a guest of Salesman Sherman at Williston last week.

The son and daughter of Agent Robert Graham of Watford City who have been on the sick list for several weeks, are reported much better.

Thomas Armstrong, construction foreman, Minot district, was snowbound on a train near Watford City, last week, for twenty-eight hours.

C. W. Twight, station examiner, was a Williston visitor during the past month.

CROOKSTON

Assistant Manager J. P. Beaton spent a day in Crookston recently.

The Standard Oil booth was one of the main attractions at the Red River Valley Winter shows, which were held in Crookston recently. Practically the full line of specialty goods were shown. H. H. Cook of the Fargo office was here and arranged the booth in a very attractive manner. At least 7,000 people saw the booth, and 2,000 or more were given information on some of our specialty goods.

We extend our sympathy to Mr. Le Blanc, warehouse foreman, whose father recently died from pneumonia.

City Truck Salesman Jacob Schriver recently underwent a slight operation. We are glad to note that he is again on the job feeling better than ever. Some of the boys say that he can now chew "Snuss" much more effectively than before.

While waiting for a train, H. H. Hathaway called at our service station. Mr. Hathaway was formerly district superintendent in this territory. The boys are always very glad to see him.

We have recently had some very severe storms, in fact, the trains were tied up for two days. However, the storms did not tie up our hustling agent at Fertile, Minn. On one of these stormy days when the trains could not run Mr. Dreblow drove into the country twelve miles to deliver 350 gallons of Red Crown and Perfection. Just another instance of a good agent's determination to sell goods under all conditions.

Mr. Nichols, agent at Argyle, Minn., believes in keeping his service station attractive. Even going so far as hiring attractive young ladies as attendants.

ABERDEEN

Harold Woods, S. S. attendant at No. 1 with Walter McGovern were sent out in the country to collect three bad checks amount $19.87, which were made in May and June, 1921. These men were instructed not to return until thay had collected this money. The party owing this account had but $8.07 in cash, but this was accepted and the following goods taken to balance the account: thirteen milk tickets at 10 cents apiece, one turkey gobbler at $7.50 and two young turkeys at $1.50 each. This made the collection of $19.87 and the charge was taken off. We think these two men the champion collectors in the entire field.

Miss Selma Ellingson, the good natured stenographer at the Aberdeen office, on February 10 stated that she wanted to get away and came back Monday with a very nice box of cigars, and introduced herself as Mrs. Smith. She has not brought Mr. Smith down to the office yet.

T. W. Ronan, "A" Station agent at Aberdeen, after fighting some heavy snow drifts after the big blizzard of February 13 had all the trucks out on the road by February 16. This is record breaking time and he is to be congratulated on same.

The agents' meeting that was to be held on February 13 at Aberdeen was postponed on account of the blizzard until March. when Mr. Dodsley and Mr. Bailey, were to be on hand.

WATERTOWN

Watertown now supports a new dray truck which is appreciated by the Watertown force very much.

We are very sorry to report that S. S. Salesman J. M. Wilbur was confined to his home for a week by a severe case of La Grippe. Assistant R. R. Rau filled the vacancy very nicely.

Truck Salesman Fred Johnson was called to Michigan recently to attend the funeral of a brother-in-law. We extend our sympathy to Mr. Johnson and his sister.

The Watertown district agents' meeting was held at the Lincoln Hotel, Watertown, February 15, but owing to a bad storm on February 13, many of the agents were unable to attend. The meeting was conducted by Assistant Manager C. L. Bailey, District Superintendent G. C. Perkins, H. H. Miller and J. C. Mahoney.

The agents attending the meeting were from the sales territories of V. H. Croft, J. R. Stephens and Jerry Daly.

C. M. Munson is the new and smiling truck salesman at Wallace, S. D. We look forward to some nice reports from Mr. Munson's field.

Truck Salesman Ginsbach has made some nice deliveries of Eureka Harness Oil recently through showing his customers how to erect an economical dipping tank.

Truck Salesman Zerfas has been assisting in the warehouse and his sales have, therefore, been handicapped, but all may rest assured that Mr. Zerfas is again on the territory and making up for the delay.

Through the steadily increased sales of Stanolind Furnace Oil, Truck Salesman Smith is being forced to call for assistance occasionally.

Salesman Cadwell continues with his nice sales of Polarine Grease and Polarine Oil.

Salesman Daly is fulfilling our anticipations by turning in some nice reports from his territory.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

Garnet Aikens, tank car order department, is looking for the person who broke four chips off of his desk glass.

Richard Appel, Indianapolis S. S. 7, is loose with a pair of "Rudolf" corduroys. All he needs now are the little pearl buttons and red cord to please Sarah immensely.

Form 142, daily stock reports, from Glenwood station were turned into sick bulletins by Agent Glen Thatcher: February 9, "Sore arm—vaccination;" February 12, "Guess I'm getting the flu;" February 14, "Got the flu;" February 17, "Gettin' better;" February 19, "Gone to work." Whew!

When E. H. Peters, S. S. 46, found the transformer burned out the other morning he got his flashlight and proceeded to turn electrician, but not for long, as someone in the neighborhood phoned the emergency squad, thinking E. H. was a burglar. He had to do about every stunt but guess the amount of gallons in the underground tanks before the cops were convinced he should not be taken down to interview Judge Wilmeth.

The only thing that keeps Ernest Kroencke from making a million on his newly erected three-car garage is that nobody has believed in his "for rent" sign.

The party who coaxed a bulldog away from the vicinity of Fairfield and College avenues is known. A prompt return of the pup will avoid complications. Carl Davis of the painting crew, please note—Adv.

Iron Barrel Paul—"Tommy, will you give me a quarter's worth of nickels and a nickel's worth of pennies?" Cashier Tomlinson—"Where's that change I gave you last week?"

Harvey Huntsinger, S. S. 312, in attending some bargain sales at one of the leading department stores, says he noticed the girls giving him a lot of queer looks and he had about decided that his face was dirty—then he discovered that the cause of the commotion was his S. S. cap which he forgot to leave at the station.

Frank Cahill, Terre Haute S. S. 313, is carrying his conversion to "Safety First" out of bounds by using the "pin that never sticks" in attaching reports to the Indianapolis office.

Duke Floyd—"Looka here, what do I do with these medicine-all barrels?"

We, the employees of the Indianapolis office, are much grieved over the delay in excavations in Egypt; for it is certain they will unearth the 20-foot length of 2-inch pipe Lew George has lost these many years. Lew's looked in every other place.

Who sent Al Shotwell, stationery "engineer," that valentine? Helen, of course!

A recollection of the various meetings held throughout the field for agents has Frank Woods up at 4 a. m. every day arranging his advertising display. He is awake far into the night polishing his speeches and funny (?) stories. Old "Trees" got to playing the almanac too strong on his "side splitters" and the presiding officer was compelled to pull a stop watch on Frank.

Libbie Lee Turner showed up the other morning with a sparkler on that finger. Good bye, Libbie.

Renzie Gant, who fell down hard as a mountain guide recently, is now in disfavor as a good eating house sleuth. If you follow R. M.'s tip, you will starve. The many victims of his lead during the meetings in his district have flooded the local Stanolind Record "office" with testimony of a convicting nature.

Robert Carlisle blew in the other morning from Grand Rapids to be our new lub. correspondent. He was being called Bob before noon, so he must be there—on getting acquainted.

Welcoming to our midst J. J. Miller from the South Bend field, who takes up duties as district superintendent.

Now about the meeting at Greensburg, the hotel was lighted by natural gas. Proper precautions were taken to impress on the boys from the "tall and uncut" to watch their step on the "turning out" instead of "blowing." Salesman C. B. Winegardner had an odd experience with his sample case, when someone claimed it.

As an added attraction at the Greensburg meeting, George Austermiller was present. It was hard sledding to get G. W. away from his Ohio River. It took only twenty-seven years of persuasion, that's all.

Why they picked on M. M. Moore and Billy Isom, salesmen from Abe Martin country, is easy to say. On the eve of a meeting at Columbus they were asked if they knew their tractor book by heart and if they did not they had better get busy, as the new manager (meaning Mr. Marshall) was strongest for the tractor book. The two boys sat up all night cramming "tractor book," and blew in to the meeting next morning looking like the "morning after." We don't know whether they are "hep" to the joke yet, but it is just as well for the perpetrators, Ashman, Craig et al.

Dave Kelsch, S. S. 305, is coming out with a new Davis car on Easter morning, if it doesn't rain, we are told.

Holmes Brooks is our latest addition to the office boy clan.

D. E. ("Red") Williams, traffic department, consigned himself to the floor the other afternoon when he fell out of his chair.

Springtime tra-la—when someone will not shut the windows as fast as opened on the second floor's "flu breeding grounds."

Crawfordsville meeting note: As a property man of the theatrical troupe, P. S. Craig was not a success, as he left the slides of the entire show on an interurban car.

Although galoshes have been in style for three years it was left for Mrs. Amos, nee Elizabeth Dashiel, to introduce them here at the office.

Forest Keelen and his checkerboard socks—nuf sed.

Ray Kean, checking department, lives two blocks from the office and drives his "baby Lincoln" to work. Worser'n that, he brings along a choice assortment of bed quilts to keep her nose warm.

Miss Pauline Kline has taken Miss Helen Cates' place in the front seat of Lew George's $290 F. O. B. factory.

Not everybody saw the joke when a Yuletide candle was lit in the Ediphone room one dark afternoon.

It is not known whether Fred Peine was trying to show up Janitor Bob Matthews by slinging an ambitious broom when the desk-moving spree was pulled off; but there has been dimes found during one of these moving stunts.

C. C. Hobbs, agent at Carmel, Ind., took the fatal leap with Miss Georgia Gally, way back in January, and tried to keep it out of the papers, didn't you, Sacks? Congratulations just the same.

John Stoner and E. J. Hicks were in charge of the booth at the Farmers' Exposition and were featured throughout the program, especially on closing night when a barn dance was put on. Not having seen them dance the light fantastic, you miss a lot.

Will trade, sell or maybe give away a good (?) Ford. See Herman Wise, S. S. 19.—Another adv.

C. G. Leppert, S. S. 19, and his son, Leo, are planning to flood our justly famous open market with products from their "farm" northwest of the city.

TERRE HAUTE

Terre Haute, after months of utter silence, comes to the front with some news, thanks to C. B. Cox, new peppery agent, at this point, beg your pardon, city.

Mose Moore and Bobby Lee had a hunch they could land a Semdac order at the State Normal School. They beat it quick, when the professor informed them that the girls objected on account of their long skirts picking up the polish.

It is to be hoped that at the agents' meeting for this district next year, more care will be used in picking a menu for the noon meals. Gastronomical errors were too numerous this trip.

Somebody sent our genial warehouse foreman, Charley Lane, a valentine that got under his skin. Charley hasn't gotten over the shock yet and is still peeved muchly.

At last our tall, handsome "Chick" Gardner has fallen for the "wiles" and has taken to himself a better half. Mr. and Mrs. Gardner honeymooned over to the great big city of Indianapolis and Chick is back at the pump handle of S. S. 23, handing out the same old story of what a big chump he was for not making the plunge long before this.

JOLIET, ILL.

C. H. Kniep (field) and
Miss Evelyn Reece (office), Correspondents

Is it true, Bob? Are we to hear wedding bells for you sooner or later?

From the looks of things the last time D. C. Farrow came into the office, Ruth had better keep an eye on said young man. There seems to be a great attraction in the equipment department.

Bughouse fables: Eleanor Rylander is satisfied with the world and all.

Roy Olson, whose hair cuts cause so much comment, wishes to advise that the next time he has his hair cut, he is going to ask the barber for his shorn locks in order to prove that it was really cut.

Miss Pat Morrisey is training to be a wrestler and uses Ed Cordon for a training partner. At the last salesman's meeting held at Joliet, Pat used the hammer-lock on Ed while walking down Cass street. The following day Ed complained of a sore arm and—draw your own conclusions.

The first floor needs a traffic cop when "Wally" DeGroat races around loose. He has too many collisions. How about it, Ann?

We noticed recently that Carl Kallman has taken up the jewelry fad. Did you all see the little green ring on his little finger recently? Where did it come from? Three guesses.

The dictaphone department seems to be quite popular lately as far as Dan Daley is concerned. He divides his attentions between two, so we suppose it's all right. Evan to writing notes.

Bob Anderson is spending the remainder of his vacation trying to learn to sing. Good idea, Robert.

Leighton Munson is contemplating starting a correspondence course in the art of playing pool. The latest students are Art Larson and Jack Hardebeck. Boys, do be careful!

We wish to extend our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Walt Schauland, who are the proud parents of a baby girl, born February 21. Phyllis Clara Schauland is her name.

C. A. Roberts received a telephone message one Friday advising him to hurry home. On arriving, he found his home on fire and J. D. Sheehy and Agent Boner playing firemen.

That same afternoon, Eva Corp looked out the window and saw a blaze coming through the roof of H. Hobart's house, just two doors north of the office. Office employees succeeded in checking the blaze until the fire department arrived.

We wonder who the girl is to whom Roy Olson proposed and received an immediate acceptance. Ask Dick Hundley all about it. We hope it wasn't Marie, Dick.

Frances Smith spent the week end in Chicago, taking in the sights with ——. We have been unable to obtain his name, but we understand it won't be long until we are minus a comptometer operator. Hurrah for you, Miss Smith.

Harry Fricke, formerly sub-station examiner, has recently been transferred to the Joliet office and is now connected with the construction department on the first floor.

Francis Davidson is a new addition to the stationery department. Welcome to our city, Red.

Miss Olander was getting the correct addresses of all of us, and when she asked Lester for his address, he gave it as 106 N. Broadway. Miss Olander in checking this up with the telephone directory, found a Miss Hubal living at that address. We think you were a little previous, Les.

The clerk at the Nelson Hotel, Rockford, wants to know if Mr. Heinen had received his alarm clock yet. It developed that on Mr. Heinen's first trip out in the field, he stayed over night at the Nelson Hotel. The next morning the hotel employees found an alarm clock in the room Mr. Heinen had occupied.

Ross Bealer, agent at Morrison, sold more Polarine than any station in the Western Division, "A" stations included, in January. What's the matter with Freeport, Sterling and Dixon?

Salesman R. E. Harrison is specializing on sales of Polarine Flushing Oil. During the past week his sales amounted to more than the entire division sales for 1922.

Our country drivers at Sterling challenged the Dixon drivers, claiming that they will sell more cartage during the next sixty days. Dixon accepted and the fight is on. The winners will be treated to a pleasant evening at the new Dixon Theatre at the expense of the losers.

Agent Putnam of Mt. Carroll is certainly selling Polarine these days. Ernest says he is going to take first place away from Ross Bealer, agent at Morrison, and present indications look favorable.

D. Campbell, who has charge of the smokestack trade at Joliet division, called on us at Freeport recently. Mr. Campbell always gives a lot of valuable information on this end of the business. Come again, Don.

The sixty days specialty campaign is on in full blast and the Northern and Western divisions are going to show the Eastern and Southern divisions how to sell the full line of specialties.

By the way, Amos Ball, assistant general manager of the central division, says Decatur is out to trim Joliet this year. He had no more than made the statement before Manager C. C. Lakin accepted the challenge including not only Decatur but Peoria, Chicago and every other division under Mr. Ball's supervision. Mr. Lakin and Assistant Manager C. M. Monson believe in taking on all comers.

Congratulations are in order for Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Parks, who are the proud parents of Ruth Elizabeth, born Saturday, February 17. Mr. Parks is our agent at Wenona, Ill.

Walter Miller has been checked in at Stockton as our new agent, relieving A. Cheesman, who has been on the sick list and is taking another position.

We wish to express our heartfelt sympathy to Roy Eberley, agent at Hinckly, whose little grandson, age 9 months and 7 days, passed away February 14.

Upon arriving at a certain garage in Dixon, D. C. F. was asked if his car was parked in the rear of the garage. D. C. F. replied, "Yes," thereby causing some little excitement, as he was arrested as a bootlegger. However, the car referred to wasn't his, so D. C. F. was released.

We have received instructions from somewhere to advise Axel Lindberg to watch his step in and around LaSalle, Ill., as a certain plain clothes cop is on his trail. Didn't he find out what you have in that box at the back of your Ford, Axel?

Our agent at Scales Mound, F. L. Holland, seems to be attracted to the basement of Vipond's store.

Roy Heine, Pearl City agent, appeared at the agents' meeting in Freeport with a new hat. Said hat was very attractive to the rest of the boys.

John Sager, agent at Lena, will be known in the future as 100 per cent Sager.

Edward Yordy, crack S. S. attendant at Kewanee and star bowler thereabouts, has every night out now. His wife and family are under quarantine.

Charlie Buckingham, agent at Wyanet, says "Day by day, in every way, I'm selling more Red Crown and the rest of the line."

Herman Walters, motor tankwagon driver at Joliet, has been transferred to Mazon, Ill., succeeding A. Watson as agent there.

J. B. Sontag, formerly agent at Rockford, has been transferred to Joliet and is working the Joliet territory as salesman. Glad to see you back, John.

L. W. Lundstrom is the Bunker Hill when it comes to getting into places where he isn't supposed to be. How about the recent State Highwaymen's meeting at Champaign, Ill.? Did you get what you went after, L. W.?

Did everyone see Miss Kane and Mr. Pearson of the checking department at the Orpheum a week ago Sunday night. They thought no one did.

L. C. Singleton, safety director of the Chicago office, was a caller at the Joliet office recently, and while here he installed a Safety Committee to help reduce accidents. Chuck Kniep rendered some advice featuring the fact that "your folks want you home tonight; the Company wants you on the job tomorrow, and the hospital staff doesn't want you at all, so be careful."

Joliet office can now boast of two of the best bowlers in the city. Ace Hanna leads the City League with an average of 187 for the season, while George Johnson, our popular cashier, heads the Shabbona League with an average of 186 for the season. We can't leave out Charlie Sallgren, with the famous jack-rabbit hook, who has an average of 181.

Marty Ryan, service station attendant, has a new hair restorer.

Bill Davies, the illustrious tenor of the stock department quartette, left to take up duties in another field. We regret very much to lose him.

W. S. Snyder, the new member of the stock department, comes to us highly recommended, being

a Sunday school secretary and treasurer. Freddie Schenk is no "angel."

ROCKFORD

The day after Mr. Kinkuski moved his family from Elgin to Rockford his little son started to school. At night "Kin" asked him what the teacher had to say about his 'rithmetic, to which his son replied, "She said she'd much rather you wouldn't help me any more."

Fox: "During the war, while at sea, I saw waves fifty feet high." Mr. Pietsch: "Go on, you're crazy. I was on the seas for five years back in '96 and I never saw them more than thity feet high." Fox (at a loss to back up his assertion): "Well, remember, Mr. Pietsch, things are higher now."

And Ruth answered, "Whither thou goest, I will go; thy people shall be my people." (If you don't believe it, just ask Dismore Farrow.)

Leonard Lundstrom was taught in school that the principal parts of the verb "hard" were "hard, harder, hardest." He's changed his mind lately and says they are, "hard, harder and 'Hardesty.'" Aha! Just what does that mean? Another good man gone wrong?

"Jess" Hogan to Harvey Knighton: "You may, as you say, work like a horse, but you must use a little horse sense in your work."

Speaking of praise, we heard "Art" Pickard say to the minister of the church of which he is a member: "Usually, when you go away we draw a poorer speaker than yourself, but not so last Sunday."

What the dickens did Roy Stockley mean the other day, at the Rockford office, by tearing up his shirt to stuff the cracks of the windows of Miss Switz's room? Was it really so cold?

G. B. Glenn to Charles Branning: "I hear Shorty Rees is going to sue the city." Branning: "What for?" Glenn: "Cause it built the sidewalk too close to his head."

Alec Morrison: "I know where I can swipe a good dog, Fred." Fred: "Whereabouts?" Alec: "Right across the nose." (They haven't spoken since.)

Kinkuski bet G. B. Glenn a dollar that he wouldn't sell a case of 6–1's of Semdac during one afternoon. We don't know who won, but we haven't seen "Kin" puff on a "Rovert Bacon" for ten days.

Will somebody please page Mr. Motherwell? Just because we let him borrow our overalls, he didn't have to take them to Joliet with him.

"Jay" Conklin wants to sell his late model 1913 Ford for $250. It's gotta nickel-plated radiator and goes at times. Don't crowd, fellas.

Dave Hutchinson, assistant agent at Rockford, bought a Ford coupe a week ago. After trying an entire afternoon to start the car, he whispered softly, "Oh, please won't you go just once?" Then the blame thing started. As a hypnotist, Dave is some pumpkins.

Thanks, Jimmie. You are a cracker-jack of a reporter.

We want to warn C. F. Kinkuski to watch out for Elgin as they intend to show Rockford where to get off at.

Quite a little excitement was aroused recently when the new agent, Mr. Bogardus, arrived at the office about 6:45 p. m. to do some work, wasn't there? We bet he stays away from said office after dark these days.

Tom Christenson, one of our tankwagon men, has been on the sick list recently.

FIELD NOTES

M. E. Potter, formerly agent at Forreston, has been promoted to agent-salesman at Dixon. Morris says he likes the boys at Dixon and expects to show a splendid increase in business for 1923.

Oscar Vietmeier succeeds Mr. Potter as agent at Forreston. Oscar has purchased a new Nash 1½-ton truck, which he will operate as a second truck at Forreston.

E. L. Noble, agent at Fulton, gave a good account of his trip to Whiting refinery at our agents' meeting held recently in Dixon.

Roy Adams, agent at Lanark, has been quarantined for the past three weeks on account of Mrs. Adams being a victim of smallpox.

John Kilday is hauling Perfection and Red Crown with a brand new Ford truck at Polo and Agent Pyfer has purchased a new International speed truck. With all this motor equipment and the good men at Polo station, it ought to come close to the 100 per cent mark.

Ray Heine, agent at Pearl City, now has two trucks in operation. The new truck is a Ford 1-ton.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

W. F. McGarry, Correspondent

The dance was a great success. A fine crowd was out and we have not heard of anyone who did not have a good time. Miss Margaret Harley, daughter of our congenial collector, Jack Harley, gave a very graceful dance, for which she drew down the applause of the house. Miss Sala, daughter of Bill Sala of the stock department, also gave the crowd a treat with an original dance, which also drew much applause. Bert Phelps of the mailing department tickled the ivories, and certainly was the berries. Mrs. H. J. Hinde entertained with some fine singing and Miss Mary Virginia Eimer sang her way into the hearts of the guests. The prize waltz, feature of the evening, was won by Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Jones. Some mighty fine waltzers were on the floor and the winners had competition, we'll say. Refreshments were served.

We are glad to see Miss Nadine Hill back after a vacation. Julius Dawson also has resumed duty after a week or so of vacationing. And R. W. Nelson, order department, came back full of stories about fried chicken, country ham and eggs and butter and milk. How about house cleaning, Nelson?

Mrs. L. O. Hughes, formerly Miss Dell, of the S. O. Co., was at the dance and appeared to be having a good time. We noticed Les hanging around the punch bowl. Was it spiked, Les?

A. W. Kammeyer, agent at Concordia, announced the arrival of a big baby boy on February 14. "Some valentine!" says Mr. Kammeyer.

Miss Purdue and Mrs. Bishop recently had a very exciting experience. They started downtown to enjoy supper and a show but, unfortunately, they went to supper first and had to send for Miss Cox to come to their rescue, as they ran out of money.

C. M. Brooks, agent at Soldier, Kan., is back on the job after a short illness.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Hurst is out of the hospital. Mr. Hurst is S. S. attendand at Westport and Broadway.

We hear that Mr. Turner's wife is back. Did you have any hot biscuits while you were batching it, Mr. Turner?

M. English, S. S. attendant, was operated on for appendicitis recently. We hope he is getting along O. K.

Gale Carter was sick a few days, but you can't keep a good man down, and he is back on the job. Linwood and Indiana is where Gale puts out the

Red Crown, Polarine, specialty line, and a line of his own.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Ferris is back with the great S. O. Co. after being back to New York for an extended visit. Old K. C. looks pretty good after all, aye, Mr. Ferris? We will be down to see you one of these days if you just let us know where you're going to work.

Here's one on Bob Sproul: Bob was combing his hair one night when he thought he heard mice in the attic. As this was something new for Bob he rapped on the ceiling with the brush or comb but the "mice" kept on squealing. However, with the smell of smoke, Bob investigated a little and found the whole roof was on fire.

Our old friend, former Traffic Manager George Walker, was in to visit us about five minutes recently. It certainly seems good to see an old friend like George around.

Mr. Brown of Linwood and Montgall S. S. was in the country on a vacation trip we hear.

Salesmen R. M. Smith and A. H. Ogan have had a siege of the "flu". They are now back on the job filling up 029's and 030's.

Favorite sayings: "I may work hard, but I don't brag about it."—Henry Parry. "Cut him down."—Bill Merrick. "Standard Oil Company." —Miss Kemp.

Beenie Martin is looking very dreamy these days. He is in love—again. Carl Chatten also is "there".

Ed Monroe is on his vacation. Hurry back, we need you, Ed.

Ole Olson has built himself a house. When is the house warming, Ole?

We wonder what the judges of the expert dancers would have done without the valuable assistance of Joe Wilhelm? At that, we still have our doubts for Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Jones sure took home the bacon. (From the Martha Washington Shop.)

D. F. Pittman, legal tax and accident clerk, has gone in for poetry in connection with his safety first work.

We had a very fine exhibit on our full line at the Ottawa Pageant of Progress, with Salesman Cargile in charge.

W. H. Taylor, agent at Gridley, had his name appear with that of R. K. Sutton, pastor, in the Gridley Light not long ago. This looks good.

The Pittsburg plant has been undergoing extensive repairs during the last two months, under the direction of O. R. Athon, construction foreman. This plant is one of the bright spots of the town, and a plant of which Pittsburg is justly proud.

Rufus Hempel, service station attendant, is the proud father of a daughter, born January 27. Congratulations, Rufus. Those cigars were mighty fine.

On January 20, Miss Lydia J. Boyard, district superintendent's stenographer at Pittsburg, became an aunt. Her nephew was born at Bear Creek, Wyo., and weighed 7½ pounds.

Salesman E. E. Boston announces the arrival of a new baby girl. Mother and daughter both doing fine. This makes two boys and two girls for this proud father. Congratulations. Cigars, aye what?

Peggy Crawford has been operating at the switchboard in the absence of Miss Anna Wilhelm, who is sick. It's a treat to see the smiling Peggy with the head sets on. We hope Anna gets rid of that bad cold, though.

We understand that Howard Houston accidentally picked up Stockholm, Sweden, the other night with his crystal set. When the announcer said it was station O. L. E., Howard was sure Ole Olson was broadcasting.

L. B. Wheadon, new stenographer for John Hefty, District No. 2, seems to be getting acquainted alright. Ask Bill.

Colonel Shuck was confined to his home for about ten days. Upon his return to the office, he told the boys he was undecided whether he had the "flu" or the "fishing fever." Attention T. V. Warren, assistant manager at Davenport; A. J. Brooks, St. Louis, and George Coldsnow, St. Joseph.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Miss Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

A general meeting of salesmen and district superintendents was held in La Crosse on January 30 and 31.

Art McMann made a business trip to Winona and Red Wing, Minn. Joe Simon of Winona had Art pictured as a big, fat, old man, and was much surprised to see the "Apollo" of the La Crosse office.

We are very glad to advice that Clara Bettin is improving, after having an operation for goiter.

Rumors are that Earl Ginsky is married. How true is it, Earl?

Oliver Anderson succeeded Mr. Esse as agent at Austin, Minn.

The way messages streamed into the office on February 14 it would seem that St. Valentine was just waiting for that day to come to express his sentiments. The record department won first prize, for each one was "thoughtfully" remembered. On display were a cabbage, a beet, a prune, a crab and a dumb-bell.

We are very glad to see Omar Johnson again at his desk, after having been confined to his home on account of rheumatism.

Frances Beranek received a valentine from Winona, but the signature was not legible. Explanations are in order, Frances.

Have you noticed the golden tint in the hair of one of the fair ladies of the billing department?

Soap, water and Semdac were very much in evidence on a certain day in February—Ask no questions.

Ellen Wood has been literally "talkin' all the time" since her visit to the Whiting refineries. It seems there is nothing she missed from the blacksmith shop to the candle shops. Miss Wood also visited the Home office at Chicago, calling on Miss Burns, who worked at the La Crosse office about four years ago. Mr. Lambert and Mr. Lannin, former managers here, sent a greeting to all in the La Crosse field. We think Ellen had a lot of nerve making the trip all alone. She also reports a visit to Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

The office force are enjoying an additional fifteen minutes at noon, this means fifteen minutes more of eats.

Edna Greenwaldt was called to serve as a dignified juror during the February term of circuit court. She says its all very interesting, even going to dinner with the bailiffs.

H. F. Krueger succeeded Mr. Richman as agent at Wisconsin Rapids.

Can you imagine:
Leona Johanson in a hurry?
Helen Fergerson's hair mussed up?
Eve Evenson not in a hurry?
Alice Ortwein with nothing to do?
Walter Selbo when he has nothing to argue about?
Lottie Klandrur not selling blouses?
Mayme Leiser not talking or humming?

A. D. Kirk has been promoted to acting district

Superintendent, W. F. House succeeding Mr. Kirk as La Crosse city salesman.

Agents' and salesmen's meetings were held last week at Eau Claire, Marshfield and Wisconsin Rapids. Mr. Bruce, Mr. Monegan, Mr. Nichols and Mr. Remp from the La Crosse office, attended each meeting.

We wondered why the smiles were so visible, and we found out it was because the salesmen have new coupes. Mr. Friess says its a pleasure to drive now.

William Schwalbe has been promoted to refined oil and gasoline correspondent.

J. Serres, W. A. Abramson, W. Tinker, F. W. Towne and W. W. Richman, former agent at Wisconsin Rapids, have been added to our list of Salesmen.

Lottie Klandrur, cartage clerk, has informed us that she will start in business right down town about the middle of March. We are sorry to lose such an honest and diligent worker, which she has proven herself to be during the past four and a half years of service.

We heard an awful crash, saw bricks flying everwhere! Was it an earthquake? No, just Ewald Fry trying to back the truck out of the garage.

J. W. Wood, agent at Adams, Minn., was a business caller at the La Crosse office this week.

Mr. Van Sickle from Winona, was called to the La Crosse office yesterday to attend a meeting held by the Safety Committee.

WINONA, MINN.

Al Scheidegger, our Fountain City agent, invited us all from Winona up there for a big supper and good time. Well, we had both, we ate a dozen chickens, with many other dainties, which were excellently prepared by Mrs. Scheidegger. The evening was most enjoyably spent in playing cards and was brought to a dramatic close by Earl Berger, singing "Home Sweet Home."

We recently took part in the big parade during the Winter Carnival here at Winona, and made an excellent showing. Mr. Van Sickle was marshall of the day. He drove his old "horses" and tank-wagon, representing Standard Oil Company ten years ago. Following him was our city truck salesman, Earl Berger, who drove his big truck, representing Standard Oil Company today. The rest of us followed him all dressed in clean unionalls. (Pictures? Where, Where?)

We wish to welcome Hugh McNalley to our ranks here at Winona. Mr. McNalley has been helping us out occasionally as extra hand, but owing to increased business it was found necessary to put him on regularly as he has shown himself to possess the qualifications.

At twelve o' clock New Year's morning the phone rang for Mr. Farley. "Is this 1923?" said a voice. "No wrong number," said Mr. Farley. "Look at the calender," came back the answer. Try it on someone else next year, Dan.

There appears to be a little competition between D. V. Guentz and Harry Gleason, attendants at S. S. 19 and 7. Recently Mr. Guentz was complimented by our manager as having the best looking window in the field. Now the fire chief inspector has complimented Harry for having the cleanest basement in Winona. Keep it up, boys.

ROCHESTER, MINN.

O. Esse, agent at Austin, Minn., has been promoted to salesman in the western district. O. Anderson, former tank truck salesman, has been promoted to agent, succeeding Mr. Esse, with Joe Lamping, service station attendant succeeding Mr. Anderson. F. D. McKenzie has been put in charge of the service station.

F. L. Kuhns, agent at Red Wing, Minn., has been promoted to agent instructor in the western district. J. G. Van Duesen, former tank truck driver, has succeeded Mr. Kuhns as agent at Red Wing.

Herman P. Free has been installed as agent at Wabasha, Minn.

Salesmen and agents' meetings were held at Red Wing, Austin and Rochester on February 13, 14 and 15. Messrs H. E. Bruce, J. E. Monegan, A. B. Nichols and E. R. Remp were the speakers from the La Crosse office.

F. C. Singleton, safety director from our Chicago office, spent two days here during which time he assisted in organizing a safety court. A committee consisting of the following was appointed: Chairman, A. T. McMann of the equipment department; Vice-Chairman, Charles Bruckert, warehouseman; Secretary, E. H. Evenson; Assistant Secretary, Miss M. Thrune, both of the tax, legal and accident department; A. L. Barton, agent; Albert Schild, motor tank driver; Joe Dahl, superintendent of motor equipment; William Fisher, service station attendant; George Rennebohm, construction superintendent and F. Klich, mechanic. Mr. Singleton outlined in detail, the purpose and duties of the Safety Court. Two accident cases were heard and disposed of at the first meeting.

MANKATO, MINN.

W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

Hurrah! C. W. Miller shot a rabbit. His wife says that if C. W. had waited any longer before shooting, that rabbit would not have been fit to eat.

"Them are the days!" Frank Brown, traffic department, Mankato office, keeps a copy of the above picture constantly before him during the cold weather. Only a couple of weeks more and then we'll be oiling up the reel and going after the big 'uns. That's real contentment when you can produce a smile like Brown is displaying.

S. O. Co. service was once more demonstrated when Adolph Mathews, attendant at Blue Earth S. S. 302, discovered an unfamiliar envelope on his station floor. Upon investigating the contents he found the envelope to contain $2,790.50 in drafts and certificates of deposits. Adolph placed the securities in the Farmer's National Bank for safe keeping. The owner proved to be Herman Locker of Armstrong, Iowa, who missed the envelope and returned to Blue Earth in his search. It goes without saying that Mr. Locker was overjoyed when Adolph returned his valuables. Incidently S. O. service receives another big boost in that vicinity.

C. H. Sorteberg joined the S. O. Co. family on February 1 and has already assumed his duties as salesman in the Pipestone field. Mankato Division employees unite in welcoming Mr. Sorteberg.

Might as well send that gasoline banner to Mankato now as there is no doubt that it will locate in this division permanently.

Allie West, attendant at St. James S. S. 13 left the S. S. department on February 1 to enter the employ of Theodore Call, agent at St. James, as truck salesman. Mr. West made a great success during the past few years, and will, no doubt, continue to hustle the business when he gets out on his truck.

V. E. Holte of St. James takes Mr. West's place as attendant at S. S. 13, and we bespeak for Mr. Holte a most brilliant success.

The management entertained the Mankato

warehouse force and ladies at a chicken dinner at the Garden City Inn on Saturday evening, February 3. The boys registered a fine gain for the month of January and it was in honor of their splendid work that the dinner was tendered by Mr. Chesbrough. Automobiles conveyed the party to Garden City at 5:30 p. m., dinner being served at 6:15. Those in the party were Mr. and Mrs. Chesbrough, Mr. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Reedstrom, Mr. and Mrs. Krahnke, Mr. and Mrs. Stahl, Mr. Weingartz, Mr. and Mrs. Weber, Mr. Fahrenkamp, Mr. and Mrs. Bieberle, Mr. Lunkenheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, and Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Palmer. Host Sheppard of the Inn fairly made the tables groan with chicken dinner and all that goes with it. Every one did justice to the feast after which Mr. Palmer, salesman, acted as master of ceremonies introdiucng Aaron Bates, Mankato warehouse foreman, who told the assembly how the Mankato organization "put it across." A resolution was passed which decreed that the Albert Lea and Faribault organizations should be challenged to mortal combat on the field of honor, weapons to be percentage of gain on refined oil and gasoline. Mr. Palmer then went on record as saying that if the boys helped him put across his refined oil and gasoline quotas for the year 1923, he would duplicate the dinner just consumed. The secretary entered Mr. Palmer on the debit side of the ledger for one dinner on January 1, 1924. After every one had a chance to talk, the tables were cleared away and dancing was enjoyed until a late hour when the return trip was made.

Ed Frahm, who was lately installed attendant at Pipestone S. S. 11, is one of the best basketball players in southwestern Minnesota. He has been playing with the Pipestone City team which has made an enviable record so far this season.

George Kelly is called for Blue Earth County petty jury service beginning February 13. This is George's first jury service and he doesn't know anything about it but he insists that he would rather work. Tell it to the judge, George.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Krogstad announced the marriage of their daughter, Ida Louise, to Harry B. McCarl on Monday, February 12. Bud McCarl, who is general clerk in the Mankato office, pulled a complete surprise on his co-workers, nevertheless we forgive him and wish Mr. and Mrs. McCarl many, many happy years of domestic happiness.

At the Albert Lea meeting, District Superintendent Struthers mentioned the Waldorf station as a model bulk plant and exhibited photographs to prove his assertion. Peter Deneffe, agent at Waldorf, accepted this praise with becoming modesty.

George Mickus, agent at New Prague, must have been inspired by his namesake, Mr. Washington, when he admitted at the agent's meeting that a customer had asked for the ten gallons of Neolite which Mickus had sold.

The speediest S. S. attendant in the division is the distinction claimed by Clifford Smith of Springfield. Clif comes out of that door like a gust of wind and waits on his trade like the pleasant south land zephyrs.

Henry Kritzer, Waseca service station, challenges other attendants to a contest on "full line" sales. Hank is a real goer on the full line with a past record on sales that is hard to beat.

Fred Bamford states that the splendid increase in gallonage at his Marshall service station, is through the service he has been giving on air. Fred says that the time spent in assisitng the customers to fill their tires with air has come back to him in additional gallons many times over.

On February 7, a number of gentlemen employees of the company in Mankato organized a public speaking and debating society which will meet twice each month in the offices. W. P. Scherer was chosen as temporary chairman and appointed E. S. Hagerty as secretary. It was voted to assign each member a subject for discussion and that the club work would be devoted mainly to discussion of the petroleum industry. The club is composed of the following charter members: E. L. Osten, E. S. Hagerty, J. F. Krier, Oliver Olson, A. M. Holte, F. C. Brown, G. M. Bergman, Ray Fell, Oren Davis, C. J. Jensen, Everett Gottschalk, Paul Kern, A. W. Otto, W. P. Scherer, R. E. Neubel, G. A. White, L. J. Wilcox and H. J. Palmer. E. L. Osten, G. M. Bergman and C. J. Jensen were appointed a committee to assign subjects and arrange the programs. The first meeting was held at the offices on Monday evening, February 26, at 6:00 p. m., each member carrying his dinner so as to be on hand at the time stated. It is planned to limit the duration of each meeting to two hours. (How about a picture of the club?—Editor.)

FARIBAULT

Why is it that A. L. Struthers is seen driving up and down the Main street of Faribault and only on the Main street? Nelson, agent at Faribault, says A. L. has his nose in the air since the arrival of the new daughter. And then Struthers got a new Ford coupe which puts him in a class by himself. Al says Nelson is jealous.

Walt Dilley, Faribault warehouse man, was laid up for five days with the grippe. He's back on the job with all kinds of pep.

The new customer "cottontail" campaign aroused a quantity of pent up enthusiasm in the Faribault organization. Truck salesmen Clute, Fox, Schilling and Thompson were kicking up the dust for miles around trying to settle the supremacy, but at last reports no one was satisfied and the fight still rages. We hear rumors that new hats were purchased, dinners consumed and even new overcoats lost because of various S. O. Co. men's faith in the ability of others to bag new customers. Schilling won the laurel leaf wreath by securing the greatest number of new customers in the Faribault field for the month of January.

ALBERT LEA

The Mankato delegation to the Albert Lea meeting was delighted with the meeting place provided by F. M. Luff, salesman-agent. The arrangements were ideal for an agent's meeting.

A. H. Dennis, truck salesman, who was laid up for some time with pneumonia, is again able to be out although somewhat weak. Dennis says he'll be on hand to help lick the Mankato organization on percentage of gain on gasoline.

The title of "champion coupon book seller" of the city is claimed by F. M. Elliott, who defies anyone to dispute his claim in open contest.

C. A. Wallin, F. M. Elliott, J. J. Sutton and C. W. Gustavson of the Albert Lea outfit attended the agents' meeting at Mankato and helped inject pep into the proceedings.

While attending the meeting at Mankato, C. A. Wallin, Albert Lea truck salesman, was presented with a ten-year button. Mr. Wallin was completely surprised, but arose to the occasion, making a nice talk in accepting the token of service.

Robert Heilman, truck salesman, has, at this writing, disposed of fifteen five-gallon cans of Eureka Harness Oil on his route. Heilman states that the possibilities are by no means exhausted and that he will reach the twenty-five mark before the close of the campaign.

W. S. Jones, former agent at Albert Lea, but now on the annuity roll, attended the Albert Lea meeting. "W. S." has a thirty-year service record and says that he is a better S. O. Co. man today than ever before.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Miss Marie J. Zacha, Correspondent

The majority of the agents and salesmen in the southeastern district recently attended meetings in Milwaukee.

District Superintendent W. J. Duncan, capitalized a thought he received while listening to a sermon on Satan, who in an effort to favorably dispose of our Lord, led him up to the top of a very high mountain, etc. To further inspire and get his message across to his men, Duncan led them to the top of a sky-scraper, but unfortunately could not go higher than the fourteenth floor as the roof of the cupola slanted at a dangerous angle.

Agents' and salesmen's meetings were held at Madison, Fond du Lac and Green Bay. They were well attended. Talks were given by T. H. Lang, Assistant Managers Bemis and Prather, District Superintendents Duncan, Lee, Miller and Shaver and D. J. Sheehan and H. A. Hansen, Milwaukee office.

We see the girls of the filing department consuming dill pickles almost every afternoon. Careful, girls, pickles are said to make one amorous.

Paul Herr, our chubby little salesman, confided that the one feature of being on the road is the fact that he is segregated from his many acquaintances and can "dunk" doughnuts unrestrained and unconvicted. 'Smatter Paul, rubber teeth?

C. W. Norris doesn't mind his toast a little brown around the edges, but when it's black all through, he says it isn't "QUALITY" toast.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death, February 11, of Lawrence (Larry) Wunderlich, service station attendant at 3rd and Burleigh Streets, Milwaukee, after a long illness.

We offer congratulations to Laurie DuMez, whose lily white hand is now adorned with a handsome diamond.

J. M. Ambrosius, agent at DePere, was late in arriving at the Green Bay meeting, stating in explanation he first had to make a thousand-gallon fill. His excuse was cheerfully accepted. Hope you will make many nore such fills.

We feel that we would be guilty of a grave sin of omission if we failed to make mention of the excellent arrangements Mr. Prather had made for the trip. The minutest details had been thought of. Even cigars were procurable, provided you went after them with a lead pipe in your hand.

On Friday, February 23, all of the office employes were called together to bid farewell to our chief clerk, L. D. Hyde, who was transferred to the Chicago division as chief clerk. The farewell speech was delivered by R. I. Prather, presenting Mr. Hyde with a diamond stickpin as a token of remembrance. Good luck and success for him is the wish of the Milwaukee division.

We welcome into our midst M. F. Worley, new chief clerk, and take this occasion to assure him of our loyal cooperation in all his undertakings.

Assistant Manager Bemis, very able in many respects, challenged everyone to a mince pie eating contest. And glory be! He won! But he soon became "sea-sick," displaying all the well known symptoms. We are reliably assured some decades will pass before Mr. Bemis will tackle mince pie again.

We are pleased to welcome back Carl Anderson, who spent the past three months in the officers' training camp at Fort Benning, Georgia. All mail addressed to him since his return bears the grade First Lieutenant. No doubt, true to tradition, said First Lieutenant can give orders fluently, but we're willing to gamble that he still takes orders from his better half. How about it, Carl?

Irene Peppey's new wrist watch went on a strike and stopped. This damp night air in Wauwatosa isn't very good for delicate things, Irene.

Bill Norton, better known as the cookie buster of the cartage department, is breaking out on his upper lip, a football mustache being in progress. We would suggest discontinuing cigarettes, Bill, for fear of stunting the growth.

Fannie Dundas is hiding behind a new pair of goggles. Aw, come out, Fannie, we know who it is.

We understand Salesman A. N. Bemis is going on a bread and water diet to cultivate a waistline. How about it, Art?

Do you smoke? If so, be sure to extinguish the fire in your pipe before placing same in your pocket. For further information, see O. C. Williams.

Wm. Miesler, agent at Luxemburg, P. M. Victora, agent at Muscoda, Frank Weirman, agent at Waldo, E. H. Maas, agent at Plymouth, J. C. Overbaugh, Jr., Hartland, and others visited the office during the past month. Glad to see you, boys, come again!

Salesman Frank Lang lost his equilibrium when he came in violent contact with the sidewalk and broke his wrist. Hope we soon may again shake hands with you in the regular way, Frank.

With regret we announce that F. W. Kaphens, attendant at the Lake Geneva service station recently lost his eleven-year-old boy.

The Boston Lunch holds the copyright on a new song dedicated to Jim Peterson, entitled "Our Silverware Is Not Like Medicine and Shouldn't Be Taken After Meals." Our capable little checker recently returned to the office after dinner and discovered a knife and fork in his upper vest pocket. Two more pieces for your hope box, Jimmy.

Agent C. B. Poynter, Madison, is deeply enamored with the cold weather. In fact he likes it so well he has declared his intention to go to Alaska when Spring comes.

And they say Joe O'Meara has weak lungs.

Quoth Frank Smith, new agent at Deerfield, after his first trip to his territory: "Why spend money to go to Europe to see the mountain scenery, when I am being paid for traveling over the same right here?"

R. L. McCarthy, driver of Waukesha truck 10439, is back on the job after a severe illness.

Gilbert Scherer, Waukesha, usually called "Fat," has joined the Night Hawk Radio Squad and frequently entertains his friends by wireless. Day by day, in every way, he is becoming more efficient in radio work.

W. F. Kosta, mechanic at the Walker street garage, is seriously considering taking up law. He served on a jury of a time and now that he has see lawyers in action he thinks he can do the same as they did, which was fight.

R. Munkwitz, of the Milwaukee garage, has developed a fine taste for valentines. For further information, see Miss E.

How our ledger clerks enjoy their play toys! They cannot see anything but their new ledgers. Even Mr. Driscoll has missed a few boats going down the river of late.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

G. E. Anderson, Correspondent

The Red Crown Social club gave another one of its brilliant dances Friday evening, February 23. It was a hard time dance, but from the looks of the majority that attended, there are not enough old clothes around Standard Oil Company employees' attics to make a hard time showing successful. Most everybody was there in spite of the good clothes they were compelled to wear. And as they would say in Pudunk, "a good time was had by all."

At the agents' meeting at Glenwood, Manager F. L. Cochran tried to call the roll by blowing into an army bugle. All he could get out of the horn was Parr-Parr-Pa-ar-Harr.

Agent Gregor Voight, Melrose, is painting and overhauling his G. M. C. truck. Gregor believes in keeping his equipment spick and span.

Agent Leo Hoescher, Freeport, invested in a new pair of high top boots. He says he might need them when the snow melts away. Leo believes in preparedness.

Agent Swan Thornbloom, Sauk Center, has made up his mind. Well, Swan, how did you do it?

She:—"Do you see that tall man over there with sharp features wearing glasses? I cannot help but admire his dancing. He is so light and graceful on his feet."

He:—"Well, he ought to be. He sells Solite Gasoline."
—Cataract News.

We wonder who this has reference to. Can it be Mr. Day?

Mike Anderson and Larry Fisher, representatives of the Standard Oil Company, have been visitors in Brainerd the past few days, finding in their stay one continuous round of excitement and pleasure. Both attended the banquet given in honor of Brainerd's baseball star, Bullet Joe Bush. During last night's fire of the Koop block, Mike and Larry took active part joining the fire department. Larry Fisher bacame so enthused that he attempted to raise the fire ladder unassisted and in so doing lost one perfectly good buckskin glove, and was seen during the wee hours of Monday morning still hunting for it.—Reprint from the Brainerd, Minn., Daily Dispatch.

Mr. Latier who has been with us for some time checking our office, feels that he is now in a position to express the feelings of Steffanson, Cook and Peary on a genuine Artic expedition. Several weeks ago in company with Chief Clerk Vincent, Eqiupment Superintendent Wolfgang, Station Examiner Fisher and Warehouse Superintendent Jager, he essayed forth in an open car to brave the Jefferson highway on a trip to St. Cloud. Giving due credit to an expert pilot they finally reached their destination, but not without thoroughly chilled feet, fingers, noses and ears. A good hot dinner finally brought back life and spirit so that the wind swept spaces are today only memories.

A. A. Cook, S. S. attendant, wore a broad smile February 10, announcing the arrival of a baby boy.

O. V. Phillips, attendant at N. E. station, also smiles for the same reason. It's a boy, he said.

Frank Chalupsky, agent at Silver Lake, is also the justice of the peace. Frank says he handles about one case a year, and poor Frank works on commission. Get a speed cop, F. C.

Oscar Loberg, agent at Cokato, drives to Minneapolis every Sunday morning. Says he would rather go to church in a big city. Alright, Loberg, we'll take your word for it and forget it.

If you want chickens cheap, write our friend Holmer, S. S. attendant at Cokato. He'll send them C. O. D.

Shorty Schnabel, agent at Hopkins, has nine little kiddies, and Bill thinks the world is built around those tots. You'd think so too if you saw them.

There was a dance held at Loretto recently and four S. O. employees were there. Write Walker, Loretto agent, for details.

The only thing Quackenbush, Jaeger, Eckman, Dinsmore, Cameron, Johnston and the Count have talked about since the Mankato trip is the intelligence of Klebba. Well, the old boy used his head at that.

Bill Heinen, agent at Waconia, wants the division to know that an important announcement will be made in the next issue.

When planning your vacation this summer, remember Zeb Eaton has a wad of cottages for rent at Annandale.

Hoglund is now chewing gum for diversion. Sandman hunts geese, Zeb Eaton works on his cottages and Gus Syverson plays a victrola and trains a bulldog.

Mr. Shallenberger suggested that the agents invite the district superintendents down for supper. Here's a suggestion. Feed Conners raw horse meat, give Damkroger noodles (he likes to juggle them on his knife), let Keith have a common hamburger steak, and you can serve Klebba with a light lunch, say a cracker or two and a sip of tea or coffee. Listen, fellows, if Mr. Shallenberger ever shows up about meal time do your best to build him up.

Agent C. H. Bowman, Ashby, informed the writer that he has a number of grey-back ducks hanging out in the shed. He says they will be served to Manager F. L. Cochran when he comes for a visit—providing he gets there. The writer is under the impression that he'll get there first.

Agent Barney Benson, Alexandria, is making regular trips to the court house. What information he is getting there, we don't know.

Walt Eckman, Arch Cameron, Hugh Moshier and Peewee Anderson insist that only the Eskimos are in a position to enjoy fishing through the ice. After a heart breaking trip to Big lake on Washington's Birthday, this quartet decided to sitck to the game of hearts beside some nice warm radiator. Walt cooked Mulligan, Peewee carried wood, Hugh gave advice and Arch tried to warm his feet. Silk socks and rubber boots don't go very well, he says.

During our little playful blizzard early in February, E. N. Schallenberger, N. S. Kingsley and H. T. Christianson had the experience of being snowed in at Redwood Falls for several days. The agents' meeting scheduled for the week was cancelled and all came home.

T. E. Cole of the asphalt department has been visiting the Minneapolis division.

Louis Hagstead, agent at Wood Lake, is now sporting a Studebaker coupe. Mrs. Hagstead says she deserves it for all the good meals she has prepared for Louis and his friends.

Albert Mogen, Belview, is a wrestler with a good record, and believe us, Albert can wrestle those five gallon gasoline and kerosene buckets too.

Carl Digre, agent at Madison, while attending meeting was assigned to room 53 at the hotel. Upon examination, Carl found 53 to be the exit to the back porch.

District Superintendent Charles Keith wears a fur-lined night cap while out on the territory.

E. T. Christman, our new assistant chemist, recently announced the arrival of a bouncing baby boy at his home.

Arnold Hawkinson, salesman, was informed by one of his customers that Mica Axle Grease is the best corn and wart remover he ever used.

Joe Erickson, agent instructor, says jack rabbits are so plentiful in his territory that you can kill them with a club.

Ed S. Johnson, agent at Montevideo, wishes to announce again the invitation he extended to Mr Cochran to eat some of Mrs. Johnson's good cooking is still in effect.

Francis Gaffaney, agent at Westport, says he is going to buy a Ford coupe for his better half, the outlook for 1923 is so much better than the previous year, he claims.

Pete Bristol, new agent at Evansville, says he has no competition. He says he can't find the word competition in his dictionary, nor can he find any competition in his field.

There is a good honest-to-goodness Swede in Eagle Bend, Minn., who works for the Standard Oil Company. His name is Pete Nelson. Pete says "I am set for the Summer."

Charles Bauman, agent at Ashby, has changed his mind on wearing heavy underwear this season. B. V. D.'s only—what's on your mind, Charles?

Harold A. Damkroger, district superintendent of the north pine woods, is wearing a different smile altogether this year. He knows his force is back of him.

Gregor Voight, agent at Melrose, told Heine F. Luedtke, salesman, that he is going to have two trucks instead of one. Yes, Greg, your increase in sales in 1922 shows it.

Ed Du Boise, agent at Osakis, says he has a weapon whereby he is going to see that his commissions will be double what they were in 1922. What is it, Ed? Let's have it, so we can all double our commissions

Just ask Klebba who wrote that song, "The Blueberries Grow High In Minnesota".

Quack insists on wearing that hard hat. Why?

Eckman smokes a pipe now and thereby hangs an odor.

It was with deep regret that we learned of the untimely death of little Dorothy Mae, 18 months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Fisher. The Stanolind Record offers its most sincere sympathy to the bereaved father and mother.

PEORIA, ILL.

P. A. Johnston, Correspondent

Seitz gave a party the other night. 'Twas a stag. (We almost wrote "stagger".) Simms enjoyed himself greatly. Spent the whole evening singing, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling".

Have you seen Miss Eichenberger, the new telephone operator?

Tom Johnson exulted hugely over the election. Tom is a staunch Woodruff man.

He and Ed went to different schools together.

Rex Sabin, the bubbling spirit of the second floor, "walked the plank" at Champaign, Thursday, February 22, when Miss Letha Clarke became Rex's missus. The wishes of the office were expressed in the shape of a coffee urn, bound up in a host of expressions of good will.

Bernice Moran is still absent, but reported slowly on the mend. Come back, Sophie—we're lonesome for your laugh.

Lloyd Snyder, loyal Standard Oiler for lo! these many years, jolted us all when he left the service on February 28 to engage in the garage business at Springfield. The stocky one with the genial, likable personality will surely be missed by all who knew him, yet he is assured of the hearty wishes for success in his new field from his friends, who are legion.

Wonder if W. R. B. expects to get that five dollars?

Taylor scans the headlines about the trouble in the Ruhr, cocks his eye thoughtfully, and goes down and reads the recruiting office posters. Sweet dreams of Coblenz, eh, Lem?

So now they've sent Worley from Quincy to Milwaukee. Fine, and good work, but—wait till he gets down on Grand Avenue or Wisconsin Street on a windy day. Blinders for the gentleman! We know, Marion, we know. The Cream City is our old stamping ground.

Additions to the ranks at Peoria are Miss Carlson, Miss Gorsline and Miss Redfern, in the stenographic department, and Ed Dalton as assistant to Mr. McCready. Welcome, folks, and good luck.

And now it's Orma and Eddie. My, my!

When are they going to take up a subscription for a tombstone for the SOCO Club?

Have you been hauled into court yet?

WAREHOUSE

Ludwig has a limerick, "Come on, Ben, let's go."

Tankwagon Driver Backes has a new play entitled "The New Way".

Frank Mounts, stake truck driver, spent his vacation bucking the mud in a vain attempt to reach Havana. He gave up in disgust.

Phil Hoeft is acting as substitute around the service stations. Look out, young man. Put on your specs.

S. S. Driver Hardy carries a scrub brush with him, also a butterfly. Where's the connection, Freeman?

CENTRAL DISTRICT

Salesman Webb boasts of his farm experience—and then he asks Hanback what those skins are they put the sausage in!

And this is all—from the Central District!

WESTERN DISTRICT

R. L. Whitted, attendant at S. S. 21, Galesburg, is laid up with the mumps.

Agent Roy Swanston of Oneida dropped in upon us recently, announcing himself as "Daddy". Fine baby girl. (Another reporter who forgets to furnish names.) Congrats, Roy!

Conversation between Pat Maloney, warehouse clerk at Galesburg, and his landlady: Pat—"This room is full of bugs." Landlady—"There weren't any bugs in this room till you came." Finale—Pat moved.

Basil Miller is the new attendant at S. S. 21, Galesburg.

Frank Pye, Galesburg agent, offers a box of cigars on Jack Briggs, Bushnell salesman, as the best poet in the Peoria Division. (What brand, Frank?)

Ye scribe enjoys real Havana—and also invokes the muse, on occasion. Anyhow, we'd have to contend through the "Bingville Bugle". Bards are denied space in the Record. Thus doth this cruel commercialized world rudely reject the gentle blandishments of art.

Shades of Harvey Woodruff! Listen to this from Galesburg correspondent: "I wrote each agent a personal letter this month about the Record. I got one reply. It said, "There is no news from this station." Not so bad!

Agent Tucker of Williamsfield is laid up with pneumonia. Tough luck, old man. Here's hoping you're back soon.

Agent Ed Wingate of Avon looms up for a Carnegie medal. Ed recently drove his car a mile in thirty-one seconds going to a fire, hopped out, pumped the well dry, and then carried an invalid to safety. That's energy! Good work, old man.

EASTERN DISTRICT

Agent Harry Matthews of McLean holds the record for mileage in going from home to the agents' meeting at Bloomington and back again. He drove to Bloomington all right, but on the way back, at 7 p. m., four miles out of Bloomington, the car balked. Harry fussed and swore, and finally walked back to Bloomington. Caught train and arrived McLean 8:30 p. m. Got out truck and drove to country after the Ford. No Ford! Back home and telephoned Bloomington police, who informed him Ford had been brought in by a farmer, who thought it was stolen. Over to Bloomington again and drive back home. Can you beat it?

The "flu" hit Iroquois County hard, according to Agent Brooks of Watseka. The entire family of Agent Sweeney, Gilman, were stricken; likewise Salesman Conrad's daughter, Agent Marcott's son, Wellington, and S. S. Attendant Langellier and wife at Watseka. However, all came through without serious effects and are on the mend.

On the evening of January 21, the Standard Oilers of Bloomington, with their friends, held a farewell reception for Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Ritchey and Mr. C. E. Winslow at the Ritchey residence, both these gentlemen having been transferred elsewhere, Mr. Ritchey to be district superintendent, Central division, with headquarters at Peoria, and Mr. Winslow to be lubricating salesman at Springfield. The entertainments of the evening were cards and dancing. As a fitting finale to the evening came the presentation by Mr. Caldwell on behalf of those present to Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie of a boudoir lamp and to Mr. Winslow a pair of cuff links. After appropriate speeches by the recipients the guests partook of a delightful luncheon. Bloomington regrets losing these sterling friends and workers, but extends best wishes for success in their new fields.

L. A. Prahm, Bloomington tank truck driver, has been transferred to Forrest as temporary agent at that point.

Why are R. W. Grubel and A. C. Robeson so chummy, and why does Grubel spend so much time at Robeson's? Name, please, Roy.

Heard at S. S. 5, Bloomington: "Say, Ireland, what is seven-eighths of 26?" "Oh, go on, Swope, and get your powder puff."

Bloomington welcomes the smiling face of Salesman A. E. Bienneman, transferred. Luck to you, Arthur.

Ask Ray Monson if he has tried to demonstrate any Finol lately.

Brooks of Watseka hastens to inform us that our Wellington agent's newly arrived son is named Harry, with "Polarine" for the middle monicker. Thus do we perceive the virtues of publicity. (Honest? His picture, quick.—Editor.)

SOUTHERN DISTRICT

Salesman Wieties, Springfield, had the misfortune to break his arm recently, cranking a neighbor's Ford. Hard luck. We'll bet Wieties goes easy with the neighborly stuff hereafter.

Agent William Webb of Springfield suffered a severe cold recently and was absent for a week.

Sympathy of the Springfield force is extended to Driver Charles Nave in the loss of his wife.

District Superintendent Eberle has also been on the sick list with erysipelas. They couldn't get Charlie to stay in bed until they got a nurse. Then they thought they'd never get him out. However, the Missis overheard him talking to the nurse one day——and Charlie started to improve at once. In fact, they found out right away that he was well enough to do without the nurse.

Nearly all the boys were out to pay their respects to the——to Mr. Eberle. Fred Knight got there after she had left.

Stacey left his scarf. The scheme didn't work, however, as the wrap was returned, pronto, to his house.

An agent-salesmen's meeting was held at the Leland Hotel, February 16. Some of the boys held a preliminary session all their own the night before. Who borrowed car fare?

Agent Rule, Rochester, had an accident at the meeting. A bottle he had in his hip pocket blew the cork. Somehow (?) a little of the stuff got into the mouth of Agent Mann of Auburn. Whew! They had to sit on him.

Springfield welcomes Salesman C. E. Winslow, transferred from Bloomington. He's a fine laddy-buck, Wilson, but why the "Mabel"?

Gene Martin from Bloomington was a recent caller at Springfield, while on his vacation.

New tankwagon drivers at Springfield are E. Gwaltney, O. Biggs and J. Burg. Welcome, boys, and good luck.

Jack Constant and Jean Gwaltney, Springfield drivers, announce the arrival of additions to their families. Jack's is a boy and Jean's a girl, and everything is lovely. (Springfield is a great town.)

A recent evening telephone call to Agent Osborne at New Berlin found him and Insturctor Orlin Snyder apparently full of good spirits. Where'd 'ja get 'em, boys? Couldn't reach Parker of Bluffs 'till after midnight that evening, either. H-m. Wonder where he was. We always thought Bluffs a 9 o'clock town.

T. Brantley is now agent at Chatham. Here's how, and may you prosper.

QUINCY, ILL.

T. L. Bell, Correspondent

No copy received by "deadline" day.

SAGINAW, MICH.

S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

M. R. Morris, formerly garage man at Gladwin, known all over the country as "Bob", recently took over the territory formerly covered by "Polie" Serre. We welcome Bob into the great family and wish him every success.

It is rumored around Harrisville that wedding bells will be ringing in the near future. For further particulars, see Floyd.

We have seen smiles of satisfaction on the faces of new car owners, will beneficiaries and bridegrooms which we thought were beyond comparison, but they all looked like "bad news" compared to the one that is becoming permanent on the face of Harry Seamon, sales manager. On St. Valentine's Day the stork left a boy. Congratulations, Harry, and thanks for the cigars and candy.

Albert Fierke has been promoted to station examiner in the northern division, succeeding Percy Duchane, who will become a salesman.

You fellows who cleaned up such a stake backing Andy Gump at the November election can now take a gambler's chance on your fellow worker, E. A. Stafford, coupon book salesman, Flint, Mich., who feels the call of the political smile and wants to do time as alderman of the First Ward. Like Andy, he wears no man's collar and don't like neckties. If elected, he will accept city checks at par in payment of his salary.

Mr. Cuthbertson has had worries other than securing testimonies and listening to accident trials. His wife and baby have been very sick, but we are glad to learn that they are now recovering.

From February 12 to 19, Frank Bryson lost all interest in the sun, moon, stars, airplanes and town clocks. During that time he had a boil about the size of a doorknob on the back of his neck with nerves extending to his toenails. He's back on the job now, and while he still holds his head in a very haughty manner, he has recovered his good nature.

Steve Wickham has been confined to his home. He has scarlet fever.

Miss Ruth Blondheim was confined to her home with the la grippe.

"Had your iron today?" We get ours every time George Eastwood, agent at Chesaning, comes in the office. His good-natured laugh makes you wish you could enjoy more of his company.

If you have a secret thought that you can bowl, look over Rube Kern's score before you get boisterous about it. Here they are for six consecutive games: 241, 159, 212, 180, 196, 218, average 201. Not so bad for a blind man—what say?

We are proud to announce that we have a membership of 100 per cent in the employees stock purchasing plan.

W. C. Downing, agent at Gagetown and Unionville, was a caller in the office February 1.

Joe McGrath is feeling much relieved since the new safe has been installed; his records can now have the proper protection.

Garland Petoskey learned that in one isolated case a lemon vendor's time is worth more than the lemon he is trying to sell.

Erwin Richards has been confined to his home for a few days, being a victim of la grippe.

Frantz Lawrence, our office boy, inspired by that morbid excrescence which rests so helplessly on Percy Duchane's lip, attempted to mass a few hairs on his own pie trap a short time ago. They were so frail and delicate that they succumbed to the alkali of the toilet soap.

Oscar Noack, Saginaw garage, sent in an 010 stationery requisition requesting "100 small vanilla envelopes." Specify any flavor that suits your fancy, Oscar, maybe you would like some dates on them.

If you are planning to catch a train, don't ask Les Patterson the time o' day. Heretofore he always set his chronometer with the wooden watches of jewelry shops, but since the introduction of radio concerts he gets the time from that source, quoting "Eastern" and "Mountain" time without compunction.

We extend out heartfelt sympathy to Edward Krause, agent at Sebewaing, who's father passed away January 31.

R. C. Shepherd was appointed agent at Breckenridge, January 29. That's one of our best stations, Mr. Shepherd, and should be worthy of your undivided attention. Here's wishing you every success.

Some of the clerks have asked for an investigation and a solution of the mystery surrounding the shadow that keeps bobbing around on the ceiling directly over the bookkeeping department. This has been done and we find that it is due to the reflective qualities of Mr. Whatley's highly polished scalp. For the same reason you may see the same phenomenon on the ceiling of the traffic and station examiner's department.

Art Simpson has been circulating himself around the field in search of equipment barrels that have been out over six months.

Those who were not present at the policemen's ball, February 13, will probably all rush to Barnum & Bailey's circus this summer and expect to be entertained by clowns that are salt pork compared to the stuff the Messrs. Jones, Hoerauf, Friers, Allen, Lester and J. R. Sarle, Freeland agent, pulled off.

Vera Burt has the reputation of being a thorough file clerk. She will take a basket of correspondence and file the entire contents, including the basket. Knowing her propensity, Mr. Vanderbeck nearly fainted when he realized that he had left his mittens under some letters. He made a dash to the files, but —too late.

E. R. Soop and Joe Albertson started out from Port Huron in the assistant manager's roadster on St. Valentine's day, for Flint, where they expected to join Mr. Keating and the "B" station salesmen to hold their annual meeting. King Winter kidded them along until they were two miles out of Emmett and then applied the screws. They were forced to abdicate the auto and feel their way back to Emmett They managed to catch a train and arrived in Flint without any further events.

Here are some things you have never seen: Helen McPeak, unpleasant: Miss Ringot with a watermelon smile; Francis Fettig with a grouch; Miss Hall not at work; Edward Barrenscher coming back from the bank on a stretcher; Miss Ryder slight anyone on their pay check; a more complete line of gold plate than Harold Bendine displays on his vest; Miss Marske without a smile; a more contagious smile than Leo Hendrick's; room for any more ornaments on Irma Kawfeldt; a prettier chin dimple than Steve Wickham's; a more talkative fellow than Harry Snyder; the part in John Weed's hair; anyone in the office getting a bad delay after quitting time.

W. C. Downing, Gagetown agent, came into the office a few days ago and made arrangements for relief, while he would be in the hospital getting a divorce from his appendix.

Anyone needing addresses of Chicago officials will please communicate with Vera Crane. Vera makes her home in Saginaw, but knows a powerful lot about Chicago. She says the Home Office building is located right back of the United Cigar store, and the postoffice is real close to Thompson's restaurant. She's not so bright. We know a guy who owns the P. O. and we used to know a nice man by the name of Hinky Dink and another by the name of Mr. Searsandroebuck.

Our brunette, Vera Burt, was very much disappointed when she looked through the February Record and saw Jack Moore's name with no mention of herself.

Frank Briske, our city salesman, used to be a policeman and we understand he bounced a wicked paralyzer. He says, however, that it won't work on a prospect for Polarine. You have to be diplomatic.

The Commercial Basketball League is composed of six teams, including the Red Crowns. W. R. Vanderbeck is manager and captain; Glen Zuver and Bob Allardyce, forwards; Jimmie Allen, center, and W. R. Vanderbeck, Chief Petoskey and Francois Lawrence, guards.

The following members were presented with ten-year gold service buttons by Manager Keating, who also received one: E. R. Soop, I. N. Baker, Chas. Bell, H. P. Bosley, C. A. Buchbinder, W. H. Coleman, William Dunn, G. O. Wolcott, W. J. Hasse, Joseph Humpert, Joseph Maier, O. J. Nye, W. G. Oliver, L. C. Reip, J. G. Richard, D. O. Ryan, G. W. Schermerhorn, John Schneider, Napoleon Serre, H. R. Weidenmiller, F. Lee Welsh, L. E Younkman, W. J. Morrison, J. C. Ehlert, R. P. Fitzpatrick and Paul Jolly.

The annual "B" station agents' meetings were conducted at the following places on the dates specified: Port Huron, February 13; Flint, February 14; Saginaw, February 20-22, and Alpena, February 28. As usual the weather man let us have both barrels of the most severe weather he had in store.

On February 2 there arrived in the household of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Harrold, Rosebush, Mich., Barbara Jeane. Arthur says, "I sort of had my heart set on a salesman, but she's some baby and I wouldn't trade her for all the boys in the world." Congratulations! Mr. Harrold is our agent.

If the following conversation is any criterion of the monopoly the Central division has on business it behooves the Southern and Northern divisions to step on the gas: Mr. Richter—"What's the matter John?" John Provo (Linwood agent)—"I was just wondering what the other fellows will do after I've got all the business."

A few days ago Cameron Dawson, general clerk, and Jimmie Allen, our illustrious office boy, treated the boiler of our refrigeration system to a gorge of B. T. U.'s which quickened its congealed pulse to the first positive circulation is has registered this winter.

Those of us who are used to buying lemons of the dried apple type were hard to convince that the lemon Miss Price received from a friend in Florida wasn't a punching bag in disguise.

Cheboygan gets the berries! L. E. Berry has been appointed agent at that station. We often wondered if his first name is Logan and his middle name Elder. We hope he doesn't get the Razz.

Now if we can only find a prophylactic baritone to team up with our tonsil tenor, Mr. Vanderbeck, we might have some real singing instead of those strangulated outbursts that are so common on the noon hour.

Dudley Jones can dance better than most one-legged men, which is confirmed by the news that he and the missus copped off a five spot at the prize ball the other night.

If you want to hear 51 per cent of all the hard luck in the world and a few novelties, just listen in on Elmer Austin's alibi for being late.

Stanley Lawler is back into our sales organization again. Welcome, Stan.

On the day we got our Western Union replies from our "B" station agents about the galvanized barrels, Western Union Common must have gone up about five or six points. For a week after, the messenger boys were walking bow-legged.

Wanted—All kinds of news; if you know anything about your neighbor that isn't scandal, that you think would interest the others, don't hold it like a miser fondling a Canadian dime, let's have it —Correspondent. (Why not scandal?—Editor.)

PORT HURON

We are all anxiously looking forward to the first warm day when we can go out and shovel the snow off the railroad siding and tear up the track to enable Mr. Ahrens to follow Saginaw's instructions to furnish them with the number of pounds of spikes used in repairing it last Fall.

The boys were glad to see Bill Latham on his feet again after a recent operation. He was a bit wobbly on his pins but says the doctor was all wrong about how long he should stay away from work.

Elmer Schumaker, cashier, blossomed out in a pair of oversized galoshes this Winter. After wearing them around all day he certainly must feel like a colt when he steps out on the gym floor to play basketball in the evening. Speaking about B. B., we don't know why he has to go out of the city to get a black eye.

Port Huron was the Mecca of the Eastern Thumb District "B" station agents on February 13. They must have had a real meeting because none of them ventured into our plant after we got all shined and cleaned up for their reception. The place looked real presentable.

George Schermerhorn, William Morrison and Charles Bell were given gold service buttons by Mr. Keating. There may be stations where there are more gold buttons, but we are willing to make it a contest on the basis of percentage.

Dee Streeter, the road mechanic, has been with us so much that he is considered one of us. We are always glad to see Dee come to town.

"Si" Bell is back on the rural truck after a considerable stay in the city. Si says he will start in easy and to prove it he went out and sold 95 gallons of Eureka Harness Oil the first ten days in February —not so bad for a sick man.

Charles Lauer, Saginaw agent, was with us the week of February 5 and gave us some valuable pointers on how it should be done. We had quite a time getting him to talk, you know he's so reticent.

Joe Beatty, the man who starts the sun on its daily journey, can't see why people continue to spend the Winter down south. The frozen snow we have been burning in the furnace this Winter makes our office real comfortable. You can take your overcoat off any time after 3 o'clock.

FLINT, MICH.

The Eureka Club has been holding a series of parties at the homes of the different employees, which is proving to be quite popular. Meetings are held every week.

On the evening of February 22, our immaculate Van Liew made a lightning change from his pose at the mirror to the position of tail twister of his Ford. The latter process lasted from 7:30 till 10:30, at which time the anticipated collapse came. He lost something, but it wasn't his voice.

S'funny how some things work out. The other day a lady phoned the office that M. C. Gregg, tankwagon driver, would be unable to work for the day as he was very sick. Upon investigation we found that he was about his regular duties just the same as usual. However, he blushed somewhat when we told him of the call.

Joe Dierich says, "Every day in every way, I am getting longer and lankier."

We wonder why Glenn Longton gets a letter from Kalamazoo nearly every day. Tell us who she is, Glenn.

Office Dog—"Say Tom, didja notice that new bird with the light brown overcoat sliding around the corner about every half hour?" Office Cat—"Slap me down, Rover, that's J. E. Covert, salesman. Don't you remember when he used to pump gas over at No. 22, the Golden Gate?"

C. J. Wolcott would get a little more joy out of life if the old earth would shed some of its snow and ice.

Jerry McAra, tankwagon driver, has sold some of his automobile stock and is about to form a partnership. We understand that at present most of the capital stock is in Davison.

Assistant Manager E. R. Soop and Smokestack Salesman Joe Albertson still maintain that they delivered their speech at the "B" stations meeting at Flint, but we'll wager that most of it was delivered somewhere between Port Huron and Flint.

Mr. Shepard, our division superintendent, tells us that the winters are much longer and attended by more snow than those experienced at Vincennes, Ind.

We extend our sympathy to C. F. Shaw and W. B. Calkins in the death of their mothers on January 13 and February 13, respectively.

Cashier E. M. Staples is congratulating himself that he slipped over April Fool's day without adding any more rubber nickels to his collection of false alarms.

J. E. Taylor, rural tankwagon salesman, says that a "runner" saved the day with him. Upon inquiry we find that it wasn't a "rum runner" but a sleigh runner he used in place of a broken wheel.

When L. C. Havens, agent, came into the office looking like a "best man" we wondered. He said his "overalls" had gone to the dry cleaner.

If "Horace" could keep that Hudson coach attached to the highways it would be more comfortable.

BAY CITY

Napoleon Ardouin, Paul Schmidt and Mat Schwab called on Judge Cuthbertson within the last month.

Hough Adams, former clerk, is now making collections at Bay City.

Frank Church was driving through the "jungles" a few days ago when the engine gave a tubercular cough and stopped deader than a dollar watch that had just been massaged with a triphammer. He had run out of gas.

ALPENA

David LaLonde, service station attendant, underwent an operation recently and is now reported to be convalescent. Here's to your complete recovery, Dave.

Michael Tomczak, our former warehouse foreman, began his new duties as foreman of the Alpena Leather Corporation on February 15. The best wishes of the entire crew is extended "Mike" in his new work.

B. R. Lamp—"Can flat paint be shipped in a round can?" Eugene—"S'all right this time, Blimp."

L. A. LaFlure and I. Wallace walk around with wise grins that would put a Cheshire cat on the mourners' bench. If you are on speaking terms with them, you know the reason, but for the unenlightened we'll let you in. They are now pa-pa's, and will some day be referred to as "fawtha's."

E. C. Monaghan: "I guess this N. O. I. B. N. on a freight bill must mean no iron barrel number."

Dan Ryan, tankwagon driver, has a flock of game roosters that are the envy of all who have viewed them. He has been running an advertisement in "Grit & Steel," a poultry publication, and a few days ago he received an order for five birds. He got them all crated up in individual crates and instructed the express company to call for them. After a few days, Dan got considerably exercised over the express company's failure to pick them up. After getting the indignation out of his system, he let the birds out for a breath of fresh air. The chickens immediately started to eat each other up. Before Dan could stop the free-for-all one was dead.

CHEBOYGAN

W. A. Peppler is recovering from an attack of the "flu."

Rural Driver Bill Schmidt made a trip in the country with a sleigh tank and reports that the outfit is constructed along the lines of a put and take top, as the darned thing rolled over.

Service Station Attendant Jack Adams has worn out three shovels, two of which were the snow type. The service station stove has to be ballasted to keep it out of the chimney. Every time the door of the building is opened, the stove does a "shimmy." The attendant uses a medicine dropper as a stoker.

Ben McClelland, truck driver, was questioned as to the name of the old fellow he had been talking to. He replied, "That old gent knew me before I could chatter and I guess he still thinks I haven't learned."

Dan Hoseli, agent at Grayling, uses the phrase, "That's a horse of another color." It is quite effective when properly used. Dan says one of his customers moved away, and the other one is holding a lily in his hand.

John Weed is easily irritated. The last time he was here he arose at 5:30 a. m. to catch the seven o'clock train for Onaway, which departed promptly at 9:30 a. m. In the meantime John assumed a disposition like an alligator. What he should have done was call up at 8 a. m. and ask what time the seven o'clock would leave.

Joe Hale, Gaylord agent, wore his tonsils threadbare on Armistice day and is considering having them removed so he can join in the singing with "Fitz" and "Cuthie," who both have good lungs for cooling soup.

One Sunday last Fall, E. R. Soop, Fitz and the major were detained in Alpine and on Sunday, Fitz and the Major went to church and joined in the singing. After the services some of the sympathetic sex came down and thanked them for their laborious efforts, which went to the two gents' heads like new pop. What they really meant to do was drop a hint that a new city ordinance forbids open cutouts.

One of our "shadows" told a Polarine customer that their gasoline and kerosene were by-products created from the lubricating oils they marketed. "Ain't we got fun?"

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Stewart Chaffin, Correspondent

Ernest O'Dell is our new agent at Goodland, Kas. He is full of pep and will make Goodland a leading station.

Salesmen Arensberg, Cooksey and Baker were on the sick list for a few days.

Raymond Shirley started in housekeeping first and then the oil business, having become our agent at Brewster, Kas.

Ick Bowen has recently been transferred to the order department.

Have you noticed how the girls are "all dolled up" ever since the big party was announced? Go to it, girls, we hope you won't be disappointed. There's a lad for every lassie (maybe).—(Signed) A Hopeful Female.

Miss Bobbie Chambers and Doc White caused considerable commotion one day last week, Bobbie appearing with a big rock on her finger. Thought sure we were due for another present. How about it, Doc?

Say, boys! If you want to become a Caruso, ask Heinie Reichard and Leonard Hartigan to sing "Carolina in the Morning."

We notice since we have been taking exercise, Miss Dorothy Cavey has been appearing in new costume. We are just wondering if the exercises are responsible for her being able to make two costumes out of one.

It is rumored that Leo Brown has about decided he is loser in the Coupon Book campaign and is

contemplating putting on a banquet in the near future for the winners.

Walter Sutton, Menlo, Kas., agent, has purchased the hotel so Salesman Arensberg can stay over night.

Salesman G. E. Sarvis is building a new house at Norton, Kas.

Superintendent Zimmerman, call at Atwood, Kas., and pick up spare tire.—Adv.

Anyone laying claim to the St. Joseph pinochle championship should get in touch with John Pilgram, who, with another "shark," will fight all claims.

O. A. Bodenhausen is a new and promising recruit as tankwagon salesman on route No. 8, St. Joseph.

Tom Reece is the proud father of a boy.

What do you think of a stock clerk who will tell his wife he had to go to Kansas City to take inventory? We didn't know Kansas City had been transferred to the St. Joseph field.

George Zimmendorf's herd of fancy dairy cattle is increasing right along.

A pleasant and profitable meeting was held by the examining force Monday, February 19. The principal topic was "How may we help our agents become better marketers and accountants?" Examiners present were Messrs. Fowler, Bielman, Culver, Smith, O'Connor and White. Al Muster, of the office, gave an interesting talk on making up audit papers.

Bob Johnston, Colby, Kas., agent, was too heavy to make a fat man's race, but he plays center on the Legion football team.

We have had several gasoline and pep meetings of the St. Joseph sales force recently. They were attended nearly 100 per cent.

Mrs. Lester Reeves, wife of our tankwagon salesman at Colby, Kas., has recovered from serious illness.

Chief Clerk Bode spends some of his evenings trying to get into radio communication with Mars.

Robert Morgan, Rexford, Kas., agent, is a radio bug.

Chief Clerk Bode returned from Chicago and gave us a message of good cheer from the home office. He did not tell how he put in his time after business hours while in Chicago.

"Pete" Peterson, besides being a capable service station attendant, also has great ability as a chef.

Harry Shuck was off a few days following an accident with his personal car. It might have been serious as the brakes did not hold when he was going down a steep hill. Harry says the company's Safety First rules will apply henceforth when operating his own equipment.

Ivan Cowan has joined our ranks as service station attendant at St. Joseph.

R. L. Ottinger, a former insurance man, has cast his fortunes with us and is now insuring satisfied customers with Red Crown and Polarine at S. S. 1.

Heinie Reichard returned from the gasoline meeting at Chicago not only possessing greater knowledge but also a thermometer. Heinie claims this is a present from one of his druggist friends there.

Col. George Cork, assistant to Bert Morrisey at the Colby, Kas., service station, says he is about out of cigars.

S. S. 25, newly opened at Twenty-second and Francis streets, St. Joseph, has started very promisingly.

Salesman B. G. Hayden, Chillicothe, Mo., one of our veterans, was in recently to drive out a new car and said he hoped to get home without turning over.

Physical exercises introduced by Assistant Manager Orr have been a decided success in the office.

Ben Reichman, head mechanic, says he now has room to turn around since the garage space was made 100 per cent larger.

Salesman E. H. Pittman, Albany, Mo., was in the office the other day and advised that this would be a record year for his territory whether or not he secured a new Ford coupe.

W. L. Dougherty is now a regular salesman on the Horton, Kas., territory. He expects to have his family located there soon. Walter is reporting some nice business.

If anyone is figuring on building, see Ick Bowen "the home builder." When the summer sun shines it will find Mr. and Mrs. Bowen enjoying a brand new home in the East End. Isaiah says he can read a building plan backwards.

Salesman O'Neil has not diminished his speed as a carload salesman.

M. J. Billeter, who used to be an oil jobber, decided to become a member of our family and is now on the road as automobile and specialty salesman.

Grant Babcock, Savannah, Mo., agent, will not permit the gasoline quota to hold him down. After hanging 30 per cent on Grant, he ran over the mark a few thousand gallons for good measure.

Manager Cameron and Mr. Orr, his assistant, spent a very pleasant week noting the progress in western Kansas.

Salesman and Mrs. King have taken Missouri hospitality to their new home at Washington, Kas.

Just because Superintendent George Washington Coldsnow has inveigled the equipment department out of a Baby Lincoln, we do not want too many orders coming in for a car like his.

Superintendent Patton now carries a hitching block in his car.

E. O. Hicks, lubricating engineer, has been out a good deal, helping the boys in the field.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Miss Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

T. Niehaus, agent at North Broadway, put one fine finis to the Farm Drive by taking unto himself a wife. Say, Tom, did you get the word "farm" and "form" mixed?

Fred Brush, driver at Wellston, is recuperating after a spell of the flu.

The trial of the robbers who held up our Wellston plant some time ago is to be held this week. Bobby Smith, the agent, turned sleuth and tracked 'em down, by heck.

G. L. Gaston, formerly with the Packard Motor Company, has joined the S. O. family in St. Louis as salesman. Guess Alphonse must have insisted that the pleasure was all his.

Have you noticed that our friend, Chauncey Townsend, has quit limping? Exercise by walking the floor nights will take away any limp, says he.

Quite a few changes have taken place at the main plant. H. Brum has been promoted to shipping clerk and George Neitzert was promoted to record clerk. John Losch has been made agent instructor and Mr. Sweet, from the main office, has taken Mr. Losch's place. Good luck to the boys.

Our pumper, N. Tarver, is going to Georgia again. Mr. Tarver has been going (?) to Georgia every month.

According to all reports there must be a wonderful little town by the name of Shoals in Indiana. If Mr. Garey does not exaggerate, it must be some town.

Allen Love claims that he came from a town that has Shoals faded clean off the map, Higginsville, Mo.

These two gentlemen have an argument every day about the old home towns.

The party which the girls had on Washington's birthday was thoroughly enjoyed. Twenty-three were at the table, but we are not superstitious. The lunch was scrumptious and the committee composed of Emma Beckman, Sadie Gallagher and Katherine Harper were *there!*

One more of our good looking young men has decided upon Vandervoort's as a good trysting place. Noon finds Mr. Hamilton at his post on the first floor waiting for a blonde young lady. Look out, some of the others in the office have their eyes on her.

Ray Hotto is wearing his pockets out fast due to the fact that he has to look at his new watch so often. Not that time passes slowly to him, but because of the picture of the donor pasted on the crystal.

Joe Lanigan, recently transferred to Springfield, had to take a day off to bid farewell to his fair friends in the office. The girls are certainly going to miss Joe.

All Mrs. Felts' friends are glad to see her back at the office. She underwent an operation.

JEFFERSON CITY

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Mrs. H. C. Koob and small daughter. Mr. Koob is our wide-awake salesman at Versailles, Mo. It has been said that he sold nearly as much "Neolite" as the whole St. Louis division put together.

Jefferson City office received a short visit from Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Crain recently. Mrs. Crain is very charming.

Mrs. A. D. Smock and daughter, Miss Betty Smock, will arrive in Jefferson City shortly to make their future home here.

The agent at Jefferson City, Mo., better known as the "Red Crown Kid," would like to know when the gentlemen pictured on page 21 of the February issue of the Stanolind Record find time to fish and hunt. Mr. Hager claims he is so busy that he does not even have time to buy fish, let alone go fishing. The fact that Mr. Hager was recently made salesman in Jefferson City goes to show that he evidently has been fishing (for orders).

O. F. Maples succeeded Mr. Hager as agent at Jefferson City. Hop to it, O. F., we are for you.

Jake Kolb, our genial rural truck driver, has succeeded O. F. Maples as city truck driver. We expect to see an increase in business. How about it, Jake?

Emil Rohling, rural truck driver, Jefferson City, is sick. We think this is due to exposure from hanging around Stevens Printing Company Building in all kinds of weather. "Marry her, Emil, and you won't have to stand out in the rain."

E. S. Hopen, attendant at S. S. 318, Jefferson City, is ill with the flu. Evidently the Cole County brand of home brew is not a very good preventative.

SIOUX CITY, IA.

Miss Claire E. Donegan, Correspondent

Slim McLaughlin feels like a million dollars since he had his truck overhauled and painted. He is so durned proud of it that he will hardly let a fellow look at it lest he mar the paint.

Salesman Meigs, who was compelled to spend a couple of weeks in the hospital, has sufficiently recovered to return home. We hope to soon have him back on duty again.

Mrs. Cowles had the misfortune to fall on the ice and break her wrist. Although it was rather painful, she is still on the job.

Buelah Erickson surprised the bunch by appearing with a bob. It's mighty becoming, Buelah. Herman Porepp says so.

Charles von Hotten, after an absence of about six years, has returned to the fold.

We are also glad to welcome Hiram Smith, who has recently joined our ranks.

R. Bragg, S. S. Attendant at Leeds, is kept away from home owing to Diptheria.

District Superintendent Farrell has a hobby, "hot dogs." He is looking for a congenial partner to finance a deal so that he can put a hot dog machine on the market. He will guarantee sausages "with a flavor that lasts." Anyone desiring further information might ask Charley.

Tom Eglund, service station attendant at West Seventh and Center, now carries the hightoned air. He owns a brand new Chev.

Jake Berner has recovered from a serious tussle with pneumonia.

Red Ryan, driver from LeMars, was a recent caller in the Sioux City office. Come again, Red.

District Superintendent Wirsing seems to be getting rather bald, so much so that he is seriously thinking of trying some of Fred Weber's home brew.

George Waddell's hold-up friend is now making little ones out of big ones to the tune of twenty years. George says he can rest easy now.

District Superintendent Hahy's wife has been seriously ill, having undergone an operation.

Trafficman Willoughby says he'll have some genuine snappy news for the Stanolind Record as soon as he can write 'em up.

We all know the melody about the ill young man and the good looking nurse. Well—What-do-you-say, Mr. Elkert?

Clothes, clothes, it's nothin' but clothes. We just must mention the fact that Bill Young has a brand new suit of—clothes.

We have witnessed many card parties but the party put on by the married ladies of the Social Club seems to have carried off all honors. Mrs. Dyer was chairman of the entertainment. After two hours of playing, scores were counted and a vanity case was awarded Mrs. Rueschling. Fred Weber won a deck of cards. Luncheon was then in order, with Mrs. Weidel as chairman. Mrs. Thayer's angel food cake won loud praise and Mrs. Weber's cakes were cheered.

The agents-salesmen's meetings were held February 16, 18 and 20.

Doris Beaubien and Virgil Link claim to have spent the whole three days looking the agents over and they particularly noted the one in the gray suit. Naomi Swanson rather liked the brown suit, which without a doubt is Salesman Willis.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

J. G. Wright, Correspondent

On the night of February 3 (the coldest in history) Mrs. Al Hallan, formerly Miss Lucy Marshall, entertained the girls of the South Bend office. Games, music and dancing were the diversions of the evening. A delicious luncheon was served. The feature of the evening was "aesthetic dancing" by Gena Murphy. Stella said she was glad the next day was Sunday so she could rest.

The stork has visited the homes of some of our employees recently:

1.—Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bowman are the proud parents of a 7½-pound baby girl, born February 12.

Mr. Bowman is one of our service station attendants at Marion.

2.—A 9¼-pound baby boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Yorkey. Mr. Yorkey is our energetic drayman at Michigan City.

3.—Ed Harter, service station attendant, is all smiles since he received a helper. This helper is an 8-pound baby girl.

4.—C. Balyeat, warehouseman at Elkhart, was late for work recently, all on account of a new 8-pound baby boy.

When George Gale's chair broke, George broke one of the commandments, needless to say which one.

The sympathy of the entire division is extended to Earl Golding, service station attendant at Marion. Mr. Golding's mother died February 2.

Lou Brill, rural tankwagon man at Elkhart, likes the work, but not the dogs he has to contend with. He says it takes a brave man.

George Dittmer, clerk, Wallace Stinchcomb, rural driver, Julius Finske, service station attendant, Wallace Yorkey, drayman, of Michigan City have all been down with the flu, but are back on the job again. You can't keep a good man down.

Max Emery, general salesman, reinforced his upper lip with a slight mustache, to enable him to keep said lip stiff enough to battle anything. In spite of all this precaution the flu has him down at his home in Ligonier, Ind.

Jess Stook, drayman at Portland and champion horseshoe pitcher, has been in Indianapolis the past few days, serving on the Federal grand jury.

Elliot H. Beech, former lubricating salesman, has been promoted to service station superintendent. Good luck to you, Beech.

Harry Hardman has been transferred from service station attendant to warehouse clerk at South Bend.

J. M. Franks has been made a rural salesman.

H. R. Cochran, assistant general manager, stopped in South Bend Wednesday, February 21.

J. C. Hall, auditor from the Chicago office, has been in South Bend the past few weeks making his annual audits.

Cecil Daniels, the stockroom clerk, at South Bend machine shop, has been promoted to the position of mechanic. Bill Barber, former helper in machine shop, has been appointed stockroom clerk.

O. R. Brake, clerk at Portland, has a hard time keeping the large office warm with just one stove. Ray is also sergeant in the National Guard and judging by the quantity of olive drab he wears, he will never in the world have any clothing allowance coming from Uncle Sam.

Mike Szarwark, our South Bend tankwagon driver, is getting ready to do a rushing Spring busines among the West End grocery stores. One day last week when the weather was slightly warmer, Mike came to work with a clean shave, hair-cut, mustache trimmed, new overalls and maybe his finger-nails were manicured. Mike says, "By gollys, we must keep up appearances, or they won't buy Perfection."

Lambert S. Grime, garage salesman, with his wife has just returned from attending the wedding of Mr. Grime's sister at Des Moines, Iowa. We understand the fortunate man at Des Moines, Bernard Paul, is also connected with our company.

B. C. Harris, our energetic warehouse clerk, vowed he was through with women, and decided to stay home nights. The last two weeks has shown a decided change. He is never home nights, and always in the same lady's company.

WICHITA, KAS.

H. E. Falkner, Correspondent

J. W. Ross, district superintendent, has been transferred to the main office to assist in sales promotion work. Jack Costello, salesman, has been promoted to acting district superintendent over territory formerly covered by Mr. Ross. Let's go men and keep these gains in high.

There is one man at the Hutchinson plant that wears a smile that won't come off. We do not know what causes it unless it is that ten-year service button he just received from the company. Nice work, Clem, we hope you will continue until you get the button with the diamond in it.

We are informed that the steady Sunday visits of Salesman Roy Hamilton at Grainfield, Kan., are due to the winsome ways of Miss Hazel ———; we were unable to learn the last name. Possibly Roy can advise.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. McCart announce the birth of a son on February 1, whom they have named James Dexter. By the way, Mr. McCart is our credit man, and talk about strut! He's the strutting kid.

George McQueen, our agent at Quinter, Kan., has purchased a new Dodge truck for better service; by the way, this is a yearly habit of George's, and when it comes to chasing after business this man is there with the goods.

F. Regier of Moundridge drove a new International speed wagon to Wichita, the early part of February, to have a tank mounted on it.

H. R. Scott, agent at Grainfield, Kan., in his mad rush for business, drove his Reo truck into a 400 pound hog Friday night, 9 p. m., January 25. He advises there was no damage claims, as it (the hog) carried no tail light.

Roy Peak, agent at Hoisington, Kan., was called to Missouri on account of the death of an only sister. The sincere sympathy of this organization is with you in your time of grief and loss.

John Emler, agent at Geneseo, Kan., is off duty on account of illness.

E. R. Starkey, salesman, is confined to his home on account of illness.

C. M. Jackson, salesman, advises us of the arrival of an eight pound boy on January 15 to Mr. and Mrs. George Arthur, our agent at Cheney, Kan. We wish to extend our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur.

We regret to report the death on January 29 of Charles Lewellen, who for the past twelve years was our agent at Newton, Kan. The entire organization extends to Mrs. Charles Lewellen and family their sincere sympathy.

Recently, W. S. Mock, our new agent at Peabody, Kan., called us and stated that we were going to have a new agent at that point. Not knowing the cause for such a remark, we had visions of the very promising Mr. Mock vanishing. Then he very explosively informed us it was a boy, born February 8. Congratulations!

Lee Travis, agent at S. S. 14, Wichita, Kan., comes along with the announcement of an 8½-pound girl, born January 22. We have been wondering about this up-in-the-air attitude being displayed by Lee recently. However, this explains everything.

We regret to learn of the death of Chester Smith, father of I. B. Smith, district superintendent, which occurred on February 4. The organization extends its heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Smith and family in their bereavement.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Northern Division
AMOS BALL, Central Division
H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
C. F. HATMAKER, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
JOHN H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
R. H. THOMAS, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
C. H. WAGNER, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
P. H. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
C. C. LAKIN, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Asst. Mgr.* (Operation)
H. J. BEMIS, *Asst. Mgr.* (Sales)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
E. N. SHALLENBERGER, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
H. H. KEATING, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

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R. S. ORR, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
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E. P. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

Avenues Of Service

REGINALD McKENNA, head of the largest bank in the world, says that "Splendid isolation is a dream;" a truth which every industrial leader accepts as axiomatic. Had he substituted monopoly for isolation he would have expressed another self evident truth which would have been acclaimed by every man who has given serious thought to the development of business on a large scale.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is a big business striving to do a big job in a big way, yet no thought is given to achieving a monopoly: for those who direct the company's activities know that in any basic industry such an ambition is impossible of fulfillment. Competition is welcome, for no single organization can hope to serve the people of the Middle West with petroleum products as they should be served. The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) enjoys a large volume of business and is satisfied to let this volume take care of its profits.

There is a reciprocal bond between every great industrial organization and the social environment in which it operates. An organization is truly great only when the service it renders is great.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is in daily contact with a community of about 30 million people.

It serves them through a host of useful products refined from petroleum. Through these products it touches the home and industrial life of the people. It enters the sick chamber with mineral oil and petroleum jelly. It enters the factory, the roundhouse, and the farmyard with lubricating oils for machines, engines, and tractors. It seeks the farm home with gasoline, kerosene, candles and parowax. It touches the railroad right of way with Fortnite Long Time Burner Oil for signal lamps; it supplies thousands of public and private garages with gasoline and lubricants. It feeds the furnaces of homes and factories with Stanolind Furnace Oil. It goes to the hospital with Stanolind Surgical Wax. It paves the streets with Stanolind Paving Asphalt.

These are but a few of the avenues of service which the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) maintains. To keep these avenues open the Company operates 1700 service stations, 3900 bulk stations, 7000 tank wagons serving thousands of garages, and 6 great refineries to supply their needs.

Thus does the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) acknowledge its reciprocal bond, and by creating a host of useful, essential products from a single basic raw material—crude petroleum—justify its claim to master craftsmanship in industrial husbandry.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 4 MAY 1923 No. 7

H. R. COCHRAN

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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STANOLIND
RECORD
Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
C. V. JULIAN, *Editor*
Publication Office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 4 MAY No. 7

"DOLLAR GASOLINE WOULD WRECK STANDARD OIL"—COL. STEWART

"Where in All the History of Standard Oil Can Be Found Any Evidence of Such a Lack of Business Sense and Acumen as Raising the Price of Gasoline to One Dollar a Gallon Would Mean?" Demands Colonel Stewart, Discussing Senatorial Committee's Report on Oil Industry

Do you know that in ten years the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) paid to its employees in wages and salaries the gigantic sum of $335,000,000, while it paid to stockholders in cash dividends $74,000,000, and to the local and federal governments in taxes, $79,000,000? Do you know that under the annuity plan the company has paid out more than $700,000? Do you know why the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is not a trust? Do you know why if the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) ceased tomorrow to be a factor in the oil industry, gasoline prices would go soaring overnight? All of these facts are stated and questions answered in the address which Col. Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of this company, made during March and April in the ten states included in the territory in which this company markets its products. The Stanolind Record believes that all employees will read this speech with interest, and that all of us, but especially those who are engaged in the marketing of our products, will find therein information which will aid them in refuting misstatements made by ill-informed critics.—EDITOR.

Standard Oil looms large in the public eye as a manifestation of Big Business, and the whole country seems to be interested, either for or against, Big Business. I assume, therefore, that you will be interested in hearing how the particular big business of which I am the unashamed representative, is conducted, what ideals inspire it, and what principles are followed in its relations with the public, its employees and its competitors.

First, I wish to emphasize that I am speaking of the Standard Oil Company (*Indiana*), and not of the Standard Oil Company of

$60.00

The price of company stock to employees under the Employee's Stock Purchase Plan will be $60.00 for the twelve-month period ending March 31st, 1924. Details will be found on page 17.

New Jersey, or of California, or New York, or Ohio, or of any other of the several companies whose corporate names include the words "Standard Oil." The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has absolutely no connection whatsoever, either directly or indirectly, with these other Standard Oil companies except as a real tough competitor in the acquiring of crude oil and in the marketing of manufactured products. Why we still retain in our corporate name the prefix "Standard Oil" is easily understood. The name is an asset. When we became an independent company in 1912, the merit of Standard Oil products was so well known to the consumer that we could no more have afforded to discard the name of Standard Oil than Marshall Field & Co. of Chicago, for instance, could have afforded to abandon the name of Marshall Field when that store passed from control of the Field family.

It was in 1912 that the Supreme Court of the United States issued a decree dissolving the Standard Oil Company, Incorporated, of which the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) was a component part. This dissolution was effected by giving to each shareholder in the parent company his pro rata share of stock in each of the component organizations. The result was that immediately after the dissolution the ownership in the various companies remained exactly as it was before.

That is not true today. During the twelve years that have since elapsed the dissolution has become actual and the ownership scattered. In the last five years the number of stockholders in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has increased from 4,623 to more than 35,000.

Five years ago our largest shareholder owned nearly 30 percent of the total stock. Today, the largest shareholder owns only 5¼ percent, and that shareholder is not an indvidual but a charitable institution.

A few years ago only a wealthy man could afford to buy stock in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), as it sold on the market all the way from $600 to $900 a share. Today, almost anyone can afford to buy it. We made this possible, first, by reducing the par value of the stock from $100 to $25, and second, by the declaration of two stock dividends, one of 150 percent, and one of 100 percent. This automatically caused a reduction in the market price of our stock from around $900 to about $63.

You have heard it charged that our stock dividends were for the purpose of evading the income tax. That is wrong. Our stock dividends were decided upon and declared, at my own suggestion, for the express purpose, among others, of placing the price of our stock within reach of the average investor in order to scatter still more the ownership of the company, on the theory that every stockholder is an asset as a potential customer. It was successful. We now have more than 32,000 stockholders instead of 4,600. I want 100,000 if I can get them. I want them right here in the Middle West.

So far as the stockholder is concerned, the much discussed stock dividends mean actually nothing. Suppose, last December, you had owned a share of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) stock, which was then selling on the curb around $126. We declared a stock dividend, you thereby receiving an extra share to go with the one you had. Were you any richer? No. The next day the market price of the new shares was quoted around $63. In other words, the total market value of your two shares was exactly the same as the market value of the single share you owned before the stock dividend was declared.

Stock dividends are declared from surplus. Surplus means the difference between a company's capitalization and its net assets. Thus, one company's surplus may be represented by an accumulation of cash, while another's may be represented by practically no cash but by heavy investments in properties and equipment, such as—in the oil industry—service stations, pressure stills, lubricating plants, tank wagons, etc. The latter is true of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Our cash surplus has always been comparatively negligible.

Since its very inception the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has been under-capitalized. Prior to the stock dividend of last December we had an authorized capitalization of $140,000,000, whereas the actual money invested in our business through

(*Continued on Page 4*)

COLONEL STEWART SPEEDING ON HIGH

Since March 18, Colonel Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), always a fast traveler, has been breaking the speed limit. During that time he has delivered forty-one speeches in twenty-two of the larger cities of the Middlewest and Northwest, and has traveled, in company with other members of the Board of Directors, 5,469 miles. He has met and spoken to approximately 5,500 employees in nineteen of the company's sales divisions, Peoria, Quincy, Davenport, Des Moines, Wichita and St. Joseph, Mo., being covered on the first trip; Decatur, Evansville, Indianapolis, Detroit, Saginaw and Grand Rapids, on the second, and LaCrosse, Huron, Sioux City, Mankato, Minneapolis, Fargo and Duluth, on the third. In all these cities he spoke to commercial clubs and similar organizations, delivering the address published in this issue of the Stanolind Record. In addition to these cities, he spoke to commercial associations in Pierre, S. D., and Grand Forks, N. D. His address has been published, in whole or in part, in papers having a combined circulation of approximately 15,000,000. At an early date he also expects to visit Joliet, South Bend, Kansas City, St. Louis and Milwaukee, speaking both to employees and to business men in those cities. Between trips and talks, he and other members of the Board spend a week at the Home Office "resting"—said "rest" consisting in working overtime trying to catch up with their routine work.

(Continued from Page 2)

properties and equipment, was $318,000,000. This means two things:

First, that we had a so-called surplus of $180,000,000 though practically none of it was in cash.

Second, that we have to make an annual earning of approximately $40,000,000 before we can claim a return of 10 percent on our investment, and part of this $40,000,000 must be re-invested to provide for legitimate expansion, and the remainder widely scattered by division among 35,000 stockholders. Forty million dollars sounds big, but if you are fair, you will admit that $40,000,000 or $50,000,000 is not an exorbitant earning on an investment of $360,000,000.

Today, our authorized capitalization is $250,000,000, so we are said still to have a surplus of $69,000,000.

As I have said, this surplus represents, not cash, but investments in properties and equipment. It was largely the result of turning back a great portion of our earnings into the business to keep pace with the demand for our products. Just as the farmer has to use part of his earnings to buy farm machinery and to build new barns, just as the storekeeper has to use part of his earnings to install additional fixtures and stock, and often to enlarge his buildings to take care for his expanding business, so we have to use part of our earnings to build new plants, to provide new service stations, bulk distributing stations and tank wagons. You, yourselves, have been witness to the marvelous growth of the automobile industry and can appreciate what a monumental task it was for us to meet the resultant demand for gasoline. You have seen in the last fifteen years the tremendous increase in the use of machinery, in all lines, with an equally tremendous increase in the demand for lubricating oils. To finance our expansion to meet this demand was no small problem. Our surplus, therefore, does not represent unreasonable earnings, since it was no more than enough to provide for legitimate expansion.

Had we piled up a large cash surplus, that might have been evidence of unreasonable profits, and under the federal law the Secretary of the Treasury could then have levied a tax upon that surplus of 15 percent in addition to our corporate tax. But would you, who are business men, feel that it was reasonable and right, if, after you had paid your regular taxes, you were to be assessed an additional 15 percent on the same money on which you had already paid a heavy tax, and which you used to erect an addition to your store building? I would wager you would be against that administration for the rest of your natural lives.

Whenever anyone accuses the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) of evading the income tax, or any tax, I have to indulge in a somewhat rueful smile. Here is a fact which may startle you:

During the ten years ending January 1, 1922, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) paid to its stockholders in cash dividends the sum of $74,561,005.60, and in the same period paid in federal and local taxes the sum of $79,545,160.35. In other words, in ten years we paid nearly $5,000,000 more in taxes than we paid to our stockholders in cash dividends! As tax dodgers I fear we are woefully inefficient!

To confess the whole truth, we of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) think we are pretty good citizens. We think we are good citizens of every state and city and town in which we do business. We have in these states nearly 27,000 employees, and I believe that you who have come in contact with them will agree that they are clean, upstanding people, the kind of people you like to have move into your community: people who pay their debts and take an active interest in the affairs of the community. I challenge you to find a finer group of men and women anywhere in America.

These are the class of people from whom our executives are drawn, and when they become members of the Board of Directors they will be the same good fellows, the same good citizens, they are today.

Understand that members of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) are not sons of rich men placed there through their fathers' influence. Every man came up from the ranks and earned his right to the position. Of the

nine members of our Board, two began as office boys, one as a truck driver, one as a stenographer, one as a mechanic's helper, one as a draughtsman, one as a timekeeper, one as a chemist and one as a member of the legal department.

It may also interest you to know that during those ten years ending January 1, 1922, when we paid to our stockholders in cash dividends some $74,000,000, and to the local and federal governments in taxes, some $79,000,000, we paid to our employees in wages and salaries the sum of $335,000,000.

It has always been my boast that the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) holds no stronger brief for the stockholders than it does for the employees. Here is what we have done to prove it:

We have inaugurated an employees' stock purchase plan whereby any employee can purchase stock in the company on the installment plan, and for every $100 invested by the employee, the company invests for him an additional $50. Shares are purchased as soon as the employee and the company together have paid in enough to buy one share. Dividends begin immediately and are applied on the purchase of more stock. I do not believe there is a more liberal employees' stock plan in America.

Having heard its terms, you will not be surprised to learn that of our 35,000 stockholders, 9,200 are employees.

We have a pension or annuity plan whereby the employee who has given his best years, or who has become incapacitated in the service, is assured an income for the balance of his life. In no case is this annuity less than $300 a year and it may be as high as 75 percent of his average yearly wage for the ten years preceding retirement. This policy gives the employee a sense of security respecting his future. It enables him to do better work and gives him a more vivid interest in his work. It makes him a better citizen to have in the community.

Under this annuity plan the company has already paid out more than $700,000.00.

In our manufacturing plants we have what is known as the industrial relations plan, whereby the employees, by secret ballot, elect to an employees' council, representatives who pass on wages, hours of labor, working conditions and all other matters relating to their welfare. No foreman, or any man who has authority to hire or discharge men, may be an employees' representative. This council, or committee, makes recommendations to the management. It is true the management has the power of veto, but at the same time we have provided machinery so that in case the employees are dissatisfied with the ruling of the management they may appeal the case to the Department of Labor at Washington, whose decision is accepted by both employees and management as final.

Industrial relations in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has been an unqualified success. Strikes in our company are unknown. The men know they have a channel through which they can bring any matter before the management, as high as the Board of Directors if necessary, without in any way jeopardizing their position as employees. This gives them a grave sense of responsibility, and as a result, of the hundreds of recommendations they have made to the management, only a small percentage have been found to be inacceptable. Our experience with industrial relations, through employees' representation has convinced me of the inherent fairness, good faith and square dealing of the American workingman. We endeavor to reciprocate by treating him always on a basis of equity and of justice.

You will note that in our treatment of employees there is nothing of paternalism. We want them, en masse and individually, to work out their own problems. We are willing and eager to help them, but first ask that they do something to help themselves. We have no desire to dominate them. At Whiting, Indiana, the location of our largest refinery, is now being built a community building to which the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) contributed more than $300,000. Later we hope to finance the erection of similar buildings in all our refinery towns, but when these buildings are completed the company will have no part in their administration. We are eager to promote and broaden the social life of

our people, but we refuse to say how and in what direction it shall be done. To do that were paternalism, and I do not believe in paternalism in industry any more than I believe in paternalism in government. Paternalism induces a feeling of dependence and destroys individual initiative. Destruction of initiative does not make for the permanent welfare either of industry or of government. The very genius of our American institutions has been the giving of the fullest play to individual initiative. That is what has made our country great.

In the last decade we have seen too great a growth of paternalism in government, with the establishment of a state or federal bureau for this thing or that thing, with everyone who has a grievance or a hobby rushing to Washington to demand the passage of a federal law, and the establishment of a federal agency to enforce it. Our citizens should remember that not only does governmental supervision of everything and everybody stifle individual initiative, but that every increase of governmental interference, the establishment of every bureau, every regulation of business, necessarily brings with it an increase in taxes, and the building up of a bureaucracy.

I do not mean to advocate the entirely unrestricted operation of business, either big or little. I welcome government supervision of industry in so far as it is necessary to prevent all unfair practices, but I deprecate that class of interference, of which we have had too much, that works harassment to business without serving any good purpose. The farmers and other shippers in the United States today are paying the bill for past governmental interference with the railroads.

I hope the day will never come when you will have to pay the bill for some ill-advised, improperly-inspired governmental interference with the oil industry.

As matters stand now we are able to render to the people of the Middlewest a real service. I sometimes doubt if the average citizen realizes to what extent our present civilization is dependent upon the oil industry. From crude petroleum a host of useful commodities are manufactured, the most essential of which is lubricating oil. Without this cheap and abundant eliminator of friction the age of machinery in which we are living would have been impossible. Imagine, if you can, the impossibility of obtaining enough animal and vegetable oil to keep turning the myriad bearings of modern industry. Picture, if you can, a world without petroleum. Railroads would not run; manufacturing by machinery would be limited; agricultural practice as we know it would be impossible, and civilization would be but little advanced over that which obtained a hundred years ago.

The most obvious example, of course, of the great industries made possible through the development of petroleum products, are those engaged in the automotive industry. Today, there are 10,397,000 automobiles and trucks in operation on the roads of the United States, and the building program for 1923 calls for a minimum output of more than 2,500,000 machines, which, allowing for the junking of 500,000 cars, will mean 12,397,000 in operation during 1923. To supply these with gasoline, something in the neighborhood of 4,524,905,000 gallons will be required. Gentlemen, you can remember the day of cheap gasoline, but you can also remember the day when the sight of an automobile was a rarity.

Here, again, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has rendered an inestimable service to the people of the United States. With gasoline consumption fairly leaping to dizzy heights, and with geologists declaring that the world's supply of petroleum was limited, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), at enormous expense, carried on experiments which resulted in the Burton process for the manufacture of gasoline, doubling and trebling the yield of gasoline from crude, and maintaining the price of gasoline at a much lower figure than it otherwise would be. The company has not kept this process to itself but licenses its use by any refiner who wishes to use it.

While rendering this service to the people of America, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) was performing an equally important one for the people of the Middlewest by building up a comprehensive distribution system. The effectiveness of automotive power depends on an adequate supply and

efficient distribution of gasoline and other petroleum products. The users of automobiles, motor trucks and tractors of the Middlewest would find themselves seriously handicapped were it not for the practically universal distribution of gasoline and oils maintained by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). In the states of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota and Kansas, which comprise the territory in which we sell, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) maintains for the convenience of its customers 3,973 bulk or wholesale stations, so located as to assure rapid distribution of gasoline and oils. It maintains 1,605 service stations situated with a view to the convenience of the motoring public. It maintains throughout the rural districts 7,167 tank wagons which serve the farmer at regular intervals, enabling him to keep his truck, tractor or motor car ready for instant use. The roads are never too bad for a husky, devoted Standard Oil Company (Indiana) driver to force his way through to the most isolated farm. It is nothing unusual in the northern states of our territory for a driver to get snowed in while on a delivery trip. Often such deliveries are made at an actual loss to us, but our drivers have a boast which they live up to: "Standard Oil Service, Anywhere, Anytime, Under Any Conditions!"

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is particularly interested in the problems of the farmer. For one thing, I was reared on a farm and know something of his problems. For another, I, and most of my associates in the company, do not believe that the farmer has been given a square deal of late, and we are of the opinion such a condition is bad for the country and bad for business.

I have told you who we are, what we are, what ideals inspire us, and something of what we do. Now, I wish to tell you of some of the things we are NOT.

I am aware that a great many people have a hazy sort of notion that we own all the oil wells. That is far from the truth.

Until very recently the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) owned no oil wells and had no crude oil production, having to buy its crude in competition on the open market. The war, however, demonstrated the necessity of a permanent source of supply for our refineries. As a result, during 1920 and 1921, a one-half interest was acquired in the Sinclair Pipe Line, as well as a one-half interest in the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company, which has for its purpose the purchasing of crude oil to supply business for the pipe line company. This gave rise to rumors that we controlled Sinclair, Consolidated, and to some talk about "monopoly". As regards the first, we have no interest whatever in Sinclair, Consolidated, except as that company interests us as a competitor. As regards the second: the Sinclair Pipe Line Company already was constructed and we had the choice of acquiring an interest in it or of building a line of our own. To have gone to the expense of building a new line, at a cost of millions of dollars, when one already laid was not being used to capacity, would have been an economic crime.

While the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) now has some crude oil production of its own, we are still dependent upon others for the major source of our supply for our refineries at Whiting, Wood River and Sugar Creek.

As to monopoly—the management of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) appreciates that a monopoly is abhorrent to the minds of the American people and will not be tolerated by them. It does not desire, nor does it endeavor to put any competitors out of business. We believe, in fact, that our competitors are as essential to our business as our customers. Most of them are good, clean, business men, who manufacture excellent products and market those products in an honest businesslike way.

It is a mistake to believe that the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has a monopoly of the oil business of the Middlewest and Northwest, or that it can arbitrarily dictate the price of gasoline, either up or down. I have told you of our tremendous resources of manufacture and distribution, and it is true that the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is the largest single manufacturer and marketer of gasoline in the world; but it is equally true that if the so-called independents were to cut the price of gasoline

STANDARD OIL SERVICE KINGS

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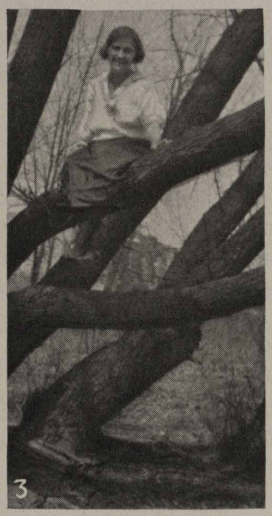
No. 1—When you are in Atchison, Kan., of the St. Joseph, Mo., division, you learn what real service is from this trio (left to right) Charles Hassenfratz, Ed Askren in charge of S. S 2, and H C. Carter in charge of S. S. 24. No. 2—An object lesson on how Al Johnson, Newfolden, Minn., agent, of the Fargo field, increased his percentage on Red Crown and made his quota on barrels. No. 3—How would you like to be stuck in the mud and have "Fatty" Porter, Walworth, Wis., agent, of the Milwaukee field, come along? He's as husky as he looks.

It's a Great Life in Iowa



Sioux City, Iowa, Field. No. 1—Here are some of the Sioux City Standard Oil girls taking their noon hour joy ride. They are (left to right): Marie Tinder, Mildred Page, Edna Morrison and Iona De Camp. No. 2—Salesman J. E. Willis of Rosebud territory, Minnie White Eagle and Ida Swift Hawk are shown doing the Omaha dance. Mr. Willis was adopted by the Sioux Tribe under the name of Chief Fighting Bear. No. 3—Naomi Swanson is up a tree, but we don't know the reason. She's of the Sioux City office.

SALESMEN ORGANIZE CLUB

Minneapolis, Minn. — Believing that knowledge is power, salesmen of St. Paul and Minneapolis have formed the Stanolind Sales Club, an organization with an aim to bring the salesmen together at frequent intervals for the purpose of discussing sales problems, studying our various products and learning more about the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) in general making for greater efficiency both to the salesmen and to the company.

T. M. Birmingham has been elected president, W. G. Patton, vice-president, and D. L. Johnston, secretary-treasurer. Manager F. L. Cochran and Assistant Manager E. N. Shallenberger have been elected to honorary membership and have assured the club of their assistance.

CLUB IN MANKATO

Mankato, Minn.—In order to gain a thorough knowledge of the oil industry, workers in the Mankato division of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) have organized the Petroleum Education Club.

Meetings are held the second and fourth Mondays of each month at 5:30 p. m., the members carrying their dinners to expedite matters.

Since the organization of the club on February 26, several interesting meetings have been held. W. P. Scherer was elected president, F. C. Brown, vice-president, and E. S. Hagerty, secretary.

DIRTY FACES

The Whiting Mutual Benefit Association had a balance of $20,528.52 on March 1, 1923, according to the report of Secretary W. O. Walker.

The balance was invested as follows:

Liberty Bonds	$4,000.00
Whiting Savings & Loan Assn. Stock	5,627.53
Hammond City Bonds	5,000.00
Savings Account—Bank of Whiting	4,341.05
Checking Account	1,559.94

There are 1,298 members in good standing.

GUN CLUB ELECTS

Whiting, Ind.—Following the opening of the official season of the Whiting Gun Club on April 1, members are optimistic that 1923 will be a banner year for the sport at Whiting.

Fourteen club and two registered shoots are on the program for the year, being held on the first and third Sundays of each month, April to October, inclusive. The registered shoots will be held in the latter part of July and September.

In the annual meeting, A. D. Buchanan was elected president for the fifth consecutive time. L. N. Dunning was named vice-president, D. J. B. Conroy, secretary-treasurer; August Oelrich, field captain; Ted James, assistant field captain, and Charles R. Carrette, publicity manager.

There are fifty-one members in the club, forty of these being Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employees.

MRS. WOODWARD DIES

Sympathy of all the employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) goes out to Frank Woodward, Sugar Creek, Mo., refinery foreman, in the death of his wife, February 24.

Mrs. Woodward died after a lingering illness, during which twenty-nine employees offered themselves as subjects for a blood transfusion operation. Two men were chosen and Mrs. Woodward appeared to gain, but later suffered a relapse. Her death followed.

The story of the blood transfusion operation may be read on page 3 of the March issue of the Stanolind Record.

ANNUITANTS DIE

The Stanolind Record regrets to report the deaths of three annuitants of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

Mr. W. H. Reynolds, 724 New York avenue, Whiting, died March 18.

Mr. John H. Hummel died April 10.

Mr. Calix Sheffer died April 2.

JOHN D. CLARK ELECTED TO BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Former Vice-President and General Counsel of Midwest Refining Company, Now Subsidiary to This Company, Becomes Member of Board of Directors of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) as Vice-President and Assistant to the Chairman

The month of March saw two developments which went a long way towards knitting together more closely the personnel of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) with that of the Midwest Refining Company, practically all of whose stock is owned by the former.

The first was the amendment of the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan to permit employees of the Midwest to participate in that plan on the same basis as employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

The second was the elevation to the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) of Mr. John D. Clark, formerly vice-president and general counsel of the Midwest. Mr. Clark will have the title of vice-president and assistant to the chairman, according to an announcement by Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the company.

Mr. Clark's rise in the oil industry has been meteoric. Only 38 years of age, he has advanced to a position which is generally attained only after years of service.

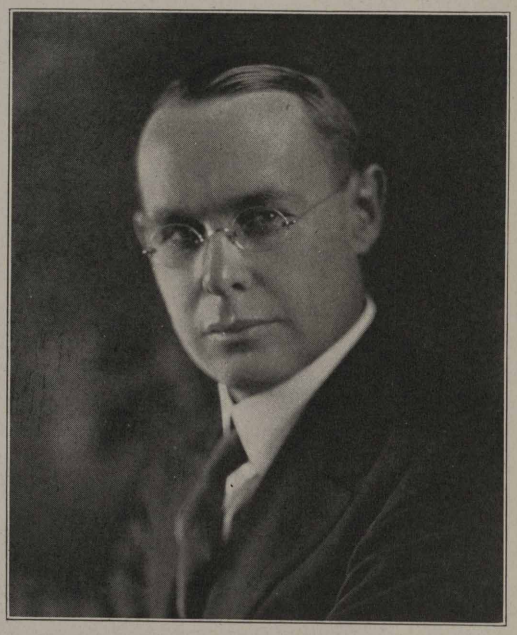
Mr. Clark was graduated from the Columbia University Law School in 1907 and from that time until 1919 he practiced law in Cheyenne. In 1919, he was made an executive of the Midwest Refining Company, in which position he continued to serve after the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) took over the large Rocky Mountain refining and producing concern.

A true son of the west, he is progressive, active and public spirited. He has served as president of the Cheyenne Chamber of Commerce, and for ten years was a member of the Cheyenne school board.

The Stanolind family welcomes Mr. Clark.

* * *

Ray—"How do you get such a nice complexion?"
May—"I run five miles every morning."
Ray—"My! Do you live that far from the drug store?"—*"Topics of the Day" Films.*



John D. Clark

WHITING FOREMEN MEET

The Whiting Works Foremen's Fellowship Club held the second of its educational meetings in the Industrial Relations Building, Tuesday evening, March 27, 1923.

The subject "Lubricating Oils and Greases" was very ably discussed by Messrs. M. R. Schmidt of the Whiting works and J. W. Stack of the Sales Department. Dr. Schmidt discussed the manufacturing processes of Lubricating Oils and Greases while Mr. Stack discussed the technicality of determining their proper use and application.

Both discussions were illustrated and were interesting and of great educational value to those in attendance.

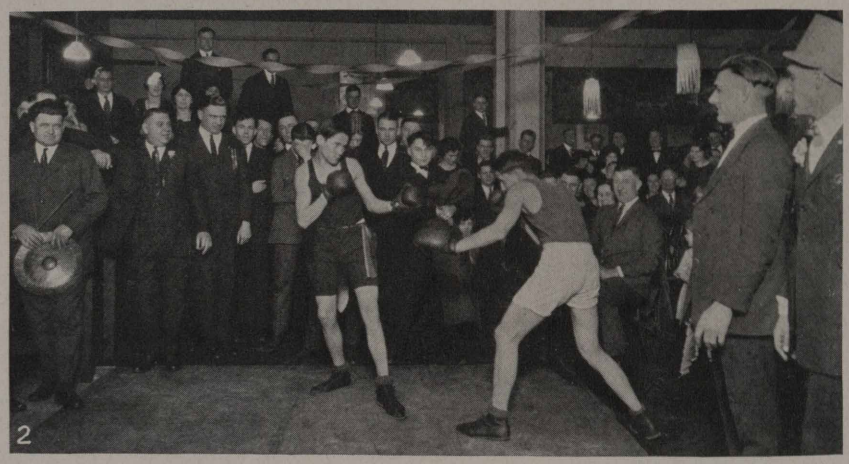
* * *

GOT THE HABIT.—Ethel—"The bride nearly fainted during the ceremony and had to be supported by her father until it was over."

Edith—"Yes; and now I hear her father is supporting both of them."—*Sheffield (Eng.) Telegraph.*

Grand Rapids is Saint Pat's Pride

1



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No. 1—Irish confetti was barred although balloons and serpentines were approved at the Saint Patrick's day entertainment of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employees at Grand Rapids. Here the balloons are finding life is real and sometimes short in the midnight riot. No. 2—Introducing "Kid" Collins and "Young" Wolgemuth. Referee K. C. Clapp decided their six rounds of milling was an even thing. The boys weighed in at 126 pounds which included shoestrings and all.

Sure, 'Tis The Loife of Reilly

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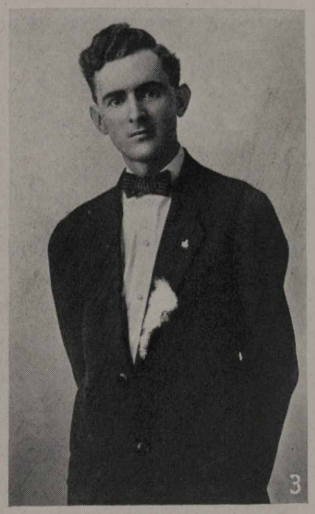
Grand Rapids, Mich. March 17 was a great day for Standard Oilers. Everyone who managed to escape the flu was on the job to give Saint Patrick a send-off as never before. No. 1—Because you don't have to come from Ireland to be Oirish, this big turnout was on hand. They are shown watching the vaudeville show. No. 2—Here is the minature stage that rung to the tunes of Sweet Rosie O'Grady, River Shannon and all the rest. On the stage are (left to right): Roy D. Fonger, vaudeville promoter; M. C. Hawkins, magician and monologue laughsmith; Edna Stevens and Dale Stevens, musicians. Messrs. Fonger and Hawkins are S. O. Co. employees and Edna and Dale are the children of Art Stevens, warehouse superintendent.

SALES AND REFINERY MEET IN SCHOLL FAMILY



No. 1—Nick Scholl, member of the publications committee of the Joint General Committee at Whiting, Ind., had this photo made when he was a sport, he told the Stanolind Record editor. No. 2—This is Harold Scholl, 9 years old, who is the son of Nick. The photo was taken when Harold was 3 years old. No. 3—George Scholl, brother of Nick, works at a bulk station in Chicago, making the Scholl family 100 per cent Standard Oil.

"GOD BLESS S. O. CO.," SAYS ANNUITANT

The following letter was received by Manager H. C. Griffin of the Kansas City field from F. A. Doane of Chanute, Kas., which we believe will interest readers:

"In looking over my files, I find a letter from Mr. C. L. Zacher, formerly agent at Cherryvale, Kas., and later of Iola, Kas., under date of October 8, 1922, but inasmuch as his letter is quite lengthy and purely personal, I will quote only the part pertaining to his annuity that he is getting from the Standard Oil Co. (Indiana) which is as follows:

" 'After traveling up and down the Pacific Coast in search of health, San Bernardino, Cal., is my last stand. I like this place and have gone out in suburbs to live. Rent is $20.00 per month and if it were not for the GOOD OLD STANDARD OIL CO. I would have been in the poor house long ago. And GOD BLESS STANDARD OIL COMPANY. They have been so good to me, and they are the best people to their employes in old U. S. A.'

"Having known Mr. Zacher for a long time, I can fully appreciate and understand his expression of gratitude, and while the officers and directors no doubt receive many such letters, I am taking the liberty of sending this to you that you may make such use of it as you see fit, and at the same time extend my thanks for the annuity I have been receiving for the past two years. I do most sincerely appreciate it, and in the language of Mr. Zacher, I say 'GOD BLESS THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY.' "

EMPLOYEE'S STOCK NOW $60; MIDWEST WORKERS IN

During Twelve-month Period Ending March 31st, 1924, Stock Will Be Sold to Employees at $60 a Share, of Which Sum the Company Pays $20 —Amendment to Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan Opens Opportunity to Employees of Midwest

During the third year of the five-year period of the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), stock will be sold to employees at the rate of $60 a share. Of this amount $20 is paid by the company and $40 by the employee-subscriber.

Announcement of the new price was made April 2 by R. W. Stewart, W. M. Burton and E. G. Seubert, trustees of the funds, and chairman of the board, president, and secretary-treasurer of the company, respectively. The announcement follows:

"To the Participants in the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan: Pursuant to the provisions of Section 8 of the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan, as contained in booklet form B-991, we beg to advise that the Board of Directors have fixed a price of $60.00 per share on sales of stock of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) to the trustees of the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan, which price will be used on all purchases of stock for employees during the period April 1, 1923, to March 31, 1924, inclusive."

Under the provisions of the Plan, for every dollar paid by an employee towards purchase of stock, the company adds fifty cents. Dividends are credited to the employees account as soon as he and the company together have paid in enough to purchase one share of stock. Employees may subscribe up to twenty per cent of their annual salaries. Those who withdraw before completion of the five-year period receive back the full amount they have paid in plus six per cent interest.

On March 1, 1923, there were 8,609 employees on the books of the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan department, according to Mr. Melville H. Seegers, head of the department. The opening of the new period is expected to see a considerable increase in this number, particularly since the opportunity to participate in the plan has been extended to employees of the Midwest Refining Company, which company's stock is owned by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

A change in the eligibility clause of the Plan places Miwdest employees on the same basis as Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employees in the purchase of stock. The amending clause reads:

"The term 'Employee' shall also mean and include employee, officer or director of the Midwest Refining Company, a Maine corporation, who had been in the like continuous and exclusive service of that company for the period of more than one year prior to March 31, 1923, or at any time thereafter during the existence of this plan, or whose employment by this company and by that company together has been continuous and exclusive for a like period, and also any employee, officer or director of this company who has been in the like employment by that company and by this company together for the period of one year or more."

HOW TO DRIVE AN AUTO

Drive as if every other driver was a born idiot.

Drive as if all children and most pedestrians were bent on suicide beneath your wheels.

Drive as if every hill had a chasm at the bottom.

Drive as if every curve was a highwayman, a Bengal tiger and a stone wall.

Examine your car before you start, not after you stop—and you won't have accidents.—*Bulletin, Halifax Auto Assn.*

* * *

SIMPLE DIVISION.—Husband (going through housekeeping accounts)—"But what is the earthly use of running accounts with four grocers?"

Wife—"Well, you see, dear, it makes the bills so much smaller!"—*The Passing Show (London).*

SAGINAW BOWLERS BEAT JOLIET BY MAIL

Now that Joliet, which once defeated Whiting, which once defeated Wood River, has fallen before the Saginaw bowling team in a "by mail" tourney, the Northland Standard Oilers are getting awfully cocky; in fact to the extent that they have issued a general challenge to all Standard Oil teams. So, will some team kindly enter the lists against them and put the sag in Saginaw? The Saginaw team is composed of (left to right): E. F. Symons, F. E. Bryson, R. W. Kern, R. V. Thompson and L. E. Younckman.

SAGINAW BEATS JOLIET

Saginaw division bowlers of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) humbled the pride of the Joilet division bowlers and won a six-game match, 5,554 pins to 5,321. The games were played in home alleys of both teams and the results forwarded by mail.

Summary:

SAGINAW	*Total Pins*	*Average*
R. Thompson	1169	194.5/6
R. E. Bryson	1139	189.5/6
L. E. Younckman	1119	186.1/2
E. F. Symour	1013	168.5/6
R. W. Kern	1114	185.2/3
Total	5554	

JOLIET		
A. Hanna	1241	206.5/6
H. Fricke	1082	160.1/3
C. Kniep	952	158.2/3
G. Johnson	1014	169
C. Sallgren	1032	172
Total	5321	

Saginaw's average was 925 pins a game.

SUGAR CREEK JOINT GENERAL COMMITTEE

Sugar Creek, Mo.—The Joint General Committeemen, elected to serve in the Sugar Creek Refinery of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) for 1923, are (standing, left to right) A. E. Payne, F. G. Lee, Burney F. Gore, G. W. Thompson, L. C. Howard, J. J. Wirthman, A. O. Hodges (seated, left to right) W. B. Hodge, W. L. Hickey, H. C. Moore, O. C. Hite and Joe Bostian.

HOLD ATHLETIC SHOW

Sugar Creek, Mo.—So great was the interest aroused in the first of the year's big athletic and vaudeville entertainments that almost before the cheers had died down, plans for a second show were under way. The program was given to raise money for the Standard Oil Athletic Association. A nice profit was realized.

One of the hits of the evening was the boxing bout between Band Director E. J. Cox and Tom Vining. The going was a surprise and the finish found both men about equally used up.

Earl Lynd and Richard Watts, two boys of about 12 years of age, put on a scrappy bout for another draw.

Henry Coin, substituting for Clarence Wolfe in the mat go, gained the first fall from Virgil Mayden, the labor department's pride, in four and a half minutes with a body scissors. Mayden came back in eleven and a half minutes for the second fall, employing a mixture hold that no one could define.

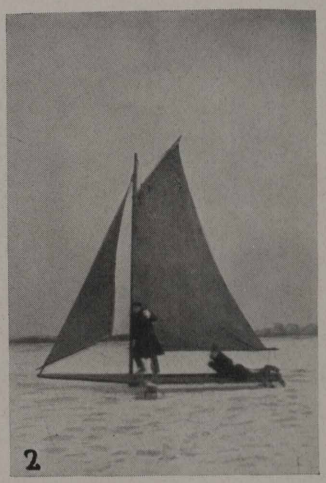
Harrison ("Leather Throat") Shiffner did the announcing. He sounded like a combination of a fire siren and a fog horn, proving one of the cards of the evening.

The Brown Brothers brought down the house with a clog dance and "Lovin' Sam". Blaine Bender, in a reading act, won his crowd and received a third encore.

Art Henry lost the decision to Alvis Smith, the fighting boilermaker, in four rounds of rough and ready milling.

Hey, Casper! Can You Beat This?

1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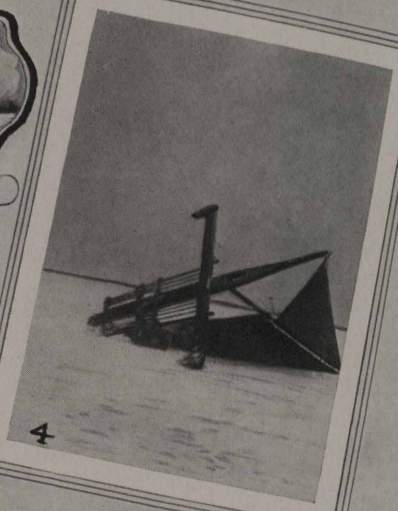
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Whiting, Ind.—Here are four pictures of iceboating at Wolf Lake. John Mihalso of the boiler shop is the commodore. The good ship Standard Oil attracted a great deal of attention, crowds watching the spill that resulted in a slightly damaged ship but no broken bones.

WHITING EMPLOYEES RAISE $2,197 ATHLETIC FUND

2,505 Workers Donate for Support of Standard Oil Athletic Association; Boxing Carnival and Dance Attended by Hundreds.

Whiting—The Standard Oil Athletic Association of the Whiting works is off for another big year. The new officers, representatives, and chairman of committees, are on the job and praiseworthy results of their work are on record. John C. Melvin is president of the S. O. A. A. and is a real leader.

A boxing carnival for employees only with admission free was given in the Whiting Community Center recently. The carnival included five high class six-round boxing bouts and entertainment by the Standard Oil Company Concert Band, Vincent Sell, Weber Wedberg, Billy McTane and the Gallistel Quarette. All the seats were taken an hour before the carnival started and several hundred were turned away. Climatically it was a "punk" night so the attitude of the employees towards this endeavor of the S. O. A. A. is easily understood.

Boxing carnivals have been a success and are much in demand by the employees but there are some who desire a different kind of athletics. They want to dance. Accordingly a free dance was given by the S. O. A. A. at the Community Center, February 9. Excellent dance music was furnished by Sheppard and songs were sung by employees Leo Myers and Vincent Sell. Over six hundred were in attendance and the demand for another dance has been so persistent that it was announced for April 17, 1923.

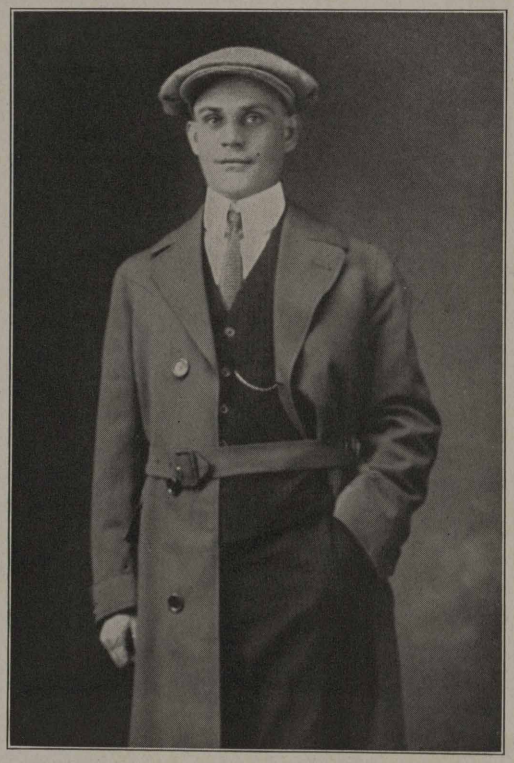
From February 5 to February 7, a collection was taken among employees for the support of the association. Two thousand five hundred and five employees donated $2197.75. Any doner would be repaid the amount given by attending either of the above mentioned functions. However, these are but two of the many activities which are promoted by the Whiting works S. O. A. A.

* * *

CURIOUS REFLEX.—"The human anatomy is a wonderful bit of mechanism."

"Yes, pat one kind of man on the back and you'll make his head swell."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

REAL AMERICAN



This is a picture of Steve Kladar of Wood River, one of the pipe-fitting foremen under Jack Maloney. Steve showed his class when he was called to take the final examination for his naturalization papers. He got these papers on March 19, 1923. Steve holds the record, according to the examining judge of answering the questions asked him the best of any applicant who has ever taken the examination in this district. The judge complimented Steve very highly. Steve is not only breaking records laying pipes, but is also breaking records on keeping in touch with the activities of the United States government of which he is now a full-fledged citizen. Steve is just a little over 25 years of age, is married and has three children. Steve started with the Standard Oil Company on October 26, 1915, this making him almost an eight year man. He states that he also intends to remain with the company for many more years to come. Steve started in the common labor department and has worked himself up to his present position. We think that this is "some record," taking into consideration the fact that a man has to go through many hardships when he goes to a strange land. We are with you, Steve, and wish you still further success.

* * *

MAKE YOUR STOCK PAY DIVIDENDS!

WHITING EMPLOYEES COMMENT ON SENATE REPORT

Whiting, Ind., March 14.—Whereas, the LaFollette sub-committee of the senate committee on manufactures has conducted a so-called investigation of the oil industry, and has submitted a report to the Senate, and

Whereas, it is clearly evident that the investigation was nothing more than a mask for an unfair attack upon the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and other companies, and

Whereas, many of the statements made in the report (as reported in the March 7, 1923 issue of National Petroleum News) are known by this Joint General Committee to be without foundation in fact, therefore

Be it Resolved, that this Industrial Relations Committee (Whiting Refinery) expresses its disapproval of the report of the sub-committee and its method of selecting and arranging testimony to best suit its purpose, and

Be it further Resolved, that this Joint General Committee express to the directors of our company our complete confidence in their ability and intention to continue to conduct the affairs of this company in a manner fair and just to the public, to the stockholder, to the employee, and to the competitor.

Be it further Resolved, that copies of this resolution be sent to our Board of Directors, to the Chicago daily papers, and to the LaFollette sub-committee of the Senate committee on manufactures.

Industrial Relations Joint General Committee,
STANDARD OIL COMPANY (INDIANA).

OUR LEADING ACTOR AND HIS "ANGELS"

Introducing Mr. Pat Quinlan, once a more or less famous actor, now manager of the Wichita division, Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Pat is also famous as a preacher, being the author of one of the most moving prayers on "Forbearance" ever heard at a Standard Oil gathering. Nearly all good shows must be backed by "angels," and in this photo are six of the "angels" who are backing the big show Pat is putting on at Wichita. In the photo, left to right, top row: Mr. H. A. (Gus) Lewis, assistant general manager, Western division; Mr. W. C. Van Horne, assistant manager, Wichita division; Mr. E. J. Bullock, company director of purchases; Mr. Joe Nevotti, secretary and aide-de-camp to Colonel Stewart; Mr. Allan Jackson, company vice president in charge of sales; Mr. R. H. McElroy, company traffic manager; Mr. Quinlan (that's considerable hat); Colonel R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the company; Mr. T. J. Thompson, company general sales manager. The photo was taken while members of the Board of Directors were at Wichita on their tour of the main sales divisions. (Since the foregoing was written Mr. Quinlan suffered an acute and dangerous attack of appendicitis. The Record is glad to report, however, that physicians have pronounced him out of danger and say he is on the road to recovery. He can't get well too soon to suit the rest of the Stanolind Family.)

* * *

JUST AS NOISY.—Mrs. Johnsing—"Ah thought you-all said you was gwine to name your new baby 'Victrola,' but Ah hears you-all done made a change."

Mrs. Moses—"Yes, Ah expected it would be a girl an' Ah had decided to name her 'Victrola,' but she turned out to be a boy, so Ah done name him 'Radio'."—*The Christian Advocate (New York).*

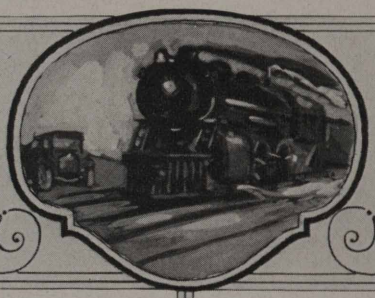
* * *

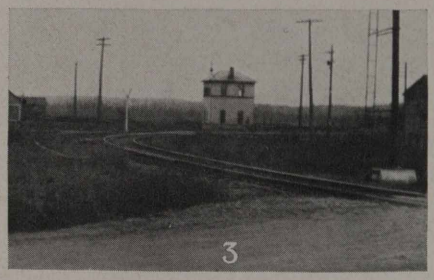
THE DIFFERENCE.—A teacher was conducting a lesson in history.

"Tommy Jones," she said, "what was there about George Washington which distinguished him from all other famous Americans?"

"He didn't lie," was the prompt answer.—*Ligourian.*

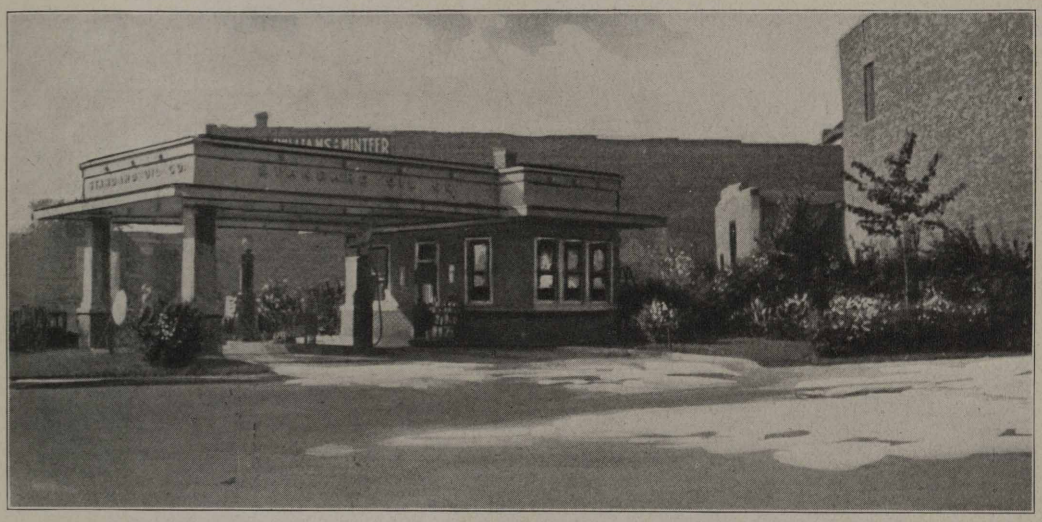
Stop! Look! Listen! Safety First





Here are three photos that tell their own story. Despite a clear vision, accidents are bound to happen if drivers do not stop, look and listen before crossing tracks. No. 1—Agent Scott Iddings was instantly killed when a N. Y. Central train crashed into his truck. Photo shows the debris. No. 2—Shows the piled-up car of some unfortunate who did not stop, look and listen. No. 3—This photo shows a clear vision, but a sharp turn. Lives have been lost here.—F. C. Singleton, Safety Director, Sales Department.

HIS GARDENING HELPED HIM TO PROMOTION



St. Joseph, Mo.—Mr. Donald H. Wiggins, service station attendant of Chillicothe, not only kept his service station building immaculate inside and out, but used his leisure moments to do landscape gardening about the building, making the location one of the beauty spots of Chillicothe. Willingness to use his spare time for gardening, cleanliness, willingness to oblige and ability combined to win him promotion to an agent instructorship. This is the time of year when the most effective gardening can be done. Wait till summer and it will be too late. Many service station men will get busy with hoe, spade, rake and mower and follow Agent Instructor Wiggins' route to promotion.

DESERVED COMPLIMENT TO S. O. CO. DRIVERS

Manager J. C. Marshall of the Indianapolis division recently received the following letter from T. R. Campbell, supervising safety agent of the C. C. C. & St. L. Ry. Co. in which Mr. Campbell praises Standard Oil drivers most highly:

"In the interest of accident prevention at streets and highways, at railroad crossings, I have just finished calling on all our crossing watchmen in the City of Indianapolis, examined them on our rules covering this feature of accident prevention.

Quite a number of our crossing watchmen have called my attention to the care your drivers exercise before crossing railroad tracks.

"I desire to express to you, and through you, to the drivers of your company, our appreciation for the care they take to avoid this class of deplorable accidents which so frequently result in death or serious personal injury.

"With no thought of letting up in our efforts to prevent accidents of this nature, we sincerely hope the spirit of the Standard Oil Company in accident prevention will spread to other industries."

(Signed) T. R. McCAMPBELL

KEEPS 200,000 RAIL LAMPS BURNING

Chicago—The keeping of 200,000 railroad lamps burning is only one of the things that Commodore W. A. Jones does well. He is in charge of the marketing of Fortnite Oil and during his 33 years with the company has seen the fame of Fortnite spread to thirty-four states, and Panama. The Commodore spent much time in the last two years in working with lamp burner and chimney manufacturers to improve these devices. The result has been better light for the "little gray home in the West" which is dependent upon kerosene for lighting purposes. Here is Commodore Jones in his "cabin."

JERRY REYNOLDS WEDS

Do you remember "way back when" (1896) two tall strangers got off the Louisville train with carpet bags n'everything? Those two strangers proved to be Jerry A. Reynolds and James D. Callahan, who with fire in their eyes, marched on 5 Wabash avenue with a strong determination to revolutionize the workings of that infant industry, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). The present strength of our institution can be traced to the loyalty of hundreds of men like these.

The fact that Mr. Reynolds was married on March 10 to Miss Addie Harding at the Seelbach Hotel, Louisville, Ky., will bring a rush of reminiscences and a soft glow to the eyes of all the "old timers" who have had the pleasure of associating with "Jerry" for 27 years.

One must not get the idea though, that only "old timers" will be pleased with the news. We younger ones have also been proud to number Mr. Reynolds as a freind. We all join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Jerry years of happiness.

* * *

Don't envy the other fellow who seems to do better than you; study him.—*Exchange.*

PUTTING STANDARD OIL IN THE HOME

We have been accustomed to put oil in the homes but this is the first time the home has come to us. The car is owned by the Standard Lumber & Supply Company and is being filled at S. S. 57, Fort Wayne, Ind., of the South Bend division.

CASPER PLANT No. 1 WINS BASKETBALL TITLE

Casper, Wyo.—With the loss of only one game, Plant No. 1's basketeers rode roughshod to the summit of the Casper Basketball league, thereby winning a handsome silver loving cup, presented by the Herald, one of Casper's leading newspapers.

The single defeat staining the record of the champion basketeers was administered by Plant No. 3, which finished in second place with two defeats. The victory over No. 1 was some slight revenge to the No. 3's as No. 1 defeated them earlier in the season. The victory of the Methodist quintet over No. 3 was all that kept the season from ending in a deadlock.

Some classy basketball was displayed in the Casper league, many of the players being former college men. The city league was under the management of Mr. Poling, a resident contractor and a basketball star of a few years ago. The success of the venture this year will enable the sport to be continued next year, it is said.

The all-star team, as picked by fans, follows: Wilson, No. 1 and Rynalski, No. 3, forwards; Lano, No. 1, center, and Erickson, No. 3, and Kirk, No. 1, guards.

WELDERS TOP WHITING PIN LEAGUE

Whiting, Ind.—The S. O. A. A. Bowling League is now on its last round of league play with the Welding Shop team two games in the lead over the Laboratory. The Grease Works boys are also very close, being but four games behind the leaders. Pete Liesse, of the Paraffine Works, is leading the individuals, closely followed by J. Zubay of the Grease Works. This has been a banner year in this sport over sixty men taking an active part.

S. O. PRODUCTS PLAY PART IN LOGGING

Duluth, Minn.—After the axes of woodsmen have brought to earth the pride of forests, Standard Oil Company products begin to play an unending part in the preparation of the logs for commercial uses. Here is a photo showing a tractor hauling the logs to a sawmill in the Cloverlands, near Iron River, Mich. The tractor is 100 per cent Standard Oil.

A COMPETITOR'S OPINION OF STANDARD OIL

The "Chicago Commerce", published by the Chicago Association of Commerce, on March 17th printed a letter from a Mr. Fred C. Adams, whom the journal described as "an association member of active service, with cause to understand the question which he treats." The Stanolind Record is not acquainted with Mr. Adams, but the fact that he describes himself as a competitor and yet is willing to champion the fair dealing of a company with which he was in competition, stamps him as the kind of man whose affiliation with the oil industry will help it. His letter to the association journal follows.—EDITOR.

"The senate committee's report on the Standard Oil company, as published in the Tribune, can not be called an unbiased report as would be made by a majority of the Standard Oil company's competitors. It is a fact that the Standard Oil company neither controls nor manipulates oil prices. The oil jobbers, small and large, who compete in their business daily with the Standard Oil company, always welcome Standard Oil company competition, as the Standard Oil company always upholds prices; they sell their wares on quality and service. This is an admitted fact even by their competitors.

"The Standard Oil company has obtained its phenomenal success in business by honorable dealings toward its customers, by its great system and organization work, good salesmanship guided by good management. I, myself, only a few years ago, was in competition with the products of the

BILL MARTZ GETS IN GOOD WITH YE ED.

Our Grand Rapids division correspondent took an unfair advantage of the Record editor when he sent this picture in for publication. What editor can be such a shy violet as to fail to use a photo featuring his magazine? The gathering was in honor of Bill Martz' birthday. Bill is a salesman in the resort regions of Petoskey. Persons in the photo are (standing, left to right): H. C. Ellis, superintendent of the Northern division; Don Mills, S. S. attendant; H. Laubrick, tank wagon salesman; H. Gardner, clerk; M. C. Taylor, tank wagon salesman and Bill. (Middle row, left to right): Mrs. H. C. Ellis, Leslie Leaf, agent; Mrs. Leslie Leaf, Mrs. Don Mills, and Mrs. William Martz. (Front row): nieces of Mrs. Martz.

Standard Oil company, and always welcomed its competition, and I heard this expression made to me quite often by other competitors of the Standard Oil company. This explains very plainly that there is no price fixing nor manipulation by this company, else its competitors would have sung a different song. But there is another side of the Standard Oil company's business methods which was brought to my attention in dealing with them, which reads: 'Live and Let Live.'

"During the war when prices on raw material advanced so tremendously every week, several manufacturers and producers who were under contract on deliveries of their products to the Standard Oil company found themselves unable, on account of the advance of prices on raw material, to cover their requirements in it, to carry out the balance of delivery due the Standard Oil company. When these conditions were called to the attention of the company's officials they requested that sellers submit to them in writing a statement setting forth at what price the sellers could then buy all necessary raw material to fill their contracts with that company, and were requested to

WHAT WE SAY AFTER EVERY SALE

"Thank you." The men holding the sign are of the Fort Dodge paint department of the Des Moines division. They are E. C. Sullivan (left) and H. A. Henderson.

submit on that basis a new contract including in their new prices all running expenses for the manufacturing of their products as well as a legitimate profit to sellers themselves. After submitting new prices the old contracts were cancelled and the ones at the higher prices put in their place allowing these manufacturers and producers a profit and keeping their factories running.

"This happened as stated in several instances and I present this through your paper to the general public so they may know the facts in regards to the Standard Oil company's methods of doing business. It shows they are absolutely fair and often more than fair in their dealings and believe in the great principle of 'Live and Let Live.' The Standard Oil company has given every employe a chance to become a stockholder of that company and so share in its profits. It looks after its employes and helps them in every way to advance themselves in life's position. As I have had dealings both as competitor and seller with the Standard Oil company for thirty years, I think I know pretty well its ways of doing business. In all these years I have found it always in every way honorable and its officials courteous and wanting to be fair to all.

"It is a well-known fact politics often has been unfair to big business and often to the Standard Oil company. Now again the cry from the people goes up: 'Less government control of business affairs and more prosperity for the people.' Let this be our slogan. Men who always pick on our large corporations after their success in business are a benefit neither to their constituents nor to our country at large; they are selfish and narrow in their ideas, and Washington should be no place for them. Only big men, with big, open, sound minds, should be selected to represent our people and our business interests. A great principle is 'Live and Let Live.'—FRED C. ADAMS."

* * *

Some people seem to think that the way to get ahead is to hold others back.—*Exchange.*

HARVEY COCHRAN

On the outside cover of this magazine appears the portrait of Mr. Harvey R. Cochran, who last December became assistant general sales manager in charge of the Eastern division.

Like every other executive of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), Mr. Cochran started in a minor position and worked up through the ranks. He entered the employ of the company on April 1, 1896, as station clerk at Atchison, Kansas, but in spite of the date soon demonstrated that he was no April fool's joke. Far from it.

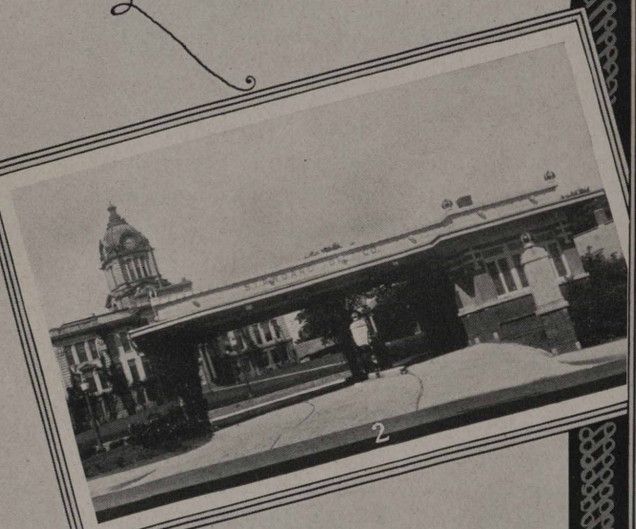
In 1898 he went to St. Joseph, Mo., as shipping clerk and sales writer. In 1900 he was transferred to Kansas City as sales writer, and on August 1, 1902, went to Detroit, Mich., which was to be the scene of the triumphs which finally placed him among the major executives of the company.

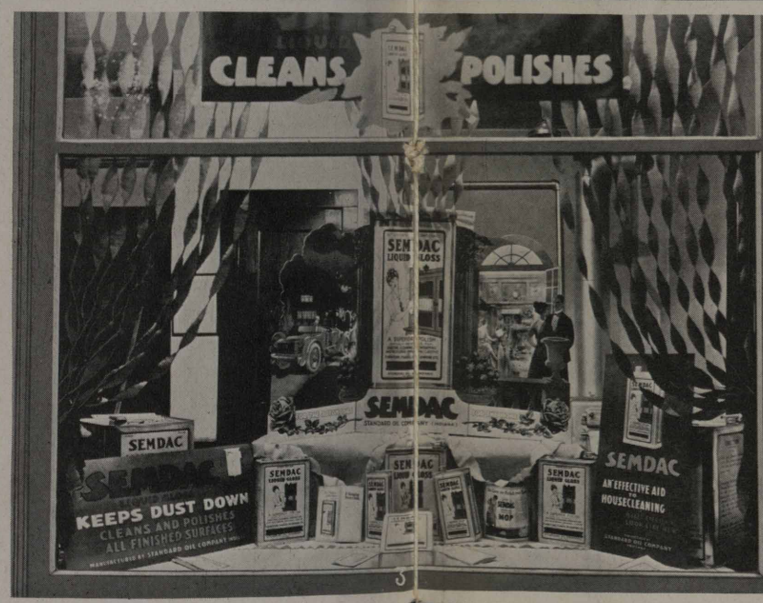
From 1902 till 1916 he acted at various times as stove and lamp salesman, general salesman and lubricating salesman in the Detroit field. It was a long fourteen-year stretch, but Mr. Cochran was not one of those who expected to be presented with an executive's job on a silver platter. He knew he had to work for it.

On August 1, 1916, he was made assistant manager of the Detroit division, and on July 1, 1918, was made manager of the Saginaw division, which was created at that time. Mr. Cochran's success as manager of the "baby division" won him the managership, on February 1, 1918, of the Grand Rapids division. A good record there placed him in the managership at Detroit on January 1, 1921, and on December 1, 1922, after a great showing in the Michigan city, he was made assistant general sales manager, in charge of the Eastern division.

Mr. Cochran is a brother of Mr. Frank Cochran, manager of the Minneapolis division, but he can't help that.

1923 SALES CAMPAIGN GETS UNDER WAY





No. 1—Wichita, Kas., got off on the right foot in a great meeting of the sales force, station examiners and salaried agents, who are shown in this picture. The Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) arrived in Wichita on the day that this photo was taken. No. 2—"The most beautiful service station in the world." That was the comment of Frank A. Day, editor of the Fairmont (Minn.) Sentinel. The landscape gardening has won high commendation from all who have seen it. Ralph O. Habberstad, the attendant is responsible for the beauty of the grounds, as he uses his spare time with hoe and rake. The station is No. 54, of the Minneapolis division. No. 3—"Semdac for house cleaning." This is one of the slogans of the Milwaukee division. This photo was taken at S. S. 53, Oshkosh, Wis. Phil Blake, attendant, is determined to establish a record on Semdac sales and his window display attracted a great deal of attention. No. 4—Attendants Crawford and Bowman are responsible for the beauty of this service station. The grounds and building are called the "spot beautiful" of Pana, Ill., of the Decatur division. Despite the fact that the beauty of the grounds attracts an unusual number of autoists, the two young men still find time to keep the place looking as the photo shows.

Casper Basketball Stars

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Casper, Wyo.—No. 1 — Here are the champions of the Casper Basketball League (left to right, standing): E. J. Harry, center; Art Lano, center; Jean J. Mignolet, manager; A. G. Mather, guard; H. W. Lim, forward. (Front row, left to right), A. B. Wilson, forward; F. Kirk, guard, and J. M. Houston, forward. They compose plant No. 1 team. No. 2—These athletes are the runners-up in the league. They are (back row, left to right), Rae, Patterson, Rynalski, Leak. (Front row, left to right), Mathews, Erickson, Kidd and Spangler.

WHITING, IND.

John Sharp, our husky Berry Lake pumper helper, is the father of a 10¼ pound boy born March 19. Sharp is a little chesty lately.

I. Lemen, stillman, is the proud father of a baby girl. All are doing well. Thanks for the smokes, Lemen.

Ross Clanin is also the proud father of a baby girl.

Anyone having a 1923 model set of teeth kindly call Joe Thiel, pressure stills, at once. Poor Joe is eating nothing but soup.

Shiek Pat Lynch is surely going to get married now, having purchased a house on Myrtle avenue.

Al Eaton and family have been sick for the past month with the flu.

Bubbles Petersen, the champion heavyweight of the pressure stills, has been challenged by Shorty Boyle at catch weights. This should be a good fight as they are evenly matched.

J. J. Delaney, representative, reported that he saw a robin last week. Lay off of that stuff, Jack.

Julius Kish has resigned as president of the Whiting Sewing Society to take a position as goat herder at Al Greigor's goat park in the southern part of the state. Ed. Cotner will manage the estate for Greigor.

Have you read the notice sent out by Bob Adley in regards to a baseball team for the pressure stills this year? You know last year we won the championship and hope to duplicate this year but we can't do it unless the boys get busy. Bob Adley is an old timer who knows the game and is a supporter of all kinds of athletics. He will make a good manager, so get in touch with Bob at home or No. 300 still.

C. Wonnacott passed away on March 12. The machine shop employees wish to extend there sympathy to his friends and relatives he left behind.

We also regret to hear of the death of the sister of John Forbes who passed away March. 11 We extend our deep sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Nelson Dewey, machine shop pump expert, has been on grand jury duty at Crown Point for three days in March.

C. J. Schroeder, machine shop draftsman, spent March 25 as guest of the first assistant engineer, Mr. Lyman, on board the large ore steamer Buffington, now docking at the East Side.

The machine shop office has recently been enlightened by the addition of a new stenographer to our personnel in the person of Miss Cohen (from South Chicago if you please). Work has been flying since she got behind it.

George Brunner's wrestling partner, Harold Bales, working with the "banjo slingers" in the pipe department, was recently requested to exhibit his skill in the 125-pound class, but was obliged to decline on grounds of a lame back.

Joe Schaeffer is back in the machine shop office again helping to catch up on work, which was outdistanced while he worked in the shop.

Roy Pearson suffered the loss of the end of his fingers while at work handling some brass castings which he was machining. It was unfortunate, but we're all glad it wasn't worse, which was easily possible.

Dick Compton, who has been with the lubricating department laboratory nearly five years, has resigned to take up his former work, that of raising oranges and grapefruit in Florida.

Bill Brown of the F. F. F. plant got a new Essex. Everybody make room for Bill now.

Alonzo Young of No. 1 lubricating works informs us that his wife has recovered from a lingering illness from which she has suffered all winter.

Thomas Mordus of the mopey walk again adorns the lubricating works, having been transferred there from the boiler shop.

Life in Whiting has proved too slow for "Hard-boiled" Arthur Fitzgerald, who recently changed his residence to Chicago.

From appearances, the girls of the white oil room seem to be vieing among themselves for procuring the most unique and attracting ear decorations. At present Miss Mary Nemez seems to hold a slight advantage as to color, with Marie Bertick a close second.

We are all glad to hear that Andy Keilman, who underwent an operation at Mercy Hospital, Chicago, is back home again minus his appendix. He says he feels better than ever.

The filtering oils department wishes to extend their sympathy to Dorothy Etheridge upon the death of her mother. Mrs. Etheridge was also a sister of William Stover of the lubricating department and James Stover of the refinery laboratory

Matt Locke reports the arrival of another granddaughter. The young lady was born in Oklahoma.

Jake ("Cupie") Nyland is a busy man these days grinding the valves for his trusty Buick.

Let's hope a bad start will end in a good finish. The first time Martin Zencka ventured forth in his Dodge this year he hooked his rear hub under a Buick front bumper and tore the bumper off.

Miss Nellie Tokarz is the latest addition to James Lapert's coterie of the fair, at the F. F. F. department.

Fred Wilhelm's latest social achievement was dining with Governor McCray at Crown Point.

Dave Clements is back on the job again with his health fully restored. He has been changed from pumper at No. 3 house to F. F. F. engineer.

When fearless Ed Gehrke goes driving down the street in that big Peerless car of his he makes everybody sit up and take notice. Why shouldn't they?

Jack Hazzard, the crack loader of the F. F. F. plant, has been changed to burner in No. 4 house mill room.

Wilbur Gough of the boiler shop office is stepping pretty high these days all on account of a little lady that arrived at his home recently.

Edgar Aronson, Bob Miller and Oscar Swanson, all veteran mariners of the East Side, are making plans for their summer cruise on Lake Michigan.

What's the matter with Jess Abraham? His trips to Oak Park and Milwaukee seem to have been given up. Why wander so far, Jess?

Joe Matis, machine shop stock clerk, is not to be found feeling blue. The reason is simply that "someone" else has captured his heart and now Joe submits peacefully to new government. Just before Easter he was seen working diligently at some broken pieces of a dainty manicuring set which needed repairs.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

The Standard Oil Athletic Association is making preparation for a very successful baseball season this year. A four team refinery league has been organized, two refinery teams and two mechanical department teams. The season was to open on Monday afternoon, April 20 with the Pipe Department playing the Boilermakers. The schedule calls for two games each week.

"Our Band" was invited by the Kansas City Star

to give a band concert over their radio broadcasting station some time ago, so, March 25, the band, under the direction of Earl J. Cox, and assisted by Herbert Fraher, the Caruso of the Sugar Creek refinery, D. A. Scott, Mrs. Austin M. Dobson, Mrs. Ross Higbee, Mrs. Earl J. Cox and Mr. Orlando Nace, gave a pleasing and highly complimented program from the Star's radio station.

The Band membership is as follows: Cornets—C. S. Swift, Walter Davis, E. E. Thomas, Tom Vining, J. A. Liggett, T. C. Cook. Clarinets—D. A. Scott, Claud Blodgett, Elbert Latimer, A. O. Hodges. Altos—Clarence Koenig, Hubert N. Beatty, Coy D. Fox. Baritones—J. H. Grinter, LaVerne Allen. Saxophones—Howard Clardy, Carl Thompson. Piccolo—M. N. Grinter. Trombones—Art Fleishmann, A. E. Nylund, Charles Yenney, B. F. Soapes Homer Cabness. Tubas—Jess Flowers (manager of band), S. W. Henson. Drums—Herbert C. Van Smith, E. Emmitt Ewin. Musical Director—Earl J. Cox.

Orie E. Myers, ex-still cleaner, now owner of the bus line between the plant and South Independence, is seriously considering charging by weight for, hauling employees to and from work. Orie says since Elmer Baker and "Slats" Duckworth spread themselves over one-half the car it only leaves the other half for the other thirty-eight.

Can you imagine it? Herbert Broughton has joined the garlic squad and John Grinter threatens to wear a bag of asafoetida around his neck unless Buford Miller quits putting gúm arabic in his hair and bay rum on his kerchief.

Ross Higby, Ralph Lamar and Herbert Fleck are the proud daddies of newly arrived baby boys and have formed a triumvirate which has for its object the dissemination of propaganda relative to present social evils.

Jimmy Green is being treated for a soreness in the ribs. It hasn't been definitely determined whether James got it doing the heavy at the plant or came to work with it.

Dr. Nickson was recently seen riding with a couple of his patients. How much nicer it is to see it that way than to have them riding with the undertaker. "Luck to you, Doc."

Since Colonel Stewart gave that inspiring talk about office boys becoming directors, new life and ambition has been manifest in the local force. Clay Hensley has been promoted to junior clerk, Wilber Bressie to head office boy, Kenneth Jackson and John Brizendine shoved up a notch and Dan O'Connell called in to fill the vacancy.

We regret to have to report that our old friend, Frank Moran, stillman, Crawford Tract, received painful burns March 25. Last reports were that he was making favorable progress.

Clarence Koenig recently was married to Miss Kathleen McKenzie of Independence, Mo. They are now making their home at 1314 West Maple avenue. Here's wishing them the best of luck.

Mrs. Lulu Belangee, first cook, has recently purchased a new Ford.

Louis Stoyko, pressure still cleaner, rides to and from work in his new Chevrolet.

W. M. Decker has recently been made a boiler maker helper.

Wilford Bresse—"Oh, pshaw, I've lacerated my finger."

Kenneth Jackson—"Quite some incision."

Mrs. C. O. Taylor, nurse—"Do you want that scratch wrapped?"

The Sopcich boys, Eli and John, took turns at having the "flu" this year. Eli has recovered, but John is still holding on to it.

John Thompson says if it wasn't for the rest he gets when he scratches his finger he'd try to go a week or so without any injury.

William Wright, helper at No. 2 Receiving House, is the coming "horse radish king." Last year he planted fifteen hills of horse radish which produced so lavishly that he put it on the market, thereby enriching himself to the extent of $150.

Van Gundy, labor foreman, says he has a four-year old heifer, who is just like its mother before her, never did go dry, and is now giving four gallons of milk a day.

Clyde Wheeler, pressure still cleaner, has gone into the auto business. He is the owner of three little Fords.

John McInturff is filling Mr. Pence's place as watchman at the front gate while Pence is on the sick list.

I. D. Sutton and wife went to Iola, Kas., to attend the funeral of Mrs. Sutton's father, J. P. Derenburger, who died March 28. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

William ("Bill") Beatty says that the pumper's job may not suit him as well as the tin shop, but the noise in the pump house is better for he can practice on his horn and not disturb the other inmates.

We are glad to see John Collier, the machinist, on the job again.

Mike Cauley is making inquiries about glue and baling wire. We bet that he is going to rebuild that rattling good car of his.

The stork visited the home of James Means and left a 7-pound 10½-ounce baby boy.

Oscar Westwood has decided at last to quit paying rent and buy a home.

Even James O'Hara, Jr., has purchased a radio set. They'll all fall in time. (Hauptley, take notice.)

Coy D. Fox, agitator treater, blows his horn so hard that he blows the gaskets off the pipe line.

A. B. Jones is having the carbon cleaned out of his Cleveland Six, anticipating an early spring.

Tony Phillips, foreman at the acid works, wishes they would add a soap factory so that he could use his experience.

Wayne Williams of the agitators reports that the little Sweet William is growing rapidly.

George Rusch has purchased an electric washing machine for his wife.

John O'Connell is afraid someone will find out that he is taking music—we wonder why?

Dave Stepp's middle name is "Star Car".

George Huffman, pipe helper, while driving past the Independence Sanitarium recently was so entranced with the view that he ran over a five-foot embankment into the Red Cross nurse's car.

Spring is coming; Guy Valentine has begun to tell about the big ones that got away.

Jess Lynd is certainly a diplomat when it comes to getting something for nothing. The other evening samples of tobacco were being passed out at the Main Gate. Jess stationed himself outside and as the boiler department passed him he relieved them of their samples. Pretty keen, we will say.

A sure sign of spring; Farmer Frisby dressed in his ice cream suit and riding an ice cream pony.

"Shorty" Burns says he is not related to "Bobby" Burns, who formerly lived in Scotland.

Have you heard about Bill Hickey's fresh eggs? Well, he has had them three months. Bill has fourteen hens and to prove to the boys that they are real egg producers he goes "down town" and buys eggs by the case and sells them by the dozen to the boys about the office.

During the past few days Leonard Neilson has been seen wandering around the plant, waving his arms in a most grotesque manner. The Mystery is solved. Leonard has bought a paper route in Kansas City and is getting in practice for throwing the papers.

James Israel says there isn't anything in a name, even if his last name might suggest it.

Frank Chandler may be seen every afternoon practicing curves in the back yard preparatory for the opening of the baseball season.

John Waller, pipe fitter, heard an unusual noise behind and, practicing Safety First, dropped to the ground like a disappearing gun carriage.

Henry Atkinson, pipe helper, has set a good example of thrift. He has eight children in school and is carrying 20 per cent stock.

Gail Knight told the gang that he once took a piece of pipe, eight inches short, to the shop and had it stretched until it fit fine.

L. R. Snow says he will plow his garden with his Lizzie this spring.

A sure sign of spring—Clyde Evinger has ventured out with his flivver.

H. E. Otto, former employees' representative, said his pedometer shows that he has walked 8,433 miles to and from his work during the seven years that he has been with the company.

F. G. Lee is building an addition to his home.

Matt Berislovich has purchased a new floor sweeper for his wife.

George Detel has been helping at the acid house for some time.

Joe Berislovich dug a well for water and struck gas. Now he is afraid to smoke in the yard.

John Sopcich, pressure still cleaner, has been on the sick list for six weeks.

Joseph Dunn, pipe fitter, received the sad announcement March 24 that his son, William T. Dunn, a sophomore in the University of Kansas, had drowned. Mr. Dunn has the sympathy of all his fellow employees.

Joe Mock, tower still cleaner, who had been with the company over six years, died March 2 of pneumonia. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved family.

F. J. Bergin has moved to Sugar Creek and will live in Frank Woodward's residence.

Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman, headed a party of five members of the Board of Directors, who met at dinner with the Joint General Committee and the local management March 20. W. E. Warwick, B. Parks, R. H. McElroy and E. J. Bullock, directors, and J. W. Curry, director of Industrial Relations, completed the personnel of the visiting party.

William R. Hadley and family wish to extend their thanks and appreciation to the employees of the Standard Oil Company for their sympathy and floral offerings during the illness and death of their brother, Arthur Hadley.

A. E. Hauptley, our storekeeper, is quite a devotee of the Shakespearean Plays. He recently saw Hampden in "Othello" and reports that Mr. Hampden is what he calls a first class actor, and the show was his idea of a "real show".

Herman Fulks of the storehouse department has just purchased a new Ford roadster.

J. A. Hininger, head of the shipping department, has traded his old car in on a brand new Studebaker Six touring car.

E. J. Cox of the main office, champion car trader of the refinery, has traded his old Chevrolet off for a Dodge touring car. What kind next, Cox?

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Miss Alice Dwyer and George Vaech were married March 5 at Edwardsville. Following the ceremony, they returned to Wood River where a wedding supper was served at the home of the bride's parents. George is employed at the machine shop. The happy couple were presented with many beautiful presents.

E. Kahl of the machine shop has purchased a Chandler—a beautiful chummy roadster. One at a time, girls.

Randall Meyers, the little stoker man, is the proud father of a fine big boy.

Oliver Dickson is getting his lawn in shape again so that he can have an early pasture for his flock of canary birds.

Alfred Springer has invested in a flyweight flivver to make the trip between home and the plant. Occasionally the flivver balks and the trip is finished on Shank's ponies.

While trying to give his helper a radio lecture on treating oils, Wash McDonald got locked in a locker and had to send out an S. O. S.

Bro. Buck was the victim of some practical jokers recently. Look out boys, retribution is sure to follow.

Andy Auer, who was in an automobile accident some time ago, is not improving very fast.

Charles Amburg, stillman, and Charles Ambrose, labor foreman, are having trouble in keeping their names from getting mixed. A relative of Amburg inquired at the plant for his address and was sent to the Ambrose home. Ambrose also has had some of his business directed to the Amburg home. Now they are considering means to avoid a recurrence of these mistakes. (Just a suggestion—you might give Amburg's name the English pronunciation.)

Fred Schultz, old timer at the brass foundry, has been transferred to the pitch stills as fireman.

Pearl Baker of the pipe coverers, who was being urged to make the race for "mayor" of East Alton, has decided not to run because so many of his friends wanted city jobs.

Some of the new men on the asbestos gang are some story tellers, but, they have to step some to keep up with Butler and Ruby Moore. What do you say, boys?

Ben Forstling of the tin shop still makes his twice-a-week trip to Alton. Look out for the wedding bells in June.

With the approach of spring comes the time of "pitching horse shoes". Get busy boys, let's go!

("Big") Henry Schnaufer has installed a radio at his home. It is one of the finest in Wood River. It is also reported that Claude Bacheldor has a set installed and is a "regular" radio fan now.

Cecil Hargiss, painter, has accepted an agency for "traffic cop" signals to be used on fenders of automobiles. Cecil says he is going to put them on his Lizzie. We would advise him to play "Safety First" and put one on each fender, front and back.

The coke yard has become up-to-date since steam heat was installed in the shanty.

Most of the old men of the coke yard have been transferred—"Warhorse" Merks and "Sally" Hellrung to the paraffine works; "Mutt" Rhodes to the new grease plant; "Smiling" Lee Dodd to the pump repair gang, and "Coming, Going, Lumbago" Neathery and "Uncle Tute" Beneze to the wood butchers. "Fire Fighting" Smith has been appointed straw boss and car cleaner in place of "Mutt" Rhodes and "Uncle Tute" Beneze, who were transferred. "Know It All" Osborn and Louis Schmidt, Jr., have resigned.

Heavy Powers says he likes to wash windows at the grease plant on a cold day. Jeff Balster is the coke yard baby. He has a quart of milk for dinner. It might make you fat, Jeff, so keep it up.

Foreman Shape seems to have given up his building ideas, as he is now talking about buying an automobile. What kind, Ernie?

GOOD NEWS! *Our athletic field is ready for use*, and the Athletic Association is making a wonderful program for the coming season, which includes the Big Annual Picnic and several smaller picnics, a field day and all kinds of athletics. All that is needed to make the things go big is your cooperation. Information about any of the sports, equipment or use of grounds, can be secured from these members of the Athletic Committee: William Stoneham, W. Crocker, C. Wille, J. Haderline, R. Durham, L. Parker and F. Firtschneider.

We were glad to see our old friend, Joe Jackson, back again for a few days. Joe has been in the government hospital at Chicago and his many friends in the plant hope the cure will be complete.

Don, the Lub. King, has been experimenting on how to take burned clay and make face powder. Now we know why all the girls have red faces and why no one speaks to Don.

In our daily rounds of the plant, we run across such personages as Radio Bill and Lard, the White Rock King; Wigg, the Favorol Fancier; Tom Mix, the Lub stock man with the title, A. S. M.; Joe, the tenpin artist; Russ, the spitball king (on the alley), and Burbank B., who is trying to make a cross between a honey bee and rye.

A recent ruling of the J. G. C. says that there is to be no more political propaganda spread in the plant, which we take to mean "don't mix business with pleasure." Now why not decide the war is over, the wet and dry question settled and let peace reign within our gates.

A piece of a Lexington, a part of a Ford, a part of a Chevrolet, a top of a Dodge and all of a Buick that Rubenstein wouldn't buy were all put together. They made a car for Hutch that can be driven, which he calls a Mitchell.

Why do the Dodge runabouts from No. 6 house, pressure, and No. 4 house, crude, beat it each evening toward Alton. Haven't we got enough girls at home?

The many friends of Dr. Wagner who left recently to take charge of a refinery at Eldorado, Ark., wish him the best of luck in the new field. Good wishes of employees are also extended to Mrs. Wagner and the children.

A. E. Gladden is at St. Luke's Hospital in St. Louis for an operation and at this time is reported as improving. We wish Mr. Gladden a successful operation.

The Standard Quartette spent Easter Sunday at Decatur, Ill. For the good of the sales department, we should have told them not to leave any free lunch setting around handy before this foursome reel off the Melody, because, while these boys like to sing any time, they can sing better when they are hungry.

CASPER, WYO.

R. E. Beard of the laboratory has been appointed foreman of the steam,refining,treating and separating departments. Aside from being promoted he has purchased a new home for his wife and baby girl. Some fellows have all of the luck.

D. J. Smith and R. M. Andrus have returned from Oklahoma and California, respectively.

Dr. M. G. Paulus goes and comes so often that we have decided to quit trying to keep track of him.

D. M. Lobdell has returned from Mineral Wells, Tex., where he spent a month recuperating in health. He has gained several pounds.

C. H. Warnock has been transferred to Greybull to take charge of construction work at that place.

Messrs. H. Bailey, Emet L. Strum, W. W. Haines and Paul J. Weidner have almost completed the erection of their new homes in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Sub-division of Casper, Wyo.

R. W. Fraser has been transferred to Greybull to take charge of the brick masons at that place.

James L. Salman, fireman on the tower stills, was called to Butte, Mont. to attend the funeral of his daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Stalnaker and son, together with "Kinker," spent the week end in Lander recently. They made the trip in their new Studebaker Big Six.

C. E. Stevenson has been transferred to Greybull temporarily to assist in the welding department.

Conrad and John Schillereff of the welding department made a trip to Colorado recently.

Earl Caldwell, storehouse clerk, took a week off this month to look after matters on his homestead.

Our sincere regards and deep sympathy is extended to George L. Rowe in the recent loss of his wife.

The many friends of Timothy O'Malley were shocked to learn of the death of his son and wish to extend their heart felt sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. O'Malley in their bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Leschinsky are the proud parents of a daughter, who arrived recently.

Betty Tolhurst seems to have any amount of wind. All the gang is watching Betty run in the Tribune contest. A million votes will be hers before this item appears. Anyway we all expect that promised ride. Miss Castlemen has considerable wind but not quite as much as Betty. We are all holding our thumbs for both of them.

Stitt was awfully lonesome while Adeline was gone to Denver. The only consolation offered during this period was from Miss Warren. "Poor boy, why doesn't he get married?"

Dr. R. T. Myrick, assistant to W. E. Miller of Whiting acid works, made an extended stay at the Casper Refinery during March. The next time he comes we shall endeavor to make arrangements for more ideal weather conditions.

J. J. Angehrn, formerly of Switzerland and the yard office, has been transferred to the work of stationery clerk in the main office. Maurice Bangert, whom he relieved, has gone to the yard office as assistant to George Jourgensen.

B. B. Daugherty, the new clerk in the labor distribution department, was formerly employed by the Midwest Refining Company.

E. L. Hambright, erstwhile clerk in the shipping department, has gone into business in Denver.

Johnnie Lytle has a new sport model Jewett, but he still walks to work.

A. V. Forbes will soon be his own landlord which is a condition of some consequence in a town so infested with rent hogs as is Casper.

E. P. Briney of the office has been promoted to assistant office manager.

M. C. Bangert has been transferred from the main office to the mechanical office where he will take charge of the new accounting system in connection with the method of handling work orders.

James L. Salmon, fireman on the tower stills, has returned to work again after being called to Montana to attend the funeral of his daughter.

J. C. Zolnoski of plant No. 3 is serving on the jury this week.

"Kinker" spent the week-end at Lander, recently, accompanying the Stalnaker family to that place.

Several have been sick recently as an epidemic of flu and the grippe has been prevelant.

W. N. Schaeffer, popular pipe foreman, is reported to be the champion fast walker in America. "Shafe" can sure cover lots of territory in a short time when he is in a hurry. No Broncs for him.

M. T. Cantrell, pressure stillman, is back to work after undergoing an operation at Mayo Bros.

Doc Hall, pressure stillman, is still on the sick list. We are hoping Doc will be back with us again soon.

C. H. Mundy, pressure stillman, is back to work after being laid up for ten days with la grippe.

E. J. Stephens, Harley Atwell and C. F. O'Toole are on the sick list.

Joe Wimsatt, pressure stillman and president of the Shiftmen's Benefit Association, has taken unto himself a new Lizzie.

Jack Meenan reports the arrival of an 8 pound girl at his home.

Carrol Fuller has bought himself a new Durant.

C. C. Crosby, pressure still fireman, has been transferred to the treating plant.

George Pinkerton, tube still plugger, and J. M. Houston of the treating plant, have transferred to the boiler department.

GREYBULL, WYO.

"Big Jim" Bluejacket wrote some poetry the other day during noon hour, and now he and G. W. Snyder, assistant director of Industrial Relations, are exhibiting the tricks of their educated angle-worms before the deli hted audience of mountain trout. They are among the first to try their luck this season. With the advantages that come with the use of worms so diligently trained, we do not look for them to come back with empty creels.

R. S. Olson is the proud daddy of an 8-pound boy. Mrs. Olson and the youngster are getting along fine, but we never expect Ruben to look the same again.

"Bill" Stricker took "Bill" Maloney to Basin recently and introduced him into the inner circle of society, viz.: the fair dispensers of knowledge that instruct the youth there. Be careful, "Bill", because a bashful man has small chance of defending himself against the winning wiles of the modern schoolmarm.

Word just arrived of the appointment of LeRoy Joyce, genial and popular clerk in the shipping department. by Gov. Ross, to the office of Deputy State Bank Examiner for Wyoming. We all hate to see "Roy" leave, but we're mighty proud to wish him well in his new position.

Another prize fighter has been added to the family of W. A. Henderson, fireman at No. 2 boiler house, weighing in at nine pounds, born March 18. Everybody happy!

Oscar Heywood, in retrieving the old "pill" here at the local training camp, got hung upon the fence. The combined efforts of the whole ball nine were required to unhook his "unie".

Looks as though several of our refinery force are taking up agricultural pursuits as side issues. G.W. Snyder is raising eggs and says that each one is stamped with age, sort of the popular bottled in bond style. The latest though, is the idea of "Jimmie" Smyser wanting to take some asphalta home to raise potatoes in.

H. T. Dobbs, water softener operator, resents being associated with the K. K. K. Better be careful, Gilliam, or Harry will take you across the tracks.

"Snooks" McDaniel is circulating a petition to have the *West Refinery fence* moved or a gate placed therein. "Safety First", says "Snooks".

On Saturday, March 17, Minnie Bradley, stenographer for Mr. Warren, took unto herself a man, same being Burton Jones, post office clerk. While our heartiest congratulations are being forwarded to the lucky Jones, and we are wishing the happy pair the best of luck, we kinda hated to see it happen, 'cause now they are almost all married. Marie is Mrs. Fisher, Minnie is Mrs. Jones, and Charlotte Hartman, formerly in the time keeping department, returned from Colorado with the Jonses under the name of Mrs. D. J. Nelson, Jr. Janet is the only one left and Walt Sutton says it's about a tie there between Phillip Patsel and that traveling man from the Griffin Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pence are the happy parents of a baby boy, born March 9. Congratulations, folks.

Dave Flockhart has a secret that "Wes" Stephens is trying to learn. Dave knows how to grind the seat of a valve with Garlock Packing and "Wes" can't figure it out.

Dave Patterson is sporting a new Ford coupe. Dave says it's a mighty clever little show case.

One of the prominent young school teachers of the local schools is wearing a handsome engagement ring and we understand that William Patterson is the lucky man. When can we announce the wedding, "Bill"?

W. M. Cline resigned as still cleaner to go into the trucking business.

G. L. Shepardson moved from the south to the north end of town recently. "Slim" says he is going to enjoy the garden of "Jimmie" James this summer.

LARAMIE, WYO.

Al Musser one of out old pioneers said, when he came west in 1842, there were so many buffalo that he sometimes had to wait three or four days for them to move over the trail so he could proceed. Hank Hanson came west the same year, but all he saw was the dust that they kicked up.

It has been reported that "Shorty" Moyer has been repairing his fishing tackle for the coming season. I would like to suggest that he look for new water to fish in, for it is certain that all the big ones that he did not catch last year will remember him. Why not try the irrigating ditch at Millbrook?

There was quite an excitement the other night when George Goodman, stillman of Plant 2, came to work and reported that he was held up. George said he lost a plug of tobacco. By accident he left the roll of bills at home that he was always in the habit of carrying. Some luck.

Isaac O'Neal is building a nine-room house. He must be figuring on a large family. Great what these stillmen can do!

Leslie Bilyeu, stillman helper, Plant 2, has ordered a new Ford Coupe so he can take the dolls riding when the weather warms up.

HEY! DULUTH!

Duluth will be well represented this summer by Laramie men, who are planning on spending their vacations at attractive places.

"Shorty" Moyer again has visions! He declares he saw a large bull elk in the tank farm.

"Doc" Sutherland, mechanic at the machine shop is leaving for California. We are sorry to see him go.

Gustafson has been promoted to the River

pump house position of James Bogie, who has accepted a job with the Ohio Oil Company.

Russel Morris, warehouse man, drove into the country Sunday and was overtaken by one of our Wyoming blizzards which compelled him to seek shelter behind a hill. When the storm subsided, which was after several days, Russel and the car were completely buried.

The three new tanks on Plant 2 are nearly complete and work on the 80,000 will commence in a few days.

James Dolan, watchman and father of the worthy Dolan family, has been presented with another boy. We wish to congratulate him, but we have not received the cigars. Before long we will have to watch out to keep step with the Dolan boys.

Roy Scofield has been promoted to stillman helper and "Homesteader" Desch has taken Buck's place in the pump house.

Ed. Curtis has been advanced to mechanics' helper in the machine shop and Roy Stewart stepped into the vacancy that "Doc" Sutherland produced.

Bingham has given his car a new coat of paint, which makes it look like new and prepares it for another season.

"Whitie" Stricker is mourning the death of one of his pet grasshoppers, also a bruise on the head. Whitie was pulling the last leaf from his wife's house plants to feed to the hoppers when a rolling pin bounced off his head. By the way he is also trying to raise gold fish.

D. E. Park wishes to announce, by passing a box of cigars, the birth of an 8-pound girl. Another papa. Nevertheless, we wish to extend our congratulations.

"Sly" Davis traded his Pierce Arrow in on a "Baby" Overland. We see he is interested in babies, too.

GLENROCK, WYO.

Mr. Henley, former correspondent, has been transferred to the Casper Plant No. 1 main office.

E. C. Johnson has resigned to sell Standard Oil products in his new filling station in Glenrock. Our best wishes and patronage go with Mr. Johnson in his new business venture.

E. L. Decco, our very popular helper, steps into Mr. Johnson's place as stillman and helper shift breaker. Be careful, ladies, he will soon have salary enough to run that new Dodge roadster and (————?).

George W. Moore continues up the ladder two steps at a time. Mr. Moore is now regular helper. No one had any worries over breaking George into his new job.

Glenrock Plant No. 1 has organized a Standard Benefit Association with a membership of thirteen good, stong, conscientious, healthy workmen. We are not at all superstitious. We have had no epidemic of flu this winter, but if this association paid benefits for the so-called disease of basketball fever we would be broke right now.

Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Halley, our star performers with the horse-hide, helped to place the lilacs on the grave of the fat men at Parkerton last month.

Scotty Hogarth, another dashing player of note, claims that with the aid of a regulation sheep hook he can place the ball through the hoop.

Homer Byers wants to know how many bones there are in a Lizzie and how to put them together so they will articulate properly. Don't all answer at once

We, of the Glenrock Plant, dedicate this little brown trophy of by-gone days to our rivals, the Laramie Plant, for their wonderful success in manufacturing a new and powerful gas. We have tried it. It is wonderful, but it is not intended for use in the motor.

Guy May learned that "whoa" will not stop a Ford. Anyone wishing to subscribe to a fund to buy a pair of lines for Mr. May's Ford, so he can manage her, please leave cash at the office.

Irl Brown, recently promoted to the position of helper, has exchanged a part of his homestead for a beautiful home in Glenrock. We all knew Irl had an eye for business, but he exceeded all expectations.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

The coal mining department regrets the transfer of Charles F. Fitzgerald, our efficient house inspector, to the Chicago sales department. Mr. Fitzgerald, besides being a good workman, was also an expert on golf.

Surveyor Nifong announces the birth of a baby daughter, Ellen Adele. Cigars are in order, Ni.

Virgil S. Land, recently employed in the general office, has purchased a home near the Hillside Country Club.

Cuyler Miller, who is in charge of Standard Addition, reports all the 156 houses of the addition disposed of. He also has a waiting list.

Miss Ethel Davis, stenographer, who was employed during the illness of Miss Edith Ambrose, is now employed by the Carlinville Democrat.

Members of the Safety organization were dined at the St. George hotel recently. This meeting, which was of special importance, was attended by General Manager C. B. Manbeck, Standard Oil Company (Indiana) at Wood River, Ill., and Hon. Thomas B. Williamson, district attorney at Edwardsville. Mr. Manbeck acted as toastmaster and Mr. Williamson was speaker of the evening.

Ralph Barcroft, craneman at Mine No. 1, is ill with la grippe.

Edward Glass, who was injured at Mine No. 1, is now in the Passavant Memorial Hospital at Chicago. Mrs. Glass is visiting relatives there so she may be near her husband. Mr. Glass expects to be able to leave the hospital in about six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bloomfield are the proud parents of a son born March 11. Mr. Bloomfield is one of the stars of the Stanolind baseball team. No doubt "Jimmie" will be one of the future stars.

Dr. F. R. Morton and R. J. Fellingham, attorney of Chicago, were in this city March 13, relative to compensation cases.

Miss Edith B. Ambrose, stenographer, spent a day in St. Louis recently. She reports the spring styles as "simply stunning".

The Decatur division of the sales department on March 15 opened a service station in Carlinville, which is the envy of all the surrounding cities. It is the first service station in Carlinville. The great red crowns at either entrance to the station proclaim to all travelers that the best gasoline on the market is to be had there—Red Crown.

A. P. Crippen of the Decatur office, had charge of the erection of this station, which is situated at North Broad and First North streets, one of the most desirable business locations in this city. It is on this site that the late Hon. C. A. Walker, U. S. senator, built his spacious residence, during the days of the civil war.

Ernest Whitler, former county clerk, is agent for the sales department in this city, and Carl Kasten, formerly of the coal mining department, will have charge of the new station, where patrons will receive practically "day and night service".

John Hessenauer, who has been visiting his son, Assistant Office Manager and Mrs. R. E. Hessenauer, has returned to his home in Ashland, Ore.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

Willis Pate has failed us miserably. The "heirless" department's record has been broken. A boy has arrived at the home of George Surges.

Emily Hill appeared on the scene the other day with a "King Tut" dress that was a "cookoo". As a nifty dresser, Emily is quite the "Alligator's Adenoids".

Anna Rommel's "sweetie" took the "Shrine" last Friday, or rather the "Shrine" took him.

What makes Dick O'Keefe skip out so fast every evening now. Say! after that "bimbo" has been married as long as some in the department, he'll be trying to join several lodges in order to stay out nights.

Ed Dockendorf is impatiently waiting to return his golf cup as he says it has served to keep the baby quiet by letting her play with it. The "cup" was smooth finish last September but it is now changed to the "hammered silver" design.

Miss Beulah Johnson is going to invest in a new golf bag in the near future.

You ought to see E. A. Yale and E. A. Joost, otherwise known as "Mutt and Jeff", in their "Shrine Patrol" outfits. They ought to knock the ladies dead at Washington, D. C., in June.

Ed Yale made the tenth hole in one, at Bob McDonald's golf school, thus achieving undying fame. The old saying "Pride goeth before a fall" was forcibly brought home to him, when a little later he broke a nice driver, thus setting him back not only in pride, but also in nickels.

"Rudolph Vaselino" has nothing on Bill Viering. Bill is called the "Shriek of Seventy-ninth Street". All the fifth floor girls can testify to this.

Fred Ramm, being a "corner sewer" on radio sets, has agreed to test any set that has gone wrong, free of charge. However—no information given during working hours.

Mary Ellen O'Connell left Chicago to work at the Whiting office on March 15. We are glad to know she has not forgotten *us* entirely—at least someone received an Easter card from her.

Warmer weather is coming. Benny Wolfe has disposed of his misplaced eyebrow.

Is bobbed hair becoming to Lil Hornung? It is to us, but we understand her beau went home peeved.

W. J. Hawkins of the billing department has returned to the old workshop after being away on a vacation to California. Mr. Hawkins is one of the old timers, having a service record of about twenty-eight years.

The manufacturing department boasts of having a magic desk. Wolfe occupied it for a while, then Sturm. Both are now fathers—we are wondering who will be next!

To Trade—Five-gallon jug of 10-year-old Oak Park Apple Cider (Sweet). Want horizontal steel letter file. Will take as is. Apply E. G. Vail.

William Sturm of the can and case cost department has been carrying a broad smile and upon investigation it was found that he was the happy father of a bouncing baby girl. Congratulations!

When you want fresh eggs see Colonel Weiss. He sells 'em to Bill Haas for 60 cents—and buys 'em at the "Fair" for 33. At least we saw him come out of there with a suspicious looking package.

Edward Miller has been working so long on "canned goods" he's beginning to look like 'em himself.

Varcoe has ordered another Monroe to educate his new assistant into the mysteries of figuring one per cent. It's a tough job, mates.

Study Colonel Stewart's speech, printed in this issue, and equip yourself with information with which you can confound ill-informed critics of Standard Oil.

The secret is out fellows. The question has been answered. "Why is E. J. Hass getting thin on top?" He told it to Otto Wachholz, "Too much concentration."

Betteldorf is becoming affected by his own speed. He was breezing down the aisle the other day, bumped up against Hermes' table and almost shoved it out on the fire-escape. Oh, girls! You oughta have heard him call that poor table names! (Guess he knew it couldn't come back at him).

Joe Valentin has just bought a twenty-five ride ticket on the Western Indiana to One Hundred and Third Street. He will use it up in a couple of weeks at his present speed.

When Sandquist, the hard-boiled egg from Whiting, worked out at the plant, he brought enough hardware home in his pockets to build a flivver. Now that he is working at the main office and "going straight," he has his "Lizzie" up for sale.

Boys, it was sweet music to hear Charlie Aucoin breaking in Jack Crothers on his new job. You see, Charlie comes from "Noo Awlins" and has an accent like a coon-jigger, while Jack comes from Belfast and has a brogue like—words fail us! They were black in the face at times trying to understand each other.

We overheard some one refer to Koehler as the "human fly," one never knows where he will light next.

Miss Ida Wolf, fifth floor, arrived in the office on time February 23, 1923, A. M. However, this is not to advertise the fact that she arrived on time, but is to advise the single boys of the distribution department that from now on they're "out o'luck." She displayed a solitaire of unusual size and quality on the proper finger of the left hand.

Ervin Joost, fifth floor, is now getting in trim for the spring golf tournament. In addition to laying in a supply of lead pencils, he puts in considerable time on the indoor course in the Leiter Stores Building. Go to it "Kid," hope you win the cup.

Have you joined the fifth floor Radio Club yet? All that is necessary to qualify is to be able to find the "spot" on that "tricky crystal." Membership applications received by Miss Bauer and Bill Everett. Lectures on radio daily by H. W. (Hot Wireless) Gleim. The president, Alla Jazbo Williamson, has mapped out an interesting program for the coming summer.

R. F. Thorstenson, fifth floor, attended church services by radio, on Sunday, February 18. When the parson said,"We will now take up the collection," Rudy laughed aloud and remarked, "That lets me out."

SIXTH FLOOR

W. J. Hawkins has been trying to make us all jealous, by the tales of his wonderful trip to the land of sunny weather, California.

Mary Ellen O'Connell has been transferred to Whiting, back to her own home town. Our loss is Whiting's gain.

Miss C. Coyle was transferred to Casper, Wyo., April 1, much to her delight. We hate to lose you,

Catherine, but hope to spend our next vacation in Casper. On her last Saturday with us, Miss Coyle was guest of honor at a farewell luncheon held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. Most of the girls of the sixth floor were present, besides some former members of the S. O. Co., Mrs. D'Arcy, formerly Miss Hazel Nesbit, Emile Ganske and Florence Russell.

Mr. Sturm is rejoicing over the arrival of a daughter in his home on March 8.

Mike and Ike, they look alike. Who? Jack Crothers and his brother, who came into the bookkeeping department recently.

John Wyand is still grieving over the loss of six dollars, which were stolen from him in January. He hasn't found the thieves yet. Moral: Don't eat in restaurants.

Hurrah for the freight elevator. The managers of the building request all the fat ladies to take the freight elevator hereafter, to avoid congestion in the passenger cars and let the dear slim things ride up without being crushed. Notice, there are no fat men (except Charlie Nugent and Art Klein) on the sixth floor, but oh! those girls. That's proof that we are a good-natured lot, well fed and cared for.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION
Frank F. Wente, Correspondent

N. J. Sayers, better known amongst the boys as "Nap", has left our employ to take over an assistant auditor's position for the Angeles Snowolene Refining Company, of Los Angeles, Cal. We wish him much prosperity in his new position.

Miss Mary Warde, employed in Chicago sales department for fourteen years, has resigned. Although it seems as though our family is incomplete without "Little Mary" we send with her our good wishes for a happy future.

J. E. Campbell has been transferred from the stock department to the credit department to take over a position as ledger clerk. We hope he will be able to handle the new position as well as he did the stock.

Charles Le Forgee of the S. S. department returned to his duties a few days ago after being laid up for several weeks with influenza. Charlie claims that fighting the "flu" is worse than fighting the S. S. losses.

L. D. Hyde is again with us after being confined to his home for a week on account of being ill.

J. E. Sayers, formerly in charge of the Specialty salesmen, has been assigned to new duties. He is now assisting C. F. Hatmaker and P. A. Raupagh. L. McGrath will shoulder the worries along with Jack's former position.

The only way we know that our sub-stations still exist is by the Polarine sales. Our outside men claim that they are too busy selling the "line" and that there is no time for sending in news for the Record.

Study Colonel Stewart's speech, printed in this issue, and equip yourself with information with which you can confound ill-informed critics of Standard Oil.

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. F. Welzenbach, Correspondent

The Davenport division was honored with a visit from the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Two hundred and seventy-eight employees, together with Manager Whelan and Assistant Manager Warren were present in the Gold Room of the Black Hawk hotel, where a reception took place.

In the May issue, 1922, Frank Hammer, Sr., agent at Clinton, Iowa, issued a challenge to the entire Davenport field. Now, we wish to say at this time that Mr. Hammer has made good, and renews his challenge for this year.

The agents attending the meetings at the Davenport office were greatly honored by Sales Promoter E. G. Watson by having him show them a picture of his uncle, of whom he is very proud.

Miss Laura Corsiglia seems to have won the hearts of the male sex in our office, as demonstrated at our last Friday evening entertainment. She never missed a dance.

Wallace Blair Johnson, our new warehouseman at Davenport, has applied for the position of oil inspector. Si is the inventor of Calf Oil, Sheep Grease and other petroleum products.

Anyone looking for a first class fight ask Fred Lauritzen if he carries any T. R. A. in his carpet bag.

Messrs. Lage and Rowland are new members of the sales department, and Miss Dorothy Swan has been engaged as a comptometer operator.

The employees of the Davenport office have clubbed together and purchased a piano and intend to have some good times in the near future. After witnessing the party of March 23, we suggest that more frequent affairs of this kind are in order. Why not get up a little program of singing, music and specialty numbers with dancing afterwards.

CEDAR RAPIDS

The agent's meetings for the Cedar Rapids district were held in Davenport on March 13 and 14. All present agreed that they were the best Agent's meetings they had ever attended.

A ten-pound boy came to the home of R. C. Heaton on March 25. Please pass the cigars.

KEOKUK

While attending the meeting at Davenport, March 24, "Porky" Wharton broke off a tooth eating soup. We don't know how he did it, but the tooth is gone.

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DECATUR, ILL.
W. A. Brown, Correspondent

N. W. Salter's District

Agent W. E. Freeman at Greenup, Ill., will put on an additional truck about April 15.

Mrs. T. B. Riste, wife of Salesman Riste, of Effingham, while visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Pace, at Salem, Ill., was taken ill with an acute attack of appendicitis. Mrs. Riste underwent an operation. She is reported as doing nicely.

George Caudle, the oldest S. S. attendant (in point of service) at Centralia, resigned March 31. Mr. Caudle purchased a farm near Centralia and with his family was to move on it the first of April.

Salesman M. C. Redman purchased a news stand with a cleaning and pressing establishment in connection, for his son, who will graduate from the Oblong High School this year. Mrs. Redman, who is a shrewd business woman, looks after the business and, we suspect, whether Mrs. Redman does or not, that M. C. has put one over on her. We would suggest that Mrs. Redman purchase a buck-saw and keep it around the place just as a reminder.

N. A. Davidson, the new agent at Robinson, Ill.,

has moved his wife over to his new home and has actually begun a regular attendance at church, going once or twice each Sunday. A friend asked him the other day how it all happened. "Well," said Mr. Davidson, "It's this way; you see I am so close to 'Palestine' that I am ashamed not to go."

Agent Instructor H. J. Osborn is the proud father of an eleven-pound Red Crown baby girl. The stork made his visit to the Osborn home on St. Patrick's day.

Our hustling agent down at Yale, W. D. Read, reports some mud down his way. In fact, he says it's the worst he has seen in fifty years.

Roscoe Stewart, our Westfield agent, has a new International speed wagon.

E. L. Kachelhoffer's District

O. H. Best, our Staunton, Ill., agent, is the proud father of a new nine-pound baby boy which arrived March 17. Both the baby and mother are doing nicely.

W. J. Wrona, former salesman in the Alton, Wood River circuits has been assigned to position of district superintendent, and H. C. Norris has been promoted to salesman, taking Mr. Wrona's place. George Smith, former agent instructor, has been transferred to Alton as agent, succeeding Mr. Norris. We know with this combination Alton will go over the top.

William Corzine was installed as attendant in charge of Jerseyville's new service station. Mr. Corzine was agent at Jerseyville for a number of years and his friends and acquaintances are very glad to see him return to his home town.

T. B. Clifford, manager, and J. O. Honomichl were in Carlinville one day last week.

District Superintendents E. L. Kachelhoffer and W. J. Wrona opened up the new S. S. at Carlinville recently. They had the assistance of Mr. Crippen, superintendent of construction, A. L. Kay, station examiner, and Messrs. Clark and Smith, as well as several other loyal boosters from the mining department.

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D. T. Davies recently was employed as S. S. attendant in charge of S. S. 9, East St. Louis.

John Cook, who drives the five-ton Packard tank truck at East St. Louis, is all puffed up since his truck has been painted up so nicely.

The blackboard for the Tank Wagon Salesmen at East St. Louis is lots of fun as we surely have some heated races. Jimmie Hanson has always held first place on sales of Red Crown until last month when Dietrich passed him up. Jimmy is ahead again this month, but he had better look to his laurels for from what we overheard, Dietrich has something up his sleeve for the last few days.

C. Strunk, our agent at Bunker Hill, was confined to his home for about ten days with the flu, during which time James Hams looked after the tank wagon business.

E. L. Kachelhoffer was at Belleville the other day trying to round up a good S. S. attendant.

You should hear Salesman H. C. Gorla talk to himself when Agent C. E. Rode steps in and takes an order away from him. Gorla claims he does the missionary work and Rode gets the orders.

J. L. Mason, Greenville salesman, stopped over in East St. Louis a few hours to give East St. Louis the once over.

P. J. Cantoni from the credit department at Decatur was in East St. Louis on business several days.

D. H. Fitzsimmons' District

F. H. Coburn says that the "other fellow" hasn't a chance now that he has a new truck.

Danville is again without a salesman, L. E. Harshbarger having decided that selling tractors is easier than selling "the full line."

We were very glad to have Amos Ball of Chicago pay us a visit a few days ago.

The City tank truck "salesmen" have sure been "bringing home the bacon" on Polarine contracts. Elmer Liggett is in the lead so far, but Coburn and Vandervort have him worried.

Have you noticed that smile Alvie Hallett is carrying around? That is because he has his quota on Polarine doubled and is still going strong.

Clarence Hite, attendant at S. S. 34, is the proud possessor of a big, new, black touring car. If he wasn't married, we would be just a trifle worried.

W. J. Wrona's District

H. C. Norris, recently transferred from the position as agent at Alton to that of salesman is making quite a record for himself along this line. Mr. Norris was succeeded by G. E. Smith, formerly agent instructor.

Ernest Whitler, our Carlinville agent, has returned from the sick list and is back on the job.

Our new agent at Jerseyville, Charles Isringhausen, is showing some real speed in the line of salesmanship.

Decatur Office

Art still insists that he learned his profane language from Irene, but Irene tells us it's the other way, what she knows, she learned from Art.

The past month has held various stormy days as well as nice ones. Anna Mary Ellis and Clyde Hanna's romance has been just like the weather the past month, fair one day and stormy and cloudy the next.

It is too bad there aren't more nights in a week for Pearl so she could fill all her dates.

Although Claire Houran has left us and gone into the flower business with his brother, he will still be remembered as he left his cards with the girls at the office for them to pass out to their friends. Claire seems to be on the road to becoming a good salesman in some line.

We fear our little Mildred has sure fallen this time. She says O. P. comes out every night (when Mother doesn't object too strongly) and there isn't another man like him.

Helen Herbert has plenty of time to eat her lunch every day now as Guy is back in town and doesn't require a daily letter.

There should be no lack of aids to beauty around the Decatur office now that Rita Tofall has the agency for all Franco Beauty products.

Anne McShane says she feels rather slighted. One of her boy friends went to California recently and didn't even suggest taking her along. You wouldn't go under false pretenses, would you, Anne?

Someone said they would like to suggest that the next time Anna Mary gets some candy at the same time Hugo Lamp does that she get her share of both sacks. Just recently, when Anna Mary had some candy, Hugo helped her eat it and when that was all gone, asked Pearl to help him eat his candy. What's the matter, didn't you like Hugo's candy, Anna Mary?

It might be well to move Nellie's desk as we are afraid she will flood the little "pen" with her tears. Cheer up, Nell, spring showers will soon be over.

Beginning March 27, George Yost was taken on as a mail clerk, succeeding Ed Banta, who is now at

the 090 desk. We hope George falls in line with Ed and Cecil's steps, "Service with a smile".

At a recent meeting of our Safety Court, the following were elected for membership for the second quarter:

Re-elected for the second quarter—E. E. Schroeder, general salesman; H. H. Estabrook, superintendent warehouse; Alfred Lucas, S. S. attendant; C. M. Ping, superintendent machine shop; D. W. Rundell, secretary; Cora I. Russell, assistant secretary, and G. M. Hahn, motor tank driver.

New members are C. V. Bissey, assistant chief clerk; C. G. Owens, station examiner; Wilson Cowger, warehouseman, and Roy Pensinger, construction clerk.

The Safety Court is doing some mighty fine work and putting the "Safety First Question" over in great shape.

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

We have often heard the expression "There is nothing new under the Sun." That's bunk. (Miss Brown? of the Dictaphone department wins the medal for originality when she was discovered buying dishes (for her Mother?) and had our friend Art Peters with her, but, of course, Art just went along to carry them home.

Harmony sure prevails at the Des Moines Warehouse now. The stellar performance of the sextet at a recent Red Crown party started things humming. Frank Willis, W. A. Ostberg, James Cox, John Palmer, Bud Wieser, and Rolla Pratt are the unbeatable "six."

Andrew Scott of S. S. 44 is back on the job again after a few days illness with the "flu."

LeRoy Butcher of S. S. 51 has returned to work after a month's absence due to sickness and quarantine from smallpox.

Jasper Cook, our tank wagon superintendent, has been a busy man, getting trucks out of the mud and snowdrifts. He is figuring on purchasing a diving suit so as to be able to get at the bottom of the trouble.

Charley Rodewald, agent at Rockwell City, was married the latter part of January. Congratulations.

We are glad to welcome Andrew Jensen, mechanic, and Loyd Kays, gauger, who recently accepted positions with the Fort Dodge station.

Dale Doe, chief clerk at the main station has been laid up with the "flu" the past few days.

All Mason City employees have welcomed new Superintendent A. M. Marsh, successor to A. R. Maulsby, and L. F. Pederson, agent, successor to W. A. Gilmore.

P. W. Keefe has reported for work after a few days illness with La Grippe and "flu."

Former Superintendent A. R. Maulsby and wife have our heartfelt sympathy, having lost their only son, Dick, whose death was caused from scarlet fever.

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Clare Pangborn has been transferred from S. S. 95 to tank wagon driver and has charge of furnace oil department.

Ray Bozwell, attendant, and E. B. Johnson, assistant attendant, have been placed in charge of the new drive-in service station at Seymour, Iowa.

Earnest Pettinger is the new assistant attendant at Creston S. S. 33.

C. E. Booth has been transferred from assistant attendant at Corydon service station to truck driver, Corydon, Iowa. Walter S. Sharp succeeds Mr. Booth at the service station.

Alva Hiatt has been appointed agent at Moravia, Iowa, succeeding Ray McFall, who left our employ.

Salesman W. W. Harter experienced a new thrill in the way of a fine while gently coasting down one of the streets of Centerville, Five bucks we believe it was. For the information of Mr. Ozias, we will say that Mr. Harter was coasting so that the trusty little governor was not able to do its duty.

On March 13 and 14 at Albia and Creston respectively, Creston District had two good rousing agents' meetings.

S. B. Guthrie, Creston truck driver, left our employ on March 10. Earl Cecil has taken Mr. Guthrie's place on the truck.

Another Standard Oiler arrived at the home of M. A. Wilwerding, agent at Earling, Iowa. Congratulations, Mike!

John Downy, S. S. attendant at Audubon, Iowa, sold eight half-barrels of Mica Axle Grease since January 1, besides a lot of 25-pound pails. Good luck, old boy!

J. H. O. Kelley came to work on March 17 wearing green. St. Patrick's Day.

C. H. Adams, warehouseman, came to work Monday morning all dressed up in his "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes. Now, we are wondering just what it was that kept "Dutch" out so early.

E. P. Mintun, attendant at S. S. 303, made a resolution March 1, that he would sell a five-gallon can of Polarine Oil a day for the month. To date, March 24, he has sold twenty-four cases. Mighty fine work "Ed".

The Red Crown Club of Salesman Jansen's field, met at his home at Eldora on Friday evening, March 2. After Mr. Jansen had delivered his usual instructive talk to his agents and S. S. attendants, they joined their wives in playing games. Refreshments were enjoyed at a later hour.

We are glad to report that Mr. H. S. Guthrie, Mr. Winn and Mr. Headley, who have been on the sick list, are all back on the job again.

We miss Mrs. Reed who is in Chicago with her sister, Mrs. Amos Ball, trying to regain her strength following an attack of the "flu".

There was some talk of building an extention of the Marshalltown office, on February 19, after Salesman Winn announced the arrival of a son, Sidney Alvin Winn. Congratulations!

W. F. Tyrrell, our new S. S. attendant at Marshalltown, has taken hold of our work nicely and is doing fine.

Despite expressed doubts, Salesman Hemness received a new Ford coupe as a reward for the splendid way he had taken care of his old runabout. Mr. Hemness is very much pleased with his new coupe. He says it adds great pleasure to his work.

Ben Johnson of the Des Moines Office has been in Marshalltown during the week putting in the new system of tank wagon routing.

We understand that Mr. Troeger is to be a specialty salesman out of Des Moines.

Salesman Winn has taken Salesman Troeger's place on the State Center field. We hate to lose Mr. Winn at Marshalltown.

DETROIT, MICH.
Vance Woodcox, Correspondent

Agent R. H. Smith, at our new bulk station at New Hudson, has already established a record for Detroit to shoot at; this being a privately owned drive-in S. S. with a completely equipped barber shop. Would you take this to mean that every motorist gets trimmed?

The city specialty force in Detroit is sporting four new members, S. D. Rathbun, A. Wahlman, C. E. Forbes and M. Hartz. Welcome.

L. L. Holland, former city specialty salesman, has recently been transferred to garage sales, taking the territory formerly covered by the new garage supervisor, "Stub" McGauley.

Will someone kindly ask our engineer, C. A. Smith, as to his success as an orator in the State Senate at Lansing?

Our agent at Dearborn, Mich., Mr. Amolsch, was presented with an exceptionally fine birthday present on March 2—a baby boy—Walter Amolsch, Jr. Some birthday present, Walter.

R. E. Waterman, new agent at New Boston, opened this station on March 2 with every indication of a favorable future for maximum sales.

Ray Vanacker, clerk at Monroe, who has been confined to his home for the past three weeks on account of serious illness, is reported doing fine and expects to be back on the job shortly. R. A. Lubnau station examiner, has been taking his place during his illness.

Employees at Monroe have welcomed to their midst Walter Heiss and Clarence Schieck as S. S. attendants.

The correspondent of the Stanolind Record for Detroit heard a slight murmur from our agent, W. J. Spicer, at Rives Junction, but as we expect to have a complete new radio outfit by the time of the next edition, we will probably be able to give you the news at that time.

Joe Umlouf of Bellevue has returned to work after a few days' illness.

Mr. Dennis, assistant superintendent at Bellevue, has been transferred to superintendant of the North Detroit plant. The Bellevue employees presented him with a Masonic charm.

Heard at our Monday specialty sales meeting: Hill, "Hey, Jordan, wake Cook up back there." Jordan, "Aw, wake him up yourself, you put him to sleep."

Specialty Salesman M. D. Greenwald is driving a new Chevrolet Sedanette, which, no doubt, will help contribute a few extra gallons of Polarine now and then.

Mr. Havers, clerk at Clay Avenue plant, has recently resigned. Mr. Thompson, formerly truck driver, has replaced him.

The personnel of the Clay Avenue plant has recently been increased as Mr. Tyler reports the birth of a fine daughter and Mr. Coy has become the proud father of a ten-pound boy.

All Standard Oil employees unite in extending their deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Haslow, who recently lost their daughter.

Ray Hill, city specialty supervisor, is now a proud daddy of an eight-pound baby girl, Betty Iola. Hill comes forward with the idea that his stock sharing plan will come in mighty handy later on.

Leo Boelter announces that he is the proud father of a baby boy.

Mr. Pearsoll, our congenial clerk at Clay Avenue, has been transferred to our station at Royal Oak.

"Peck" Taylor returned to Monroe after making a trip to our garage at Clay Avenue with praises for the efficiency and cooperation of our employees at the garage.

Our efficient clerk, Ed. Will, at West Detroit, is spending a good many week-ends in Hamilton, Ontario. We wonder whether it is a case of beating Mr. Volstead to it or the only girl. Which is it, Ed?

George Bailey, formerly agent at North Detroit, has been transferred to the superintendent of our West Detroit plant. Recent reports show that "Slim" is sure stepping to it in his new job.

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DULUTH, MINN.
S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

GENERAL NEWS

Recently Melvin Dock gave an illustrated lecture on the production of gasoline before the chemistry class of the Superior State Normal School.

Leo Dennett, our salesman out of Duluth, writes from the field as follows: "I have a customer in my territory who lives where they have six feet of snow on the ground nine months of the year and the other three months bad sleighing. This man contracts to haul 10,000 cases of Wisconsin strawberries to the market, and he sure has some hard problems, but he uses S. O. Co. products."

Bill Mueller is now all nice and set at his new bright desk digging into his work with renewed vigor, and who wouldn't with the swell new desk he just received.

Coad Cooper, our bachelor salesman at Superior, was recently noticed buying the following articles: one lemon squeezer, a couple of mixing spoons and two butcher knives. It surely can't be that you are considering leaving the blessed bachelor days behind and seek you another life, Coad? Well, we've heard of worse things to do—but don't forget to give us the "Senior" partner's name (and address) and we'll see that you get proper announcement, Coad.

Albert Tuverson, attendant at our S. S. in Fifteenth street and Grand avenue, who has now been through the "first half year or so" says that there's nothing like married life.

Twenty agents attended a recent meeting in Duluth. Enough pep was produced to bowl over all previous selling records. Well, we're from Missouri.

Everybody is glad to see that our agent at Webster, Wis., Thomas Syrus, escaped the "wild women" whom he had been told would be found in abundance waiting for the unsuspecting country "cousin", and especially Standard Oil agents.

Elmer Broderick, who was employed in the sales promotion department, has left the employment of the company, and is now telling you how much you'll have to pay to ride the cars to all parts of the globe via the Northern Pacific Railroad. Miss Annie Bothwell is taking his place.

Beginning from this time, "Bill" Mueller's telephone ring will be all the way from one to twenty rings. Is that my ring?

Somebody dug up the topic of old "King Tut" of Egypt, and having talked him up and down and raked him over the coals for a short lifetime someone in the crew asked, "What nationality was old King Tut?" "Well," spoke up John McCabe, "his name was Tutkanahan, and with that pronunciation it isn't hard to figure out." It was was on March 17.

Carl Tinkham recently acquired the habit of getting off the car at Third Avenue West and walk-

ing up the hill a block and then to the office. What's her name, Carl?

This one comes from "Bud" Mullaly of the purchasing department: having started equipping a new station with supplies, the agent at this particular station was sent a pump and other material necessary, a letter was sent out requesting the agent to give them some details of the material when it arrived and among the questions asked regarding the pump was the lift and discharge. "I received the pump yesterday," wrote the agent, "but I couldn't find any lift or discharge with the thing."

It is no wonder that our salesman, "Hank" C. Anderson, can sell candles in such quantities, considering the fine send-off he gives them.

Two more new salesmen were added to our family this month, in the persons of Richard Holm and Frank Sherman. We welcome you both into our midst.

Talk about being busy; is there a better picture of work than Mister John Horgan—now that they are tearing up and moving the stationery room.

Talk about spiffy—take a look at McGregor sailing along Superior street in his new coupe.

FIELD NEWS

Norway, Michigan

Alex Leonard, the "mechanical" tank wagon driver at Crystal Falls, Mich., was at Iron Mountain overhauling trucks getting them in shape, he says, for the Red Crown Harvest.

Henry Pearson, S. S. attendant at Iron Mountain, is on the sick list. Joseph Cutler is relieving him at the station. Joe is four feet six inches tall and weighs 200 pounds.

Mr. Carpenter, district superintendent, recently called at Iron River, Crystal Falls and Iron Mountain, Mich.

Wm. Rieman, lubricating salesman at Iron River, had a call to make a lumber camp fifteen miles in the deep woods. Bill hired a team of what used to be horses and set forth. But Bill says next time he goes, he'll be equipped with a narrow gauge Ford with runners attached.

Marinette, Wis.

We are very glad to hear that Mrs. Sahaida, mother of John Sahaida, our genial truck driver, is improving. Mrs. Sahaida underwent a serious operation at Rochester last November.

Charles Bowen, the carburetor expert, spent last week with us and was successful in getting several new customers.

Hugh Bahlert, agent at Pound, Wis., announces the marriage of his daughter Agnes at Washington, D. C. Hugh is so fond of children that as soon as his daughter was married he adopted another little girl to take her place.

Mrs. James McGraw, wife of our agent at Daggett, Mich., is back home again after undergoing an operation some time ago at the hospital at Menominee, Mich. She is doing fine.

Al Lindberg of the Menominee S. S. keeps track of his S. O. Co. stock purchases every day and knows at all times exactly how he stands.

Harry Polglase is getting all set to drive his new coupe as soon as the roads dry. She sure shines, Harry.

We are all glad to have Charles Hanson back as salesman with us. After spending a year in the Escanaba field, Charley is going to make S. O. Co. products a farm trade mark.

I. M. Cripe, our agent at Wausaukee, Wis., is very anxious to have the snow leave, so as to enable him to get back to his favorite sport of "barnyard golf". And Mr. Cripe throws a "wicked" horse shoe.

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Hibbing, Minn.

Mr. Becksted, our agent, recently had an unfortunate accident. It's concerning his adventure with a "drunk". Ask him.

Swatara, Minn.

During the wet season last fall, the roads became impassable for the truck. Agent Roscoe Reynolds hired a four-horse team. He worked them on a night shift supplying the out of town districts and worked with his truck during the day, keeping supplied the places where he could reach.

Superior, Wis.

Crede Rule, our diminutive office man, has returned to work after a week's siege with the grip.

We received a sure sign of spring when two loads of fertilizer were unloaded for the employee's gardens. Soon Mr. Mountford, our genial superintendent, and the rest of the boys will be busy with the spade, hoe and rake, and talkin' spuds.

"Tony" Gotsky, our warehouseman, was recently called to Eau Claire where he is to undergo a physical examination to determine whether or not the effects of being gassed while overseas are still with him.

Mr. Mountford returned March 20 from a short business trip to Chicago and Whiting.

Glennie Nelson spent her two weeks vacation in the Twin Cities, returning here March 19. You'll have to get a lot of sleep to make up for those dark rings under your eyes, Glennie.

Wallace Larson of the warehouse is in St. Paul taking eye treatments. We hope, Wally, that the results of the trip will produce a complete recovery.

Ironwood, Mich.

Our agent, Carl Emunson, is getting to be terribly busy, which is a sure sign of spring.

G. F. Brock, mechanic, Francis M. Tier, warehouseman, together with Drivers W. H. Holland, W. A. Summers and R. C. Erspamer are already laying plans for a fishing trip, in spite of the fact that there is still plenty of snow on the ground.

H. M. Fosmoe, salesman, has been dickering with a pearl salesman for some time and it is also reported that he has been looking over rings at Triplette's jewelry store. Your next movement is being anxiously awaited, Fosmoe.

H. M. Trier likes to use the telephone often. Doesn't she ask for "number" in a wonderful manner?

Duluth Warehouse

Morris O'Brien, who has been on the sick and injured list for some time, is back with us again.

E. J. Lind, our relief agent, is back on the job again after having sojourned through southern climes.

Charles F. ("Ga-Mitts") Behling has left on his vacation and says that we will soon hear from him via radio.

The spring thaw that we enjoyed the earlier part of the month started a lot of baseball fans chattering. Now that we have encountered the below zero coldness, bets have been laid for and against whether Captain Iver Anderson's baseball team will have enough training to get in shape. There is going to be some nice cigars handed out.

The fishing talk has been so truthful and vivid that "Doc" Johnson recently purchased a Ford and says that he'll have some fish stories to tell within a very short time.

EVANSVILLE IND.
W. J. McBrian, Correspondent

Bob Gunton, the only one in the office annex who has the honor of wearing the small gold button awarded for ten years of service, celebrated his birthday with a real party during the noon lunch hour. The features of the party were a huge cake baked by Mable Brewer and delicious punch, pink ice cream and other good things to eat. The party was very exclusive, but August Kunath, garage foreman, and Eddie Walker decided they would attend without the formal invitation. When unable to present the card at the door, however, they were both ejected forcibly, so forcibly, in fact, that Eddie had to go home for another pair of trousers.

Not to be outdone, the girls of the upstairs office force had ordered a huge cake from the bakery in celebration of the birthday of Edward Eberhardt, which was the same date as that of Bob's. The correspondent can truthfully say that it was a real cake.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Ray Butterworth in the recent loss of his brother.

Allen Green brought his lunch with him to the office the other day, being particularly careful to lay it away in his desk where it could not become disarranged. Noon came and Allen jumped up and ran across the street, ordering a huge feed. Not until he returned and was looking through his desk did he remember the carefully laid away lunch.

Spring is here! Bader was seen inspecting his fishing rod. Baseball talk is in the air everywhere and enough have signed up for the upstairs team to make two full teams. Berges has his annual spring hair clip. Lois Powers appears in a new blue and gray outfit.

Some mean person left this with the correspondent: "Maybe the reason Mary Lou Ainsworth falls over all the Ediphone machines is because of the Kentucky rocks she is in the habit of climbing over." Don't believe them, Mary Lou.

P. A. Thompson, S. S. attendant at Washington, has supplied us with a peppy poem on the merits of Red Crown.

Ralph Thornburgh of the Evansville garage tells us stories of the rats at his home which would make your hair stand on end. He claims they even eat the lids off the fruit jars.

Edward S. Poehlein, Tell City agent, recently advised us on his form 34 that he had eight quarts of alcohol for fire. Watch your step, Ed.

We notice that Wilbur McCutcheon and a number of others downstairs are working much more conscientiously since the water cooler has been moved.

We are glad to welcome James E. Richey as our new agent at Scottsburg, Ind.

Maurice M. Maxam has been advanced from tank wagon driver at Princeton to agent at Hazelton, Ind.

Theodore Bernhardt is versatile to say the least. He can sing, he can play ball and can hold down his job in the office to anyone's satisfaction.

Jerry E. Lovan is now in charge of the new Benton S. S. We hear that he is busier off duty than while on duty in lining up new trade for his station.

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Frank E. Guess has been advanced to first attendant at the second Harrisburg S. S. and is holding his trade nicely.

Homer L. Anderson, new agent-salesman at Bedford, Ind., visited with us in the office just before he began his new duties. We'll say he is a dandy fellow.

George R. Kahl is our new agent at Mott, Ind. We didn't get a chance to meet him yet, but hope to before long.

Walter Erwin's careful work won its reward when he was made warehouse superintendent to take the place left vacant by John Schmitt, who was advanced to the new position of S. S. superintendent in charge of all service stations in the Evansville division.

Howard C. Archbold is in charge of the Johnston City S. S.

Wayne E. Corbin has been made agent at Linton, Ind., to which position he was advanced from S. S. attendant.

FARGO, N. D.
Melville L. Rufer, Correspondent

During the past month Manager Packard and Assistant Manager Beaton and Messrs. Hathaway and Smith of the sales promotion force, held sixteen agents' meetings.

J. G. Gotto, credit man, attended the credit convention in St. Paul during the past month. He reports a very interesting meeting.

Mrs. Leo Beauchamp, iron barrel clerk, spent her Easter vacation with her two sons in Devils Lake.

Mrs. F. I. Packard has returned to Fargo after an extended visit at Detroit, Mich. She is rejoicing over the arrival of a new grandson, Leigh Packard Smith.

Miss Ann Kerber of the stenographic department has been on the sick list for the past month.

Alfred Johnson, agent at Newfolden, Minn., was recently elected mayor of his city.

A. W. Urdahl is getting to be past master in dancing the Frisco. Likewise Sam Ordahl.

Although the elements were against it, those who attended the St. Patrick's Day party had a rousing good time—Joe Gotto and Helen McComb were on the punch committee.

We are pleased to see Joe Rost, truck driver at the warehouse, is back on the job.

Jake Stahl has just returned from Ohio. There seems to be a great deal of mystery surrounding his frequent trips. Why not bring her back, Jake?

G. J. Franzen of the check department and Louis Seablom of the credit department were elected president and vice president of the City Commercial Bowling League.

We regret to report the death of Roy Kramer's father-in-law, Peter Paulson.

E. C. Hoiland and Palmer Bergland have been added to the sales force. Mr. Hoiland will have charge of the Casselton territory and Mr. Bergland will cover the Ada territory. H. B. Weeks, who formerly had charge of the Casselton field, now covers the Wahpeton territory.

Hugh Westmiller, head of the auditing department, made a business trip to Medina recently.

Agnes Kelly and Ann Zalensky were stepping high in St. Paul last week. By the way, we would like to know whether Agnes ever discovered the owner of the masculine voice who called the office for "Miss Kelly, from St. Paul."

George Farney of the U. T. L. department is the proud owner of a new Ford Coupe. George is now receiving all kinds of attention from the young ladies.

It was not necessary to read the papers to know that a new dime store had opened in our city. One glance at the office force on the morning of the opening was sufficient.

Miss Gladys Allen who was employed at the Fargo office for the past five years left April 6 for Spokane, Wash., to meet her fiance, Harley South. Congratulations, Gladys.

John Sten, president, vice president, secretary and treasurer of the Noon Hour Lunch Club, was recently accused of a shortage in the treasury, giving away milk to the young ladies and numerous other things, but after a complete audit of his records everything was found to be O. K. John is still head of the outfit. John makes good coffee.

Our old friend O. M. Ranger is quite a radio fan. He has "listened in" on practically every point this side of Hades. The dope he can give on radio is limited only by the listener's own imagination.

Our old friend, Carl Peterson, formerly S. S. attendant at Moorhead, now agent at Ada, Minn., was a Fargo visitor recently.

Chief Clerk Carnine and Assistant Asleson, together with general clerks and heads of the different departments, have been holding efficiency meetings regularly each week.

Shorty Valine and Sherman Almonrode are now in the clothing business. Shorty is the salesman and "Sherm" the model.

A new steam oil pump has been installed in the basement of the warehouse for unloading tank cars, and Army Rick, barrel filler, takes great pride in the much needed improvement.

Fred Witt, the genial gasoline dispenser, received the sad news of the death of his brother at Chicago.

With the spring rush on, we are glad to welcome back our old friends Joe Rost and Doc. Yates.

Frank Wheeler came to work one morning all smiles. A young barrel painter had arrived at his home.

During Edwin Fagerstrom's vacation, the general pen pushing at the warehouse was ably taken care of by "Saxophone" Almonrode.

Thomas Bock and Lars Wiets are the proud possessors of the Safety First Supervision pins. For goodness sake, boys, do stop and blow your horn!

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I. R. Olson, Station Examiner at Devils Lake, paid the warehouse bunch a pleasant call recently. The shortness of the call is explained by his being so interested in the Record Department.

Frank Herlich, city tank wagon salesman, is back on the job after a severe operation for appendicitis. Frank is bubbling over with the sales spirit. Boys, you will have to work early and late if you are going to keep up with this gentleman.

"Cyclone" Shultz, S. S. attendant at No. 1, sold 20 coupon books in less than four hours. He makes records for others to shoot at.

CROOKSTON

Having completed the overhauling of equipment at Bismarck, N. D., F. A. Rickertt and Charles Daymond are back in Crookston.

Nick Ebeltoft was up from the Fargo office taking inventory of the equipment at Crookston recently. About the only thing he missed was two snowdrifts and the exhaust from the stake truck.

Manager F. I. Packard, Assistant Manager J. P. Beaton and sales promotion men, Mr. Hathaway and Mr. Smith, with the assistance of District Superintendent Dodd and his salesmen, recently held what was pronounced the best agents meeting ever held in Crookston.

E. H. Stefferud was in Crookston recently on company equipment business.

RUGBY

Andrew Zimmer, former agent at Antler, has been in the hospital the past six weeks suffering from a paralytic stroke. At last report he was not much improved.

G. G. ("Dad") Douglas, agent at Dunseith, is blossoming out with a new truck this Spring and says he is going to show the young fellows some real speed in working country business.

We extend our sympathy to Hans J. Rud and family in the loss of their baby girl on March 9. Mr. Rud succeeded A. Zimmer as agent at Antler on February 27.

"We" note what Mr. Lange has to say in the last issue of the Stanolind Record about the Cando field showing the rest of us some competition in 1923. If "we" were in Mr. Lange's boots we wouldn't "crow" until the end of 1923.

CANDO

The Munro Garage at Rolla have just received their carload of Polarine Oils and Greases, and within a few days will be pushing the full line, as they sell Red Crown too. John Munro has been buying Standard Oil products from us for over thirty-three years and believes that he is our oldest customer in North Dakota.

In appreciation of the good will and full co-operation of our district superintendent, J. H. Hay, the boys of the old Cando field of 1922 and Salesman E. C. Lang, at an informal session after the agents' meeting, held in Devils Lake, N. D., on March 2, presented him with an initialed gold signet ring.

Other fields in the Fargo division take notice! This is your warning! Be prepared to either go some, or make room, as we are going to make 1923 the banner year for the full line.

Agent Yeager of Rock Lake was unable to attend the agents' meeting on account of being ill with the flu. Sorry, Cliff, better luck next time.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Roy D. Fonger, Correspondent

March 17 will long remain in our memories. It marks one wonderful time, a St. Patricks Party given by the employees for the employees. The office was transformed into a veritable "Emerald Isle" with green festoons, balloons, etc. There was also a miniature stage with "feet" lights and all and the happy gathering was entertained with worthy vaudeville sketches, music and songs. We wish to thank the Arrangement Committee, Roy D. Fonger and K. C. Clapp, who planned the party and made it one grand success. Leave it to them! They are right there when it comes to "putting across a 100 per cent party."

Mabel Pinckney of the marketing department complained of not being able to eat, sleep or think. We soon diagnosed her case. *Love* of course. Recently she was more excited than ever and we noticed a great big rock lighting up her left hand. Congratulations, Mabel!

Take notice! We have organized a "Fast Ball Team" consisting of all the star players of the SOCO and defy any team for miles around. Watch us. Officers have been appointed as follows: Manager of publicity, K. C. Clapp, board of advisers, "Dad" Winslow and Harry C. Ellis, and Captain, Joe Pettit. We are still open for an honest man for

secretary and treasurer, a one armed man or the like.

We are all sorry to learn that "Tiny" Marie Theis has decided to leave our community. Marie is stenographer for the motor equipment department. The girls had a surprise party for her and Marie was presented with a beautiful string of pearls, jet earrings and a toy mandolin.

Eddie Waldeck for years a faithful worker in the cashier's cage has left us to enter the Moody Institute in Chicago.

E. P. Harden, agent at Fountain, Michigan, put on a pair of snow shoes and came down to see us recently. We were glad to see you, Ernie.

Our Salesman C. J. Smith has a worthy assistant in the form of a little bundle which arrived on March 24, weighing 7½ pounds, yes; it's a "boy," Robert Bennett Smith. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

Ernie Brown, our agent at Fennville, reports the arrival of an 8-pound boy. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Ernie, we need more boys.

Anthony Sief, our S. S. attendant at Holland, is back on the job after several days on the sick list. Certainly glad to see you back, "Tony."

Weren't we glad though when our Allegan agent H. F. Benjamin, paid us a visit the other day. "H. F." has such a wonderful smile that he's always welcome.

Lloyd Houghton, agent at Alto, attended our St. Patrick's Party.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Locke attended our St. Pat's Party. Mr. Locke is our agent at Grandville.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Tuffs also attended our Party. Mr. Tuffs is our agent at Byron Center.

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HURON, S. D.

M. O. Kenner, Correspondent

Everybody is subject to mistakes, but still we think that if Bode would try real hard that in time he would know the difference between a crow and pheasant or even ride a tricycle.

Anna was heard to say the other day: "Thank goodness Packard has found a rooming house where they didn't tell him to move out the next morning after he moved in."

If anybody is looking for trouble, just ask Milo how he likes smoking pencil shavings, or selling tickets.

Gladys Mapes is again on the job after being laid up for three weeks with the "flu."

So that Hiney could keep an eye on the stenographers upstairs, Mr. Miller found it necessary to transfer him to head of the record and marketing department. It is also said that Gladys had her fortune told the other evening.

Mr. Snowden, ex-agent at Alpena, was in the office recently. From here he went to Mitchell to take up new duties with the Standard Oil Company.

Ask Jimmie why he don't like Van Horne, and we would also suggest that Jimmie wear a high collar to hide the dust on his neck.

Our Stock Clerk, "Chuck" Sekorra, wants to sell his "Fierce Sparrow" but don't cha-know "Chuck" that that radiator cap can be purchased at the accessory stores for a very small amount.

Mr. McDermott asked Mr. Kenner, why he was dressed up. Mr. Kenner replied, "Sh! Sh! That's a secret. I felt a draft this morning."

"Lena" has gone to Chicago. Before leaving he passed the cigars and candy. Good luck, Jerry.

Bud Shields and Salesman Cook do nor seem to know North from South. If it hadn't been for the moon they probably would not have become mixed in their directions.

On the arrival of the baby girl in "Pat" Ryan's family the girls in the office enjoyed the candy. We also have another addition to our Stanolind family named Donna Lorraine Snyder.

Why is the map on Junker's desk so popular? Ask the boys.

The credit department wishes to express their appreciation of the sympathy extended to them by the office force at the time of the death of the rat who died beneath the floor of their department.

It won't be long now, if a person can judge from actions, until the wedding bells will ring for Eddie Giziewsky. When the steam pipe burst in the cloak room, he immediately rushed in after his hat and coat, stating that the steam would take out the press.

Wonder what kind of lubricating oil Hinton uses for his jaws. From the constant use he gives them in chewing gum, we feel sure that it must be Polarine.

The boys are always making fun of the girls and their primping, but we notice that Ford of the credit department is sure particular about his shining pompadour.

Thanks to the Committee, we all had a "peach of a time," at the Celebration Party just a few evenings ago. What were we celebrating? Why, the shield we won for the highest percentage in Red Crown sales for the month of February. The "front part" of the party was taken care of by a musical monologue by one of our one time employees, Edwin Sewell. Then we had some solos on the "Sax" by our "Sousa's band artist," Paul Christensen, and a two-act play given by several of the college students. Mr. Bailey's stunt was outshone by several readings given by his little daughter, Gwendolyn. Then the main event took place, dancing, and of course the eats. The far reaching cry is, "Another Party."

Oscar Emil Rundquist, head of the stock department, startled the office force by appearing at work in a new Light Lincoln sedan.

ATTENTION MILWAUKEE

A "dyed in the wool" would like to know the outcome of the special match game between "Dode" Nicks (Milwaukee) and "Guy" Eberhardt (Des Moines), S. O. Co's. renowned bowlers. From personal experience, "I am afraid" (apology to Zimmie) that Grover will continue to use his fleece-lined "gaboon," rather than smoke the cigars so generously offered by Irwin.

WATERTOWN

James Larmer was in the Watertown territory the first part of March and was successful in securing some nice orders from the smoke stack trade.

The social club of the Watertown "A" Station was held March 5 in the Hotel Grande. H. A. Welter spoke.

Without a doubt, there will be more poultry reared this season in the Watertown territory than in territory of the Huron division as the truck salesmen, Johnson, Zerfas and Ginsbach, have each taken considerable interest in Neolite and have

made some splendid sales of this product to owners of incubators and brooders.

City Truck Salesman Smith is showing a nice gain in sales of Perfection and Red Crown for February.

March "came in like a lion" for Salesman Kent of Florence, who sold 1,000 gallons of Red Crown and Perfection with one truck on country deliveries.

Salesman Berquist of Strandsburg, a town of about 350, is putting a second tank truck into service this season.

Superintendent G. C. Perkins was supplied with a new Ford recently. Without a doubt Mr. Perkins' district will be high on sales of Semdac. Thanks, Mr. Cadwell.

Salesman Croft has made it his special duty to see that most of the harness in his territory is treated to a bath in Eureka Harness Oil this season.

Service Station Salesman J. M. Wilbur continues to rank high on sales of Polarine and Polarine Grease.

Watertown is preparing to avoid the "dust" season by oiling the unpaved streets early in the season.

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
W. W. Harshmann, Correspondent

So that the trade would not suspect he was a new salesman, R. F. Beatty intended to drop the new brief case in some mud. But he couldn't find mud in Aurora.

The Indianapolis office was re-decorated with the usual lone casualty, Carl Paul got "popped" in the eye, looking up.

"Tank Soup" Buckner has an understudy who is a ventriloquist, when the voice throwing starts Buck unconsciously takes off his cap, thinking he is in a theatre. This pun submitted by Chester Tryon, collector of mongrel hounds and ex ball player.

Agent J. O. Mechem, North Vernon, treated Agent Instructor J. T. Burns to a real thrill over at Butlerville, recently, when one of the trusties of the feeble minded institute strolled into the depot, whipped out a big "gat" and had everybody sticking up their hands, but Burns who was already four miles down the track and going strong. They finally captured Burns by using one of these hand-cars that goes "pop" "pop".

What we want to know is how Manager H. E. Bruce of La Crosse outguessed the weather man by being in Indianapolis when the two-foot snow hit Wisconsin.

An inquiry read, "New or old customer." Salesman L. S. Hope wrote "Yes" and shot it home, runners taking second and third base accordingly.

The cover for Phil Serrin's office arrived in time, he has taken to a pipe and long green.

One windy day Fred Peine was noticed chasing down Penn street after an uncharitable lid shouting: "A horse, a horse, my best fishing pole for a horse."

Reintroducing J. G. McGrath, who once toted home a bag of walnuts believing them to be pears. J. G. just got through washing the thirty-nine globes at his station, when along came a change of construction order and took them all down. Then to keep his humor, he whitewashed the curbs and islands, a rain the next morning has J. G. still railing at fate.

Asiel Carnine, Clayton agent, ran to poetry on his 044 report of March 19:

"Very mucha sick a-feller with the flu,
'Spect, I'll be all right in a day or two."

With Al Vehling farmed out to Twenty-ninth street station, Roll Bruce has taken up the fight for attention on loud shirts.

Full particulars of the shower for Miss Turner will be a feature paragraph in next issue. (Pix too? Thanx!—Ed.)

Miss Elizabeth O'Brien knocked Bob Carlisle's stiff hat off the coat tree—thirty ways from the next blue Monday.

When Eva O'Donnel fell over a rug, Mark Phipps and Earl Thompson each grabbed an accident report blank before helping her up.

Ben Fettig, in the midst of a noon siesta, came back to Shelbyville with a bang when a good sized "darnick" bounced through the office window. Evidence in the case shows that Bill Anderson had intended to drop a stone on the cement walk to announce his arrival, instead the rock bounced through the window.

Announcing the expansion of the Indianapolis office colony to include Miss Nelle Fenwick, stenographer; Miss Georgina Eshelman, file clerk; Fred Seaman, trade record department; G. W. White and W. C. Wilson, check department, and Miss Milred Oakes, switchboard operator.

Ralph Gordon has forsaken the check department to make faces over the "B" ledgers.

Look for Ray Eddy, S. S. 59, as a matinee idol, since his decided success in "Our Guest from Kansas." Ray's best girl writes all his plays.

MUNCIE

The employees at Muncie are proud of the fact that they have three ten-year men in their midst. Buttons were presented to Agent Frank Wyne, S. S. Attendant F. E. Richardson and Driver William Herbert.

Gaston is a lively town and made doubly so by Agent Walter Thorn, who aside from his duties in putting out 24-hour Red Crown service, is fire chief, deputy sheriff, some horseshoe pitcher and a member of the Duck Club. When does he sleep?

Agent Wyne holds an order for another station on a carload of Polarine and barrels are scarce as sleigh bells. It has him going so bad that even when he answers the telephone, he starts the conversation by saying: "Well, there is that carload order and no barrels." Won't some one please mail Frank a picture, at least, of a pile of barrels, he is about convinced that "there is no such an animal."

TERRE HAUTE

Agent C. B. Cox writes, in part: "It seems that Terre Haute has never occupied any space to speak of in the Record. There are thirty-four employees here and I am hoping you can get us some recognition." Mr. Cox promises to furnish in the way of news something more substantial than what the little boy shot at. More power to you, C. B. and as far as the "Hut" being a dead news center, we are hoping "them days are gone forever."

Eva Tanguay did not occupy all of the spotlight space here the other week for Mr. Cochran and Mr. Marshall, in collaboration with Bill Anderson, Vern Gasper and District Superintendent J. J. Miller, played the "Hut" also.

Russel Ellingsworth, S. S. 2, had no sooner announced the arrival of a new daughter than

Perry McCarty not to be outdone purchased a new "Lizzie."

Here is one on the credit department and almost traced to one "Doc" Jenkins of the Indianapolis office. Collector Holly Ingram follows up Doc's letter with an intended call and finds the address as given to be a local cemetery. Most emphatically Doc was on the trail of a "dead one."

Bill Mosely got lost in the mud somewhere around Patricksburg on a Saturday morning and just made the regular evening service at the church on Sunday.

Charley Friend, city driver, has had to stay in three straight Sundays, because it rained and he didn't want to get the new "290 F. O. B." wet.

William Croxton, the beau brummel of the "Hut" office, has been posing in a long face. Cheer up, Bill, maybe she wrote and the pink envelope was train robbery loot.

Red Watson, our accommodating mechanic, has been driving the roadster without a "turtle back." All was well until some one stopped him to inquire if the sewing machine business was pretty brisk.

There is some talk of calling "3d and Ohio St." S. S. the "Mutt and Jeff" station. "Mutt" Gardner is 6 feet 3, and "Jeff" Carmichael is 5 feet 2. Every time "Jeff" oders new overalls, size 36, the manufacturer sends 44. Maybe next time he will order boy's size.

Lester Fegley, former attendant at No. 3, has joined the flivver class as a collector, making room for Bradley Lorton.

Study Colonel Stewart's speech, printed in this issue, and equip yourself with information with which you can confound ill-informed critics of Standard Oil.

JOLIET, ILL.

C. H. Kniep (field) and Miss Evelyn Reece (office), Correspondents

Heard around the Rockford office:

Ferd Haight, dashing madly around—"Gimme a load of that celebrated Red Crown and a live transfer."

Miss Swits—"I'm asking you on bended knee, boys, won't you please get in your unauthorized tickets?"

Kinkuski (over the telephone)—"This is Kinkuski speaking. K-I-N (Kin) K-U-S (cuss), K-I (key). Kinkuski—Now you got it."

Clarence Fox—"Good morning, Mrs. Swits."

Roy Stockley—"Gimme a loadin' ticket quick, right now, this minute, 'cause I'm in an awful hurry."

The other day C. B. Glenn, who had been working on his truck for several hours, was asked by Harvey Knighton, "Is your truck running yet?" To which Mr. Glenn replied, "No, I just ran it in the garage and stopped it."

Upon Mr. G. (Half Resale) Rees' assertion that small packages often contain the prize, John Nolan said, "The booby prize comes that way, too."

Mr. Branning says when he starts out on the road selling S. O. Co. products, there won't be any grass growing under his feet. On hearing this, Dave Hutchinson asked him where he was going to sell; In the Sahara Desert?

Lester Elliott is the new warehouse man at the Rockford Plant, having taken over the duties of former warehouse foreman, Art Pickard.

Jay Conklin tried to sell Jim Marston a coat that cost him $10.50 for $15.00. Jim didn't say much, but thought plenty. What a wonderful partner Jay would have made for "Ponzi."

Jess Hogan bought a Ford coupe a month ago for $375. At last after spending exactly $275 more for repairs and overhauling, Jess says the thing will actually run. "Anyway, my money was well spent," says Jess and we all agreed with him.

Kinkuski has discovered a new excuse among S. S. attendants. The other day, Tom Masterson advised that he couldn't work Sunday because his uncle had died and he had to be a pall-bearer.

Thinking along this same line, we are wondering how Guy Askey ever expects to see a ball game this summer. We have been keeping tab and on going over our records we find that both of his grandmothers, both grandfathers, three aunts, seven uncles and nine cousins are dead.

"Washington" D. C. Farrow is going to take the fatal leap soon! That rumor is now confirmed by the paper "that shines for all."

Leonard Lunstrom tells us that he is sure he will win his suit at Dixon.

Roy Mann, formerly S. S. attendant at 22, Elgin, has been made assistant warehouse man. Roy says he likes his new job. Walter Anderson is the new attendant at 22, and promises to be a good one.

Another new member of the Elgin force is Arthur Rohlfing. We hear he has had some experience in the past.

William C. Fox is a new relief man at Elgin.

Our agent, Mr. Tresidder, at Galena has not only increased our business at that point, but the population also. Born on February 14—a daughter. Congratulations, Mr. Tresidder.

Roy Heine at Pearl City has purchased a new Ford truck and expects to put on an extra truck as soon as the roads permit.

Our agent at Stockton, Walter Miller, hired a team and delivered goods with a bob sled during the recent snow storm. Some service, Walter. Keep it up.

Edward Reynolds at Warren had the misfortune of falling off a porch and wrenching his back. We wonder what Ed keeps in his basement?

Charles McClave, agent at Hanover, has purchased a new International Speed truck.

We are sorry to report Mr. Russell at Elizabeth has been on the sick list for the last week.

Francis Holland at Scales Mound is getting to be quite some automobile trader. He keeps trading back and forth with all the dealers in Scales Mound to keep them all in good humor and Red Crown customers.

Someone told "Hank" Bogardus, our optimistic agent at Elgin, that white trees are a sure sign of Spring.

Al Glidden, pioneer agent at Hampshire, claims that in his territory cars are being run on moonshine.

Agent Porter of St. Charles, putting on his second truck, says that he will now make his "quoten" every month.

Government men may have a smeller for moonshine, but our agent at Dwight, Mr. Hansen, has the world backed off the map for having an eagle eye for S. O. Co. steel barrels. Recently he spotted one on top of a freight car loaded with junk. When the train stopped, he rolled the barrel off. It has been received at Joilet is first class condition.

We are sorry to report D. W. Lovett is on the sick list. He is suffering from sciatic neuritis, we understand.

C. M. Brennan is a new construction man. Mr. Brennan has been with the company before in the same capacity.

H. G. Walsmith is our new agent at Cabery, succeeding Mr. Schafroth who has gone farming.

C. Berglund is new attendant at S. S. 40, Rockford, succeeding W. R. Shoulders. Watch S. S. 40 for additional increases.

Niles Clausen, driver at DeKalb, has been promoted to tankwagon salesman, taking the place of J. M. Nolan who has been promoted to general salesman.

O. P. Hall, agent at Creston, has sold two carloads of 65 barrels each of Polarine to be delivered to the farm trade.

A. W. Rose, DeKalb agent, has also sold one car of Polarine for Spring delivery. Glenn Neibergall at Sycamore, Ill., also has a car to his credit.

Mr. Munson, S. S. attendant at Sycamore, is back on the job again after being at home with the grippe for about a week.

"White Head" Unmacht, formerly of the Freeport office, is now a salesman, taking over D. R. Smith's territory. Mr. Smith is now agent-salesman at Sterling.

"Ed" Cahill, formerly of the I. C. Railroad, is guessing at Unmacht's stock records. Stay with her, "Ed."

E. B. Thomas is cutting down the unauthorized credit tickets at Freeport. Mr. Greb says he is some cashier, and he is.

J. R. Meyers, tankwagon driver at Freeport, has been laid up with an abscess. We hope he will have a speedy recovery.

Ray Arnold, formerly assistant warehouse man at Elgin, has been promoted to warehouse man, succeeding Fred Krumfusz, who has been made one of the city tankwagon men.

We are informed that Truman "Righteousness" Sprague has taken unto himself a new wife. Congratulations, Tom. We mean it.

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Many of our radio fans were given a rare treat several nights ago by a selection broadcasted by J. D. Sheeley, our good looking salesman in the Frankfort territory, entitled "Old Black Joe," accompanied by "Am a Fren' o' Mine."

Jimmie Arthur will move to Plainfield in the middle of the month. Jim now has to get up at 7 a. m. to get to work on time. Hereafter he won't have to get up until 7:15, he says.

To see Miss Lynda Pasold tearing madly down the street every afternoon one naturally thinks of an express train that is trying to make up a couple of hours.

It's a good thing Elsie Fritz is going away. While she is gone, some of the rest of us may have a chance.

What is this we hear about that little trip to Kewanee, Mil? So you had your grip all packed up and ready, but didn't go? Why?

Miss Gallagher has bobbed her hair. Doesn't she look cute, boys?

J. F. Marx is our new superintendent of Service Stations.

H. J. Kaufman, formerly S. S. attendant at 39, La Salle, has been transferred to the Joliet office in the sales department. Welcome to our city, Harry.

Lil Lundberg quite forgot where she was the other day. She must have thought she was strolling down the avenue with Axel. But it wasn't Axel who had her by the arm that day.

Anyone anticipating a trip to the North Pole, visit Jimmie Arthur's fresh air camp and become accustomed to the temperature.

"Chic" Houck and Roy Olson are spending their vacation together. We presume they are touring in Chic's new Durant. Coal City and Carbon Hill are probably their destinations.

Mr. Hanna has discovered the secret of getting his name in the paper—in the headlines, too. You surely are some bowler, Ace.

Two new faces on the first floor are those of A. J. Guhman and D. V. Traver in the equipment department.

Various Chicago friends of Hugh Boyle would like to know the reason for his very frequent visits to Joliet. Having met little Miss Kane of that office, and also remembering how Hugh is wont to speak of her whenever we meet him, we wonder if she might be the innocent cause of all the expenditure of railroad fare on the part of our youthful fren'.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

W. F. McGarry, Correspondent

We are glad to see 029s coming in from I. L. Dayhoff again. He was down with the "flu" for a week or so and is not feeling just the best at this writing but we know, by the time this issue comes out, this live wire will be going great guns again.

We also wish to announce that Edward Clifford and Ivan Baird are hitting the ball again after operations. Glad to see them out.

Marion English, hustling S. S. attendant, is back on the job after an operation for appendicitis. He dishes out that Red Crown and Polarine with a smile and a "Thank you".

Colonel Moresby of the bookkeeping department returned after a slight illness. Pardon us, Colonel, was it just slight or are we misinformed? Anyway, we're glad to see you back.

J. W. White is the new agent at Topeka and is starting out strong. We are going to bet on him all the way. With W. A. Sherman, new salesman in Topeka, to help, we don't see how they'll ever hold you down.

W. R. Colvin has been appointed district superintendent of the Famous First, a district which has always held a record of some kind. What's it going to be on this year, Billy?

Henry Parry has been promoted in the sales department. Things ought to hum now.

Wonder what Homer Longsdorf uses the telephone every evening after five for?

"Fat" Montgomery of Englewood is the new man taking Parry's old job. These Englewood boys sure do get along, don't they? Look at Lonnie Williams, Carl Chatten, Beanie Martin, Fred Crabtree, White and others.

Say, they claim that Harrington struck oil. But, upon investigation, we find that he was just all dolled up to go on his vacation.

Howard Houston had a fine time on his two weeks. Howard has bought himself a house. Look for the bunch out any night, Mrs. Houston.

How many acres did you hoe, Ed? George Wood and Bill Merrick say it can't be done.

At the superintendents' meeting, Mr. Colvin brought in two carload orders for Polarine from Bert Worrall. Bert's sure some go-getter.

Joe Sullivan is now salesman in Independence, Kas., and we refuse to be satisfied until we see a couple of carload orders for Polarine from this "live wire".

Reno and Ogan are laying low for some reason or another. After somebody's scalp, I guess.

E. D. Powell is the new agent at Allen, Kas. Welcome, Mr. Powell.

We take great pleasure in reporting the birth of

a daughter to Agent H. D. Turner, Tonganoxie, Kas. Mr. Turner says this is their first and only girl and she is SOME GIRL. Her name is Mary Margaret Turner, born February 11, 1923.

New agents: W. J. Pimple, Olpe, Kas.; G. H. Robertson, Blue Mound, Kas., and W. A. Grindol, Perry, Kas. Welcome to the Standard Oil family, gentlemen.

W. H. Ramsey is now in charge of S. S. 41.

W. F. Woody is our new agent at Cedarvale, Kas.

Carl Behrle sold his first barrel of Stanolax in February, and he is now on the rampage on that product. He says that, in addition to being good for the constitution, it makes him fat. Carl is our hustling salesman at Leavenworth in District 6.

Salesman H. L. Asher announced the Commercial Ford parade put on in Parsons, Kas., by the Chapman Sales Company. It was the first of its kind ever held in Parsons. Every merchant in town, together with many farmers, loaded their trucks with merchandise, and joined in. The Standard Oil Company was ably represented in the long line that filed down the Main street past S. S. 91. Salesman Asher made a Ford to Ford canvass of every owner and the fact was disclosed that 87 per cent of the cars in line were using Polarine. Asher says he will sell more Polarine in Parsons than ever was sold before. There's the spirit, men.

Soon be time to shut off the steam, Thompson. What will you do then. The young ladies sure will miss your smile as you pass through. However, we believe Freddie Crabtree will take care of the smiles.

Miss Terry of the dictaphone department has just returned from a vacation. She had a slight operation while away, but is now as good as new. This is the young lady who won the bed-spread.

Miss Minnie Martin is on her vacation at the present writing. We hope she has a good time.

John Seward is getting all warmed up on the subject of gardening. John, by the way, is the gentleman who writes the checks.

Guy Hatfield is driving a new Overland roadster How does it ride, Guy?

News item for F. E. Scott. There is someone in the office subbing for Rudolph Valentino.

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LA CROSSE, WIS.

Miss Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

J. W. Wood has been transferred from the position of agent at Adams, Minn., to agent instructor in Mr. Kirk's field. L. Lewison succeeds Mr. Wood at Adams.

N. R. Grimshaw of Chicago visited the La Crosse office last week.

We are glad to see Alice Ortwein, Hazel Kiekbusch and W. Trapp again at their desks after being confined to their homes on account of sickness.

F. C. Miller, one of our tank drivers, has been promoted to agent at La Crescent, Minn. E. Frey succeeds Mr. Miller.

On Mr. Harrigan's 029 for March 2, he reports, "was called home on account of a birth of an infant." Congratulations, Mr. Harrigan.

We are very glad to have W. Romonowsky counted as one of the office force now. He was recently transferred from speciality gasoline salesman to record correspondent. We hope he will approve of the family by whom he has been adopted.

Carl Duermeir of the bookkeeping staff says, "It's a fine baby girl." Congratulations.

John Michalski, S. S. attendant, has been promoted to tank driver. John, we wish you lots of luck.

A. Schild, tank driver, W. Radtke and C. Jungen, mechanics, are on the sick list.

Frank Noel is one of the "new" men in the garage.

Bernard Volz has lost his Bachelor Club pin. At one time, he made the statement that it meant the same as a diamond ring, when given to a girl. Explanations are in order, Bernie.

Regular business meeting of the social club was held March 5 at the K. P. hall. After the meeting a Kangaroo court was held. Helen Ferguson was arrested by the "Cop" Ellen Wood for having a hole in her stocking, and stood trial before Judge Walter Selbo. Art McMann and Even Evenson were attorneys for the defense. Henry Liso and Omar Johnson were prosecuting attorneys. Al Moor was the main witness. This mock trial proved a great success. Mabel Baker and Ellen Wood alternated at the piano, while the rest sang.

Two years have rolled around since the Standard Oil Co. Social Club was organized. The objects of the Club are to send floral offerings to the sick and to provide social functions for the employees. The social activities are held on the first Monday of each month. It has been the aim to have all employees in La Crosse in our membership, but at present such is not the case.

Manager H. E. Bruce spent a few days at Indianapolis and while there contracted "Bronchadenitis." We wonder if that's the way they treat all of their company.

Rumor has it that our promising young agent at Alma Center, Wis., has taken unto himself a bride, and is now honey-mooning in California, during these cold and stormy days. The bride was Miss Duxbury of Hixton, Wis. The happy couple have the good wishes of the Standard Oil family at La Crosse.

LaVern R. Bigelow succeeds L. J. Kiefer as S. S. attendant at Tomah, Wis. Mr. Kiefer was made a general salesman.

In a letter received from Salesman Stolen, he says in part, "I did not work Monday and Tuesday of this week, due to the fact that a boy arrived at my house, and by the way, I think this boy looks as tho he might be able to drive a truck in a couple of days." Congratulations.

Al Moor and family attended a family reunion at Fountain City, Wis., recently. Four generations were present.

For expert tourist, Messrs. J. E. Monegan, assistant manager, and E. R. Remp, sales promoter, get the leather medal. It seems that during a series of agents' meetings they played hide-and-seek with a blizzard and traveled all over Minnesota in order to get to Austin to attend a meeting.

Hugo C. Morse has been installed as agent at Pine Island, Minn., succeeding John L. Cohen, who has been made a station examiner.

The Easter Rabbit was more than kind to Mabel, for she found a beautiful basket on her desk made of natural straw (excelsior) and fastened with delicate trimmings (rubber bands). The basket was lined with blue morocco paper (old 082 D) and filled with the most delicious nougats (hard coal, rusty bolts and screws).

Wanted: by Lucille Frizzell, old pieces of black walnut furniture. Evidently it's going to be soon. 'Cause she seems to be in a hurry.

From the looks of things, Agent C. Kolbe of Kenyon, Minn., has been playing bridge and learn-

ing to "double" and "re-double." He has just added another "International" to his equipment, also a helper.

We wish to extend our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Luther, of Rose Creek, Minn. We know that the "new baby girl" will be another booster for Red Crown.

George Leonard and H. R. Wellman have been added to the list of salesmen. The girls suggest that "single" men be hired next time.

Rudie Steinke has a brand new "Overland" car and has promised everyone a ride as soon as the weather permits.

ALMA, WIS.

Fourteen inches of snow played havoc with the truck deliveries here, tying most of them to the garages.

Norman Guenther, agent at Alma, is sporting a new Ford truck, equipped with a Warford transmission. He is now able to climb any hill in the state and gains friends by his "hurry-up" deliveries. Agent at Fountain City take notice.

Casey Duffy of Miller's Garage recently took a trip to Fountain City. He reports a great deal of snow.

Bel Neumeister, of Miller's garage, one of the strongest Red Crown boosters hereabouts, is painting his Ford coupe. More trips to Nelson are planned. There's a mystery just where and who Bel sees at Nelson. Oh, 'fess up, Belmont.

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MANKATO, MINN.

W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

Mrs. H. J. Palmer, who assisted at the office during the influenza epidemic among the stenographic force, is once more keeping house for Harry who is salesman on the Mankato field. We miss Mrs. Palmer but opine that Harry is looking much better fed lately.

C. J. Nuebel, stock clerk, got a "schwindel" while on top of one of the big tanks. The guard rails prevented an accident and after basking in the north wind for a while Clem reached the ground in safety. We don't vouch for this "dizzy" story. We do know that Clem asked for a railing on the tank and so we suppose that he had to do something to prove that it was really needed.

A recent ruling of the "Petroleum Educational Club" decrees that new members, when elected, must make a five-minute talk before the club on a subject not previously assigned. E. F. Green, cartage clerk, must have misunderstood the ruling because he completed his address in five seconds. Yes, they accepted him for membership in hopes that he would learn by association.

Although North Mankato is a beautiful place to live, still there are some drawbacks. L. J. Wilcox, cashier, discovered one of the drawbacks when he was compelled to pay two dollars for the privilege of receiving a book from the Mankato public library.

Frank Brown, traffic clerk, has 6,592,357 minnows in a big tank in his basement. The fishing season opens soon, tra-la-la!

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Leon Sampson, who operated Pipestone S. S. 11 during the summer of 1921, but severed his connection with the Company some months ago, is again within the fold and is now officially checked in as the attendant at Pipestone 11. Sampson is a hustler from morning till night and his reports already show the results of his intensive sales effort.

E. L. Osten contends that the world is a pretty good old place and that there is at least one good man upon it (besides himself). Earl has a Ford. He sold it. Have charity, people!

The office bunch was glad to see C. J. Humn come back into the office after touring the "northeast" for the past few months. The St. Peter field now is presided over by Z. M. Baroney to whom we extend the hand of welcome.

Eugene P. Whitney, attendant at S. S. 25, Fairmont, declares publicly his undying loyalty to the Standard Oil Company. He recently purchased a new Ford Roadster and immediately asked the advertising department for material with which to decorate his car. Whitney is 100 per cent Standard Oil and he wants the world to know it.

J. R. White (smile and all) visited the Mankato office recently. While here Mr. White was promoted from the Worthington agency to salesman in the Worthington field. We wish him (and his smile) all the success in the world.

Wally Anderson journeyed to St. Paul in March to take into camp a few basket ball teams which were entered in the state tournament there. Wally and his Mankato 5th Regiment team were 33⅓ per cent successful.

John Taylor, relief S. S. attendant at Mankato 5, has recovered from a severe attack of influenza and pneumonia, which incapacitated him for several weeks during the early spring.

Joseph F. Wolf, construction man, has taken unto himself a new jitney coupe. At last we have found out why the stenographers cast such longing eyes in Joe's direction whenever he chances to be in the office.

We are glad to receive J. A. Murray in the company ranks. Mr. Murray was installed as attendant at a Mankato S. S. and J. A. Harris, former attendant, is acting as relief man at the Mankato stations.

J. Clay Lee, assistant manager, has been appointed a member of the greens committee of the Mankato Golf Club. If he knows half as much about the greens as he does about company business the Mankato club will have the finest course in the northwest. (That calls for a cigar.)

N. R. Grimshaw spent several days at Mankato during March and journeyed to several points in the division.

S. J. ("Red") Schueller has been checked in at S. S. 4, New Ulm. Red is one of the livest young fellows in his community and has an acquaintance that extends throughout the countryside adjacent to New Ulm.

We greet H. B. Snyder as a late addition to the Standard Oil Company family of salesmen. Mr. Snyder has taken on the Tracy field.

Vernon P. Alm succeeds Mr. Warner as attendant at S. S. 15, Mankato, and already gives great promise of future success with the company. Mr. Warner has been assigned to special work.

Creswell Fraser has "joined up" with the S. O. colors and is now located as salesman in the Albert Lea field.

Big snowdrifts during the month of January did not prevent E. S. Stadheim, agent at Clarks Grove, from making regular deliveries at all times both in the city and on the rurals.

Before J. R. White left Worthington to accept a salesman position he made certain that Worth-

ington would again have the Eureka Harness Oil championship of the division. We don't know why White was so worried about it as we have it from reliable source that A. I. Johnson, the present agent, has White "lashed to the mast" on sales of this product.

Earl Johnson has moved into a nice apartment on Sixth street. Earl says he can get to work in thirty seconds when the hill is icy.

F. C. Singleton, safety director, spent two days here recently, during which time a general safety committee and Accident Court were formed. The following men will serve on the committee for the term ending June 30th: F. McK. Blough, S. S. superintendent, chairman; G. E. Schaus, superintendent motor equipment, assistant chairman; R. E. Nuebel, Tax, Legal and Accident Clerk, secretary; A. M. Holte, Asst. Tax, Legal and Accident Clerk, assistant secretary; Aaron Bates, warehouse superintendent; John Stahl, warehouseman; Gustave Krahnke, truck driver; John Taylor, S. S. attendant; J. J. Meyer, construction superintendent; L. A. Gode, S. S. checker; H. J. Palmer, salesman; C. J. Jensen, assistant chief clerk, and W. P. Scherer, advertising clerk.

In spite of the fact that there have been no accidents handled by the committee, meetings have been held regularly on Tuesday afternoons at 4 p. m. The Mankato organization stands to win the January, February and March, "No lost time Accident Campaign" trophy. We claim that Mankato will lead for the year, 1923.

W. C. Anderson, agent at Frost, has great cause for jubilation inasmuch as he is leading the entire division on Neolite sales and has (to date) defeated his friendly rival, M. L. Endeward, of Fulda.

District Superintendent T. A. Dorgan contracted the influenza during the last week of March which later threatened pneumonia. At this writing Tom is making a nice recovery and we hope soon to hear that he is once more on the firing line.

ALBERT LEA

John Skov, warehouse foreman, has been laid up with an eye infection. Late reports state that John is getting along fine and will soon be on the job again.

Truck salesman A. H. Dennis is back on his route again after being confined to the house with a severe attack of the "flu." Business is back above normal as soon as Dennis is on the job.

FARIBAULT

C. S. Sorenson, salesman in the Faribault field, lays claim to at least one championship. C. S. stepped out and sold three half barrels of Stanolind Liquid Paraffine Heavy in six days. He claims that if he can't win a few medals he will invent some new championships which he knows he can win.

The Faribault organization held a peppy meeting on the evening of March 5, with District Superintendent A. L. Struthers presiding. Those in attendance were Salesman C. S. Sorenson, Truck Salesmen Thompson, Fox and Schilling; Agent Nelson and S. S. Attendant Mullenberg. The main topic for discussion was promotion of sales. The meeting continued with a general discussion in regard to sales and a plan was completed whereby the Faribault boys confidently expect to humble the Mankato force.

Agent Nelson says Faribault has the best team in the entire division and says he is willing to prove it. We imagine that Mr. Nelson refers to the team of greys which is the only team of horses in the division. Bring up any other kind of a team which Faribault boasts and we'll try to arrange a battle. Albert Lea and Mankato please notice!

District Superintendent Struthers was greatly excited over a patient in a local hospital, who was reported to have broken his neck. It was rather serious until Mrs. Struthers told Al that a nurse had been giving a patient an alcohol rub when the patient broke his neck trying to lick his back. Al can't see anything funny about it!

The snowdrift around Faribault during the month of March impeded the progress of many, but the S. O. organization made business go along at normal speed in spite of handicaps.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Miss Marie J. Zacha, Correspondent

The snow storm that the month of March brought the Milwaukee division surely was a corker. The agent at Gleason claims so much snow fell in his territory he will use his tank sled in August. "Yea," comes the reply from O. Leffelholz, agent at Lancaster, "I thought the telegraph poles would disappear." The agent at Kenosha, R. A. Winton, will gladly furnish an affidavit to anyone who doubts it snowed in that city.

We cannot refrain from saying a few words in favor of H. J. Malchow, division engineer. After many years of practice he is now able to chew and smoke his cigar at the same time.

William A. Johnson, Sheboygan, Wis., has been blessed with the arrival of another baby girl. Bill says: "Now I have a family of five, all boys except four, and the latest one will be named Jerry."

Sheboygan's great vocal artist, G. M. Black, is not singing these days. He claims the sight of so much snow makes him dizzy.

Bob Hertzog, Sheboygan warehouse man, will soon be a very wise and learned man. At any rate he asks enough questions.

It has come to our attention that Salesman O. A. Riechow makes frequent week-end trips to Manitowoc. We haven't the slightest idea why, but we will find out. Further developments will be duly reported in the Stanolind Record.

When Joe Knudtson, Madison, Wis., recently appeared with his semi-annual hair cut he furnished conclusive proof to the boys that warm weather is on its way.

"It surely is tough," groaned C. A. Steinlee, agent at Two Rivers, as he plowed through the deep snow with his sled at the rate of one mile a day, "Winter is all right, but, Oh, you Summer."

'Tis an ill wind that does not blow someone some good; Salesman G. L. Annen reaped a harvest of candle orders when the blizzard tore down the electric wires at Fond du Lac.

Salesman L. W. Stelsel, who recently took over the Two Rivers circuit, thinks it a great country. He landed at Two Rivers after spending a night with District Superintendent Duncan in a train stuck in the snow, and the hotel proprietor extended the morning's greetings by throwing out a snow shovel so that they could shovel their way in.

Salesman C. W. Larkin, traveling near Elm Grove, Wis., chanced upon a discouraged automobilist who, having neglected to replenish his gasoline supply, became stalled far from the nearest pump. Grasping his emergency can, Larkin emptied it into the automobilist's supply tank and another customer was added to the long list of Red Crown users.

The boys at Appleton feel highly delighted when-

ever Salesman Burt Cowan comes around. He is the only recording thermometer alive. The weather has a peculiar effect on his nose.

Herm. Kalbakken, Madison, Wis., likes black birds. He says black birds presage warm weather.

Christian Wehland, warehouse man at Milwaukee, is smiling broadly. It's a girl. Congratulations, Chris.

Whenever Carl Neuman and Salesman Jepertinger feel the pinch of hunger they call on Agent Koehler, Thirty-second Street and Auer Avenue. Mr. Koehler enjoys quite a reputation as a cook.

No mud is dragged into Art Fendry's home. Even the dog understands what friend wife means when she says, "Wipe your feet." Better get him into the Orpheum circuit, Art.

What's the matter, George Kliegel, couldn't you get the right fertilizer to make that brush on your lip thrive?

We believe Irene Hayes is laying off weight. Every day in every way she walks to and from work.

We were recently paid a visit by William Tell, Chicago, who introduced M. F. Worley, chief clerk.

We are glad to have Winnie Baker and Mame Franz return to the office, both having been on the sick list.

Reach a man's heart via his stomach. Clarence Otto, internationally known as the Shiek of Walnut Street, can be enticed by means of pancakes, we have discovered.

Theodore Roberts of cinema fame may have to look to his laurels. Mr. Hanna is running him a close second. We overheard him ordering a carload of cigars to be used while auditing the Milwaukee station.

Speaking of Kotz's Hudson. As a motorist Kotzie makes a good pedestrian. Every evening you can see him hot-footing it home.

If you want to know what a junction is, ask Bill Kolka.

George Kraemer very gracefully raised the transmitting tube of the dictaphone machine and eloquently orated into same. After orating for about half the length of the record, he discovered his dictation was not registering. His remarks would not come under the head of Sunday reading.

The credit department has recently acquired three new members in George Schember, Joseph H. Meyer and Roy F. Willson, Welcome!

Matt Amann is sporting a Franklin Sedan. Some class to him, we should say (hope we get a ride).

Billy Zeck, office crew of the garage, is the possessor of a Lincolnette. This car needs no horn.

Mr. Worley, have you seen Pigsville? Mr. Bumford and Mr. Hanna have.

A. J. Lewis, former salesman, is back to the mechanical department. Glad to see you again, Al.

We have three new members with us, in the Standard Oil family. William Eckert, Warner Smith and Elmar Chady, to whom we extend our hearty welcome.

For Sale:—One Ford touring car 1917 model in fair shape. Has a winter top resembling a hack and could be used for a cattle rack. For further details, see T. J. Fleck, tank department.

The consensus of opinion seems to be that Florence Johnson, dictaphone operator, knows something about the path worn between East Water Street and the C. M. & St. P. station.

We saw you, R. B. Williams. You can't catch us napping. The longest way round is the sweetest way home. What say you, Viola?

Study Colonel Stewart's speech, printed in this issue, and equip yourself with information with which you can confound ill-informed critics of Standard Oil.

Look what Harold Mexdorf's got under his nose!

Miss Catharine Burke, secretary to the district superintendent at Dubuque, Iowa, recently paid us a visit.

For all 'round intelligent canines, we would refer our readers to their proud owners, Messrs. H. H. Koch and G. Gruettner. The question to be decided now is who owns the smarter dog.

Again we return to George Schmidt's scarlet striped silk shirt. George, being asked: "Will you wear a mask to the ball?" replied in all sincerity, "No, I'll wear my shirt and that's all."

We have been trying to find out what special mission Mr. Sturhahn attended while at the conference at Chicago. Where did you spend your evenings, Sturhahn?

The bookkeepers are getting writer's cramp and other afflictions due to having to scrub their hands so often, since using the new Stylo pens.

A rare species of handkerchief, the size usually used by the fair ladies, is in possession of Earl Collins. Earl says he prizes this kerchief so highly as it is imported. If we remember correctly, the distant seaport was Okauchee.

We hear Charlie Bernitt has a new partner during the day time. (She answers to the name of Elizabeth Ford).

Connie Mahr was on several occasions reported late. This, we later discovered, was erroneously done, as due to his being a little shy on height, he wasn't noticed at his desk.

The old-timers of the Smith Cafeteria are certainly initiating Mr. Worley right from the very beginning. Pretty nearly every noon you'll see him carrying his tray at the "grab-it-and-run."

No, Inga, gasoline pumps aren't as a rule susceptible to contagious diseases.

Kindly hold off telling Jimmy Casey any stories as this may cause a relapse to his sick ear.

J. Witter, motor truck salesman, Wausau, announces the arrival of Isaac Russel Witter. Mr. Witter's family now consists of seven fine children, four agents and three stenographers.

We can all see Margie Rodel in the lobby before 8:00 A. M., but what about Margie Floode around the corner?

Fred Engel, checking department, went and done it. Jumped into the sea of matrimony on March 24. Congratulations!

L. F. Fisher, S. S. Examiner at Minneapolis, recently visited the Milwaukee office and says he likes Milwaukee fine.

District Superintendent A. W. Miller, Appleton, has his trucks all painted up, ready for spring business.

The Sunshine Club organized for the purpose of bringing cheer to the sick, is again in full swing. Collections made covering first three months of 1923, amounting to $40.04, employees paying at the rate of 10 cents per month, payable every three months. The following were remembered with fruit and flowers during January and up to February 15: T. H. Lang, manager, E. Sheets, I. White, Rose Elkert, M. Franz, M. Kieckbush, W. Malwitz, F. Fisher, O. Wilhelm and O. Peterson. $30.00. The balance in treasury is $14.04. Collections were made by Carrie Liederbach, Alma Sandbo and A. C. Powell.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
G. E. Anderson, Correspondent

Miss Beck was the author of an editorial which recently appeared in the columns of our local papers in reply to an article previously published relating to the supposedly high salaried university professors. Miss Beck, having been engaged at the Minnesota U before coming here, knows whereof she speaks and had the best of the argument.

Though derby hats are nifty and fashionable, the practice of wearing them to work has been permanently discontinued. Blissfully unaware of the hazards is store, S. S. Superintendent H. H. Quackenbush and Tank Wagon Superintendent Arch Cameron came to the office last Saturday attired in shiny new top pieces of an invitingly hard black substance. Incidental to finishing the day's work, also the hats, belligerent forces consisting of practically the entire office, conspired to the dark and vicious deed of securing possession of said hats. Quackenbush and Cameron wore borrowed caps on the homeward journey and today the mute evidence remains in two utterly demolished derbies.

H. J. Malchow, division engineer, was with us for a few days in March.

Assistant General Manager N. R. Grimshaw spent a busy day in Minneapolis recently.

Saleman H. E. Purdy at Brainard recently drove his personal car over what was considered impassable roads in that section. The local newspaper gave his trip considerable publicity, displaying it as a road report.

It was with deep sorrow that we learned of the sad death of our dear friend and former employee, Grace Patton. After several months of lingering illness it began to appear that we were to have her back with us again, but an unexpected relapse took her suddenly away. Miss Patton was a girl whose beautiful traits made up a wonderful character.

Salesman H. E. Hoglund walked into the office with an unusually prominent chest and expansive smile the other day. Reason? A girl.

We understand that Leo Gallery, agent at Bird Island, recently purchased a Ford touring car. It has been said that there is a certain attraction at Hector, so you can't blame Leo for not wanting to walk.

C. A. Wolfgang, superintendent of equipment, has been going around lately without any gloves, suffering with cold hands. He says he lost them and the winter would not last long enough to warrant buying another pair. On his last birthday his fellow workers threw a stag party and presented him with a beautiful seal ring with embossed letters. W. J. Zimmerman, foreman of the machine shop, acted as toastmaster. It was a fine party, (but awfully dry).

Ed. Meiers is going to overhaul his "Overland Cement Mixer" this spring if he is lucky enough to get any of the Minneapolis shop mechanics to do it. Some job, Ed.

W. J. Zimmerman, our shop foreman, is kept busy these days getting the Ford Roadsters out in first class shape. He said if it takes speed to get business, he's got it.

Charles Clark has made his last trip delivering tank trucks to the agents throughout the territory, because after every trip he claims his back is broken, and we can't afford to lose Charlie.

Although the event is still some time off, interest is especially keen in the Bathing Girls Contest, to be staged by the Red Crown Social Club shortly after the opening of the swimming season. Miss Lagerson is determined on carrying off one of the prizes and we understand has already started training. Miss Bertha Emond and Miss Blanche Padelford have volunteered to act as judges, as they admit that actual participation on their part would practically nullify the chances of their opponents. Aside from this, both are comptometer operators with an exceptionally good knowledge of "figures" and should therefore be especially well fitted for the task. "See America First" Nevins is not making any premature claims, but insists that when the proper time comes her hat will also be in the ring. Miss Grosbusch wears a confident smile and wonders just how much attention the others will get when she prances down the beach. Miss Tuffley, a decided "blond," looms up as the dark horse. Mr. Editor when you get these pictures, you're gonna forget the number of your house. (We've been thinking we ought to visit Minneapolis. When does this come off?—Ed.)

Caveman Huckenpahler has requested that we announce through these columns that he has not weakened in his policy towards the fair sex and that during 1923 he will continue to "get 'em young," "treat 'em rough" and "tell 'em nothing."

Nick Ericsson, our handsome cashier, stoutly denies that his being enclosed in a cage has any connection with his weakness for peanuts.

Miss McCarthy requests that all members of the Red Crown Social Club who are in arrears in their dues kindly come forward at once with the coin of the realm. Clarice insists that the delinquent ones will be "pressed" vigorously for a settlement.

There is evidence on all sides of an early Spring. Harry Moran has tucked under the ear-laps and promises that there will be no more bows tied under his chin until the leaves again fall from the trees.

Miss Anding holds the office record for special delivery letters. An average of two per day for the last three months set a mark that should stand for some time. Miss Anding, by the way, is the champion saleslady in our office and was recently presented with a box of candy for her efforts.

Babe Ruth Larson is making quite a record as a bowler and in one game got almost up to fifty. Ruth informs us that if it wasn't for those darn "grooves" on the sides, she'd have a much higher average.

Mike Zimmer, who is a close follower of market conditions, advises that there is no likelihood of any immediate advance in the price of snuff.

Barney Bentson, agent at Alexandria, has a *real* smile on his face. What is it all about,"Barney?"

Jewell Anderson, agent at Henning, is undecided whether or not he is going to continue wearing horsehide shoes or satin pumps for the season.

Howard Elliott, agent at Battle Lake, says this was a long winter for him. Wonder why.

Henry Dahl, agent at Underwood, says he feels 100 per cent better since Kingsley, Haried and Damkroger were there and put on the Gasoline and Polarine show.

Adolph Bredeson, agent at Starbuck, says no fishing for him on the lake this year. He has come to the conclusion that he will fish in the farmers' yards to sell the full line.

There is something going to happen between Capt. Heine Luedtke and Capt. R. Geist. One of the two captains has written a letter to one of his agents in regard to the Eureka Harness Oil Battle and the answer this captain received was, "Captain Heine Schneider, a sea captain on a big ship, took his ship across the ocean over and back safely, and so will Captain Heine F. Luedtke and his agents

bring out safely the Eureka Harness Oil ship, and out win and out sell the Fire Eaters up North."

We understand that Francis Gaffaney, Westport, is planning on building a new bungalow this spring and also a new chicken coop for his leghorns.

We haven't been able to find out from F. J. Cary, agent at Bertha, how many wolves he shot this winter. Last winter he shot eleven. Some record, F.J.

If at any time on Sunday you cannot locate our Staples and Royalton agents, call Little Falls. How about it, Paul and Sigurd?

Station Examiner L. E. Fisher, who was so unfortunate as to lose his little daughter last month, was again visited by deep sorrow through the death of his wife, who passed away shortly after the little one. Our deepest sympathy goes to Larry in his sad bereavement.

If District Superintendent R. F. Connors doesn't ease up and quit sending us so many news notes concerning his territory the editor will have to enlarge the Record. Have a heart Ralph!

Wm. F. Rodenkirchen, S. S. attendant at Brainerd, does other things well besides serving Red Crown and Polarine. He is an accomplished musician and plays the cello expertly. And, oh, girls! Wait till you see his picture!

Robert Elder, agent at Brainerd, and Truck Driver Wallace McCullough have conspired to some dark and daring deed. Just what the substance of it is nobody knows, but they have promised a surprise for everybody concerned.

Tank Wagon Superintendent James Bullard has been seriously considering the purchase of a new automobile. After looking them all over, Jimmy has eliminated Rolls Royce and Locomobile from his list and the choice now remains between 14 makes of closed cars, 12 tourings, 11 roadsters and 7 sport cars.

George Day, our radio expert, has invented a new device guaranteed to eliminate screeching. Before adjusting the head set, he says to take a wad of absorbent cotton and plug each ear, sealing carefully with Parowax and you won't be troubled with any noise.

Speaking of conspiracies, Garage Salesman Bill Patton and Jack Hentschell, "The Gold Dust Twins," are determined to clean and mop up everything that comes in their way.

Oscar Hogel, our new agent at Menahga, cannot understand why it snowed just at this particular time as he is anxiously waiting to put one over. Look out, boys of the North, he is a hustler.

Our agent, Charles Young, at Holdingford received instructions to have his tank welded. He took it to the garage and had it cleaned thoroughly, but still there was a doubt in his mind that all instructions had not been followed. Charlie made a mad dash home and returned breathlessly with the letter and handed it to the garage man. He read and re-read it, but failed to find any further instructions. Charlie pointed to the last line and remarked "Why it says use 'Caution' and you haven't done that yet." Can any department fill an order for two barrels of caution?

Anyone who isn't a regular attendant at the Red Crown Social Club Dances is missing a most enjoyable part of his life. If you want to feel younger, come out and trip the light fantastic to the strains of a real jazz orchestra, and if you don't think the Red Crown girls are good dancers, you're no judge a-tall.

Study Colonel Stewart's speech, printed in this issue, and equip yourself with information with which you can confound ill-informed critics of Standard Oil.

PEORIA, ILL.

P. A. Johnston, Correspondent

The Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), headed by Colonel Stewart, chairman, visited Peoria recently. While here, Colonel Stewart spoke to a representative gathering of Peoria business men under the auspices of the Rotary Club. Guy I. Sweney of the Sweney Oil Company introduced Colonel Stewart.

Linneman assaulted a dictaphone the other day. The innocent victim looked like a railroad accident when John's long carcass finished the plunge.

Salesman Rocole narrowly escaped arrest while in Peoria the other day. He tried to steal an overcoat from the Niagara Barber Shop, but his conscience got to bothering him, and he took it back. The last time it was Ed Gram's hat.

S. S. Superintendent Serkowich undertook to drive ye scribe down town the other noon—and ran out of gas right at the Adams Street crossing. Luckily, the little old one gallon can was full!

Salesman Howard has become a gay young cake eater since he adorned himself with that toupe.

As a competitor of the "little man," acting as Agent at Annandale, Minn., Peoria nominates Tank Wagon Superintendent T. C. Johnson, 347 pounds. At one time Tom tilted the beam at 442 pounds. We regret to say that the genial "Supe" has been ill at his home for several weeks past.

Mrs. Mary Hultquist Wycoff has left us, the sedate, hard working little lady from Texas, forsaking her typewriter in the record department on March 1 for the fascinating intricacies of housekeeping.

The office bids welcome to Miss Olive Meyer, who has taken Mrs. Wycoff's place in the records.

Staid old Bob Allin of the construction force almost scandalized the natives the other day when he discovered his "galluses" were functioning with one lonely button.

Joe Wombacher has been transferred from S. S. 8 to be barrel decorator at Peoria warehouse.

Rollin Bricker joined the warehouse force as tankwagon clerk. Here's how, Rollin!

Old Bill Wolaver has departed, taking a driver's position elsewhere. Bill had the ill luck to be hit by a truck a few days after leaving us and is in a serious condition.

Driver Backes, Peoria, has had very good success with his new G. M. C. in the mud across the river. Larry says, "Pull me out!"

Warehouse force is preparing a petition to the Heights Village Board to pave streets so Driver Wallace won't get stuck so frequently.

Stake Truck Driver Hiltbolt, Peoria, thought his fingers were harder than the stakes on his vehicle, so he put one finger between a stake and a barrel The stake won. Bang! goes the accident record.

George Heser has ordered twin beds at the Plankinton Hotel in Milwaukee while he attends the A. B. C. Charles Dersch will be his partner—in the doubles.

Driver Watkins stopped at Main and Adams to take a look at Clark's new building. One stiff neck. (Sure it was the building, Lester?)

The warehouse correspondent modestly advises that he will also attend the A. B. C. Look out Milwaukee.

Attendant Scott, S. S. 23, Pekin, liked the looks of one of the Des Moines young ladies so well, when he saw her picture in the Record, that he dropped

her a note. Presto! A reply! Scottie is considering residence in the Hawkeye community.

The central district welcomes "Chief" Osborne of New Berlin, who comes to Canton as agent. Watch Fulton County now.

Agent Uebler of Washburn was recently requested to go after a certain barrel. Herewith his reply: "Searched the premises, upset all the machinery, tore several shingles from the roof, looked in the chimney, but cannot find this barrel."

Best wishes to Driver I. B. Wilson, Watseka, recently transferred to Forrest as agent.

Correspondent Brooke of Watseka advises us of the recent marriage of Tank Wagon Representative Clarence Vliet of Rossville to Miss Bernice Eaglen of Danville. Long life and good luck to you both, young folks.

The young cyclone which struck the eastern portion of the state recently caused considerable damage in Rossville and vicinity. Miss Gladys Vliet, daughter of Agent Vliet at that point, was blown out of bed.

Brown of Rantoul, hustling Record correspondent, bubbles over with optimism for the coming summer. Listen to him:

"Oh, boy! Watch Davis and his gang climb the ladder with the large gallonage on their shoulders. Why? Well, the handsome gentleman at Gibson City (Agent Cullip) has added a new two-ton International to his equipment along with his 1923 Sport Model. Likewise the tall skinny gent at Paxton (I believe they call him 'Scotland') is adding a Sport Model to his outfit. And our Sangamon River neighbor at Fisher has acquired a new 'Ford' and desires large quotas this season. Eh? Nealus? And Busboom over at Gifford has taken the old reliable Traffic with the 450-gallon tank from the ice box and started gunning for big figures. Watch the little Dutchman go!"

Brother Brown modestly adds a postscript to the effect that the flivvers are flying so thick at Rantoul that he threw out a bait and pulled in one for his own use this season.

Advice from Fred Knight to the effect that District Superintendent Eberle recently attended church. Every time the choir quit singing he clapped his hands.

The Southern District regrets the departure, yet applauds the advancement, of Agent Osborne of New Berlin, recently transferred to Canton in the Central District. Canton ought to boom.

How's this? Agent Mann of Auburn reports the arrival of a husky son. Soon have him driving a tank wagon. Eh, J. A.?

Bert Winslow told the blonde at the cigar counter at his hotel that he sold lubrication. The blonde: "Oh, another one of those electric light fellows." No, dearie, illumination and lubrication are not synonymous. (We've won a cigar. We bet Winslow couldn't keep out of print a month, in Springfield.)

Grover Bauer, recently installed agent at Greenfield, has some real pep. Quotas on Red Crown and Perfection will be turtle meat for him.

Another find is B. L. Tucker, Carrollton agent. He formerly sold salves and can spread enough to put out harder selling goods than ours. No, he's not Sophie's brother.

The town of Chatham has increased its population by four. Reason? Arthur Brantley has taken the agency.

Harold Schnepp, recent addition to the S. S. force at Springfield, is marked as a comer.

A. S. Haynes has joined the sales force at the Capitol City. Welcome!

Agent Louis Sams of Mt. Pulaski wears a big smile these days. He invested that bigger "full line" check in some of the Company stock.

Since Bill Bowers has been appointed Safety First man at Springfield a fellow can't even park his rubbers without putting up flags.

"Rags" Hanson claims the world's record for forgetfulness. One summer evening he took a young lady to the park. They sat on a bench. Inspiration! Rags decided on a kiss. Everything was going lovely when our hero forgot what he had started out to do. (Probably the young lady had dined on onions.)

Agent Terwilliger of Galva reports the arrival of a baby daughter on March 16. Attaboy! More power to the Western District, but—what's the young lady's name, weight and other important statistics? Awerkamp neglected to tell us.

S. H. Brim joins the ranks as agent at Abingdon. Welcome, and good luck.

Salesman H. W. Lewis pleasantly surprised the agents in his field with a theatre party on February 20, while they were in Galesburg to attend the annual meeting. It was strictly a stag affair. Lewis swears to this. (By way of appreciation we won't print that picture of Lewis that Jack Briggs sent us.)

Agent Tucker of Williamsfield has been very ill with pneumonia, but is happily on the mend.

Everett Greene becomes S. S. attendant at Galva, replacing Mr. Gywane.

Stanley Gywane, S. S. attendant at Galva, has been advanced to general salesman in the Galva field, replacing Mr. Davis. Brother Gywane is a hustler, and will make good.

Galesburg pines for more of the nice letters that Salesman Briggs used to send in. 'Smatter, Jack? Out of ink?

Wonder if Agent Roy Swanson, Oneida, smokes Bull Durham any more?

Peoria natives still talk in whispers of the suit Frank Pye, Galesburg agent-salesman, appeared in at the Jefferson Hotel meeting.

Study Colonel Stewart's speech, printed in this issue, and equip yourself with information with which you can confound ill-informed critics of Standard Oil.

QUINCY, ILL.

T. L. Bell, Correspondent

"Happy" Sandison, agent at Huntsville, Mo., is a conscientious church worker and believes in the precepts as laid down in the Holy Scriptures, but on a recent Sabbath morning he shocked his friends by selling a pail of Mica on his way to church. We'll forgive "Happy," however, as we realize that he is putting forth a special effort to hold first place in the Mica campaign.

All employees in the Quincy field who are acquainted with Miss Florence Hughes join in extending their sympathy to her in the death of her father who passed away on March 23 after a very brief illness.

It's been a long, long time since we have missed the presence of anyone as much as that of M. F. Worley, our former chief clerk, who left Quincy early in March to serve as chief clerk at Milwaukee. His pleasant smile and cheery countenance will be remembered always.

In the Spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love and its attending ills. Thus Ralph Taylor, S. S. attendant at Quincy, has entered a blissful married life.

Study Colonel Stewart's speech, printed in this issue, and equip yourself with information with which you can confound ill-informed critics of Standard Oil.

Never, never say, "Is that you, Johnny?" so loudly that Salesman L. G. Bramblet will hear for there is something mysterious about those four words and Bramblet nearly always throws a fit when they are spoken.

Ester White, agent at Green City, Mo., and T. R. Teters, our Fayette agent, were victims of the "flu," but have recovered and are now as well as ever.

P. C. Johnson, attendant at S. S. 9, Quincy, is a P-A-P-A. Yes, it's a boy.

Ted Fritzmeier, tankwagon driver, is entitled to the prize box of tissue paper toothpicks. He sold more Polarine than any of the other Quincy drivers. Go to it, Ted.

Harry Hays, rural tank wagon driver at Hannibal, embarked on the ship of matrimony February 10, the captain of which was formerly Miss Lottie Lee Kennedy of New London, Mo.

We have been told that Ed Boltz, agent at Gorin, Mo., was very much interested in the last senatorial race in Missouri. Lost some money, too! Huh, Ed?

Sub-station Examiner Virgil Green had charge of the Golden, Ill., station during the recent illness of Agent Sam Worman.

Miss Alma Bradshaw, sales-writer, spent her vacation visiting in Chicago.

Members of the board of directors were in Quincy on Monday, March 16, and spoke before a joint meeting of salesmen, clerks and S. S. attendants, held in the office building in the forenoon. They addressed the leading business and professional men of this city at the Quincy hotel in the afternoon.

New additions to the Standard Oil family in the Quincy field include George C. Oitker, agent at Hull, Ill., succeeding C. L. Churchill; B. M. Swearingen, agent at Maywood, Mo.; Frank W. Meyersick, S. S. attendant at 9, Quincy; Hurlie D. Smith, S. S. attendant at 7, Quincy; H. F. Lummis, salesman; James L. Garrett, agent at Glasgow, Mo., who succeeds his father, J. H. Garrett; Richard Kelley, agent at Meadville, Mo.; Earl DeHaven, agent at Dallas City, Ill., succeeding W. C. Turner, who has taken charge of the new bulk station at Hamilton, Ill.; Roy E. Barclift, S. S. attendant at S. S. 5, Quincy; J. J. Kuntz, second attendant at S. S. 6, Kirksville; Garnet R. Ferryman, S. S. attendant at 2, Quincy; and William R. Johnson, agent at Macon, Mo.

Recent transfers include that of A. L. Millsom, from order clerk to general salesman; C. P. Johnson, from salesman to order clerk; F. C. Sullivan, from second attendant to head attendant at S. S. 8, Macomb, Ill. D. V. Wayland, from S. S. attendant to driver, Macomb, Ill.; J. F. Miller, from agent at Meadville, Mo., to same position at Monroe City, Mo., J. E. Johnston, from agent at Monroe City, Mo., to driver at Hannibal, Mo., and I. L. Blodgett, from salesman to S. S. attendant at 301, Quincy.

Thurston W. Smith has been employed as superintendent of service stations.

SAGINAW, MICH.

S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

Bill Liddle! We don't want to convey the idea that he is susceptible to transparent jokes, but we understand from good authority that the cigars he smoked on April Fool's Day should have been saved until July 4.

Louis Reip always boasted that he knew Detroit like a dog knows his fleas. Recently he took Bill Liddle down with him and got lost. Bill says they followed street car tracks, laundry wagons, and stray cats in the hopes of running across some familiar object, when they stopped in front of the old "Hofbrau". Then Louis exclaimed, "Bill, I knew where we were all the time. I was just showing you around." Bill said, "That don't half sole my shoes."

Walter Burdick of the cartage department is confined to his home, a victim of scarlet fever.

If you are having trouble getting aboard the "Straight Jackets", consult Harold Bendine; he has contrived a method by which it would be possible to wade through the Chinese Wall. Eyewitnesses say he parts the crowd right in the middle.

A short time ago we asked Dan Hoseli to furnish us with the boundaries of his circuit and he replied, "I go North and South, East and West."

The Stanolax Symphony Orchestra congregated at the office a few evenings ago to rehearse their imposing number on the party program and incidentally recorded "Slip Horn" and "Cornstalk Fiddle" solos for Miss Zander's transaphone.

Harry Seaman wasn't the only one who got a Valentine; Mr. and Mrs. Leo A. Westbrook received a cute little baby girl. Leo is our S. S. attendant at Croswell.

We would like to get something on George Hintz, but he either walks the straight and narrow path or pays out a lot of hush money. Now everybody keep their one eye open and report to the correspondent the first crooked step he makes and we will get out an extra edition.

Did you know that our office boy, Jimmie Allen, who looks so much like a pickle dish, weighs exactly 173 pounds? That's gospel.

Carl Buchbinder almost missed his train to the "B" Station meeting at Alpena but Les. Paterson went over to Carl's domicile where he was charging his think reservoir with hot sparks by sitting inert.

Miss Laura Shauer, formerly of the iron barrel department, Detroit, is taking up her duties in our own barrel department. Welcome, "Shower", we'll say.

A Get-to-gether party was held at the Masonic Temple on April 7.

L. J. Merrick of Gladwin is assisting at S. S. 301, Saginaw.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to our fellow worker Dan Foley, who's father passed away March 16.

Fred. Cox, bookkeeper, comes to us from the Heinz Company. Write your own joke.

One of the boys asked us if the little one up in the cage is Barney Google. It is possible that this new arrival heard someone addressing Mr. Barrenscher and therefore made the pardonable mistake.

Mr. Vanvalen of the Chicago Office was a welcome visitor at our office recently.

Bob Morris, salesman, used a three-wheeled speeder in the absence of train service and paddled himself from Oscoda to Comins. He stopped at Glennie for refreshments and carried off an order for two five-gallon cans of Eureka Harness Oil.

L. E. Berry, salesman, is reporter for Cheboygan Station and if you want to read some good stuff, just cast your optics over his notes under Cheboygan.

Frank Bryson was caught in the meshes of the

law a few evenings ago on a charge of driving without a tail light.

Just about the time your correspondent had exhausted every idea in his neck, in walks Irwin Richards bedecked in a buff angora textured tango robe de nuit, which creation he claims is the last word in masculine regalia.

The following anonymous letter from Swartz Creek was received: "Dear Sir:—A can a day will keep Mr. Keating away." Signed (Eureka).

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McGrath in the bereavement of their father who passed away March 27.

Someone tells us that Mr. Seaman made an inquiry as to who sells baby buggies at wholesale You can't tell about these new fathers, they get pretty enthusiastic.

We don't want anybody to think that "Dud" Jones is being persecuted, or that he is paying for space in these columns, but he certainly had blood in his eye the day the boys called him Ben Turpin.

Bill Villeneuve says, "After smoking Peerless for forty years I have no appetite and a dry cough."

Miss Zwerk feels that she has been slighted in not receiving any personal mention. We have been holding off as we thought we might have an announcement of some engaging matter.

W. W. Smith, agent at Bancroft, received a 'phone call for two fives of Eureka Harness Oil.

We extend our sympathy to Edward Fisher in the loss of his mother who passed away February 25.

No intoxicated Romeo could pen more endearing phrases than our agent, Karl W. Bublitz, at Pinconning. On a recent 010 order he says: "Carbon paper for form 044, please I beg thee."

Alvin Fierke says that Grayling is on the short circuit for ham actors. Percy Duchane and Alvin dropped into the "Winter Garden" to see "Ben Hur" enacted by four "Rail Jockeys". "Only forty cents and worth a dollar," said Alvin.

Glen Niendorf is the latest concession for the misses and if they miss getting him on the tanglefoot we waive all responsibility.

Miss White is the first one on the scene every morning and in consideration of the fact that she lives beyond the center of gravity it looks as if being on time is simply a matter of arrangement.

Mr. Price sure has a good natured disposition. We believe he could kick over a rocking chair in the dark in silence.

A. B. Clothier was a caller in the office some time ago.

Study Colonel Stewart's speech, printed in this issue, and equip yourself with information with which you can confound ill-informed critics of Standard Oil.

We almost lost our Service Car, "Betsy", last week. Ask Carl Anderson about it.

Everybody look out for Dave, he's gone and bought one of those formidable looking "Shooting Irons". (Correspondent's note.—Say Dave, don't point that blunderbus over this way; think of the wife and children. That stuff about Eggs Canton Style and Shooting Irons was all contributed.)

CHEBOYGAN

Bill Schmidt is knocked out with the "flu" at the present writing. We were up to see Bill and he was reclining on the davenport, clothed in a purple bathrobe and rose colored "mules". The Doctor thinks it may be necessary to place Bill in a sling, but we believe the kind of sling Bill needs is compounded of hot water, nutmeg and rye.

"Pa" Lauer was here last week and we enjoyed his visit. You know he is the fellow who put the "Stand" in "Standard".

We attended the "B" Station Agent meeting at Alpena. The Alpena gang showed us a good time and the feed they put on was the "Beaver's B. V. D's."

Mr. Keating and Mr. Fitzpatrick were Cheboygan visitors March 1.

We have a Standard Oil Company stockholder in Cheboygan other than employees. He is G. A. Thompson, operator of a live department store. He says that Standard Oil (Indiana) is good stock and asks the boys to keep it so. Mr. Thompson receives the Stanolind Record and he complained to the reporter that there wasn't much in it about Cheboygan.

Driver Ben McClelland moved from one habitation to another last week. He moved nearer Mother so he could grab a mince pie, while they are in the cooling process.

FLINT

We welcome our new Standard Oil salesman, Master Adonis Boyd, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Boyd, who came into this "Pig Iron World," March 11. Dick informs us he has to resort to ear muffs after midnight. Congratulations, Dick! Smokes?

We hope that Summer comes soon as William Dunn will need a new pair of gloves if this cold weather lasts much longer.

The boys at S. S. 16 (Big Bertha) would like to remind Louis Reip that they will expect that box of cigars any day, rain or shine.

We welcome Frank H. Birker to our happy family. He was formerly with the Detroit Division but finds that S. S. 16 is just as good as any. You will hear more from "Big Bertha" next month.

We wonder where Mr. Gregg was going on March 7. Gee! he was a busy boy that day.

The Eureka Club is having some rather late sessions. Maybe they have a new ritual.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Stewart Chaffin, Correspondent

(No material received by deadline day.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Miss Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

Doc Sutter, agent at Kirkwood, has been put on the sales force in the territory vacated by Joe Lanigan, who is now burning them up in Springfield. Doc's place has been taken over by Harry Groll, a Kirkwood boy.

With sincere regrets we announce the resignation of C. A. Covington formerly specialty salesman and more recently smokestack salesman in the St. Louis field. "Covey" goes to the ridge of the Ozarks in Iron County where he will raise apples and peaches on his sixty acre orchard. Mr. Covington is succeeded by C. E. Wilkinson.

G. L. Prater's aptitude as a S. S. attendant has been rewarded by assignment to the sales force as auto salesman.

Harry Bohlson is peeved because his requisition for a boat in which to start the farm drive was turned down.

Another romance of the St. Louis office culminated in the marriage of Helen Coughlin and George Lehman. All their friends wish them lots of success and happiness.

Our friend, "Tommy" Scanlon, has been vamped by the latest addition to the dictaphone department. We won't mention the young lady's name.

Every time Cyril Pasquier sees someone with a needle and thread he blushes. The reason for this is a short time ago one of the young ladies had occasion to sew Cyril's trousers.

It is to be noted whenever a certain young man from the rear of the office passes Gertrude's desk, she gets all excited and is unable to work for at least ten minutes.

S. D. Skinner seems to be having quite a bit of ill luck, he, his wife and baby being sick for the past two weeks.

Excellent work at the service stations was recently rewarded by the promotion of Fred Richman and C. A. Barham to agents at South Broadway and North Broadway, respectively.

Boys if you're contemplating getting married get full dope from Wilbur Sandberg. He has in his possession an honest-to-goodness "Watch" presented to him by his mother-in-law on his wedding day. Knowing the irregular hours he kept before getting married, we suppose this was given him for his guidance. (Watch can be seen, upon request, at Mr. Sandberg's desk).

Nathan Vail came down the Saturday before Easter all decked out in a "white" collar and tie, costing $3.25. All the girls in the office wanted to date him up for the afternoon, which goes to show that it's the collar and tie that gets them.

CAPE GIRARDEAU

While Mr. Berger was in J. J. Selle's field they got stuck up in a creek and they pulled straws to see who was going to wade out. The lot fell to Mr. Berger—he said the water was not so cold, but the rocks were sharp.

Frank Cole, our agent at Farmington, now has a new one ton International Truck. When he made his first trip out in the hills the natives of Ste. Genevieve stood with mouths open.

We welcome to our family Joe Basden who has taken the Ironton Agency to succeed A. Collins resigned.

J. F. Snider is our new salesman at DeSota. We are for you Mr. Snider and wish you success.

The happiest man we know of around Cape Girardeau is Paul Uelsmann, tank wagon driver. A fine baby girl arrived at Mr. Uelsman's home. They have named her Semdac and are already teaching her how to use this great furniture polish.

Aug. Haman agent at the Cape Girardeau plant is losing weight. Some few weeks while stealing a ride home he lost his dinner box with the thermos bottle. To date, he has not found the box and is carrying his lunch in a funny paper and an old Crow bottle.

Since our trustworthy salesman, M. W. Gladish of Swanpeast, Mo., received his new Ford Coupe, he is having some trouble seeing all the girls who wave at him. Judge, whatever you do, please go easy.

Joe Selle our six foot salesman at Farmington, Mo., has been spending 50 per cent of his time figuring how he could afford to keep a wife. He is now on his way to Cape Girardeau his home to see and talk the matter over with his mother, father and sister. If his folks consent, then he will be in line to make frequent visits to a certain young lady's home at Flucom, Mo. We are for you, Joseph.

SPRINGFIELD

John Chittim, former cashier at Springfield, has been appointed agent Springfield. Alex Wright, former stock clerk, succeeds Mr. Chittim as cashier.

Roy Hilburn spent a very enjoyable ten days, vacation in Kansas City. When are you going to take your next vacation, Roy?

Harve Stamps of the Neosho territory has a new coupe and a new Holt. The new Holt is for the attention of H. J. Bemis of the Milwaukee Division. Please note, H. J. B. It's good.

F. E. Crumpley, our Peerless Monarch of the Ozarks, is going to spend the next sixty days undergoing an operation. The entire division wishes Mr. Crumpley a speedy recovery.

J. V. Estes, foreman of the machine shop at Springfield, wants to know why his mechanics won't stay in Picher, Okla. They must treat those delicate boys rough in the wilds of Oklahoma.

The Springfield district wishes to announce the opening of the Spring fishing season, April 1. Mr. Brooks, construction department, take notice.

Practically all of the flu victims are now recovered and ninety-nine per cent of the boys are back on the job and making up for lost time. For a while the flu epidemic in the Ozarks reminded us of the first epidemic in 1918.

Bill Tarver of the equipment department is back in Springfield in charge of painting equipment. The trucks all welcome Bill.

Tom Hoare, agent at Seneca, Mo., believes in Red Crown. Some time ago one of Tom's customers shut off his gas on the supply tank on his truck, and the customer says Tom cranked for thirty minutes and didn't lose faith in Red Crown.

We understand, and the news is indeed gratifying to us, that Sam Hager, formerly agent at Jefferson City, has been appointed salesman at that point. They say Sam is making a real record selling Semdac.

The pep committee of the Springfield plant staged a very successful and a very enjoyable masquerade on Friday night, March 30. It took eight cops to keep them quiet.

There's a rumor afloat in the division that our worthy sales promoter, Bob May, is becoming a quite proficient declaimer of poetry. Who is your bootlegger, Bob?

L. R. Smith has been appointed honorary member of the Ancient Order of Locksmiths.

Results secured by the Springfield District in the sale of Polarine have taken the "Hell" out of Hoeller.

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Miss Clare E. Donegan, Correspondent

H. H. Klinkenberg, agent at George, Iowa, just purchased a new one ton speedster. H. H. held class "A" on deliveries of Perfection Oil and Red Crown Gasoline while using a Ford truck. We believe with the new truck a new classification will be necessary.

Lee Sarff, hustling agent at Doon, Iowa, and Miss Ellen Julian of Rock Rapids, Iowa, were recently married. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Sarff.

John Kiers of Hull, Iowa, has without a doubt proven that he is a real diplomat. He asked for a leave of absence to take a trip to Chicago so that he might visit the Refineries at Whiting. He spent a day at the Refineries all right, but the rest of the time, well—what about the young lady in Chicago, John?

George Grim is the new S. S. attendant at 4, Rock Rapids, Iowa. George served with the Fifth

U. S. Marines in France, took part in all their battles and came back smiling, so that we know he can take care of all the business and yet wear a smile when the day's work is done.

Robert Templeman, agent at Aurelia, Iowa, discovered a way to sell Mica Axle Grease. In making country deliveries he had reason to drive through the lift attached to a corn elevator and one of the chains hooked his 1-25 Mica. Bob conducted an unsuccessful search and was rather surprised to have the farmer stop him on the street pay for the Mica and thank him for delivering it.

District Superintendent Farrell, 'tis said, is not spending so many week ends in Sioux City, a decided attraction at Cherokee being the reason. She is good looking and accomplished. Good luck, Farrell!

Jay Roberts, agent at Danbury, Iowa, recently underwent an operation at Iowa City. Latest reports are that he is recovering. We hope he will soon be back on the territory again.

Salesman Willis says the Rosebud agents are feeling fine, full of pep and ready and willing to hit the ball for 1923.

Steve Guesbrook is back on the job at Geddes. Geddes, we are told, is going to give Lake Andes some keen competition on Mica and Polarine this year.

G. E. Shafer and wife of Valley Springs, S. D., are rejoicing over the arrival of Fay Elaine, March 19, weighing eight and a half pounds.

A little excitement prevailed at Salesman Weidel's home on Morningside Boulevard when a special delivery letter arrived about 9.30 P. M. Abe it seemed had already retired. Now he says if you want him to wake up and take notice, send him a special delivery in the middle of the night.

Our sympathy is extended E. Manser of the carpenter force in the death of his sister, Mrs. Wilson.

L. Duncan of the paint shop became quite enthusiastic over painting the front of a Ford car white in fact so much so that he was perfectly willing to paint the whole car white. Why the enthusiastic acquiescence, Duncan?

Edna Morrison of the record force is on a leave of absence owing to the illness of her mother. We miss your cheery frisking, Edna, and hope your mother will have a speedy recovery.

W. H. Young has been assigned duties of S. S. Superintendent and we understand already made the purchase of three new shirts (almost a trousseau). A lot of shirts to have on hand all at once, isn't it, Bill?

Irv Landek blew into the office the other A. M. in a spiffy new hat. Reason, just starting out on the duties of city salesman.

Gus Rath is back on the job as S. S. collector. Welcome back, Gus, we're glad to have you with us again.

Charles Von Hotten almost caused a riot when he appeared St. Patrick's Day with yellow tie and kerchief, and the rest of us wearing the green. However, before noon his hat was draped a brilliant green, his coat decked with a gay green collar and the darlingest little bow knot gracing his lapel (sewed on, every bit of it). This didn't phase him. He coolly boarded the street car with yellow tie and kerchief. About ten girls were ready for him and for a minute you might have thought 'twas really Ireland, and Charley demurely sailed into town with collar askew, hat tilted but minus the yella.

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SOUTH BEND, IND.

J. G. Wright, Correspondent

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tschida are the proud parents of a bouncing baby boy. Naturally, Frank is smiling all over. It's a boy!

Jess Wright, our busy editor, says "Love may be blind, but the neighbors ain't, so pull down the shades." We wonder why Jess said that.

Van Schrom, "What's the matter with Charley Burns. Got Lumbago or spinal curvature or something?" Allen Boggs, "No, he has to walk that way to fit some shirts his wife made for him."

D. H. Neff, agent at Goshen (renting car for week-end) "How many will she hold?" Owner, "Well, she generally holds four, but seven can get along if real well acquainted."

Tramp on the Highway, "Hi, mister, I'm going your way." Grant Maddox, "So I see, but I'll get there before you do."

Cora Ingram, "So Carrie Livingston threw over that young doctor she was going with?" Agnes Murphy, "Yes, and what do you think; he not only requested her to return his presents, but sent her a bill for forty-seven visits."

Ellen, "How kind of you to bring me that lovely Easter bouquet. It is so beautiful and fresh. I think there is some dew on it." Walter (in great embarrassment), "Yes, there is, but I'm going to pay it off tomorrow."

R. L. Jenkins, agent at Michigan City, says with the new highway trails coming into Michigan City and opening of Spring business in his resort town, you can look for big things from Michigan City this year.

C. W. Bailey started April 1, as S. S. Supervisor in South Bend. Mr. Bailey is well known in the city, and he says that service stations under his supervision will take the first prize.

The robins this year were not the only harbinger's of Spring since Dan Rassi got his hair cut. We are now convinced that Spring is upon us. Don't show this to Dan though.

"The battling Swede!" Such might be the title applied to S. S. Attendant Harry Gustafson of LaFayette. The other evening a colored advocate of the slogan "No Booze, No Work" entered S. S. 312 prepared to work. Harry told him in gentle tones to remove himself. Whereupon the colored gent became ruffled and jabbed at Harry's eye, but Harry was too quick. The police took charge of the negro after Harry had put him to sleep.

The entire division extends their sympathy to Salesman M. C. Vennet whose brother died of pneumonia.

R. H. Reed of the Chicago office is spending a few days in South Bend.

The following transfers have taken place in the last month: R. T. Kinneman from specialty salesman to garage salesman; J. A. Wagman, agent instructor to general salesman; D. H. Campbell from substation examiner to general salesman; B. G. Krouse from general salesman to garage salesman; D. R. Keim from specialty salesman to general salesman; R. E. Patterson from S. S. attendant to S. S. Supervisor.

Maxwell Emery, energetic general salesman, has resigned, due to ill health, and intends to move to a balmier climate. We wish all him good health and the best of luck.

Miss Rothchild, our tiny stenographer, is fast becoming the best seamstress in the office, at least the other girls say so and she tries so hard.

We all welcome Glen Muma and W. D. Creager who are going out on specialty work.

Pat O'Reilly, one of the best liked Irishmen that ever lived, and who has been in charge of our construction department for some time, is leaving the South Bend office. He is going out as candle salesman and if he moves candles like he has pumps and tanks they'll have to enlarge the candle shop.

E. J. Roberts, S. S. attendant at LaFayette, has been appointed agent at Buck Creek, Ind. If Mr. Roberts goes like he has been he will certainly make Buck Creek hum.

Leo Freese, our draftsman, has quit drinking milk and orders cream instead. We'll give him two months to reach the 200 mark. However he claims that he can turn out more work by so doing.

Ralph Lydick of the South Bend machine shop suffered a painful accident when he crushed his thumb. Ralph has been off from work a few days but we all hope he will be back soon.

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WICHITA, KAS.
H. E. Faulkner, Correspondent

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Kraus announce the arrival of a 7½ pound girl on February 13, whom they have named Evelyn Louise. Mr. Kraus is our agent at Ransom, Kas. We extend our hearty congratulations.

Michael Haas, attendant at S. S. 48, Hutchinson, Kansas, was called to Leavenworth, Kas., March 12, on account of the critical illness of his mother.

W. M. Wood, formerly agent at Halstead, Kas., and recently promoted to the sales force, assumed his new duties on March 5 under supervision of S. P. Fein, district superintendent. Mr. Woods will make Lyons, Kas., his headquarters.

E. J. Nelson, salesman, and L. E. Garberson, agent, Wellington, Kas., were in the office transacting business recently.

Nelson Neville of the record department is back to work again after having spent a delightful vacation in duck hunting and working on his old Maxwell car.

J. H. Sandifer, agent, Eldorado, Kas., sent in a poem. There's a rule against poetry. Gee!

J. C. Ousley, Sterling, Kas., is the proud daddy of an 8-pound boy, born March 13. Congratulations! Business ought to increase at Sterling now.

Mrs. A. C. White, wife of Salesman White, of Great Bend, Kas., was called to Fort Smith, Ark., by the serious illness of her father, who is past 82 years of age.

Elmer Parker, that live wire at Rozel, has been transferred to Ely, Kas., station, as agent.

The new service station relief man at Hutchinson, Kas., is William M. Smith. Here's wishing you all the success in the world, Bill.

Annual agents meetings have been completed, being held by Superintendent C. L. Faris at Salina, by Superintendent I. B. Smith at Hays City, by Superintendent W. S. Sullivan at Dodge City, by Superintendent J. C. Armour and Superintendent J. W. Costello at Wichita and by Superintendent S. P. Fein at Hutchinson. Illness prevented Manager F. J. Quinlan from attending all but one meeting.

Station Examiner Jack Evans states that recently they had a wonderful snow at Brownell, Kas.; in fact, he says the snow couldn't have fallen at a more opportune time. We wonder what her name is?

J. P. Momb, Wichita salesman, was called to Roslyn, Wash., on account of the death of his father on March 9.

The death of Harry L. Sturtevant, agent at S. S. 23, Garden City, Kas., came as a distinct shock to the people of Garden City and the many employees of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Sturtevant was on duty March 3 when stricken with an acute attack of indigestion which resulted in immediate death. To his wife and son the Standard Oil Company extends its deepest sympathy.

Jack Costello, district superintendent, Bill Hall, salesman, and Less Quillan, station examiner, attended the regular meeting of the Chamber of Commerce at Eldorado, Kas., March 14.

Laying all jokes aside, we have the worst combination endurable when C. B. McCart and J. W. Ross get together, McCart trying to tell Ross what he can do with a volley ball, and Ross trying to tell how he became a pastmaster at pool and billiards.

The writer recently overheard C. E. Holmes salesman, tell J. P. Jones, Uncle Sam was cheated in the Louisiana Purchase. Mr. Holmes reached this conclusion after a ninety-mile ride through a blizzard.

This division was very much pleased to have as our guests recently the Board of Directors. Colonel R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board, spoke at an honorary luncheon given by the Chamber of Commerce.

For several weeks past all S. S. attendants in Wichita have been meeting Monday evenings for the purpose of learning more about their work, the products they are selling and the Standard Oil Company.

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* * *

VARYING EXPANSIONS.—Late in life success expands the waistband. Early in life it expands the hatband.—*Duluth (Minn.) Herald.*

* * *

AN ATHLETE.—"Is the baby strong?"

"Well, rather. You know what a tremendous voice he has?"

"Yes."

"Well, he lifts that five or six times an hour."—*Victorian.*

* * *

YES, AND SOON.—"The time will come," thundered the lecturer on women's rights, "when women will get men's wages."

"Yes," said a weak little man in the back seat, "next Saturday night!"—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

* * *

SUSPICIOUS BRUTE.—Daisy—"I mended the hole in your trousers pocket last night after you had gone to bed, Walter dear. Now, am I not a thoughtful little wife?"

Walter—"Well—er—yes, you are thoughtful enough. But how did you discover there was a hole in my pocket?"—*Reynold's Newspaper (London).*

* * *

EASY.—Captain (in civilian clothes)—"Come on, fellow, open the gate."

Sentry opens the gate: Captain passes.

Captain—"Why the d—l do you let civilians through here?"

Sentry—"I knew you were an officer!"

Captain—"How the d—l did you know that?"

Sentry—"By your manners, sir!"—*Strix (Stockholm).*

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Northern Division
AMOS BALL, Central Division
H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
C. F. HATMAKER, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
JOHN H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
R. H. THOMAS, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
C. H. WAGNER, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
P. H. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
C. C. LAKIN, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Asst. Mgr.* (Operation)
H. J. BEMIS, *Asst. Mgr.* (Sales)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
E. N. SHALLENBERGER, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
H. H. KEATING, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
R. S. ORR, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
C. R. EWING, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
E. P. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

The Human Factor in Industrial Efficiency

DURING the past two years the number of accidents in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) organization has been reduced 80%. This splendid result has been brought about through intelligent co-operation of employees. The saving in life, efficiency, and money cannot be computed.

The fact that the Company has been able to secure whole-hearted co-operation is the reason for the complete success of the safety plan, and is a very significant fact in connection with all this Company's enterprises.

During the first year after the plan was adopted, over 97% of the safety suggestions made by employees were adopted. Mechanical safeguards were greatly extended, and a system of education was carried on whereby in numerous instances the habits of the employees were changed. Thoughtfulness was substituted for thoughtlessness.

This campaign with its remarkable achievement of 80% decrease in accidents is of definite interest to 30 million people in 10 Middle Western States.

Safety in occupation promotes efficiency of the worker at his task, and makes him a better citizen. The employee who realizes the fact that his safety is being looked after at every turn is free to give his entire attention to his duties.

In any industry the human factor is the key to efficiency. The man who is content, well paid, assured of his future, and safe from injury, may be depended upon to give his best effort to his work. He is more productive; he is more content; he is prouder of his work.

Thus by safeguarding the welfare of the worker, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) takes the initial step towards harmony within the organization, which enables the Company to produce annually a tremendous volume of petroleum products of uniform quality, which are such essential factors in promoting commercial progress and domestic happiness.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 4 JUNE 1923 No. 8

H. A. LEWIS

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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W. A. Morris, *Superintendent*

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J. F. Cullen, *Superintendent*

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C. F. Hall, *Assistant Director*, Wood River, Ill.
A. S. Hurt, *Assistant Director*, Sugar Creek, Mo.
D. M. Lobdell, *Assistant Director*, Casper, Wyo.

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Wm. Fuller
Ignatius Gazda
Oscar Heyl
Archie Judson
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Johnnie McHenry
J. C. Melvin
R. T. Myrick
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P. A. Petersen
C. A. Phelps
F. D. Rexwinkle
M. R. Schmidt
Nick Scholl
James Spanier
R. L. Stoop
Warner Sutherland
P. J. Sweeny
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H. E. Wright

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STANOLIND
RECORD
Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
C. V. JULIAN, *Editor*
Publication Office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 4 JUNE No. 8

TWO AND ONE-HALF MILLION WAGE AND SALARY INCREASE, AFFECTING ALL DEPARTMENTS OF COMPANY, ORDERED

Board of Directors Denies Petition of Refinery Workers for Wage Boost Based on Cost of Living but Orders Increase, Based on General Economic Conditions, of Five Cents an Hour for Hourly Wage Workers, and Boost for Private Pay Roll Employees to Be Considered as Individual Cases

A two and one-half million dollar wage and salary increase for employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has been ordered by the Board of Directors. All departments are affected.

Approximately 22,000 employees will benefit, a few refinery workers being the only exceptions.

The increase granted hourly wage workers in the refineries will become effective May 16. With few exceptions it is a flat increase of five cents an hour for all employees on the works' roll.

As regards employees on a salary basis, the increase will become effective July 1. The advances going into effect at that time will be of such amounts as are determined by considerng each salary as an individual case.

The $2,500,000, which will be the total of the increase, figured annually, will be about evenly divided among the hourly wage employees and those working on a salary basis, each class receiving approximately $1,250,000.

A feature if the increase for hourly workers was that it was refused on the grounds set forth by the Joint General Committees of Whiting, Wood River, and Casper, but was granted on other grounds. Petitions for increases on the plea of an increase in the cost of living were received from the J.G. C's of those refineries through the regular channels provided for under the company's Industrail Relations Plan. Petitions were not received from other refineries, but in considering the Whiting, Wood River and Casper petitions, the Board of Directors took into consideration the situation in the other refineries and also in the Sales Department and Home Office.

Announcement of the increase varied slightly in form, though practically the same in substance, according to the refinery to which it was addressed, and as lack of space prevents use of all of them, that addressed to Wood River is printed as setting forth the view of the Directorate. It follows:

"The management has carefully considered the report of the Joint General Committee in connection with Petition WR-521, recommending a general increase in wages at the Wood River plant.

"The argument advanced by the Joint General Committee in urging an increase in wages was based entirely upon the contention that during the past several months there has been a considerable increase in the cost of living in the neighborhood of Wood River.

"It is the opinion of the management that this contention is not substantiated by the facts and statistics in the case. The management has caused to be prepared a comprehensive statement giving statistics bearing on the cost of living since 1917 based on reports of the U. S. Department of Labor, and there is appended hereto a

copy of this report for the information of the Joint General Committee. The facts and figures in this respect do not support the contention of the Joint General Committee regarding the cost of living. On this basis, therefore, Petition WR-521 is not approved.

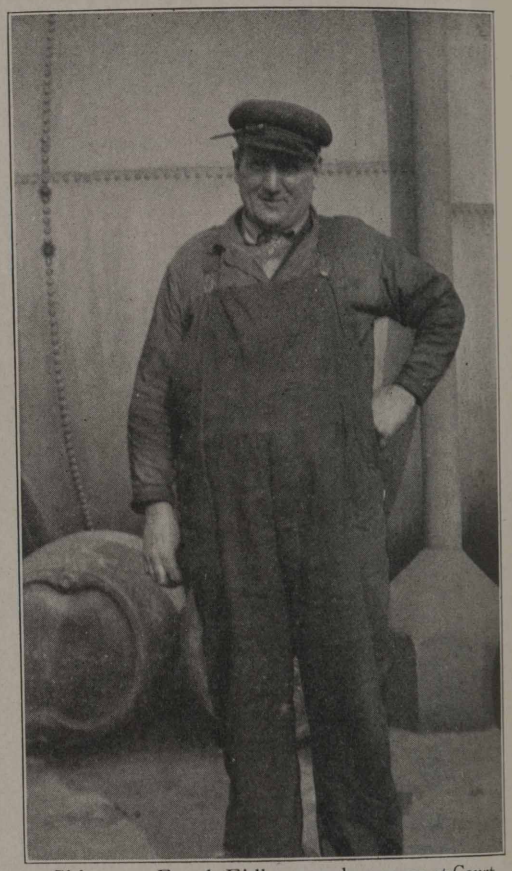
"However, the management always considers the wage scales existing in the various industries in the neighborhood of Wood River and finds that the rates in this company are generally higher than the rates existing in the neighboring industries.

"Nevertheless, after due investigation, the management finds that a number of industries in the St. Louis district have increased wage rates recently and is of the belief that the general economic situation existing at present will warrant a general advance in wages applicable to certain employees of this company. The management, by the authority of the Board of Directors, therefore, has decided that, effective May 16, 1923, a general advance in wage rates will be made applicable to employees working on the hourly basis.

"The advance in most cases will be equal to five cents per hour. There will be a few exceptions where the advance is less than five cents and there will be some where it will be more than five cents.

"Consideration has also been given to the subject of advancing the salaries of those employees who work on a salary basis and it has been decided, by the authority of the Board of Directors, that such salaries will be carefully considered July 1, 1923. The advances going into effect at that time will be of such amounts as are determined by considering each salary as an individual case."

SAVES BOY'S LIFE



Chicago.—Frank Eidler, warehouseman at Courtland street plant, is receiving the congratulations of friends for his heroism in saving the life of a boy who fell in a tank car. When told by two companions of the boy that they had removed the dome cover on the car and that the boy had fallen in, Mr. Eidler ran to the car and without considering his own danger dropped into the tank and brought the boy out. After about twenty minutes the boy regained consciousness and was taken to a hospital. Mr. Eidler was assisted by William Walnowski, also of the warehouse.

DIRTY FACES

The Whiting Mutual Benefit Association had a balance of $19,870.02 on April 1, 1923, according to the report of Secretary W. O. Walker.

The balance was invested as follows:

Liberty Bonds	$4,000.00
Whiting Savings & Loan Assn. Stock	5,627.53
Hammond City Bonds	5,000.00
Savings Account—Bank of Whiting	4,846.80
Checking Account	395.69

There are 1,306 members in good standing.

GOLF TOURNEY

Chicago—The annual Spring golf tournament of the Stanolind Golfing Association will be held at the Olympia Fields Country Club, June 19. The dues are $5.50, which will include ground fee, lunch and dinner. The tournament is open to all employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Bruce Smeed, secretary, asks that all persons who intend to enter do so immediately.

CONCERT AT WOOD RIVER

Wood River, Ill.—The Fourth Community Concert was well attended. The Concert included six numbers by the Refinery Band, a tenor solo by Jessie Price, a dance by Leonard Stocker, a 'cello solo by Walter Smith, a French harp and piano stunt by Frank Hubbell, a comedy sketch by Stocker and Point and three numbers by the Standard Quartet.

The Soprano Obligato in the Slumber Song, presented by the quartet, was sung by Mrs. Russel Durham and the violin accompanist in the song was Miss Dorothy Latowsky and the piano accompanist was Miss Lula Rhodes. The accompanist for the 'cello solo was Mrs. Allen.

All the numbers were excellent and those who braved the storm were well repaid for their efforts.

In the comedy sketch, "No Man's Land," by Stocker and Point, both were dressed as colored soldiers, Stocker the officer and Point the private.

Here is one of their jokes:

Point—"Why foh you always calls me detail?"

Stocker—"Why, ain't you always behind me?"

Point—"Yes suh, ah shuah is."

Stocker—"Well, den ain't you de-tail?"

In Hubbell's "Medley of Unpopular Airs," two instruments were used at the same time and in the medley was some of the older music we do not hear much any more. It was fine. The tenor solo, the aesthetic dance, the 'cello solos and the other numbers were all fine and nothing could be finer than to have these concerts at shorter intervals.

The committee in charge and the performers certainly deserve much credit for their work.

* * *

More Floors Needed.—A traveler called at a Paris hotel and inquired what the rates were.

"Thirty francs for a room on the first floor, twenty francs for the second, and ten francs for the third," said the proprietor.

The traveler thanked him and turned to go.

"Doesn't that please you?" asked the hotel proprietor.

"Yes, your prices are all right," said the traveler, "but your hotel isn't high enough."—*Youth's Companion.*

TRA, LA, IT'S SPRING

Detroit.—Miss Ann (sorry, Casper, no last name was given) and her sister, Mrs. Florence Kiddon, are shown doing the "Sailor-made Sway." Or is it "Sailor-maid Sway?" Anyway, it's good. Miss Ann is telegraph operator. Above: Miss May Lahuski demonstrating the correct way to reach second base for the Standard Oil baseball team. (Hey, Detroit, whatd'y' mean hiding all those pretty girls from the rest of the world? More of them will be shown next month. Reserve your copy of the Stanolind Record NOW.—Ed.)

CORRECTION

"The most beautiful service station in the world" at Fairmont, Minn., was incorrectly given as being of the Minneapolis division in the May issue of the Record. The station is of the Mankato field.

WELCOME S. O. CO. DIRECTORS

Huron Division—There are times when we envy the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Board of Directors. The visit of the Board to Huron, S. D., was one of these times. The girls, shown in the photo, not only "dolled" all up for the chiefs but wore special garments. The girls are, top row (left to right): Gladys Mapes, Lucille Tormly, Irene Olson, Anna Peterson. Bottom row: Dorothy Lawrence, Gladys Taylor, Alice Gunn and Ada Grewe.

ROBERT M. CARLISLE DEAD

Indianapolis, Ind.—Robert M. Carlisle, veteran employee of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) was stricken with intestinal trouble while on a motor trip to South Bend on May 5, dying late the next day.

At the time of his death he was lubricating correspondent at Indianapolis. Mr Carlisle was transferred to the local office on February 1, 1923. He was widely known in the middle western oil circles.

Before coming to Indianapolis, Mr. Carlisle was employed at Grand Rapids and South Bend. He was 52 years old.

ANNUITANTS

Three more veteran employees have been placed on the annuity payroll:

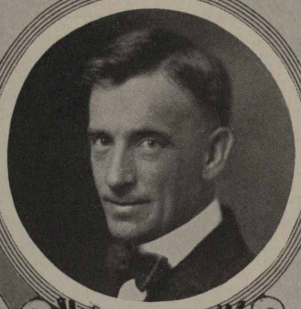
A. W. Cutright, 812 Newhall street, Milwaukee, Wis.; formerly return goods clerk in the Milwaukee office; with company 30 years and 8 months.

E. F. Sheley, 3528 Columbus avenue, South Minneapolis, Minn.; formerly salesman in Minneapolis; with company 22 years and 1 month.

Jacob Sheible, 1426 Lincoln street, Racine, Wis.; formerly driver and warehouseman in the Milwaukee division; with company 32 years and 6 months.

HOW DO YOU TACKLE YOUR WORK?

By EDGAR A. GUEST



EDGAR A. GUEST

How do you tackle your work each day?
Are you scared of the job you find?
Do you grapple the task that comes your way
With a confident, easy mind?
Do you stand right up to the work ahead,
Or fearfully pause to view it?
Do you start to toil with a sense of dread.
Or feel that you're going to do it?

You can do as much as you think you can,
But you'll never accomplish more;
If you're afraid of yourself, young man,
There's little for you in store.
For failure comes from the inside first,
It's there, if we only knew it,
And you can win, though you face the worst,
If you feel that you're going to do it.

Success! It's found in the soul of you,
And not in the realm of luck!
The world will furnish the work to do,
But you must provide the pluck.
You can do whatever you think you can.
It's all in the way you view it.
It's all in the start that you make, young man;
You must feel that you are going to do it.

How do you tackle your work each day?
With confidence clear, or dread?
What to yourself do you stop and say,
When a new task lies ahead?
What is the thought that is in your mind?
Is fear ever running through it?
If so, just tackle the next you find
By thinking you're going to do it.

This poem of Edgar Guest, who is known as the poet of the people, was especially released for publication by the Stanolind Record by Mr. Guest's publishers, Reilly & Lee Company, Chicago. Because Mr. Guest has such a great insight into the minds and lives of the working man, he has won fame everywhere. His knowledge of the average man's problems, his desire to see all men win their life's goal, have inspired him to write such a poem as "How Do You Tackle Your Work?" which is reproduced herewith. Read it. Maybe it will give you an idea of how to tackle your work and win. We hope so.

SIOUX CITY FEELS CALL OF SPRING

No. 1—Spring? But the only Spring fever is the urge to get out and hustle. Here is Sioux City selling force. See 'em smile? Spring. Left to right, the men are (front row) Messrs Riggs, District Superintendent Hagy, Hunting, Manager Thayer, Assistant Manager Elkert, Meigs, Carson, District Superintendent Farrell; (back row) Weidel, Von Hotten, Larmer, DeWald, Hansen, Landeck, Willis, Weber, Evans, Edington, Courshon, Gordon, Kluthe, Conley, Sherman, Zurcher and District Superintendent Wirsing. No. 2—Doris Beaubien of the Sioux City office! This is how she was dressed when she awarded favors to the directors on their visit to S. C. No. 3—Meet Messrs George Grim. Senior is S. S attendant at Rock Rapids, Iowa, of the S. C field Junior is his assistant. Both are 100 per cent S O CO men.

GUS LEWIS

ON the outside cover of this magazine appears the portrait of Mr. H. A. Lewis, assistant general manager of the sales department, in charge of the Western division.

Mr. Lewis is known not only as one of the most efficient but also as one of the most popular men in the employ of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). In fact, we never met anybody except ourselves who had anything against him. But we have plenty. He promised us eleven separate and distinct times to get his picture taken and never did it. Finally, after keeping him under surveillance for several days, getting thoroughly acquainted with his habits, we took a photographer to the Fourth floor, laid in wait outside his office until he was alone for a moment, then suddenly sent the photographer in through one door while we popped in the other. Before he knew it, our camera shy a. g. m. was sitting dutifully on the edge of one of his office chairs and we had his picture. If his face has a startled look, it's his own fault.

Mr. Lewis presents another example, so common in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), of a young man starting at the bottom and winning his way to the top by force of ability and hard work. He entered the employ of the company in 1903, as a stenographer. Old timers tell of how he, though a stenographer, once maintained the company's reputation for "Service, Anywhere, Anytime" by getting up in the middle of the night, harnessing a team of horses and making an emergency delivery. The incident is characteristic.

He was promoted to salesman in 1905, and from 1910 to 1916, was assistant to Mr. G. W. Mayer and Mr. W. E. Judd. On January 1, 1916, he was made manager at Kansas City, and on January 1, 1921, was promoted to the managership of the Chicago division. His brilliant record as Chicago manager was rewarded January 1, 1923, by promotion to the position of assistant general manager in charge of the Western division.

Mr. Lewis, among other things, is noted for his modesty.* "I am not the best salesman the Standard Oil Company ever had," he has been known to protest, "I am merely the best now living."

*Mr. Amos Ball is our authority for this statement, as well as for the anecdote which follows it.

HOW SAFETY COURTS FUNCTION

Here is the Decatur division Safety Court. This court is modeled along the same plans as are those in the twenty-four other fields.

An accomplishment of the Safety Department of the Sales Division is the organization of Safety Courts in all of the twenty-five fields for the purpose of investigating all types of accidents, wherein any of the company's employees and equipment are concerned.

The members of these courts are employees representing each of the departments, who usually hold office for a period of three months, and, although every employee in the sales division is eligible to membership, only approximately ten men comprise the committee during these periods.

The officers and members conducting these meetings are as follows: chairman, vice-chairman, secretary, assistant secretary and members.

Court meetings are held simultaneously and a report of the minutes of each meeting is made up in triplicate of which the Chicago office gets two copies, one for the legal department and one for the Safety department.

When any of the employees has the misfortune of an accident, either personal injury or property damage, he is brought before the committee and questioned. This gives the accident clerk an opportunity to gather further information necessary in completely filling out the forms.

After the examination the committeemen prepare their verdict. If they decide against the defendant, they decide the classifications of his guilt, as:

1. Carelessness
2. Ignorance
3. Thoughtlessness
4. Undue Haste
5. Failure to Obey Instructions

If the defendant is found guilty of any of the above classifications, the committee votes on some form of penalty. As an illustration; one driver, after being thoroughly questioned regarding several minor accidents, like scratching a fender, backing into other's property or jamming the rear end because of driving too close to other vehicles, was found to have very poor vision. The committee simply recommended that the employee be properly fitted for glasses, but, owing to age and length of service, they further recommended

MANKATO EDUCATIONAL CLUB

This is a picture of the Petroleum Educational Club, Mankato, an organization devoted to self-improvement through an intensive study of the oil industry. Those in the picture (left to right) are: Oran Davis, P. C. Brown, vice-president; W. P. Scherer, president; E. S. Hagerty, secretary; R. W. Pinney, E. Green. Second row, seated: Paul Kern, C. J. Jensen, C. J. Humm, J. C. Lee. Standing: W. O. Haworth, E. L. Osten, M. L. Gretz, E. Johnson, J. F. Krier, R. E. Nuebel, L. J. Wilcox, G. M. Bergemann, A. W. Otto and J. J. Meyer. The club meets at 6 P. M. on the second and fourth Mondays of each month. Many interesting sessions have been held. Future subjects have been assigned to various members so that the program will carry the club through until November.

that he be transferred to a department where complete vision was not a matter of utmost importance.

Another employee, a salesman, was found guilty of carrying passengers other than employees, and not on company business. In this instance the committee deprived the defendant of the use of a company car and he was made to "foot it" until such time as he, the salesman, could realize the importance of consistently carrying out the company's rules.

Other forms of penalties are imposed, based primarily on the nature of the accident. The committee's judgment is final and there is no appeal, consequently the offending employee, be he manager, district superintendent, agent, salesman, driver, or what not, must suffer himself to be content with their decision.

The ultimate success of these meetings can hardly be measured, but the moral effect is undoubtedly being felt because in some of the larger cities where conditions seem the worst, the total number of automobile collisions alone have been reduced to as much as 40 per cent.

This work is under the direct supervision of Safety Director F. C. Singleton, who insists that the credit be given to the fields for their wonderful cooperation in making these records.

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends!

NUMBER OF EMPLOYEE STOCK OWNERS NEARS 10,000

Beginning of Third Year of Employees' Stock Purchase Plan Sees Increase of 2,019 in Number of Subscribers Over April 1st, 1922, with Subscriptions Pouring in at Rate Which Will Soon Place the Total Above the 10,000 Mark

Here is a general view of the main office of the Employees Stock Purchase Plan Department, where the bookkeeping and clerical work in connection with the practical workings out of such a plan are done. In the photo are (left to right) Miss Lucille Staser, (standing) Franklin Peitz, (seated) Arthur Leary, Robert Smith, R. L. Gunning, Curtis E. Schatz, C. B. Petit, Harry J. Doody and Melville H. Seegers, head of the department.

Employees owning stock in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) will soon number 10,000.

The total number of subscribers to the Employees' Stock Purchase Plan was 9,192 on April 1, the beginning of the plan's third year, with subscriptions coming in at a rate which indicated the total would soon reach 10,000. By May 1, the total had already grown to 9,471.

The April 1 total of 9,192 was a gain of 2,019 over April 1, 1922, when the total was 7,173, and a gain of 3,092 over April 1, 1921.

While employees of the Midwest Refining Company have been admitted to the stock plan, the increase noted April 1 was largely among the employee body of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), the Midwest being responsible for only 373 of the 2,019 increase.

The appearance of the annual statements, issued to subscribers by Col. R. W. Stewart, Dr. W. M. Burton and Mr. E. G. Seubert, trustees, created a veritable sensation. While the extreme liberality of the plan is a matter of common knowledge, the concrete evidence of profits accruing to subscribers presented by the annual statements aroused enthusiasm among the participants and inspired non-participants to subscribe.

A concrete example of how the plan works is found in the case of an office boy in the Home Office, who, when the plan was introduced two years ago, was earning $50 a month. He contributed $10 of his monthly wage—the full 20 per cent—and on April 1,

S. O. SERVICE THAT MAKES FRIENDS

Mr. Allen M. Eales of the Eales Coal Company, Alpena, Mich., of the Saginaw division, has some nice things to say about Standard Oil service. His letter to Mr. Eugene Monaghan follows:

"I want to tell you of an incident which made me realize what splendid service your clerks are giving at the Standard Oil Station.

"I drove up the other day with my machine after just having taken it out the first time this Spring. I filled up with gasoline, then thought my tires needed a little air; the boys immediately put air in, then looked to see that there was water in the radiator, etc.

"I felt that they had been very attentive and offered to reimburse them with a little tip, but they refused it, adding that my patronage was all they asked.

"I think this kind of service is worthy of notice as we seldom get."

(Signed) ALLEN M. EALES

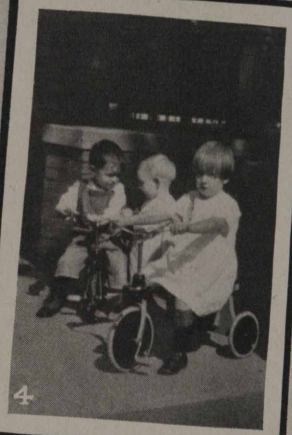
1923, he had nine shares of stock and a small cash balance to his credit. The market price of the stock varies, of course, from day to day, but had the boy been in possession of his stock on that day, and had he desired to dispose of it, the proceeds of the sale plus the small cash balance would have amounted to $575, or a net profit of $335 on an investment of $240. Not so bad for an office boy in two years!

Another instance was that of a Home Office clerk who receives $150 a month. Two years ago he began contributing $30 a month to the purchase of stock, and on April 1, 1923, he had twenty-eight shares with a market value of $1,750, with a cash balance bringing the total up to $1,764.75, a net profit of $1,059.99.

Under the terms of the plan, for every dollar paid in by the employee, the company adds 50 cents. Stock is purchased as rapidly as the employee and the company together have paid in enough to buy one share. Dividends are credited to the employee's account and applied on the purchase of more stock. The stock is held in trust until the termination of the plan in 1926, when it will be delivered to the owners. Those who withdraw before termination of the plan receive back the money they have paid in plus 6 per cent interest.

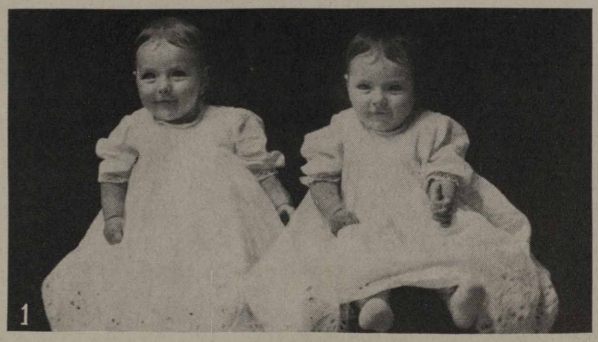
Since the inception of the plan, employees have acquired practically 2 per cent of the total stock of the company, and by 1926 will be the largest single collective influence among the stockholders.

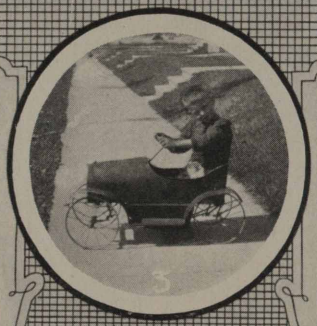
BEAT THESE, SOUTH BEND DEFIES

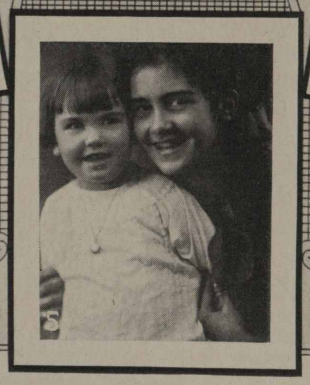


South Bend Division's babies are its big feature. We have been told that many times and have received many pictures as proof; so many in fact that space limitations bar our using all of them. So, readers will have to wait until later editions to see them all. No. 1—Jack, Miriam, Thayne and Ancil, children of Salesman R. C. Beall, are shown with their pony. No. 2—W. E. Strang Jr., grandson of John Strang of the marketing department, is shown here, smile and all. Like him? We do. No. 3—Meet Bobby and Billy. Their father, Clint Grimes is agent at Denver, Ind. No. 4—It's going to be some race! G. C. Vosburgh, assistant shop foreman, lays his claim to fame in Helen, Earl and Ralph. They're his children.

SOME MORE SOUTH BEND BEAUTIES







No. 1—Here are Myrtle and Ruth, daughters of G. A. Paxton, agent at Argos, Ind. There's a birdie concealed in the camera. No. 2—Know Glenn? If not, you're out of luck. He's a son of J. C. Vosburgh. 'At's Glenn's dog with him. No. 3—George Jr. and (4) Jack are sons of George Ek, carpenter at South Bend. Jack looks lonesome. No. 5—Lura Jane and Lota are children of Fred Webb, lubricating salesman. Anyone want to know now why Fred is such a hustler?

SUGAR CREEK ATHLETIC SHOW WINS PRAISE

Music, Boxing and Wrestling on Program Given to Raise Funds for Athletic Association; Challenge for Whiting and Wood River Broadcasted

Sugar Creek, Mo.—The Standard Oil Athletic Association presented its third big athletic and vaudeville entertainment in the Sugar Creek School Auditorium, which not only netted the Athletic Association a nice profit, but from the standpoint of entertainment was above the average.

The band rendered several enjoyable numbers to start the program off, which was followed by a four-round bout between Jesse Lynd, Jr., and Jimmie Callahan, Jr. These boys are real mixers and from now on no program will be complete without them. However, we would suggest that the next time they be put on as the main bout and not the preliminary, as these two boys have everything and were at it from the first gong to the last.

C. S. Swift played a cornet solo which was well received and we would like to have had more of it. Mr. Swift is to be complimented on the accomplished manner in which his solo was rendered.

The second bout of the evening was between Henry Coin and Tommy Vining. Coin gave a very good account of himself, especially when taking into consideration the fact that he was boxing the pride of Sugar Creek. We would like to find someone to actually make Tommy extend himself and it may be that Wood River or Whiting might have a real boy that would like to swap punches with Tommy. However, we want to give them advance warning that Tommy does not fight just because he is exceptionally clever, but because he actually likes to fight.

The next match was between Na-Bis-Co Shondell and Throw-'Em-Quick Taylor, both of the paraffine works. Shondell won the first fall in about ten minutes. Taylor admits swallowing his chew of Tinsley-Thick when he hit the floor, which left him in such a physical condition that Na-Bis-Co had little trouble in gaining the second fall. Both these boys have a large collection of fancy holds and showed us some real "rassling."

Blaine Bender, a small boy, gave several readings that would have done credit to a much older and more experienced person. He was brought back the third time by the audience and responded each time with a reading better than his previous one.

The last bout of the evening was a four-round no decision affair between Rudolph Valentino O'Hara and Frankie Chandler. O'Hara accidentally hit Chandler in the nose with his elbow while rounding one of the corners of the ring, which was the only thing to mar a perfect Spring dance. Some thought they had taken up the long distance dancing craze and were going to try and break the record and it was very unruly of Jimmie to make Frank's nose bleed. Jimmie didn't even get his Sta-Comb mussed up.

Phillip Fraher refereed all bouts in a masterful way and had the sympathy of the audience at the end of the O'Hara-Chandler bout and should have been supplied with roller skates or a bicycle to enable him to keep up with them.

TRAP SEASON OPENS

Whiting, Ind.—The gun fans of the Whiting plant will hold the opening shoot of the S. O. Co. Employees' Trapshooting Tournament on June 3 at the Whiting Park traps.

The tournament this year consists of a 200 target program to be extended over a period of three months, June, July and August. Program targets will be without cost to the shooter and ammunition may be purchased at the Club House at the regular club rates.

The S. O. A. A. appointed on the trapshooting committee for this year are A. D. Buchanan, chairman, L. N. Dunning and Stanley Nicholson. Any Whiting employee who is interested in this line of sport should get in touch at once with one of the committee members. * * *

"John," scolded his irate wife, "why did you spank Oswald on a full stomach?"

"I didn't," answered the indignant one.

—*Exchange.*

STANDARD OILERS WIN CHICAGO INDOOR TITLE

Standard Oil Indoor Baseball Team Sweeps Through Five Opponents in Ten Game Schedule Without Defeat; Outdoor Baseball Team Organized

Chicago, Ill.—Here is the Polarine baseball team which won all its games in the Chicago Industrial League, the season of which has just closed. The men are (left to right) top row: L. Fagerstrom, B. Wolfe, C. Jankowski, W. Hansen, H. Gleim and Nolan; bottom row: D. Radcliffe, D. Crooke, F. Donnellan and L. Jankowski.

The Polarine Indoor Baseball team won the championship in the Chicago Commercial and Industrial Athletic Association, making a clean sweep of their ten game schedule. A trophy cup was donated by T. E. Wilson Company.

Led by Fighting Dave Radcliffe, captain, and W. Hansen, manager, the team beat the strong Bassick Manufacturing Company out of the honor. Leo Jankowski's hitting was a feature.

A. J. Tilton, manager of the Bassick Manufacturing Company team, said at the recent annual banquet of the Chicago Commercial and Industrial Association that the Polarines had the best team he has seen in the city. We agree with Mr. Tilton.

The wonderful catching and hitting of Leo Jankowski was a big factor in holding the Polarines on the top. It made the other players fight to hold it.

Dick Croake played a great game at short. He also did noble work with the hickory. Nolin, our Hal Chase, got them all at first base. Art Klein played a hard game at second base. H. Gleim always came through in a pinch. Benny Wolfe, with his Charley Chaplin mustache, knocked them all dead.

The final standing of the indoor baseball league is:

	Won	*Lost*	*Pct.*
Polarines	10	0	1000
Bassick Mfg. Co.	7	3	700
Rock Island Ry.	6	4	600
C. B. & Q. Ry.	5	5	500
Methodist Book Concern	2	8	200
R. H. Donnelley	0	10	000

The Polarines have organized an outdoor baseball team. C. F. Hatmaker has assured us of his loyal support. Positions on the team are opened to all. Those wanting to try out for the team should get in touch with Dave Radcliffe, traffic department, or W. Hansen, Chicago sales department, immediately.

* * *

NOT THEMSELVES.—She—"I don't care for men. In fact I've said 'No' to several of them."

He—"What were they selling?"—*Sheffield (Eng.) Telegraph.*

POLARINES WIN STANOLIND PIN TITLE

A. Grebe Wins Individual Honors with Average of 185.29 Pins for 84 Games; F. Lau Next with 181.1 Average; J. Thomas and J. Brandt Take High Game Prize with 267 Pins

The Polarine Bowling Team of the Stanolind League won the tenth annual title this Spring with 61 games won to 23 lost. The Polarines were closely followed by the Perfections, who won 58 and lost 26. Superla trailed the Perfections with 56 won and 28 lost. To win its victory, Polarine rolled at an average of 874.57 pins a game. Perfection averaged 862 and Superla 858.50.

The individual prize winner was A. Grebe who rolled his games with an average of 185.29. Next came F. Lau with 181.1 and J. Whitney with 179.46.

The high team average for three games went to Perfection with 963, with Superla trailing with 942⅔. Polarine was first in high single game with 1013 with Perfection 1004. The high individual average for three games went to C. Henrikson with 225⅓ with L. Wendt next with 213. J. Thomas and J. Brandt were tied for high single game with 267.

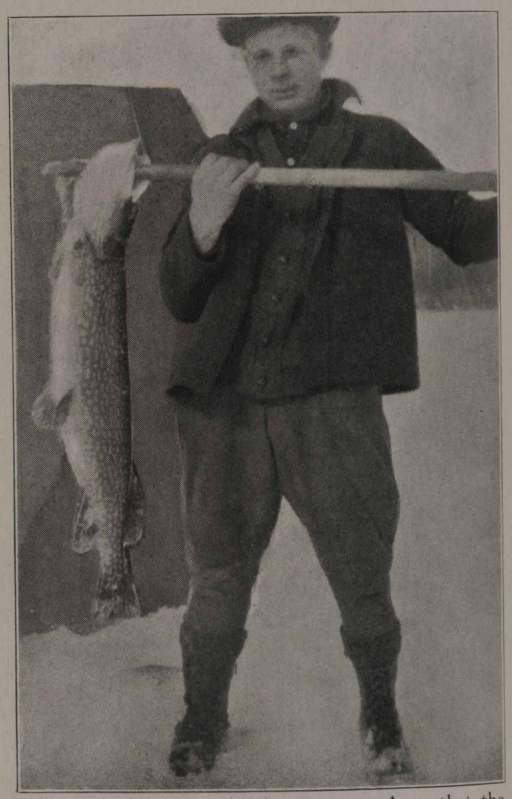
Summaries:

Teams	*Won*	*Lost*	*Per Cent*
Polarine	61	23	726
Perfection	58	26	690
Superla	56	28	667
Red Crown	45	39	536
Renown	35	49	417
Capitol	33	51	393
Eureka	24	60	285
Semdac	24	60	285

INDIVIDUAL STANDINGS

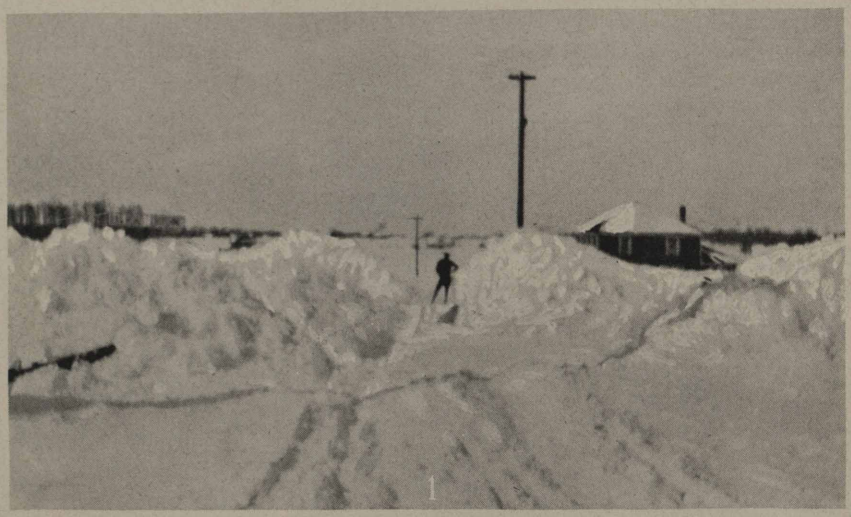
Player	*Games*	*High*	*Average*
A. Grebo	84	225	185.29
F. Lau	69	224	181.1
J. Whitney	84	237	179.46
Al. Bumhour	72	246	178.70
W. Juergensen	81	232	177.23
C. Henrikson	84	266	176.67
M. Gadish	81	227	173.64
J. Sable	84	231	172.70
W. Roberts	82	253	172.3
J. Thomas	81	267	171.40
L. Wendt	81	234	170.37
E. Yale	78	240	170.35
W. Burns	72	244	169.67
Benight	84	225	169.65
C. Thorstenson	81	209	168.46
M. Weppner	75	247	168.6
W. Knorst	67	210	167.52
M. Barrett	66	223	166.46
Clark	69	236	165.12
Vodak	78	215	164.68
H. Blix	78	223	163.60
F. Bosworth	78	225	162.76
Kloepfer	57	219	162.37
Stoeckel	57	220	157.36
E. Vollreide	60	214	157.14
E. Cameron	69	205	156.12
G. Novak	78	212	154.33
Lieber	57	208	153.1
J. G. Smith	72	209	150.13
Klein	69	205	149.49
Harper	69	234	149.20
Beyer	69	240	149.11
F. Fischer	78	196	148.39
A. Novak	78	201	148.20
W. Anders	78	203	148.2

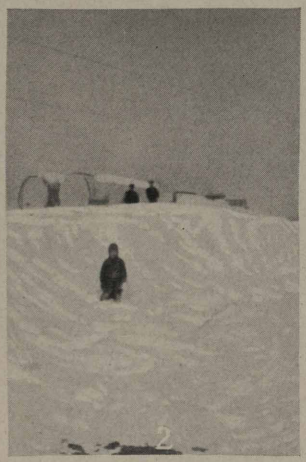
STILL AFTER HANK ALLEN'S PISCATORIAL CROWN

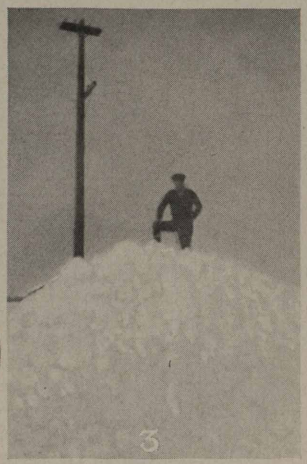


Duluth Division.—'Tis a merry chase that the different refineries and sales divisions are giving F. P. Allen, head of the asphalt department of Chicago for his crown. This is a picture of "Bill" Reiman, lubricating salesman at Iron River, Mich., with a husky musky speared through a hole in the ice. It weighed 17½ pounds and measured 43 inches long. (Incidentally, Mr. Allen, the story accompanying the photo did NOT say Bill did the spearing; it read just as above.)

APRIL SHOWERS A LA MICHIGAN

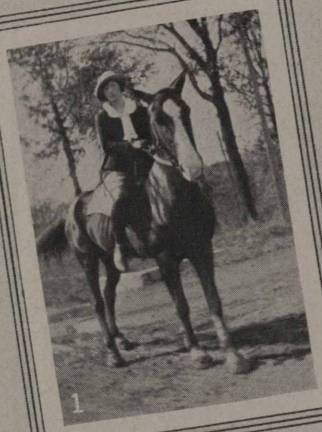


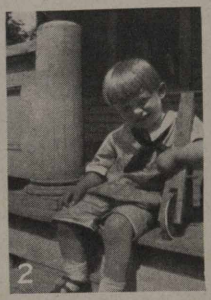




No. 1—"What do they mean, raining violets?" Agent Vernon Richmond at Chatham, Mich., asked when he arose on the morning of April 8 and saw this. No. 2 and 3—Other pictures of the snowstorm that swept the Duluth district. Comment is unnecessary.

Folks of Chicago and Vicinity





No. 1—Lillian Hegseth, home office, says Casper girls are not the only ones who can ride. No. 2—Bayard Olmsted, son of Ward L. Olmsted, agent at Barrington, Ill. No. 3—Evelyn Breitzke, home office, sales, demonstrating that furs, silk stockings, knickers and a middy blouse make a fetching fall combination. No. 4—Maurette Marie Wolfe, pride and worry of the Ben Wolfe home.

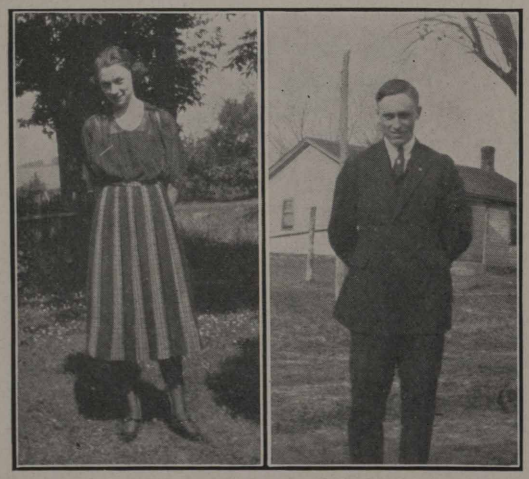
THREE GIRLS AND A BOY

No. 1—District Superintendent Kachelhoffer of Decatur has a tennis star for a son. He is Ed Kachelhoffer, who late last summer won the title of Boys' Tennis Champion in St. Louis. He's out to repeat this year. No. 2—Here are Rose Linn and a chum who were snapped as they were looking at something rather amusing, one would judge from their expressions. Rose is of the Chicago office staff. No. 3—Frances Berenck of the Duluth office looks awfully lonesome here. But, as the correspondent points out, she couldn't be, because someone had to be there to take the picture. Fair enough.

SAVED BY STANOLIND!

Nine men and one woman, isolated on South Fox Island, north of Traverse City, Mich., without food and other supplies for several days recently, perhaps are not aware that they may give a portion of their gratitude for rescue to Standard Oil employees and Standard Oil products, which, as always, came through in the crisis and gave their customary service. In the accompanying picture, taken at Camp Roosevelt, near Muskegon, Mich., Lieut. H. E. Woodbridge, from Rantoul field, Ill., is shown standing in front of his airplane while the tank is being filled with Stanolind Aviation gasoline. Lieut. Woodbridge was the first to reach the marooned islanders with food supplies.

BRIDE AND GROOM



Peoria Division.—Here are Mr. and Mrs. Eilert Harms, who were recently married at Washburn, Ill. Mr. Harms is agent at Washburn. Mrs. Harms was Miss Ella Uebler.

WOOD RIVER MUSICIANS

Here are three of the women who are making Wood River Refinery famous. Left to right, they are: Mrs. Russell Durham, soprano; Miss Dorothy Latowsky, violinist, and Miss Lula Rhodes, pianist. Mrs. Durham sang an obligato with the Standard Quartet at the last community concert with Misses Latowsky and Rhodes as accompanists.

FUTURE OF FLYING IN U. S. TOLD BY DIRECTOR

Allan Jackson Tells Own Aeronautical Experiences; Sees Need of World Supremacy for America in Air; Points Out Products of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Evolved for Air and Sea Planes

By ALLAN JACKSON

Vice President in Charge of Sales of Standard Oil Company (Indiana)

(Mr. Jackson is an enthusiast on the subject of aviation. He is a member of the Board of Governors of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, State Committeeman for Illinois Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce and member of the National Aeronautical Association—EDITOR).

"RADIO FLASHES WORD OF FLYERS' NONSTOP TRIP—Craft Reaches San Diego After Record Flight from Hempstead, N. Y.—Hempstead, N. Y., May 3: A radio message from San Diego, Cal., reports that the coast-to-coast plane, T-2, which started from there, has landed at San Diego, the western goal of its cross-country flight."

"What a wonderful age to live in! What next?"

These and similar thoughts passed through the mind of the writer on reading the above in a newspaper of May3 of the present year. Before this reaches the eyes of the Stanolind family we may hear of an even greater feat, for in the same column from which the above was taken we read the following:

"WASHINGTON, May 3.—While Lieutenants Macready and Kelly were in the air today flying the giant T-2 from New York to San Diego, army air service officials announced that another transcontinental air flight was being planned.

"The plans call for the use of the air service's speediest craft, the one which established the world's record by covering a distance of one kilometer at a speed of 236 miles an hour.

"Lieutenant L. R. Maughan has been selected to make the newly proposed flight. He expects to leave New York in the early morning hours and arrive in San Francisco before dark the same day."

Are you old enough to remember back when the telephone was a novelty, when the first high wheel bicycle appeared, then the low wheel type, and finally the automobile, which for many reasons it was predicted would never become a practical means of transportation—or do you only remember back when you heard the first phonograph, or saw the first moving picture? Certainly you remember when you first listened in on the radio.

It is only a few years since the first automobile appeared on the streets—a few years since two learned scientists explained why men could not fly in the air, and only a very few years since the Wright brothers invented the first airplane—yet at this day in our lives we read that an aeroplane, carrying two humans, leaves New York at 12:30 o'clock of one day, and by continuous flight —through the entire night, using the light of the moon to keep the proper distance from the earth, and the lights of the cities to guide the way, traverse the continent—a distance of 2,635 miles—and lands safely twenty-six hours and fifty minutes later at San Diego, Cal., and then by means of that late invention—the radio—the news is transmitted back the same distance to the point of starting, and by telegraph transmitted half around the world in about the time it takes you to read an account of the flight.

Are you interested in aviation? Do you know the progress that is being made from day to day and what your personal interest is and may be in the future?

KEY WEST TO HAVANA IN 85 MINUTES

This is the flying boat in which Allan Jackson, vice-president in charge of sales of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), went from Key West to Havana in 85 minutes, or less than one-fifth of the time by steamer. Mr. Jackson tells "how it feels" to go up in the clouds in an article in this issue. Photo is by Aeromarine Airways, Inc.

Aviation is no longer an experiment, and the practical use of the airplane is likely to expand very rapidly.

The above flight is the latest record for non-stop distance flying. It was on April 7, 1923, that the same pilots, Lieutenants John A. Macready and Oakley Kelly established a record at Dayton, O., of thirty-six hours five minutes and twenty seconds in the air, covering a distance of 2,541 miles over a triangular course. The highest altitude ever attained was 3,450.9 feet by the same Lieutenant Macready, while the greatest speed attained up to this time is 239.5 miles per hour by Lieutenant L. J. Maitland.

The interesting facts of all these events is not that we can expect to travel seven miles high in the air, at a rate of nearly 250 miles per hour, for a distance of 2,600 miles, put that if these things can be done now, aviation is making such progress it will become a very practical proposition.

If you have never flown you will say, "Why does this interest me?" If you have flown under safe conditions, you will be anxiously awaiting your next opportunity, and the time when facilities will be such that you can depend upon it as a quick means of transportation.

Many persons have no desire to fly, and very practically consider it unsafe—yet it is probably safe to say that for distance covered, more people are injured by automobile than by safe flying.

An airplane accident is frequently featured by two-inch newspaper headline type, while an automobile or railroad accident, with greater loss of life, is perhaps headed with much smaller type in a single column. Upon analysis we find that aeroplane accidents usually are a result of stunt or circus flying, and among army or navy flyers, or gypsy civilian aviators. A certain amount of stunt flying is necessary among army and navy flyers that they may be prepared to take care of themselves in the air during war time. The gypsy flyer performs stunts to please the multitudes.

Heavier than air flying is divided into two classes—airplane (over land), seaplane (over

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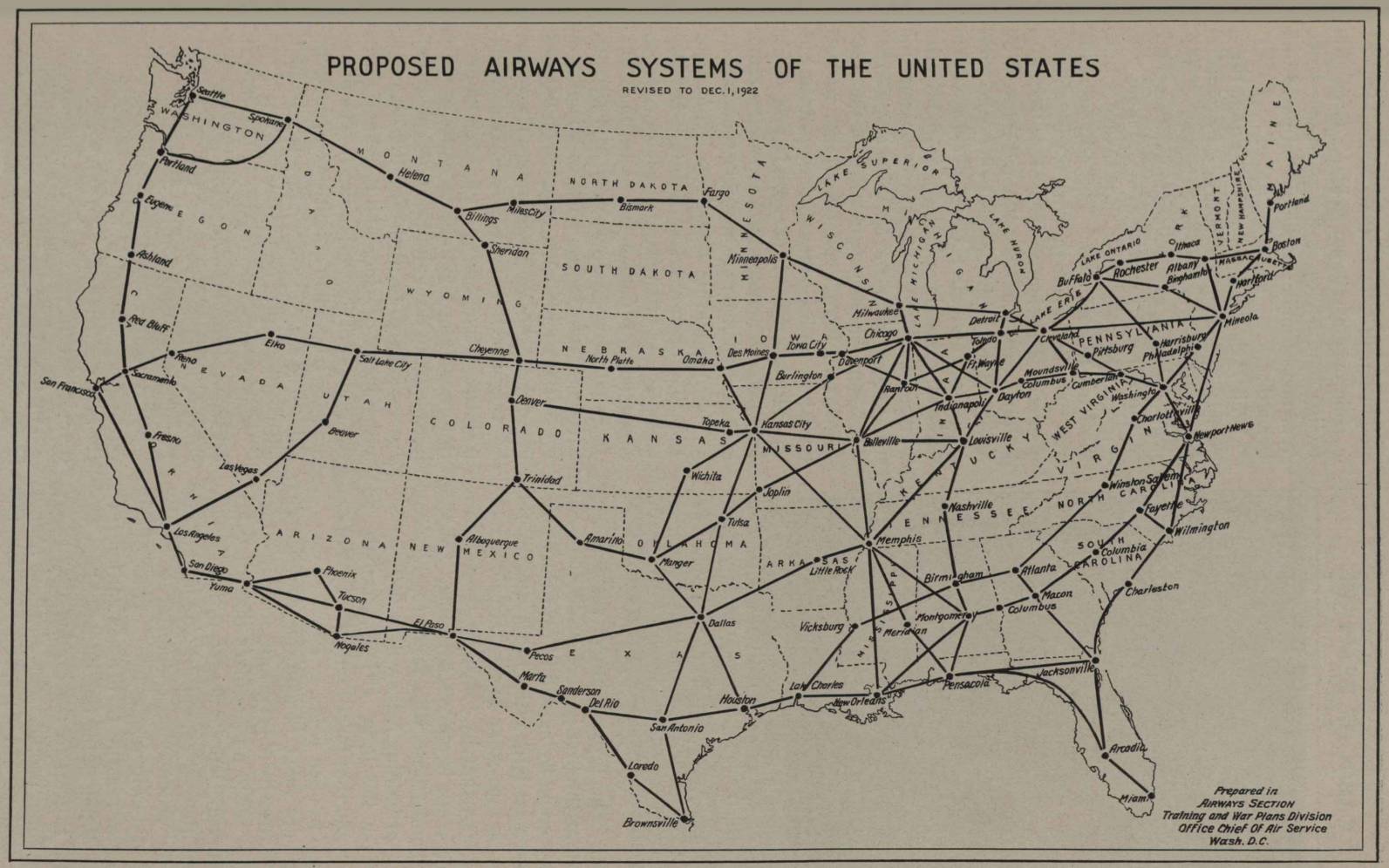


Although the United States air mail line extends from New York to San Francisco and privately owned and operated lines are used by different air companies throughout the United States, most of the black lines are as yet dreams. That very few years will elapse before they are in daily use is the optimistic prediction of Allan Jackson, vice-president in charge of sales of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), who has made a close study of the future of aviation in America. An article by Mr. Jackson appears in this edition.

CABIN OF SEAPLANE

It was into a cabin like the above that Allan Jackson, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) was ushered when he made his trip from Key West to Havana in 85 minutes. "It was like a Pullman car," said Mr. Jackson. The Santa Maria, the plane in which Mr. Jackson journeyed, seats fourteen passengers. Photo is by Aeromarine Airways, Inc.

(Continued from Page 22)

water). The proponents of the seaplane claim that the first important development of commercial flying will be over the water, because most large cities are located by the water, and to some extent are linked together, and that by following the water, a landing place is always available. On the other hand, those who favor the airplane claim that landing fields will be made available near the large cities as rapidly as needed, and that forced landings can always be made in open fields.

Both are most pleasurable experiences. The greatest thrill is perhaps when one first sits in a plane and realizes that they are about to experience a new sensation. On an airplane there is some bumping in taxi-ing over the ground; in a seaplane it is like riding in a swift motor boat. Once one is off land or sea the thrill ends and all fear leaves. When flying one does not have the impulse to leap to the ground that exists among some people when standing near a high window. In fact, one notices the height but little more than while riding on a train over a railroad bridge. Even this feeling soon leaves as the passenger looks over and beholds the wonderful panorama beneath.

While I have flown a half dozen times over land, I shall never forget a wonderful trip I made over sea in February of this year. Carrying eight passengers, a seaplane of the Aeromarine Airways Co. made the trip from Key West, Fla., to Havana, Cuba, in eighty-five minutes. The trip we made was 100 miles across the water, with no land between. The ride was smoother than in a Pullman over the best ballasted track. The noise of the whirling propeller was soon forgotten, and after we had exposed our faces for some time, looking down into the water, some 200 feet below looking for fishes or watching the sportive dolphin, we were soon tempted as a result of the fresh salt breeze from the Gulf stream to lean back into our luxurious chairs and doze, but we were too much interested in first seeing Havana, and managed to keep awake. Such is the experience of flying over the water.

The Aeromarine Company is the same one that operated last Summer between Detroit and Cleveland, safely carrying thousands of passengers, and that also operated between New York and Atlantic City, and from Jacksonville to Miami, Key West, Bahama Islands, etc., carrying many more thousands of passengers. The reason for this success is that they have carefully trained pilots and no stunt flying is allowed. Before making trips across water, such as between Key West and Havana, cablegrams are exchanged to ascertain the directions and velocity of winds and roughness of the sea (in case of forced landing). The planes make no trips when conditions are unfavorable. The seaplanes are equipped complete with radio outfits and operators.

While this concern can point to the greatest success in over-water flying—the greatest success in land flying is the Post Office Department of the United States.

What we are most interested in is the putting of "America First in the Air," so that the United States can safely and surely defend itself in the air from any enemy.

The next phase of interest to Americans is commercial flying as an adjunct to and

(Concluded on Page 25)

SMALL DIVISIONS SETTING 1923 SALES PACE

Huron Cops Red Crown Plaque Twice in Succession While La Crosse and Quincy Each Have It in Their Offices for One Month

During January, February, March and April three of the company's smaller divisions set the 1923 sales pace, beating the larger divisions to the honor of possessing the Red Crown plaque awarded monthly to the territory showing the best record on sales of Red Crown gasoline. It is pictured on this page.

Bruce, Monegan & Co., of La Crosse, got away with a jump and the plaque went to that division in recognition of the division's January record.

In February, a gang at Huron, another Northern division territory, led by one A. H. Dodsley and one C. L. Bailey, stepped out and took the plaque away from La Crosse. During March valiant efforts were made in ten states to take the plaque away from Huron, but Manager Dodsley and his crew again went over the top and maintained their lead for another month.

By this time, with the plaque in the Northern division for three successive months, Mr. Norman Grimshaw, assistant general manager in charge of the Northern division, was getting so cocky his associates on the Marketing Committee found it almost impossible to live with him, and there was great relief when Quincy, of the Western division, led by A. L. Martin and T. P. Jones, won the banner for April. One H. A. Lewis is of the opinion said plaque is in the Western division to stay, but there are rumors that Amos Ball and Harvey Cochran have about perfected plans for offensives on the Central and Eastern fronts, respectively, which are going to make both Grim and Gus sit up nights.

Manager A. H. Dodsley of Huron Division is shown with the plaque awarded his division for the highest percentage of increase in sales for February, 1923.

Allan Jackson Tells Air Experiences

(Continued from Page 24)

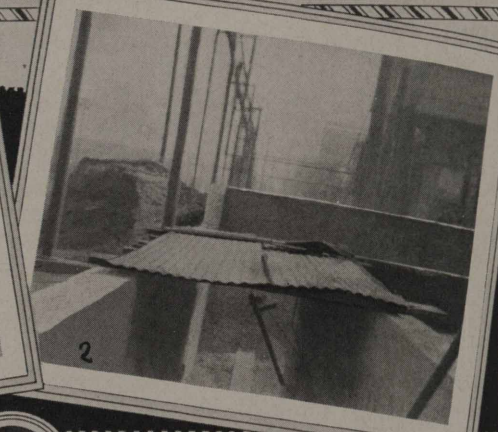
supplementary to our great transportation systems, especially in speeding the mails, carrying light express and furnishing quick passenger transportation. It is not impossible that this very transportation will be furnished by railroad air service themselves.

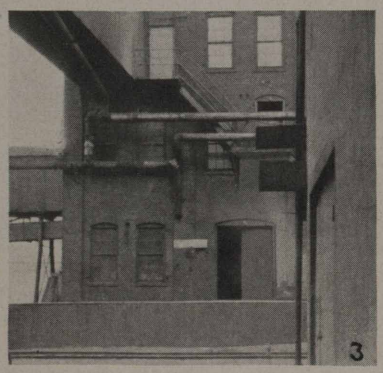
The day is coming when landing fields for airplanes and seaports for seaplanes will be as anxiously furnished for air service as are rest camps for automobile tourists.

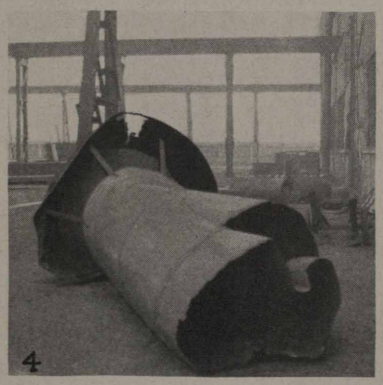
And all this is possible because of the perfection of petroleum processes and products, for without gasoline and without petroleum for lubrication, the age of machinery, as we know it today, would not exist.

All of us of the Stanolind family should closely watch the development of aviation, inform our fellowmen, and be prepared to manufacture at our refineries and deliver to the airplane just as we do for the automobile, those products which our advanced refiners have already prepared, Stanolind Aviation Gasoline and Standard Aero Oils Do you know all about them?

Brought to Light







No. 1—Running full blast—wide open. Large pulleys and belt unguarded. This is the brick crusher; but proper guarding will keep it crushing brick and nothing but brick. Don't wait until you are told to guard such machinery. Make guarding a part of the installation..

No. 2—The stage is set for a broken head. Men in the pit have placed this above for protection from the rain. A little wind, and corrugated iron, planks and all will fall on those working below. If protection is needed, safe protection should be given. No other kind is real protection.

No. 3—Guess again. There is nothing wrong with the stairs, handrails or building. But please note the two signboards at the right center of the picture. These are supposed to be warning signs. Can you read them? They are just as legible in the picture as they are when you are on the ground.

No. 4—The picture does not tell the story. This exhaust stack came from 25 feet above. It was just ready to topple over when discovered by a man who was once a member of the Safety Committee. He reported it and the foreman had it taken down. An ex-committeeman, but not an ex-Safety man. You need not be on the committee to be a Safety man.

Safety First

C. W. Smith
Director Safety Division
Industrial Relations Department
and
F. W. Lau
Safety Director, Whiting, Ind.

WHITING, IND.

A certain stillman of the continuous stills is somewhat peeved at Jack Connors, inside helper on the 7th and 8th towers. It seems Connors, Ted Brown and the peeved one were walking home from work and Connors was explaining to Ted all about the elephants belonging to the first circus that came to Whiting when the stillman suddenly got sore.

Jack Connors, stillman at 1st and 2nd battery, continuous stills, is back on his regular rations once again. *He* claims he had to get back to normal as he intends to buy a new Spring suit which he intends to have for the next three or four years.

One of the boys at the 1st and 2nd continuous stills tells of making a gross error the other day, when he thought he recognized the familiar toddle of one of the stillmen. He slapped him on the back and, to his dismay, found it was Mr. Brandman, the well known shoe store proprietor, instead of Louis Duehr, as he supposed.

Frank Eaton: "Say, Mike, why don't you put an airmeter on your Ford?"

Mike Novak: "Why?"

Frank: "Well, I am agent for them in Whiting and I have one on my Ford. I can save about 50 per cent on my gasoline."

Mike: "Why not put on two, Frank, then you wouldn't have to buy any gasoline at all?"

John Malloy is wondering where the fire was. Mike McGoorty got new overalls.

Ed McFadden purchased a new bicycle. Why didn't you loosen up and buy a car like brother Tom, Ed?

Ted Brown says Paul Dobbertine was out walking with his little daughter when Paul picked her up, put her under his arm and ran to his mother's home a few doors away. Did the little one see the Boogey Man or did Ted scare her, Paul?

Eddie Pond is taking dancing lessons now. Perhaps Lew Alexander has something to do with it.

A crowd of eighteen girls from Whiting Works offices saw "Two Fellows and a Girl" on Saturday, April 21. The play was so intensely interesting that our Mrs. Butler showed herself to be the dramatist of the crowd by assisting the leading man in reaching the climax of the play. The excellent arrangements for the party were made by Nick Wilson.

The Rev. George Humphries, stillman at No. 6 Receiving House, tower stills, has a hole in his pocket and lost his teeth. He advertised a $5 reward for their return. Steve Morris found 'em.

Wanted: Handsome young lady who knows Chicago well, to act as guide. One who can speak Swedish fluently preferred. Apply Eric Gilberg, stillman, 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th batteries, tower stills.

Wilfred Dores, the "Beau Brummel" of the steam still pump house, tells the boys all about taking his bellmouthed pants from between the mattresses, slipping them on and going down to Kankakee to see his Rosie every thirty-two hours off.

We have another lover in our midst in the person of Bill Daly of the crude station, who calls on a young lady in Chicago at regular intervals. As suggested to Henry Stadele, why not buy a car, Bill?

Have you noticed Buck Dickenson strutting down the main stem of Whiting lately? Alone? Should say not. Who is she?

John Shaw of the acid works passed around the cigars for a ten-pound boy, born April 26.

John Hmurovich, pitch plant stillman, is sporting around in a classy Jewett sedan. The twins objected to the Ford rattle.

John Carey, separator pumper helper, came out on dress parade with marine corps breeches the other day. His appearance alone should qualify him for the S. O. band drum-major job.

Ed Ehlers, one of the Singer midgets, took a new lease on life and had a new set of teeth made.

Have you noticed the broad smile on Bob Lippe's face every morning? He has the Shift Men's Pride and joy. None other than Jim Burke.

Les Stafford of the acid works laboratory defies the world when it comes to marathon dancing. He talks, eats and sleeps dancing.

John Perach is still attending all christenings, weddings and funerals. Cigars are plentiful at each event.

Lawrence Christon, acid works laborer, surely got himself into plenty of trouble. He took a week off and got married.

The funeral of Mrs. John Moore, nee Miriam Cowden, wife of John Moore, pumper helper at the crude station, was held April 21, the Rev. Ivy of the Methodist church officiating. The cortege wended its way to Oakwood's Cemetery, Chicago, where the remains of Mrs. Moore and her stillborn babe were cremated. The ashes were taken to Frankfort, Ind., by the immediate families, to be buried in the family lot. The husband and other members of the family have the sympathy of the refinery employees.

Daniel Heslin, aged 67, is dead of a heart attack. He was in apparent good health and attended to the furnace of his home less than an hour before he passed away. Mr. Heslin had been pensioned by the S. O. Co. about three years ago after thirty years of service.

George Humphries and Jimmie ("Scotty") Robertson are back on the job again at the 6th house, tower stills, after a long sick spell.

We are glad to state that the reported death of Billy Hermann, our old foreman carpenter on the tower stills, is all a myth. Bill Aldie met Billy at the East Side station waiting for a train. After being pensioned off about a year ago, Billy and the missus made a trip to Germany. While there he had the misfortune to take sick. An operation was performed which was successful. He wishes to be remembered to all the boys. Good luck to you, Billy.

Our old friend and "sidekicker," Anson C. Miller, visited friends and relatives in East Side and Whiting last week. He will spend a few days with his folks at Huntington, Ind., before leaving for Binghamton, N. Y., where he will become affiliated with the National Transit Company, having charge of all crude oil coming in from the west to New York State. He sent his regards to all the boys on the tower stills.

Paddy Feeney, of No. 2 receiving house, tower stills, is spending his two weeks vacation at present. Pat has not been feeling well of late and decided to rest up.

Henry Wagner, fireman on 3rd battery, tower stills, who recently underwent an operation for stomach trouble at the Englewood hospital, is home again and feeling fine.

John Sharp of the crude station is now the proud daddy of a ten-pound boy, born March 28. Thanks for the cigars, "Fat."

Mike Kobe is another on the list of daddies, a baby girl having arrived on April 8. The boys at the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th towers thank you for the smokes, Mike.

Joseph, the eldest son of Johnnie Sabol, outside helper on 4th, 5th and 6th battery, towers, had the misfortune to fall and break his right arm while roller skating recently.

We were sorry to learn of the death, after a lingering illness, of Harry Dobbertin, Jr., brother of Paul, our popular stillman at the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th battery, tower stills. The boys extend their deepest sympathy, Paul.

Frank Antonovich and Ernest Bashan, who were sick with the flu, are back on the job again.

Goosesausage Beckman is back on the job at the 2nd house, towers, after a week's sickness.

Al Poppen's baby, who has been sick for quite a lengthy period, continues to improve.

Elmer Hannuer of the steam still pumphouse, who was off for a few days with a bad cold, is back on the job again.

Ed Hughes, the electrician, who is installing the new lights on all the tower stills, says he will have the line looking like "Broadway and the Gay White Way" before he is through.

Tom McFadden purchased a new Jewett sedan. Charlie Groat laughed when he heard it and said he would bet Tom $50 he could beat him going backward with a Ford. Charlie is also the owner of a Jewett.

While talking of automobiles, we would like to say that Herbert Brown purchased an eleven passenger Oakland sedan. Papa Billy, our tower still shift foreman and family, with Teddy as chauffeur, visited the monkeys in Lincoln Park on his thirty-two hours off. A good time was had by all, including the monkeys.

Henry Stadele, the inside helper at 11th and 12th battery, tower stills, is still in love, but up to date we have not learned when the big day is coming off.

Heinie is seriously thinking of asking Jim Burton to allow him to work from 7 to 3, 3 to 11 and 11 to 7, as he claims these hours would be a great deal more convenient than those of the present.

The boys down at the rerun stills are wondering where Martin Plumchak parks his wheel since a certain man went out of business.

Paul Chromdik, the "shriek" of the 1st house, tower stills, is taking a scalp treatment to bring back his flowing locks. When Paul saw what a hit Rudolph Valentino made with the ladies, he got busy growing a crop of patent leather hair.

Some of the girls are wondering why Lenox Alexander of the steam stills gets off the street car and on the train last of all the boys. Ask Eddie Pond or Gene Nichols, perhaps they will enlighten you.

Frank Eaton is requested to borrow Joe Graves' dress suit when attending the next J. G. C. banquet. Grant Hatch and Ed Freese want to know where you got it.

Joe Dickinson, stillman at the Stanolite stills, plunged down in his pockets and bought some new overalls and a hat at last. Charlie Casper says Joe is going to give the old hat to the new Community Center as a relic. Where is Grant Hatch's hat? It would make a fine teammate.

The Standard Oil Athletic Association gave a dance at the Community Center on April 17, which was free to all employees of the company, and which was attended by over 200 couples, and many more who came up alone. It is very evident that dances of this kind are very popular with the employees.

Pat Curtin and Charles Ruebens, machine operators in the pipe shop, have formed a horseshoe team and are training diligently in preparation for the tournament this Summer.

N. E. Kundrat of the pipe shop office has started a severe training course in the art of reduction of surplus poundage. Bernard Adley, his trainer, has great hopes in the success of his system.

We hear from authentic sources that Chris Etter spends much of his leisure in the vicinity of a certain confectionery on 119th street.

John Johnson stopped in a drug store while waiting for a street car. He appeared rather nervous when he whispered something to the drug clerk. The clerk disappeared and soon returned with a neatly wrapped package which he handed to John and then rang up $6.00 on the cash register. John left the store with a smile of approval written on his face, but that smile melted when he found the package contained a preparation for restoring hair.

Somebody reported that Dan Cupid was taking a vacation. We are not sure, but we think that Orren Mackey has spread that propaganda because he has been pretty much out of patience lately waiting for Ernie Deecken to pass around that box of cigars.

John Savage, while combing his hair the other night, lost three perfectly good hairs. Better be careful, John, that can only happen three more times.

Some class to George Fortener, foreman of clean-up department's salvage lumber yard. He has just purchased a new Grey automobile. Good luck, George, and we all hope your Grey don't give you the blues.

Jack Prentice has been coming to work of late with red eyes. Painting the house makes my eyes burn, says Jack.

The Whiting Works shipping office reports a new record for carload shipments. On April 10, two hundred and forty-one tank cars and fifty-two box cars, a total of 293 cars were shipped from the Whiting, plant.

A quiet wedding took place on March 10, when Miss Helene E. Moore was married to J. Stanley Creswell of East Chicago, Reverend Ivy officiating. Mrs. Creswell is employed in the capacity of stenographer at the grease department office. Congratulations!

Jennie Masura is to marry Andy Ustanik the latter part of this month.

Otto Miethke purchased a seven passenger Buick, but owing to the fact that the car was too large, he has traded it in for a five passenger. From all appearances, Otto is looking for a wife. Now's your chance, girls.

John Ollyrs has been transferred from the grease department to the boiler shop. What will Martha do now?

Jacob Henrikson has moved into his new home in the West Park Addition.

Harold Carlson, after many years with the S. O. Company, has resigned to take a position with the Illinois Steel Company at South Chicago.

John Dvorscak has returned to the grease department after a long absence.

It is rumored that Elizabeth Fekete is to be married soon. Elizabeth Kerchak is to be bridesmaid.

William Watts, watertender at No. 1 boiler house, met with an accident while on duty and is laid up for repairs. We hope you will soon be back on the job, Bill.

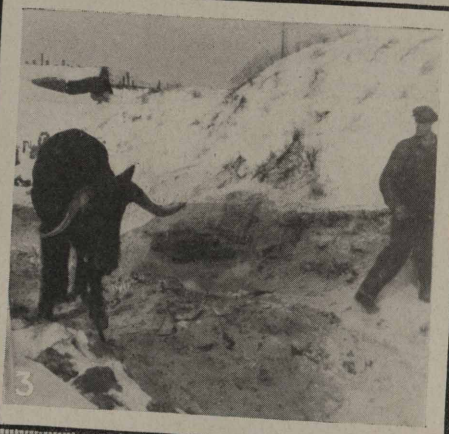
F. K. Ovitz has been transferred from the steam department to the research department and placed in charge of combustion work. We sure hate to see you leave us, Frank, but here's good luck.

Stanley Andryszek, fireman at No. 1 boiler house, has returned to work after a short illness.

Ed Sherman has resigned his position as fireman at No. 5 boiler house, and is now running "The Cozy" restaurant on 119th Street. The boys of the steam department wish him every success in his new venture.

(Continued on Page 34

WHATZIS CAPTURED AT WHITING

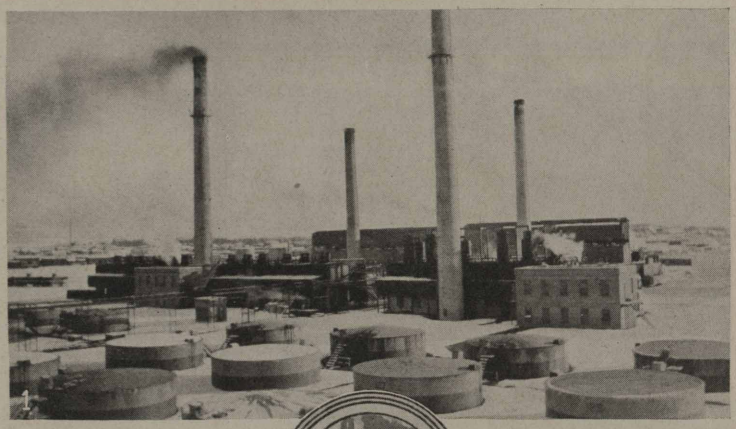


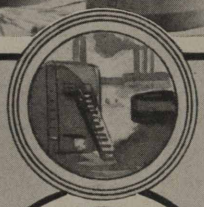
Attacked by a school of Whatzises, Whiting Refinery men, emboldened by Casper's example, went out to do battle: Armed only with Casper's primitive weapons — tanks, machine guns, high-powered repeating rifles, sixes and the like—the Whiting men showed great bravery in the face of overpowering odds and chased the Whatzises to their nests. There the fight for life took place, and when the blood and sand were cleared away, only one Whatzis remained. It was captured. No. 1—This photo shows the captured Whatzis, an animal with the marks of a Wyoming jack, a Texas steer and a laughing hyena. The tail is mule, the horns steer and disposition hyena. Nos. 2 and 3—These photos were taken during the mad war. Whiting men may be seen fleeing in all directions. Adrian H. Matthews, who captured the Whatzis, will, in honor of Wyoming's jackrabbit hunters, name it Casper

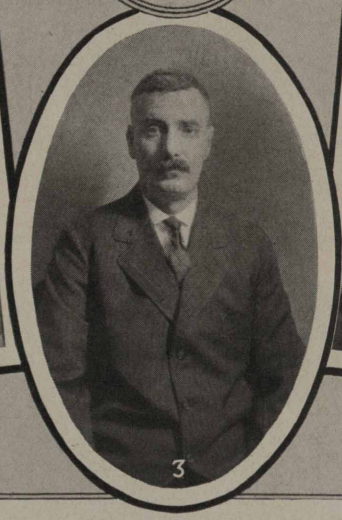
EQUIPPED FOR FRONT LINE ACTION

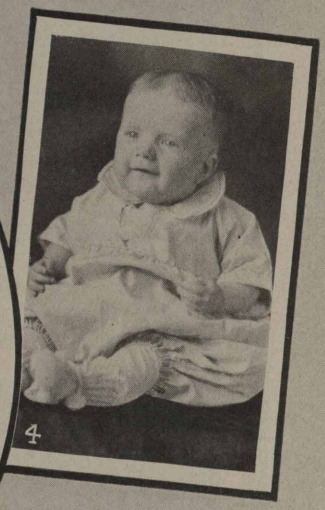
No. 1—Here are No. 1 house pressure stills cleaners at Wood River refinery. They know the work and do it accordingly, fellow employees say. Left to right, they are: (standing) W. Miller, W. Wilts, J. Magrovey, L. Mormino; (seated) M. Calciro and C. Hutchison. No. 2—Do you think Richard McManus will ever grow to be as tall as Hurther Thorpe? Neither do we. They are pipe coverers at Wood River. No. 3—Read number two again and insert Charles Williamson for Dick and Harry Rethinghaus for Hurth. Thank you. They are boiler makers at the same plant.

REFINERY NEWS IN PICTURES



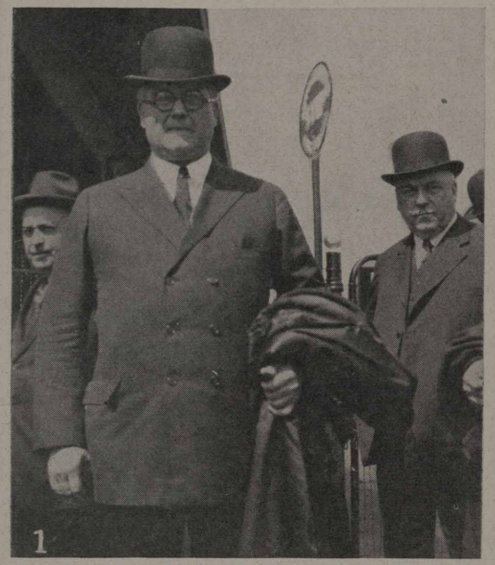




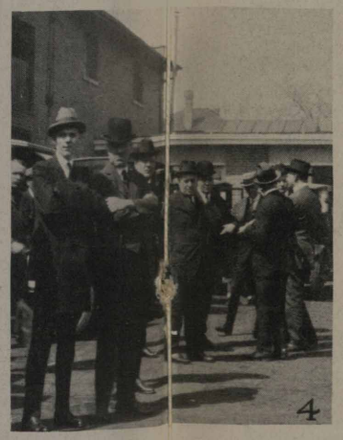


No. 1—Here is a view of Plant No. 2 at Laramie. No. 2—This is Ross Moudy, chemist at Laramie. No. 3—Patrick Harmon, son of Pat Harmon, Sr., who worked at the Whiting refinery 35 years ago, and brother of Andrew Harmon, "old-timer" at Whiting, has been promoted to combustion engineer at the Wood River works. No. 4—You would like to know Robert Eugene Jaques, six months old son of Kenneth F. Jaques, of the storehouse department of the Sugar Creek works. This is his picture.

WITH THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS IN THE FIELD



Members of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) recently concluded a tour of the company's sales divisions, traveling over 6,000 miles and meeting and talking with employees and representative citizens in the communities they visited. No. 1—In the foreground, Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board. To the right is Mr. T. J. Thompson, vice-president and general sales manager, while the spirit-like form hovering about, conan-doyle-wise, in the left background is that of Mr. Norman R. Grimshaw, assistant general manager in charge of the Northern division. No. 2—Left to right, Mr. E. J. Bullock, director of purchases; Col. Stewart and his pipe; Mr. R. H. McElroy and his boutonniere; Mr. H. A. Lewis, assistant general manager in charge of Western division; Mr. T. J. Thompson; Mr. George Cook, public relations department; Mr. Allan Jackson, vice-president in charge of sales, and Mr. Beaumont Parks, vice president and assistant general manager, manufacturing. No. 3—Old friends of Col. Stewart's greeting him at Pierre, S. D. The young man in the center is Master Jack Stewart, who chaperoned the colonel on one of the trips. No. 4—Members of the Board and others in the garage yard at Minneapolis. Dr. W. M. Burton, president of the company, is in the foreground, but our real reason for using this picture was to show the sylphic figure of Mr. Grimshaw from another angle, so that he can never again accuse us of neglecting him in favor of bathing beauties. No. 5—Mr. R. H. McElroy started one of the warmest arguments of his career when he tried to tell Mr. T. J. Thompson that the traffic department is superior to the sales department.



(*Continued from Page 28*)

Art Glans, watertender at No. 5 boiler house, is reported on the sick list.

No. 5 boiler house has an increased working force of six that are not on the company's pay roll, a fox terrier and her five new puppies.

The flags at the main office and the paraffine works were the only ones seen floating in Whiting April 24 and 25, in commemoration of the Spanish-American declaration of war by McKinley. A few certain gentlemen had a rather amusing conversation over this incident. Ask Harry Glair, Bercaw, Brown or Al Bumhour for details.

C. J. Schroeder, machine shop draftsman, has recently accepted a new position in the engineering department of the Whiting refinery.

Nelson Dewey, pump specialist at the machine shop, has undergone an operation for appendicitis at the Washington Park Hospital, where he was confined for a period.

Bill Wright, air tool specialist, is confined to his home with a lingering illness. The boys are hoping he will recover and be with them again.

Machine shop baseball players have just purchased new paraphernalia and are very enthusiastic over the coming season, being bent on winning the cup this year.

Can Department

Ed. Zurbriggen of the can house is soon to be married.

Jack Humphrey, foreman of the can department, has returned from a three months leave of absence. He spent the time in Florida, fishing and loafing.

Agnes Walzak, one of our solderers, who has been with us for the past five years, has resigned. Romeo and the gang sure will miss your smiling face, Agnes.

Mrs. M. Kasperen is sure proud of her brother's Star touring car.

Mamie Swint is wearing her new string of beads which she received from Jack H. He brought them from Florida.

Say Genevieve! Did you accept that meal ticket from Irondale? Our congratulations.—Can House.

Art Pelke from the can house is the R. Valentino at the FFF plant.

Sophie Benko will give an exhibition of the "Chardas" at the can house, June 18. Everybody welcome.

John Roman has been appointed chief of the staff of can house reporters. He is some go-getter.

Steam Department

Albert Worytko, pit puller at No. 5 boiler house, has been laid up the past week account of a sprained ankle.

William Watts, watertender at No. 1 boiler house, is back on the job after being laid up for a month on account of an accident received some weeks ago.

Mrs. P. O. Vandeveer has returned from her trip to the "Sunny South" and from all reports had a most enjoyable trip.

Mr. Vandeveer and Mr. Prentice will do well if they have a talk with Albert Hanson, green coal belt man at No. 5 boiler house. From the account of Albert's fishing trip last week he must be some fisherman.

Thomas Taylor, flue blower at No. 6 boiler house, was in the steam department office the other day and expects soon to be back on his old job.

James Arundel, watertender at No. 1 boiler house, has had his car overhauled and repainted. From all reports it looks like a new car.

Steam Inspector Hallet M. Whelan looks like a newspaper boy with his new canvas tool kit. What papers are you selling, Hal?

Mrs. W. P. Doran, wife of W. P. Doran, watertender helper at No. 2 boiler house, is reported to be getting along nicely.

The boys working at No. 2 boiler house, who are staying at the camp, reported a fine time at the boxing matches put on April 27 by the S. O. A. A.

Auto salesmen attention! Andy Harmon, assistant foreman in the steam department, is talking about buying a brand new closed car this spring.

Patrick J. McNulty, watertender at No. 4 boiler house, has bought a home at 7007 Ade Street, Chicago.

Mike Gazdiki, fireman at No. 2 boiler house, is back to work after being off sick for a week.

P. O. Vandeveer, head of the steam department, gave an interesting and instructive talk before the Foreman's Club of the Whiting Plant, April 26, at the Public Library. His subject for that evening was "Steam Generation and Distribution."

Thomas Taylor, flue blower at No. 6 boiler house, is still at the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago, and from the last reports received he is slowly recovering. Here's hoping that you will soon be back, Tom.

The coal gang at No. 4 boiler house is working nights while the machinists are repairing the coal unloading equipment during the day.

John Tuskon, fireman at No. 1 boiler house, is the proud father of a baby girl, weighing 8½ pounds. Congratulations, John.

It is rumored that Don Parks and Paton Richardson, both of the steam department, are getting in trim to challenge the best two bowlers at the Whiting Plant. How about it boys?

Henry Schroder, our popular and energetic ash car man at No. 5 boiler house, was blowing flues the other night at No. 5. Good for you, Henry.

Jack Barry, watertender at No. 6 boiler house, is the owner of a brand new Hupp touring car. It's a good car, Jack.

Henry Callahan, swing watertender on the refinery side, is now tending water at No. 1 boiler house while Bill Watts is on the injured list. Callahan's place as swing watertender is being filled by Daniel Buckley, watertender helper at No. 4 boiler house.

The men in the steam department, who are in on the stock purchasing plan of this company, were very much pleased with the annual statement received from the trustees of this fund.

J. L. Rosenkrans, coal unloading foreman at No. 4 boiler house, was off duty the other night and his place being filled by Arthur Freel, machine man at No. 2 boiler house.

Switching Department

The employees of the yard office extend to Arthur Vernon, their deepest sympathy in the death of his mother, which occurred March 21.

Miss Eleanor Gough has accepted a position as clerk in the yard office. Miss Gough was formerly an employee of the filter plant.

A. E. Chase, of the yard office, who was taken suddenly ill about a month ago, is recuperating at the South Shore Hospital.

Have you noticed the "cheaters" on Edward Bartuska's nose these days? Makes him look very distinguished, and he says all the girls are keeping

him busy. (Bet he wears 'em so he won't miss anything. Don't you?)

It has been rumored around the candle factory that Canner is going to put all new parts into his old Studebaker this year. Then watch him ask the girls to ride!

We wonder why? Canner screws his face into such strange shapes when he swings to bat the ball at noon! John Vargo gets so angry when he bats himself out or a fieldman catches his flies. Clarence Stratton can't keep his temper when no one offers at his low balls.

The candle factory wishes to extend its sincere sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Steve Herpka in their sorrow over the loss of their infant child and also to Mary Olear in her sorrow over the tragedy of her father's death.

"Here is an addition;" That's what Mary Kresack said when central said "No. please?" Central was astounded! Where were you last night, Mary?

Little Billie Wilson, Jr., son of the candle factory's whirlwind timekeeper, broke his arm April 12.

We all know now why Mary K. goes to the East Chicago dances so often. She has a little Otto over there who drives a Ford.

Wanted to know: Who gave Dorothy Bonds? Why does Elizabeth Marvel? When did Mary Sea Man (Seman)? Where is Julia's Kitchen, Joe's Taverne and William's cabin (Kaban)? When was Lillian Porter, Irene Yanke, and when will Loretta Wilt? What does Helen Relich, Rudolph Dust, and how well can Sue Cook? But BEWARE! When Harry Grieves keep out of his way.

Acid Works

Eric Johnson, acid house stillman, and his Maxwell had quite an argument with a safety island in Indiana Harbor recently. The safety island was not injured.

Andy Stevens of Robinson, Ill., has joined the acid works' force and is now employed as an acid house fireman.

John Bachi now pilots a Ford Sedan, and thereby hangs a tale. John started out one morning in search of a new body for his Ford touring. No other thought was in his mind. His trip took him past the O'Neil auto sales room in Hammond where his attention was drawn to a nearly new sedan on sale. That was as far as he went. Someone else drove the touring home and John drove his new sedan.

Roscoe Mitchell of Hoopston, Ill., has taken a position as tester in the acid works laboratory.

And his name is Jack Shaw. Born April 26, 1923. Is his father proud? Why shouldn't he be? Listen: John Shaw of the acid works is the father of six children. Of the two youngest, Betty is twenty months and Jack one month. The oldest child is married and for three years John has been a grandfather. Now what do you think of that.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

A ten pound baby girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bruson, April 20.

We regret to announce the death of the wife of Joe Spolarick, April 24.

The pipe department and tower stills baseball teams were on the winning side of the percentage column at the end of the first week's play of the Sugar Creek, Standard Oil League schedule. The boiler shop and pressure stills teams were on the losing side. The pipe and towers both won one game, and the boilermen and pressure both lost one.

John Beal, pipe coverer, received his citizenship papers, April 16, 1923. A picture of John's home may be found on page 25, June issue, 1922, of the Stanolind Record.

I desire to thank my friends for their kindness and sympathy during the recent illness and death of my wife; I wish also to gratefully acknowledge the beautiful floral wreath sent.—John Webb.

John Schneider, employees' ex-representative, has traded his residence property in Mt. Washington for Kansas City property.

Claude Burson, employees' ex-representative, left the services of the company, April 25. He has been with us seven years.

H. B. "Doc" McCoy, formerly Safety director of Sugar Creek, writes us that he has introduced and has charge of all Safety work in the saw mill at Dryad, Wash. He is with the Duncan Lumber Company.

The employees of the Sugar Creek plant extend their sympathy to the bereaved family of Adolph Chadwick who died April 25.

Pete Dumsky sent his wife to the bank to find out how many kronens $18 in our money would buy. Mrs. Dumsky was told that it would buy one million kronens.

Ed Lynn, night superintendent, got to church so late Easter Sunday that he had to stand up during the services.

John Bundinx was asked what steam is. He said, "Steam is water gone crazy with the heat."

George Brundich has purchased a home on Gill street, Sugar Creek.

Andy Maneur, acid house pumper, reported the arrival of a fine baby girl at his home. Joe Bruson, also has a girl.

Some of our still cleaners are making big pay. One says he is going to build a bridge over the Missouri river with dollar bills.

John Wolfe offered Andy Stavlonich $60 for his cow, but he (Andy), said "no," as Joe Berislovich had offered him $25.00.

Watchman Joe Strako is learning to smoke cigarettes. What is going to happen next?

Mike Mikulich, tower still cleaner, said he built his house at the right time as lumber went up $7.00 a thousand feet.

Herb Fleck, stillman, recently took a vacation. When he returned he reported the arrival of a fine boy at his home.

James Billings, formerly on the tube stills, decided that Missouri was too tame for him so he went West. It is reported that he has returned to Pa.

Earl Heron has gone into the dairy business, having bought a four-gallon cow. Earl says she may be a four-gallon cow, but he only pails two gallons from her.

R-a-d-i-o-i-n-g at the Office

E. J. Cox—Used for broadcasting the names of persons who openly violate the law in Independence and then escape the clutches of the village police.

Jim Hindes—Best entertainment that he has been able to obtain for such a little amount of money.

R. R. Peck—Keeps Mt. Washington people in touch with the outside world.

R. L. McMains—Something to do in the evenings.

Joe Bruer—Gets market quotations on eggs, chickens, etc.

Charles Freeman—Is not interested; ears too big to take head set.

Morris Butler—Head is too slick; head set won't stay on it.

A. F. White—Not interested. Too much money.

H. O. Roth—His side line for pin money.

R. C. Wetmore—Obtains "next meeting" dates of the Houston-Fible customers.

C. E. DeLand—Too busy keeping the Sugar Creek City Hall records straight to fool with it.

Bert Stover—Too deep for him. He don't know what it's all about.

J. A. Hininger—Thinks it's wonderful. Just waiting until they get it down to the point where he will be able to talk to the old country.

Fred Miller—Fine for people with big ears—head set presses the ears close to the dome.

R. C. Harris—Thinks a radio set in his home would be nice, but if one is installed he would have to give up his Dodge, as he can't keep them both running and he prefers his Dodge.

J. L. Broughton—Good entertainment; keeps him home with the wife and family every night.

J. H. Grinter—Market quotations on shrubbery.

Bill Hickey—Will get one when Monkey Wards have a sale on them.

A. E. Hicks—Don't want a radio. (What he needs is broadcasting apparatus.)

Dr. Eyssell—Would like to have one but not room enough at Fairland Heights for an aerial.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Charles Van Deusen has joined the "Get Out and Get Under Club," having purchased a Chevrolet.

Harry Harrod claims he can now drive home with a bottle of milk and not make butter of the cream as was the case with the Ford. He has a Willys-Knight.

William Halton was absent from work for a few days lately entertaining Ole La Grippe. Merle Christy is another victim.

The balmy days of Spring are here. Matt Freeman says, "How's the fishing?"

During the recent election for mayor, Lawrence Ragus had the misfortune to get his Ford smashed up. Better luck next time, Lawrence.

Hugh Christy has left the main pump house to take a position in the laboratory. Willard Duggor takes the job left open by Christy.

Thomas Slaten made a trip to St. Louis in the "best Chevrolet" in the country. Used to be the "best Ford."

We wish to express our sincere thanks to the Standard Oil Company for the services of the quartet and to the singers and the neighbors and friends of this community for the beautiful floral offerings and many kind favors and sympathy shown during the illness and death of our wife and mother, Mrs. Ellen Francis Peters.—The Husband and Children.

Raymond Jenkins is convinced now that the new Chevrolet cars are unable to see objects when backing up.

Carl Juhlin is betting five to one on "It's a boy." Dat a boy, Carl! We hope you win.

Attention, Mr. Beasely. It has been reported there will be a bumper crop of wild grapes at the Missouri Point this season.

Why does John Gerdes carry that bone toothpick in the side pocket of his Dodge roadster?

Herman Schuster does not have as much territory to cover now as formerly owing to the changes in the plant.

A certain fireman on the crude stills aroused the occupants of the hotel where he was living recently with his groans and outcrys from pains resulting from some digestive disorder. In some manner the pains were stopped. Now the boys want to know how he got that way.

Bill Obermiller had a swollen hand that caused solicitous inquiry, but can anyone say they have the low down on what caused it?

Broken arms, glass eyes and wooden legs (and wooden heads) means yellow tags.

Arthur Harr of the pressure pump house has departed for Louisville, Ky., where he will work as boilermaker helper in the car shops. Art has been with us a long time and his many friends wish Mrs. Harr and Art success in their new home. Dave Moore has the position left vcaant by Harr.

The boiler shop reports that two of their esteemed number turned to the study of law recently, Paddy McManus going to Granite City and Joe Barki serving his time at Edwardsville.

L. Harrison got a hurry up call the other day. "It is a girl."

John V. Hayden, boilermaker helper, better known to Big Bill as the singer, is the proud father of a nine-pound baby girl.

Last Summer Tom Pratt set out some tomato plants and carried water three months to keep them from drying up. Then high water came and he pulled them up to keep them from drowning. Tom says he is going to try his luck again this Summer.

We got this one near the store house: "A certain person, who we will not name, can't name (wouldn't dare to name) made the mistake of putting a $5 gold piece in a church collection when a quarter was intended. When the discovery was made, he was advised by a friend to go back and explain the mistake and this certain person who we will not name said, "No! To h—— with it, it is for the Lord anyway."

Larry Hunt set out a trap to catch a rat that had been feeding on his chickens but somehow the trap missed connections and trapped the family cat.

Bill Yenny has just found that water will freeze even if it is inside an iron jacket. When he got out the auto this Spring the discovery was made and cost him $5. And Bill has been with the boilermakers so many years.

Julius Gamer is back on the job again and is helping Charles Graves tune up the thermometers.

By the time this item is read there will be some real dope on the baseball line up. At present there is prospect of four teams not counting those to be formed among the shift workers. Duke Parker, Russell Durham, Fred Fortschneider and Simon Halloran will have a team in the field from their departments. At this time there is talk of a team to be selected from all the players which will represent the refinery in games with outside teams. Get back of the team in your department and all pull for the big team, if one is formed. The horseshoe season is well along and the tennis courts are in good shape for play now.

Take your camera along on some of those trips through the country and send what you think is the best photograph taken in the country near Wood River to Mr. Hall for the Stanolind Record.

The men on the pressure stills extend their sympathy to Jim Dooley in the death of his mother which occurred the last of April.

Safety First may mean no more to you than to the company, but a yellow tag means a darned sight more to you than anyone else, if you're "it."

Present when the votes were counted: Earnest Peters and Bill Wolf, pressure stillmen of the First Ward; Ben Robinson, watertender, and Burroughs, machine shop, in the Second Ward, Robert Farrow, Crude Stillman from the Third Ward and Harry Harrod, main pump house, and Charles Burris

pressure stills, in the Fourth Ward. We have four wards in the city and eight aldermen elected with seven from Standard. "City Dads" they are now, but we will always know them as good fellows, too. Congratulations, boys.

A certain lady of Wood River, while entertaining a friend, was bothered by her small daughter who had picked up a stray dog and wanted her mother to name it. The little girl was told to take the dog out and in a few minutes she came in crying and between sobs said, "You wouldn't tell me what to name my dog and now he run away and I didn't have any name to call him back."

Now that we have discovered streets in the plant and have them named, would it be in order for the Joint General Committee to have a street and alley committee?

A recent report showed that one of our former boiler makers, Louis Bright, who is now auditor of Madison County, saved $2,941.60 for the county through one of his saving plans. Driving rivets seems to be good training for saving the iron men.

CASPER, WYO.

The fellows at No. 3 plant took a notion to banquet their basketball team and 140 men were present. Dr. S. K. Loy was toastmaster for the evening. R. M. Andrus, Dr. M. G. Paulus and H. W. Eberstein spread the salve. The entertainment was fast and snappy. The fat girl was probably the most popular. The singing by Dr. Loy was also a feature. The team for which the banquet was given included Messrs. Erickson, Kidd, Patterson, Rynalski, Rae, Mathews, Leak and Spangler.

John Gordon of the refinery department is another one who has the courage to undertake the matrimonial course.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William D. Minihan, a son, on April 3. Bill says he will be a boilermaker. Real cigars were enjoyed.

T. J. Williams, truck driver, has resigned and gone to Sheridan, Wyo., to reside.

F. F. Graff of the tube stills has resigned and is now in Old Mexico looking after his mining interest there.

A. F. ("Speed") Larson, statistician for the refining department, has been called to Colorado on account of the serious illness of his mother. M. S. Smith of Mr. Thompson's office has been doing "Speed" Larson's work during the latter's absence.

E. R. Tombs of plant No. 3 has been transferred to plants Nos. 1 and 2 and now has charge of a section of the yard office. Mr. Tombs is right at home on a desk, having served several years as chief clerk in a railroad office.

Verne Kelley is building on his lots purchased from the Standard Oil Company.

Joe King is anxiously awaiting the arrival of a new Star roadster. He says he will have the first one in town.

Ed Hollingworth is leaving soon. He gives all sorts of reasons, but sifting it all down there is only one and that is a girl back East.

John Lynch, stillman on towers, has a car with three good wheels. He seems to have difficulty in catching up with the other one which has no desire to stay on the car.

Arthur Guthrie of the tower stills has purchased another Dodge.

John Shaffer, tower still helper, has a new Columbia sport model. The fish will suffer this Summer.

An experiment was taking place on the light continuous stills when Joe King was on shift. Joe, grinning broadly: "Looks like I get all the experiments here, Mac." Mac: "Yep, guess we will have to keep you here twenty-four hours a day, Joe." Exit grin.

John Shuman has a boy six months old and, according to a statement by daddy, he will be a professional strong man in a few years.

WOOD RIVER, ATTENTION!

Jim Gray arrived in Casper safely and is doing well. We only know where he spent 100 years of his life, so if any of you can tell us what he did before that we would like to know.

Kissing married women at $16.50 a kiss is quite a luxury. For further particulars, ask E. Pottorff.

Miss Isabell McDonald, hello girl at No. 3 plant, and Norman Christensen, machinist at No. 1 plant, were quietly married this week at the First Christian church, the Rev. R. R. Hildebrand officiating. The couple were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Tilton. Following the ceremony a wedding dinner was served at the home of the bride. Cigars and candy were appreciated.

Warren Watson, stillman on the heavy reducers, has a new Nash six.

John McCord, pressure still foreman, has a new Nash six.

Bill Emmel, pressure still foreman, has a new Maxwell sport.

Tom Young, pressure stillman, slipped away to Denver last week and married a young lady of that city. The cigars were fine.

We are glad to hear that J. A. Chalker, pressure still helper, who was hurt in an auto accident on Yellowstone Highway, is getting along nicely at the Private Hospital.

Tom Fiddes, M. H. Bass, P. D. Crane, Harley Atwell and Joe Holt all of the pressure stills, have left the service of the company.

Russel Johnson, fireman on No. 2 battery of pressure stills, lost his nine-months-old baby during the first of April. He has the sympathy of the pressure still department.

N. J. LeClue, fireman on No. 20 battery, pressure stills, is sick in bed with the "flu". We hope he will be with us again soon.

W. E. Chapman, inside helper at No. 11 house has a new Chevrolet.

We hear that Charlie Horsch, assistant pressure still foreman, is taking dancing lessons. He says Bill Emmel and Doc Roberts ain't going to be the only still foremen who can sling a wicked hoof at these dances, watch your step, Charlie.

The Shiftmen's Benefit Association took in 170 new members in twelve days this month. Go to it, boys, it is for a good cause.

C. W. Smith and Fred Lau of the Safety department of the Standard Oil Company (Ind.), Whiting, Ind., on their western trip were met by R. A. Hartzell of the Safety department at Casper, Wyo., at Cheyenne. He accompanied them on an inspection trip to Laramie and Greybull; after which Mr. Smith and Mr. Lau spent several days inspecting the Casper Plant. Mr. Smith was scheduled for a "Safety" talk at the Casper Foreman's Club meeting.

Several of the boys, including Rudy Detweiler and the entire membership of the Old Men's Club, have given up nut sundaes and have adopted Dublin Stout as a stimulant. Oh, Min!

J. R. Long has given up his law work in Denver to relieve Mr. Kirk, who is going back to Texas. Mr. Kirk says it took him just nine months to save up enough for two fares to Texas. Mr. Long will probably be with us a little longer as he will have to save for two fares to New York state.

A. F. Larson brings back from Boulder the sad news of the death of his mother. It's a dark hour Speed and we sympathize with you. Speed says he wants the boys to know how much he appreciated their floral offering.

GREYBULL, WYO.

No. 1 Plant

Superintendent Lockard spent a day fishing recently and brought home twenty-nine speckled beauties from Trapper Creek.

Bartie Bentley and Dave Olds have been ill with the "Flu," but we are glad to say that they are both at work and feeling much better.

Fred Lockard and Otis Bentley are both sporting new Chevrolets. Fred bought a roadster and Otis a touring car. Fred states his is strictly a fish car.

M. W. MacGlashan has recently purchased a Ford and expects to spend the Summer hauling trout from the various mountain streams in the vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Truax motored to Lovell recently and spent the day with B. J. Manley, formerly of this plant, who is charge of a refinery there. They report "Stub" is doing fine.

There is a mystery that needs solving badly! B. I. Perkins bought a new $6.00 Stetson hat and wore it home. When "Perk" went to get it, the hat had disappeared and has not been found since. Perk would be very thankful for any information concerning the lost ivory protector.

We are informed that at a recent meeting of the bachelors club, Dave Patterson was elected "chicken picker." Dave should be able to fill the position.

"Chet" Meyers is very anxious to find someone who will make a trip with him to Box Canyon on Shell Creek. "Chet" was up there once before and had a wonderful trip.

ATTENTION, QUINCY

We had an article in the February issue of the Stanolind, concerning one Dean Thomas. We would like to receive an answer to this question.

No. 2 Plant

Local baseball talent is in process of organization and will open their season some Sunday in May.

Henry Goad of Plant No. 1 has all the earmarks of a keen "backstop." Here's hoping he finds things sufficiently attractive to hold him about these quarters for some time.

We have every reason to believe that we are noticed to the very smallest item. When Mr. Lau was here attending to business one of our expert "bag punchers" endeavored to entertain him by relating some of sensational episodes which have passed over the head of "Old Greybull."

George ("Geronimo") Pelo, scamping outfielder of the local nine, recently purchased a team which he will manage himself. Guess the old boy will bust the "horsehide" the year round now.

Sam Docter drove to the Cody lakes in spite of the snow storm and was rewarded for the trip. His catch consisted of eleven nice trout ranging up to 3½ lbs.

Anson Higbee and Louis Luft, veteran ball players, worked out with the boys once this Spring and if they keep in training and observe all the rules they may get signed up for the season.

Lee Anchors and Dan McLeod planned a fishing trip last week. The storm changed Dan's mind so Lee put his minnows in the basement and fed them every day, preparing them for the next trip. One night he gave them some lye water by mistake. Now he hasn't any more minnows.

Among the things that are really worthy of mention this month is the surprising fact that E. M. Hamilton and F. H. Kirsch, boiler maker helpers, have both done two good days' work. Now that's the truth, because they both said so.

G. R. Simpson, blacksmith, has been seen lately driving his "Whisky Six."

Harold Mowell went fishing up Shell the other day and came back with the story that he saw trout with spots the size of dollars. Sh——!

Earnest Hayhurst went home early on a certain afternoon and caught his wife in the act of entertaining the Ladies' Aid. Earnest became official photographer at once and took pictures all the rest of the P. M.

C. E. "Bunk" Rimer, "Swede" Johnson and Jess Perkins all motored to Cody to catch fish. They returned without any, however. This mystery was unsolved until we learned that they spent the night at the Irma Hotel. Very simple, my dear Watson.

If "Fat" Garland does not start wearing a hat soon he'll ruin his complexion. Better look out, "Fat."

We've noticed a worried expression on the countenance of Roy ("Sheik") Hunsberger ever since the first morning he started carrying that telegram around. We hope it was not bad news.

George W. Snyder is having his "Gardiner" overhauled and now he is picking up parts of the car from all over town. Well, we told you he would tear it to pieces within a month.

"Pen" Newton has purchased a new Gardiner and we heard that the first stunt he attempted was to climb one of Greybull's lamp posts. They just can't do it, that's all.

Joe Marcek, works office, was "out" for dinner recently. We saw him dashing around the house and we judged him to be taking advantage of the lull between courses. That's a good idea, Joe, big dinners don't happen every day.

"Snooks" McDaniels must have been fussed at the Odd Fellows' banquet when he mistook pickles for sugar. We think the reason for such absent mindedness sat just across the table beside a rival, "Buck" Suthrelin. Maybe their exchange of school teachers for the evening was made by mutual agreement.

J. T. ("Monty") Fletcher contracted to escort a bevy of young ladies about the plant a short time ago. Mrs. Fletcher became aware of the arrangements and somehow Monty suddenly developed a lame back and the party was postponed.

F. N. Sanford, superintendent of the mechanical department, has been exposed to the auto germ for some time. Latest report is that he is at last afflicted, and has sent to Billings for a brand new Willis-Knight. Guess he won't hi-tone the old Ford now? What!

Floyd ("Red") Dunn has been studying a course. We don't know what it's in but they say that everything is fair in love and business.

W. U. Loveland, age 61, has a girl in Basin, age (?), but her papa won't let her go out with him. Not to be daunted, "Dad" has secured the aid of her brother and has arranged several secret meetings. "In the Spring a young (?) man's fancy . . ."

LARAMIE, WYO.

It is no wonder that "Banty" Rouse had such a gloomy look on his face for the last three weeks. The Missus ought to know better then to stay away so long.

Pat Gray, pumper on plant No. 2, says it is time to put in a garden, but he is not going to plant any "spuds." Last year, they were so small that it took thirty bushels to fill a common barrel.

Leo Hughes doesn't like to have anyone tell stories about him. Some of the rest of us are just the other way for we don't like to have anyone tell the truth about us. Perhaps our past records have something to do with that.

"Whitie" Stricker and Ed Curtis went fishing last week to a place called Sand Creek and the two of them managed to hook five nice small chubs about four inches long. We wish to congratulate them on their fine catch.

Harry Miner, auto mechanic, is building two nice bungalows which are valued at about $7,500 each.

Hank Hanson, watchman, is building an addition to his house.

During a recent blizzard, Ross Moudy had the misfortune of having two cars strike both sides of his. Some damage was done, but the old car still runs.

Bill Cummings, foreman of the machine shop, is leaving for California, in his Dodge coupe, the first of the month.

"V" Knight is batching while his wife is taking a trip to Evanston. We hope that our association with "V" will not send us there.

Ed Curtis, mechanic helper, traded his Dodge roadster in on a Star sedan.

Art McAllister is the proud father of a new baby boy. Art is the good sport, and bought the cigars for the boys on the plant.

Tom Devine is here from Casper, in charge of the brickwork, which is being done on this plant in connection with the rebottoming of the pressure stills.

H. Stonestreet is back on the job after a short vacation, during which he visited relatives in Colorado.

F. D. Bailey is diligently working on a patent device, with which he hopes to make the job of still cleaning considerably easier, and much more efficient. Good work, Bailey, we're all waiting anxiously to see the results of your efforts.

T. C. Kellogg is the proud possessor of a new gear shift for his Ford, with which he nobly attacks all hills in the surrounding country, and so far, has been successful. Better be careful, T. C., this is a big country.

E. R. Brown has a season's fishing license, and incidentally bought a brand new Overland Car, in order to use his license. Gosh, Brownie, bet you have some big old times this summer.

Clarence Erickson was "hooked" for jury duty during the past week.

R. B. Elliff has been promoted from still fireman to pipe fitter helper. All good workers receive their rewards.

D. G. Hull is building a very neat little home on North Pine Street. He says that it is going to have two doors and a porch, but nevertheless it will be "Home" and mine.

"Safety" Smith of Chicago, Fred Lau, Safety Director of the Whiting Works, and R. A. Hartzel of Casper were the visitors at the Laramie plants during the last month.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

Misses Elizabeth M. Harkins and Edith B. Ambrose, Correspondents

George Phelps, employed at Mine No. 1, and an ex-service man, in company with A. L. Waters, ex-service man, have gone to Glasgow, Montana. They have each had sufficient service to entitle them to take advantage of the offer which Uncle Sam is giving to ex-service men, which permits them to prove a claim in one year's time instead of the usual three years.

John Dunn, top foreman, Mine No. 1, was recently elected alderman of the Third Ward, while John Martens, Safety Director, carried off the honors of the Fifth Ward.

R. E. Hessenauer, assistant office manager, kindly consented to "tickle the ivory" for a dance given at the Country Club a few evenings ago. Mr. Hessenauer says he can't stand late hours as he once did. Must be getting old, Earl!

Office Manager W. R. Smith for several days has been wearing a smile that won't come off. The happy occasion was the arrival of a baby boy at his house, who will answer to the name of Robert Edward. Both mother and child are doing nicely.

Arthur Hibbard, superintendent of the electrical department, was ill for several days, being threatened with pneumonia. He has now recovered and returned to his post of duty.

Whether to or not to must be some question when it comes to buying a car. Ask "Blackie," he knows.

E. G. Pearson, J. M. Delaney and C. B. McDonald of the Schoper office force, have all been quite ill with the "flu."

E. W. Kasten, payroll clerk for Mine No. 1, has been experimenting in candy making. He claims the test in cold water failed, and that it was necessary for him to recook it. The result was the candy became "as hard as a board." Nevertheless, it was good, and we wish the other men would try it.

The other day one of the beautiful residences in the neighborhood of the office caught on fire and our office force played the roll of firemen. After the arrival of the regular fire department our men returned to the office. They all agreed that "things came out faster than they would be carried back."

George Underkoefler, garage mechanic, was a sufferer from the prevailing "flu" for a period of ten days.

The many friends of John Cunningham were grieved to hear of his sudden death, April 14. The deceased arose as usual and was preparing to leave for his work at Mine No. 1, when he fell dead. He is survived by his invalid wife and two daughters, Anna Marie, aged 12, and Rose Bertha, aged 10. Mr. Cunningham was well liked by all his associates.

Al Westermeier, cost clerk at Mine No. 1, has resigned and taken a position in the office of his father, Casper Westermeier, who is in the abstract business.

Willard Clark and a local dealer in Buick cars have gone to Flint, Mich. They will drive back cars for customers.

R. E. Hessenauer and Virgil Land have been taking inventory at mine No. 2.

C. W. Clark, assistant general manager, visited in Wood River, with C. B. Manbeck, general manager, who has been ill.

Roscoe Black is working hard on his violin. He goes to Springfield twice a month where he receives special instruction from A. C. Grieves, who is considered Kreisler's rival. We are expecting Mr. Black to open a studio ere long.

Paul Smith, who was injured at mine No. 2, is progressing nicely, and will probably resume work in a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil S. Land spent the week end at the home of Elmer C. Coatney in Brighton. Mr. Coatney is a brother of Mrs. Land.

W. H. Nesbit of the Chicago office spent several days here, looking over things in the coal mining department.

Nine officials from the Madison Coal Company, Mt. Olive, Ill., visited Assistant General Manager C. W. Clark and made a trip through our mines. James L. Anderson, district superintendent, says, "You have a wonderful plant, and there is much about it that is both interesting and educational. I am sure that all of us left you, feeling that we had learned more about the operation of a coal mine than we had hoped to." These speaks highly of our mines, and the manner in which they are being operated.

Charles M. Mills of Chicago and C. F. Hall, Safety director, Wood River refinery, called on C. W. Clark recently.

R. E. Hessenauer, assistant office manager, is now the proud owner of a "Star" car. Mr. Hessenauer boasts of being the first one in Carlinville to own a "Star."

Ralph Hall, former employee at No. 2 mine, has lately taken up salesmanship duties, representing an Oklahoma firm. Mr. Hall will continue to live in Carlinville, his territory being in and around here.

Roy W. Ambrose, employed at the power house, is now driving a new Chevrolet sedan.

Miss Elma Schwarzentruber and John Robinson were married here recently. The wedding took place at the M. E. church, the Rev. W. S. Phillips officiating. Mr. Robinson is an employee at mine No. 1. The Standard Oil family wishes this young couple great happiness.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

We are now installed in our new quarters on the Fourth Floor, East End, and everybody's happy but the fresh air fiends who are continually battling to keep the windows up. With winter leaving, maybe the cold-blooded ones can stand them up a little.

The girls have got their home-rule and a dominion of their own at the west end of the fourth floor in a room all by themselves. The girls are leading the life of Reilly with no one to watch them all day long.

Now that Mr. Longhenry has his new Chevrolet, all hope of the girls getting that box of candy he bet around Christmas is gone. It will keep him busy buying the fuel.

Mr. Gately's wife made a mistake the other day and held out a nickel on him when she sent him to work in the morning. He had already ordered a 15 cent cut of lemon cream pie when he happened to count his dough, and had to tell her to take it back and bring apple.

Mr. Becker is one of the lads who have received new Ediphones and he's so enthusiastic about it that he will pick up the telephone, when it rings, and start telling the party on the other end to take a letter.

We've got a junior clerk named Al Keyes. He's about eighteen and smokes quite a bit. A fellow that age shouldn't be smoking, but if he has to smoke *why don't he buy once in a while?*

There's been several job changes lately, under Mr. Lannon's directions, and you won't know the place soon, for efficiency.

We are glad to see our new paint and varnish expert, E. E. Follin, back in the office after a prolonged illness from pneumonia. He was taken sick while on the road just shortly after he started with the company and is only now beginning to be himself again.

Dick O'Keefe took the fatal leap a short time ago and now reports to work with his daily allowance of 25 cents.

The knife and fork brigade hasten to welcome a new member who has heretofore been successful in hiding his gastronomical ability. As a banquet destroyer, Ed. Kelley sure shakes a mean salad fork. After the banquet "Bruiser" Keely, "Doc" Holland, "Slab" Roesler, "Lefty" Kallman, "Bull Montana" Yale and "Swan" Johnson repaired to the latter's kitchen where they pledged one another's health in "grape juice".

Edward LaSell Briggs claims his burdens have lightened considerably since Miss Emily Hill and her "beau" declared war.

We regret to state that Clarence Leiber's father-in-law has passed away.

Miss Beatrice Melville said it would be a "cold day" when she married anyone, so she took the marriage "brodie" around Christmas. Who says a woman can't keep a secret?

Instead of going to Bar Harbor for his vacation, Willis Pate is going to wait until Spetember and go to Florida.

The building and loan convention has been postponed this year because W. H. Viering, chairman of the board, is unable to attend.

Vacation time is in full swing and the boys of the distribution department, fifth floor, are getting out the old fishing tackle, bathing suits, etc., that is, all but Heart Winner Gleim. Herb is contemplating sojourning to the Bean City, Mass., and will return with the new Mrs. Gleim. Congratulations brother!

Lewis Yocum of the fifth floor, who knows Chick Evans well enough to speak to him, is out every morning before breakfast with the old golf sticks. Lew may win that Stanolind Cup yet.

Not so long ago our little friend, Agnetta Bauer, contracted "radio neck". This disease is caused by listening in on KYW until the wee sma' hours. This is to warn all who do likewise. Watch your neck.

Ruth Gill of the fifth floor is champion heavyweight of the distribution department. Ruth says, "Smile and grow fat." She ought to know because she finds it necessary to stand twice in one spot to make a shadow.

Cooperage Department

Attending church in a "Rocking Chair." Pretty soft for some people. For instance, Miss Collett says no use going out in the rain or snow when one can hear all about fire and brimstone over the radio.

Wonder what is in that big round package Miss Swenson has with her every Saturday morning. Looks as though it might be a lamp shade. Got to keep an eye on these young ladies, especially when they get interested in household furnishings.

Barney Sroka in checking over some barrel exhibits the other day was heard to mutter " 'G' I'll 'B' 'D', did you ever 'C' such an 'E' "?

Miss O'Connell left recently to get ready to manage a household of her own. If she manages one as well as she did her master key books, her future hubby will be a real lucky one.

If you want to hear the dope on baseball, ask Mrs. Nelson and you will surely get all there is to know for she is an ardent baseball fan and rarely misses a chance to see a game. She is some rooter, too.

Have you seen Miss Kaiser in her new Spring Hat? She sure looks the cooties' eyebrows.

Traffic Department

Helen Buldman has a fur neckpiece called "Felix" (after the movie cat). Felix had a slight accident and lost the tip of his tail. Does anyone know a good re-tailer?

A. E. Persons has a brand new Willys-Knight and has promised to take several of the fair damsels of the traffic department riding. Mrs. A. E. P. will wonder why A. E. P. did not bring home this issue of the Record.

F. S. Hollands decided to go in for landscape gardening, so he forthwith procured a catalogue. Now all he needs is a vacant lot on which to move his house so he can plant all the shrubbery he ordered.

A. J. Arnold and H. T. Zaremba are radio fans, but each in a different capacity. Arnold makes 'em, Zaremba breaks 'em. When it comes to a soldering iron and a monkey wrench, H. T. sure is some wrecking crew.

Remember what we told you about Mae Sramek and the hope chest? Well, we guessed right the first time. She's went and done it. Changed her name to Vacovsky.

You've often heard of trying to convince someone that black is white. Jeanette Shea goes still further. She has a fur choker of a cinnamon brown shade and insists it is a "blue fox". Anyhow, she says that's how the label read.

Advertising Department

Forest U. Webster, copy writer, reports the addition of a bouncing baby girl to his family.

F. Quinby Smith, chief clerk, took an inventory of advertising in the bulk service stations here last month.

The advertising department has been brightened considerably by the addition of Miss Evelyn Peterson and Loraine De Hart, stenos.

Hugh B. Watkins is also a recent addition to the advertising department's crew. He is a Kentucky newspaper man and is employed here as a copy writer.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

Frank F. Wente, Correspondent

T. J. Reeves, lubricating salesman, is back on the job again after being laid up for several weeks. Tom says he doesn't like that kind of a vacation.

Ed. Jung, formerly in charge of the accident department, has left us to take over a position as a bond salesman. Ed. is an old acquaintance of most of the old timers, who wish him much success in his new position.

We wish to extend our sympathies to Loretta and Joe White who have been away for several days on account of the death of their father.

C. C. Inglefield is again with us, acting in the capacity of service station stuperintendent.

Owing to the increased business and the number of new service stations opened, the division has been divided into six territories with a supervisor in charge of each. W. T. Williams and R. H. Patterson, formerly assistant supervisors, and C. M. Denker of the equipment department have been appointed to take charge of the three additional territories.

Peter Kiel, known as "Cutie" by his many feminine admirers, and H. Becker, both of Rogers Park Station, have a very noticeable prestige on the streets there as they "deliver the stuff" with their brand new super-tank cars. Anders, Knorst and Guirsch are also driving new cars, which evidently means that Bill Tiede has got the boys all dressed up for a good big Summer.

J. Johnson, warehouseman and chaffeur at Rogers Park, is leaving for Sweden on June 15. Johnson informs us that he is willing to take any messages over in case somebody wants to send them.

We almost forgot to mention the fact that "Cutie" Kiel has something else newer than the "super". It is a baby girl born on March 15. Good luck to you and your family, Peter.

If Gus Wolke turns up missing some day in the near future, you needn't look for him at the ball game because we have a hunch he will be in the garden planting onions. "Atta boy, Gus" that's one way to beat the old H. C. L.

At one time A. T. Donnelan made a statement saying that if the telephone would be taken from him he wouldn't have anything to do. We notice that he has moved his desk away from the 'phone now, so if anybody wants any work done we believe Fred will be able to take it on.

If there is any truth to the rumor from Oak Park, we will expect to receive several boxes of cigars from George Fyfe, our agent there. George says June is a splendid month. We wonder who she is?

If anyone desiring to visit our South Chicago station will consult O. K. Schuenke of the stock department, he will give instructions something as follows:

"Take 119th State Street car and get off at 95th Street; take car back to 79th Street and board a car going west to Halsted Street; take Halsted Street car to 111th Street, then west to 2400; walk back to 95th Street; catch ride with salesman to 3200 west; walk back to Western Avenue; catch ride with real estate men to Vincennes Avenue; walk to Washington Heights Station and ask agent how to get to South Chicago. Walk back to 95th Street and catch ride with two tourists going east to South Chicago."

At any rate that's the route that finally brought O. K. to South Chicago to take inventory on April 30. He says travelling sure is great.

The dashing salesman who has recently been assigned to the Evanston territory has captivated the heart of one of our fair stenographers. When he visits the office, work ceases at the steno's desk.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

R. F. Welzenbach, Correspondent

The stenographers would suggest that Red Niemann have an interview with *Mr. Evers*, head examiner of the davenport field.

Why do the members of the record department remind you of bakers? Because they are always loafing.

Now that the piano has been bought, it wouldn't be out of order for someone to suggest that we buy a pair of roller skates or a wheel chair for Charlie Rogers, our traffic man, it may help him to increase the growth of his mustache.

Why is it that every time Bud Clark is aksed to send a carbon copy of a letter to P. H. McBurney, salesman, she writes it like this: "Phil McBurney, B."?

We have two new papas in the Davenport Office, namely, Spike Kroy and Glenn Slater. Both have excellent taste in picking out cigars.

Early in the month the tank wagon salesmen, truck drivers and warehousemen were treated a demonstration of our products by Mr. Watson, sales manager.

Recently, a party was held at the Davenport Office. The evening was spent in dancing and playing cards. The prizes for progressive 500 were awarded to G. Ellis and Mrs. R. C. Johnson.

KEOKUK, IOWA

C. W. Flanigan cut quite a figure at the last entertainment we had in Davenport. Everybody remarked on his spryness.

"Porky" Snyder, agent-salesman at Lone Tree, has a new job, cleaning the streets. He came in with a muddy truck one day and shook all the mud off on the main street. The Mayor made him get his shovel and broom and clean the street.

Bill Simpkins says if you ever catch him missing any more agents' meetings, you can ship him to Mexico. You sure enjoyed the last one at Davenport, didn't you, Bill?

V. M. Small, agent at Wapello, Iowa, is the daddy of a fine baby girl, who arrived April 16.

J. Cantril, one of our old stand-bys from West Point, says he never attended such a salesman-agents' meeting as he did last week at Davenport, and he is going to make the young fellows go some to beat him.

Casey Jones is the proud daddy of a five-year-old prize fighter, Casey, Junior. Junior is a chip off the old block.

Roy Mallory, one of the oldest men in the agent-salesman business, is going good and getting his gallonage. Roy says the last meeting was the best ever.

DECATUR, ILL.

W. A. Brown, Correspondent

The Decatur employees were highly honored April 2nd, the occasion being the visit of the board of directors and other officials of the company. The meeting was held in the banquet room of the Orlando Hotel. The directors then repaired to the Y. M. C. A. Annex where they were the guests at a joint meeting of the Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis and City Clubs and the Association of Commerce. Col. Stewart delivered the principal address.

Misses Carrie and Bessie Delaney gave a miscellaneous shower at their home in honor of Miss Helen Powers, who is to be married soon.

Another budding romance in the office has been disclosed. At least, we assume it is budding, as the young man in the case seems to be trying to "say it with flowers." Mary says she doesn't know whether he is a florist or a banker's son. (Huh?)

Assistant Chief Clerk C. V. Bissey has purchased a pair of roller skates. Salesmen for several makes of autos were after Vic for some time before he finally decided on the skates. This may be economy on C. V.'s part, but there's not much Red Crown or Polarine business in it.

Herb Hartman said, when we were lined up shaking hands with Col. Stewart and members of the Board, that "it was just like being converted at an old fashioned prayer meeting."

It was not until Schroeder got his new coupe that he was able to pass Holmes in the Polarine Campaign. But don't let that stop you, Holmes.

This is what we call a real one: A certain lady customer recently remarked that she would drive clear across the town to get gasoline at Mr. Coffman's station, he was so kind and courteous, especially to ladies. For your information, Mr. Coffman is attendant at S. S. 24, Decatur, right across from the office.

Cecilia Tighe, the midget steno, came running out to Ken Gardner's desk the other day and hurriedly exclaimed, "Ken, where's my bottle?" to which was replied, "Why? Are you getting hungry?"

Kathryn Powers, Red Crown walking advertisement, quickly chimed in "Yes, it's two o'clock, about time to feed her!" (Bottle? It contained water for stencil.)

Well, Cecilia sure has us guessing now. There's a man in the case and no one seems to know exactly who he is. Anyway, Cecilia won't give us any information, only that he has a big new Hudson and she likes to drive it.

A. P. Crippen, our construction superintendent, thinks he is some traveller. But he went to the depot to take a train for Mattoon and let the Mattoon train pull out. He then tried to get on the Centralia train. The question is, how and when did you get to Mattoon, Crip?

E. V. Kendall's District

Fay Logan is back on his tank wagon in Taylorville after a month's illness, during which time he underwent an operation for throat trouble.

Agent Logan has a new International truck replacing the old Ford. The boys say he is prouder of it than he was of his first little red wagon.

Roy Bundy succeeds Mr. Leavitt, former agent at Hammond, Ill. Mr. Leavitt resigned April 16.

Who said work? John E. Roth succeeds Leonard Kirfiss as attendant at S. S. 20, Taylorville, Mr. Kirfiss being transferred to Owaneco, Ill., as agent.

Ray Bowser, agent at Raymond, Ill., is back on the job having been sick for a week. Raymond is starting off with a new truck the first of the month.

L. P. Schneiter, agent at Edinburg, is going strong. He is about to open a fine big drive-in station in his town. We are with you L. P. to put 'er over big.

Hi, fellows! Anybody want a dog—*yes, just dog?* Write, 'phone or wire Agent George Miller at Mattoon, Ill. He has some fine "part thoroughbred blood hounds" which he will sell cheap.

From the frequent trips that Agent Adams, Cerro Gordo, Ill., is making to West Prairie Street, Decatur, Ill., there must be a fair one that he is exceedingly interested in. We're for you, get her if you can.

Salesman Dawson and family were recently called to Moweaqua to attend the funeral of a brother-in-law, S. J. Pritchard, who died at Leavenworth, Kas. Please accept our sympathy.

H. L. Broyles recently accepted the position as salesman with this company, succeeding Mr. Kendall as general salesman on the Taylorville territory, Mr. Kendall having been transferred to the territory formerly under Mr. Madeira.

E. L. Kachelhoffer's District

L. C. Wildy is the newly appointed S. S. salesman at Belleville. He appears to be a hustler and we hope he will make this station one of the best in Belleville.

L. F. Reno has been employed as a new tank wagon salesman at Belleville.

On Saturday, April 14, D. W. Rundell, safety instructor, organized a Safety Court at East St. Louis, Ill.

J. W. O. Honomichl, chief clerk of the Decatur office, spent several days with us in East St. Louis during which time it rained continuously. Too bad, Mr. Honomichl, come again and we'll see that the rain is not so wet.

Amos Ball, assistant general manager, and N. H. Reed of the Advertising Department, Chicago, accompanied by T. B. Clifford, manager and J. H Budde, assistant manager of Decatur, were callers at the East St. Louis plant on April 4.

Agent C. E. Rode and District Superintendent E. L. Kachelhoffer and East St. Louis salesmen spent Monday, April 2, in Decatur attending a meeting.

The wedding of Miss Lucille Dammerich, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Dammerich to Martin C. Ernst, son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin M. Ernst took place in St. Luke's Church. Mr. Ernst is our attendant at S. S. 6, Belleville, and we all wish them the best of luck.

"Papa" Butts, stake truck driver at Belleville, has that smile that won't come off since the new I. H. C. stake dray arrived.

W. J. Wrona's District

Because E. L. Harmon, truck driver at Pana, clipped his whiskers, he lost half a day explaining to his customers just who he was.

T. B. Clifford, manager, and C. M. Ping called at S. S. 15, Pana, Monday, April 23.

On April 27, a meeting of salesmen and agents, also drivers in Mr. Wrona's field, was held at the Flint Hotel, Pana, Ill.

After a long vacation (?) J. E. Mounts, tank wagon driver at Pana, Ill., is back on the job. We are glad to see him back at his old place after being sick for nearly a month.

N. W. Salter's District

Our hustling agent at Sandoval, Emit Wood, put on the second truck May 1. That's the spirit. We only wish we had more of that type and spirit. We think Mr. Wood should be entitled to help Salesman Below drink that quart.

District Superintendent Salter of the Southern district took the count at the hands of "Battling Flu" and, at this writing, is still confined to his home. Mr. Salter had been putting up a losing fight with the flu for some three weeks before taking the count.

DES MOINES, IOWA
W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

Ben Fuller, formerly of the stock department, has been transferred to the sales department.

N. H. Reed of the Chicago office was a recent visitor to the Des Moines Office. Come again, Mr. Reed.

Chet Wright, of the saleswriters, was standing on the sidewalk in front of the office when a woman in a new Ford Sedan drove over the curbing, knocking Chet down and running over him.

We understand that Henry Thomas, coupon department, who is a member of Troop B, 113th Iowa National Guard, says he has almost choked three horses by hanging onto their necks in going over hurdles.

The entire office force join in congratulating William Kern, formerly in charge of the credit department, who has been appointed assistant chief clerk in this office.

Joyce Tennant of S. S. 97 and A. L. Livingston of S. S. 337, Des Moines, have joined the sales force as junior salesmen. Good luck, boys.

The sympathy of all is extended to O. L. Livingston, who recently lost his mother by death.

Ed. Bishop, formerly attendant at S. S. 6, has been appointed assistant superintendent of service stations in Des Moines. The promotion is the reward of hard work.

Joe Kosilak, order department, bought himself a New Ford and left immediately for a vacation in Northern Minnesota. He returned in two weeks with a wife. Congratulations, Joe.

I. B. Eberhardt is president and Ben Fuller, secretary of the S. O. Bowling League.

Clarinda District

Milo Wynn, a graduate of Clarinda High School and the Quincy Business College, is our new attendant at Hamburg S. S. 42.

Guy L. DeWitt has been appointed attendant at S. S. 85 at Griswold.

We don't know what happened to Mr. Burres, but the following is a clipping taken from a newspaper at Clarinda, Iowa: "Whether he was contemplating the increase in the price of gasoline by law or absorbed in other matters, William Burres, representative of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), walked from the Post Office and deliberately entered a Ford Coupe and got ready to start on his journey when he noted that the color of his magneto key had changed. The owner of the aforesaid coupe was wondering whether he would be forced to make a trade. Will dismounted, looking around to note who had seen the break he had made. The owner said, "Your car is on the other side of the street, just where you left it." Will promised an extra gallon of gas if nothing would be said (?) of the incident.

Spencer District

P. L. Roland, agent at Ayrshire, is the proud father of a ten-pound boy, born April 15. "Some Boy," says Mr. Roland.

Des Moines District

Joe H. Fulton, former agent at Clare, has been transferred to agent at Eagle Grove. Mr. Fulton is succeeded at Clare by J. J. Collins.

Walter H. Dencklan has been appointed agent at Vincent, Iowa. Sell the full line, Mr. Dencklan.

W. K. Weiser, former motor truck salesman at Des Moines, has been appointed agent at Huxley. Let's go, Bud.

Harry Grippie is the new attendant in charge of Scranton S. S. 81.

Carroll District

Wade K. Wissler, warehouse clerk at Carroll, is in the hospital recovering from a broken nose. A hammer-head flew off the handle while in the hands of a fellow employee, striking him on the nose just below the right eye. Complications set in, and it was necessary that he be removed to the hospital. However, we are glad to say he is rapidly recovering.

Theodore Albertson, best warehouseman in the Des Moines division, is rounding out his ninth year in the employ of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). He says he is going to call on the management for a ten-year button in another year. Here's for you, Theo.

Jim says, "Hurray: We are gonna make it! Teedle Deedle Dum." Of course he means our quota in Perfection and Red Crown.

Council Bluffs District

We all extend our sympathy to E. A. West, tank wagon driver at this point, in the recent loss of his father.

B. J. Bertelsen, tank wagon driver, had his foot so badly crushed while climbing through some cars that amputation was necessary. He is getting along as well as can be expected. Mr. Bertelsen has the sympathy of the entire force.

Miss Nelson, cashier at the Council Bluffs office, evidently believes in reciprocity. She recently purchased a new Chevrolet car and did not overlook selling them some Polarine oil.

Creston District

L. W. Gardner has succeeded M. Bennett as S. S. attendant at Leon, Iowa.

E. E. Stewart is our new assistant attendant at Albia S. S.

We are very glad to report the promotion of V. G. Jennings, Chariton S. S. attendant, and H. A. Call, Greenfield S. S. attendant, to junior salesmen.

Seasal Connor has taken Mr. Jennings' place as attendant at the Chariton S. S. and E. F. Sandahl has taken Mr. Connor's place as assistant attendant.

Jordon Clapper, assistant attendant at our Greenfield S. S., succeeds Mr. Call as attendant.

J. M. Randolph, Leon agent, hustled out with two trucks the last week in March and by April 10, had thirty-one tractors humming in his territory with Perfection Oil, Red Crown Gasoline and Polarine. Mr. Randolph has thirty-one tractors in his field.

Tom G. Hamilton, who is now on the annuity list of this company and who was former agent at Creston, was elected recently as assessor of the town of Creston. Needless to say, all Standard Oil Company employees voted for Tom.

Miss Hazel Danielson of the Creston Office recently acquired a Ford Sedan. Hazel is still looking for some one to instruct her how to drive this car. All eligible bachelors may apply.

A short time ago Salesman Harter was escorting J. J. Leu over the Centerville field. Harter's car went into the ditch and he claims that it went off the road on the side that Leu was riding on. We always knew that Mr. Leu was a heavyweight, but did not know that this had increased to such an extent as to force a car to the ditch.

R. J. Bennett has recently been added to the force of truck drivers at Creston plant.

DETROIT, MICH.

Vance Woodcox, Correspondent

"Hi" Sims, our athletic warehouseman at Jackson, helped represent Jackson's Y. M. C. A. team in volley ball at Lansing April 26. "Hi" says they gave the winners a real run for their money.

Leo Mattson, smokestack salesman at Jackson, received his third degree in the Masonic lodge Thursday evening, and upon going down to the banquet found a song book published by another oil corporation at each place. From Leo's standpoint, Mr. Slippers' songs were not so good.

Our enterprising agent at New Boston, R. E. Waterman, comes through with an item that business is improving and the roads are in much better shape.

The fact that our S. S. attendants are in the habit of doing things snappy has again been proven by attendant W. A. Clock, Twelfth and Hazlewood, Detroit. Recently, while motoring with Miss Elizabeth Morgan of Imlay City, they stopped at one of our stations in the above city for Red Crown and Clock, noticing a church, grabbed the attendant as a witness and persuaded the pastor to finish up the deal.

Jim Lindsey, our jovial order department chief, upon being presented with a cigar from Mrs. Hazel Doty's press agent, Bert Balmer, was heard to remark, "Talk about your smokestack customers. Look at me."

The Detroit correspondent has in his possession a letter written to "Dusty" Rhodes under date of October 13, which he has just put a notation on and returned. When it comes to correspondence it proves why "Dusty" is still a bachelor.

H. Doolittle, country general salesman, has returned to "B" station work, filling in during the sickness of George Kinne, agent at Williamston. George, with his new Ford truck, expects to be back on the job soon.

Our employees' party was not satisfactory to Walter Rosenau of the traffic department since he consistently refuses to attend our dances until we can promise a keg of beer on tap.

Although our city specialty men are usually a tough lot to beat, their team went down to defeat in a recent bowling match with the office team. The final score for the three games being something like 650 to 941.

Tom McClenthen, lubricating sales manager, has been travelling over the territory considerably during the recent month, and has brought to our attention the wonderful meals to be had at hotels throughout our field. To prove his point he has brought along a menu which ran as follows:

Minu: Beaf Broth, Roast Beaf, Brown Gravey; Roast Pork, Apple Sause; Veal Stew, Bisquits; Mashed or Steamed Potatoes, Corn and Spinash, Cocconut, Mince or Custard Pie, and Tea, Coffee or Milk.

Walter Wallington, during a recent scrap with the transmission of his automobile, accidentally injured one finger so badly amputation was necessary.

Ray Lawton, our snappy specialty salesman of Lansing, has been trying out his new Reo Sedan between Lansing and Fenton. Oh, Min!

William A. Lincoln, formerly cashier at our Jackson Station, has recently been made agent at Concord, Mich. Jackson is coming right to the front in training men for better positions.

Our agent at Howell, Mr. Burden, recently paid the Detroit Office his first visit during his eight years' employment with our company. He left Detroit very enthusiastic with his reception.

L. W. Anstess in charge of station examiners has just moved into his new bungalow. Mr. and Mrs. Anstess will be at home to their friends shortly.

Recent changes at Bellevue have promoted A. Sylvester, route foreman, to assistant superintendent, and John Goodwin, driver, to route foreman. Congratulations and good luck to both.

We understand that Mr. Phipps, the congenial gentleman from Virginia on the credit desk, during a recent foreign trip to Hamtramck gave a select group of friends his own interpretation of "Mizpah". He expects at his next showing to increase the number of spectators.

Mrs. Havershaw, wife of our South Lyons agent, is now rapidly recovering her health, having been extremely ill during the past winter. We are all pleased to receive this good news.

Our agent at Clyde, during the recent Eureka Harness Campaign, was successful in selling his local Ford agent a five-gallon can, using the talking point that it was excellent lubrication for fan belts. This is what we call real salesmanship.

O. Burns and C. Bence, drivers at our Clay Avenue Plant, are having quite a time putting across an excuse which they gave recently for being late to work. Can you imagine these boys coming through with a statement, "We ran out of gas?"

Detroit employees are requested to congratulate Clifford Bath for the "cooty garage" he is raising on his upper lip.

Bill Gatlin, our underweight superintendent, gave our party, April 21, a little extra on the program when a telephone call during the evening from him announced the arrival of a baby girl.

All lady employees of the Detroit division are requested to give A. Sylvester of Bellevue at least

half a chance to approach the subject of matrimony. Bashfulness on the part of Sylvester is sure to make a bachelor of him.

W. Buckingham, driver at our Clay Avenue Plant, has recently been transferred to clerk in the Clay Avenue Plant.

Dame Rumor has it that Joe Thomas, Clay Avenue Driver, is engaged. Will some one kindly confirm this item?

The superintendent at Clay Avenue has a new duty since the new operator has been installed at Clay. He is keeping the male employees from loafing around the switchboard. His biggest offender being George Stark. This condition will undoubtedly be worse since Miss Marian Hoffend has bobbed her hair.

An epidemic of spring fever has taken the Detroit Office by storm, and has given the boys a chance to think of various jobs they would rather have during the summer. Sam Gamberling has expressed a wish to be night watchman in the House of David.

The Employees Committee gave their second party at the Atkinson Community Hall and if the expressions from those present can be regarded as a basis to judge by, it surpassed our first by far.

Refreshments consisting of assorted cookies and Vernor's ginger ale completed an evening that undoubtedly will be remembered long by those present.

DULUTH, MINN.

S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

"Bill" Bell, who has left for Marquette on a leave of absence, writes to tell us all that he hopes to be able to be back with us again soon. He has not been feeling his best for some time and he hopes that when he returns he'll be full o' vim, vigor and vitality. We sure wish you the best of luck, Bill.

We understand that Melvin Dock's wife is a nurse and a very good one, but from the weight that Melvin has planted under his waistline, one is led to believe that she also must be a very good cook. You'll have to walk up the seven flights of stairs in our new place, Melvin, each morning to reduce.

Mae Cummings, Lenore Greenand, Madeline McClennan are spending their vacation and money in Minneapolis. From their reports, the Twin Cities are inhabited by numerous young folks of the male sex that make it a point to be very nice to people from Duluth.

Charles Rounds was recently called out of town rather suddenly and Madeline, it is said, was very much disappointed—but sh-h-h! That's a secret.

George Johnson, head of the stock desk, is taking a few days' vacation and luck is with him as usual, having his time out directly while we are moving. The stock desks are heavy lifting.

They say that John McCabe spends a good deal of his time now in Duluth evenings and travels quite a bit (between West Duluth and Duluth proper). Yeah, Boy! Eh, Johnnie?

You can certainly tell that Vernon Hammerbeck is back on the job again after having a few days off on account of sickness. The office boys are now working nights carrying out the mail that the credit department is sending out.

Don Cunningham is spending his vacation at Omaha and we 'spect that when he returns he'll be wearing a sombrero and spurs and tell us about the wild horses he has ridden. Ride 'em, cowboy!

Gundy Larson is now a bookkeeper, taking Earnie Shroer's place. Earnie is now in the stock department.

Miss Johnson is back again with us and we are certainly glad to extend to her our welcome hand. Miss Johnson is as busy as ever before and is making Phil toe the mark and Dorris Kurrell settle down to normal.

Pete Johnson, cashier, paid us a visit recently and he looks fine, and we have hopes that he will be able to be with us again very soon.

"Bert" Helpin, who was a former employee of the company and who left to go West, has returned to the northwest again and is now working for the good of the cause in the sales promotion department. Bert takes the place of Miss Ann Bothwell who has left the company for another position.

Ralph Knowlton, from the University of Minnesota, is at the recording desk taking care of Bill Bell's work while Bill is recuperating.

It is with sincere sympathy that we express our condolence to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hooper, our agent at Iron River, Mich., over the accidental death of their fourteen-year-old son, Gordon. Gordon was accidentally shot with a .22 calibre rifle.

Herman Hartwing, agent at Manistique, Mich., tells how he entered into conversation with the agent and operator there. The talk fell to chickens, and it seems that the operator's chickens were bothered with lice. He asked Mr. Hartwig what would relieve that condition. Mr. Hartwig told him in a joking way to purchase a can of Polarine cup grease and smear over the chicken roosts so that the lice would slip off. Upon next meeting the operator, Herman was much surprised to hear, "By Gosh, Herman, that Polarine cup grease certainly did the business for them chickens o' mine. They haven't been bothered with lice or nits since."

"Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., April 6—'The Arctic Circle has nothing on the Soo,' said Vilhjalaur Stefanson, explorer, who spent twelve years in the frozen north and robbed the Arctic of many of its terrors and discomforts, as he arrived before noon today and was greeted by a blustering snow storm and a falling temperature."—The Duluth News-Tribune.

Some time ago, at about the time that everyone was expecting to hear the quitting time whistle for the day, a strong odor of burnt rubber invaded the halls and rooms in the building and much discussion was prevalent concerning what it was and where it came from. "That," spoke up "Wild Bill" Mueller. "is the smoke caused from the hurried exit of Bill Bell." Bill Bell wears rubber heels.

We presume that by this time our salesman at Rhinelander, W. P. Moher, is sporting a new hat, which was presented to him by his former associates at Soo, Mich.

The Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) were visitors at Duluth. Col Stewart spoke before a gathering of employes.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

W. J. McBrian, Correspondent

(No copy received by deadline day.)

FARGO, N. D.

Melville L. Rufer, Correspondent

The base ball bug has nipped a good many of the Fargo boys. A team has been organized, with Mr. Cook as manager and Ed Lunde as captain. Approximately $50 was raised by popular subscription to pay entrance fees into the city league and equip the team.

Three girls without a boy is almost enough to make any father tear his hair in distraction. Not so District Superintendent Lawrence. He simply gave part equity in one of his girls for a son-in-law. The

wedding of Miss Mildred, his oldest daughter, was solemnized on Tuesday, April 10, C. R. Scott being the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Scott left for Detroit, Mich., where they will make their future home.

Chief Clerk Carnine has returned from Porto Rico. Several of the girls are wearing new strings of beads.

George Potter, our agent at Loraine, N. D., recently drove a truck from Fargo to his station, a distance of 335 miles. Quite a distance over North Dakota spring roads, but with Red Crown to "drive him through" he reports that the trip was made without mishap.

Station Examiner I. R. Olson reports that someone slipped a fish into Salesman Dragert's pocket the other day at Lansford. While at the hotel eating dinner, the fish fell out of his pocket onto a chair. One of the lady school teachers sat on it, much to the chagrin of Mr. Dragert. Are you sure you were not the guilty party, Ole?

Mrs. C. H. Ball, wife of Salesman Ball, is a patient at St. Luke's hospital.

Two new typewriter wreckers have been added to our force, Misses Hannah Kovala and Dorothy Labagh.

Ben Wissbrod, our agent at Noonan, N. Dak., reports the arrival of a baby girl at his home April 5.

George Farney of the U. T. L. department has resigned to enter the brokerage business. Good luck to you, George.

H. H. Kincaid, equipment department, was called to Illinois on the illness of his brother.

Charles T. Severyn, agent at Rugby, N. D., and wife, returned March 27 after a three months' vacation in "Sunny California."

Mrs. B. L. Smith, wife of B. L. Smith, sales promoter of lubricating and specialties department, and children, are spending the Summer months at Fort Collins, Col., visiting Mrs. Smith's mother and sister.

J. E. Hall, agent at Webster, N. D., and Miss Irene Peterson of Devils Lake, N. D., were united in marriage at that city on April 20. Congratulations.

Phil Hetzler, of the record department, is wearing a broad smile. It's a boy! Name, Donald Ferdinand.

Ben Carlson, James Brown and K. R. Rolland are the new faces in the check department.

Orlando Nicholson of the record department is driving a shiny new Ford sedan. Henry Baker immediately steps out and buys a Studebaker Six. These two young lads are running a close race for a certain young lady's hand.

Miss Lenore Behrens is wearing a diamond. Who's the lucky man, Lenore?

The check department has subscribed 100 per cent to the stock purchasing plan. So has the iron barrel department, but there is only one in that department.

Ralph Shanks, formerly a famous shut-out artist in the Dakota League, has accepted a position in the order department.

R. L. Johnson and Odin Mortenson have taken up the duties of salesmen.

The Fargo field has been making a special effort to adjust their cash sale differences promptly. To date, at the end of each month, all differences have been adjusted with the exception of those for the current month. How is this for a record? We would like to hear from any field having as good or a better one.

C. B. Ethen, who has been bookkeeper with the company for more than five years, recently resigned to accept a position at Portland, Ore.

It is reported that the recommendation given by Miss Sarah Olson had a great deal to do with the hiring of John Kurowski, new bookkeeper.

They are beginning to think of fishing. Ed. Rick of the warehouse says he speared a bullhead and a sucker the first trip.

Carl Sorlie, former garage foreman, has been transferred to painting road signs.

Messrs. Berg and Art Thorson are rather chesty these days. One purchased a new Overland Six and the other a Maxwell. Two new customers for Red Crown.

Warehouse

Arthur Orvedahl has accepted a position as truck driver.

Foreman Bock and his warehouse crew were complimented by the Board of Directors for the neatness of their warehouse and the manner in which their stock was arranged.

Mr. Hanson, in charge of the rural route system, spent considerable time with us during the past month.

Salesman Hoiland of the Casselton field made a short call at the warehouse. Always a nice fellow to meet and a peep through his order book shows that he is on the job.

It is with regret that we report the resignation of Fred Witt, a man with the finest kind of a personality, as friend and company employee he had no equal. His future trend is toward the Golden West. His past fellow workers wish him the best of luck.

Country Salesman Berg recently purchased a new six cylinder automobile. It's a dandy, and, knowing Berg as we do, there is nothing too good for a hard working salesman like him.

S. S. 1 won the prize for the largest sale of coupon books. Attendant Schultz is to be the recipient of a brand new Stetson. Salesman Scott has been looking over stocks at all clothing houses, but, being unable to find a hat large enough, he has decided to wait until Schultz gets back to normal.

Foreman Bock took upon himself the duties of custodian for Assistant Manager Beaton's cat while his family moved to the farm. In the meantime Mrs. Bock was taken sick and Mr. Bock did the cooking. The result was the cat took a hurry-up leave, and now Mr. Beaton claims that Mr. Bock used undue negligence.

CROOKSTON

Manager F. I. Packard, Assistant Manager J. P. Beaton and Sales Promoter B. L. Smith were in Crookston between trains recently. As their time was limited, they did not call at the station. Guess we'll have to move the depots closer to the plant.

Charles Daymond, who has been working on equipment during the past four months, is now back on the job as country truck salesman.

Nels Kverno has returned to his duties at S. S. 28. He spent the Winter among the Jack-Pine Savages, where, by chewing Copenhagen, Peerless and Climax at the same time, he fared very well.

During a recent coupon book campaign at Crookston, sixty-one books were sold and delivered in two days.

District Superintendent Dodd and Salesman Bioleau, Freeburg, Morris, Dahl, Ladner and Mortenson attended the salesmen's meeting at Fargo on April 19 and 20, at which the Board of Directors were present.

District Superintendent R. H. Dodd was called into the Chicago office yesterday.

John Bragstad, attendant at S. S. 2, says his middle name is Mica. He has set his mark at a 25 pound pail a day for April, and so far is going strong.

H. W. Gaass has returned to work at the "A" station warehouse.

Truck Salesman O. R. Mortenson has been taken from us to take over Hallock, Minn., territory as salesman. We are indeed sorry to see "Odie" leave us, but at the same time we are all glad to see him take a step up. He believes in selling the full line and has demonstrated that he is a real "Full Line Salesman."

MAYVILLE

Our genial Finley agent, A. W. Olson, is now the proud daddy of five children. The latest arrival was a boy, weighing eight and one-half pounds.

T. J. Stewart, agent at Arthur, was unable to attend the agents' meeting on account of sickness. Mr. Stewart needs a wife.

George Stevens, our Galesburg agent, is bound to make a success with the company. His initials are "G. A. S." and he is always talking Red Crown.

Agent Wesley of Portland has the radio bug. He has an excellent outfit installed which picks up all the vibrations from the electric plant. However, the light plant is using Polarine, so Mr. Wesley will not sue them for damages.

P. J. McKanna is a new agent with the company, but the sales he is making at Page this Spring, in spite of competition, will make some of the older men take notice.

Peter Hanson, Mayville booster, is to be complimented on the excellent showing he has made on collections. No unauthorized tickets out at this point, ever. "Get the money first" is his slogan.

MINOT

Salesmen N. G. Bangs, W. B. Sherman, E. L. Miller, George Cocking and Eddie Lund spent the past week putting on a coupon book drive at Minot. Sales supremacy was decided in the daytime and Norwegian whist in the evening. Eddie Lund was presented with a beautiful deck of playing cards. Ask Eddie why.

The warehousemen and truck drivers qualified as ducks when Minot station was flooded by the Mouse river; 100 per cent service still is our motto.

Minot district salesmen were the guests of Duane Clapp at Kiwanis Club luncheon April 25. Duane told them "We will show 'em."

H. H. Hathaway of the sales promotion department and District Superintendent Dood visited the Chicago offices during the past month.

Manager Packard and Assistant Manager Beaton accompanied the Board of Directors to Grand Forks, N. D., at which point Col. Stewart addressed the Commercial Club.

The Moorehead bunch suggest that Harry Overby put the key of his Dodge car on a string.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

K. C. Clapp, Correspondent

Jane Janreth, the "queen" of Grandville Avenue Heights, and the "boss" of the switchboard, created considerable furore when she appeared the other day minus many of her curly locks. The rougher element in the marketing department now refer to her as the "Frau-Frau Girl", but Jane, with her many Sheiks and Tarzans, doesn't seem to mind it a bit.

We don't see why Art Stevens finds it necessary to promenade out in the back yard in a brand new raincoat when the sun is beating down.

Alibis are flying thick and fast between the office and John Ball Park where the baseball gang is conducting its Spring tryouts. Lee Angle, an infielder of much promise, says he strained his back lifting a bucket of coal for his wife. We know better, judging from the price we had to pay for coal last Winter.

Dave Johnson, an aspirant for a pitching job on the team, complains of a sore arm but we believe if he would confine his attention to throwing a baseball instead of "beaning" cats who happened into his nicely raked garden out in the suburbs, he would be in better condition.

Nobody can be like "Hank" Duyser, but we extend the glad hand to H. B. Stutie, who is filling "Hank's" Number 11's in the gasoline and refined oil department. It is rumored that "Hank" is enjoying a prolonged vacation. Each night he sets his alarm for seven of the next morning, is awakened by its racket and then turns it off, and laughs.

Clyde Wright seems to have a monopoly on "Cora" (new name for the Ediphone, her full name being "Correspondence"), and anyone in the sales department who isn't at the office before 7:30 a. m. is out of luck as far as writing letters is concerned. The girls in the Ediphone Room seem to enjoy his voice however, and describe his dictation as "enchanting," "beautiful," etc.

From recent reports blown in bythe high winds from the North, we understand that our genial chief clerk, G. A. Knapp, received the third degree in the art of pool and poker while attending a meeting in that section. Joe Pettit and Clyde Wright were in charge of ceremonies.

The big blue Packard has been consigned to the Infirmary under the tender care of Nurse Jerry Miller. There really wasn't anything the matter with it but Jerry was taking no chances with Mr. Thompson's overgrown flivver and puts a new coat of polish on the already shiny surface every day.

The unmarried men of the upstairs office are mourning over the departure of Florence Baker and Marion Quick who are leaving the buzz of business to the more-or-less quiet sea of matrimony. We want to congratulate John Afman who is lucky enough to win Miss Baker and to offer the same congratulations to Miss Quick's choice.

The Grand Rapids office baseball team walked away with its first ball game of the season, walloping a local semi-pro nine 14 to 3. Grundman, Clapp and Benson all got a turn on the mound, with Coykendahl behind the platter. "Shotgun" Joe Pettit fattened his batting average at the expense of the opposing twirler, accumulating two singles and a double in three trips to the rubber. The Standard Oil Co. team of Grand Rapids is out after state honors this year.

Roy Fonger, who used to sit at the specialty sales desk in the office, has been given the superintendency of the Northern Division and we know he'll make much better than good.

Jack Marvin Brower, born April 26, 1923. But Papa Marvin was not a bit fussed when he came down to the office the next morning, nonchalantly unwrapping a box of stogies. We offer congratulations and hope that the next one is a girl. Two boys in one family are enough, if they're anything like their dad.

Conversation overheard in the office:

Harriet—"What's the slogan for our letters now"?

Elsa—"Sell Grease—Don't Slip."

Harriet—"Where do you put the dash, after the 'grease' "?

Elsa—"No, after the slip"!

The Directors' visit will be long remembered by all of us who were fortunate enough to be present at our fine meeting at the Pantlind Hotel. We are conceited enough to believe the Directors liked us here in Grand Rapids.

The Muskegon organization, including the S. S. tank wagon and warehouse men and salesmen, had a get-together meeting on Wednesday, April 24. Short talks were made by Messrs. Maring, Babcock, Cobb, Guillon, Leaf and District Superintendent A. C. Anderson. The service station men were very much interested in the contest between the stations in Battle Creek, Kalamazoo and Muskegon on the sales of Polarine Oils and Semdac Liquid Gloss.

HURON, S. D.

M. O. Kenner, Correspondent

Merle Mycue, bookkeeper, and Edna Phillips, one of our fair stenogs, were sent off Thursday morning 'mid a shower of rice and good wishes, after having been made "one" the night before. If Edna can make the stove work and the ingredients mix as well as she runs a typewriter, we know that Mike won't even have to start to begin to eat hard ones.

Just because Van left his glasses at home he contested the election of the most beautiful girl in the office staged by the "Doolittle and Seemore Quintet." One pair of glasses was the cause of a girl losing the contest.

C. L. Bailey tipped the waiter a nickel and started talking Semdac in the hopes to sell a gallon to the manager's wife of the Royal hotel. Pat Ryan got up early next morning and sold her five gallons, but we don't know what his line of talk was.

Mr. Bode is happy once more. His wife came home early and sewed on all his buttons.

Carl Olberg, new man in the check department, patted a certain girl, who is in the same department, on the shoulder, saying, "You are my girl, aren't you"? How about this, Carl?

The epidemic in this vicinity is bobbed hair. Now, Miss Taylor, just why did you bob your hair? We presume you and Crystal decided to sleep half an hour longer in the mornings. Mildred cut her hair so that she would have time to take an early morning walk as reducing exercise.

The office girls are trying to find out who the big fellow was at the dance in Huron, April 16, with his pants all dusty, his face all razor cuts and the heels off his shoes. Oh, Buck!

L. L. Knapp, our agent at Houghton, S. D., resigned today to take a position as missionary for the American Sunday School Union. He will work in the five or six counties around Houghton, S. D.

"Shorty" Meyers is with us again as round and plump as ever. You'd never know he had ever batched it, would ja?

Homer Dodsley, agent at Brookings, spent a week end in Huron visiting friends and relatives.

Jimmie, the hugger, is very apt to lose his laurels as Hawley is running a close second.

We are very sorry to lose such a man as John Kraft, who has been with this company for seven years as salesman. Mr. Kraft is taking up new duties with Crane Company, Aberdeen, S. D.

Agent Else of Ree Heights was called to Valley Springs, S. D., by the sickness of his father.

Great mystery: Handkerchief found in Stock Department with initial "D" in the corner. Property claimed by Crystal Smith.

Agent Webster of Woonsocket has added another helper. He is pretty light and can't talk United States, but watch the sales for results.

Our agent at Underwood, S. D., announces the arrival of a son, Leo Dale Borin, April 5.

Our agent at Hot Springs, S. D., announces the arrival of a son, Donald Blodgett, on April 11.

Ray Gillerman announces the arrival of a daughter, Kathleen Mary, on Friday, April 6.

The girls, in making preparations for the welcoming of the Board of Directors, had a series of parties at Mrs. Peterson's apartment, in which Heiny was chief cook with Gladys Taylor as his second, while Mr. Crowe acted as pearl diver. They found that Dorothy was very efficient in making sandwiches which went fine with the pail of beer promised by Mr. Bode but not received. Messrs. Bailey and Bode failed to show up the nights they promised but in order to keep on the good side of the girls they brought ice cream the following night and tried their hand in sewing on rosettes with fish line. The cake which was made by Mrs. Crowe was very delicious and Gladys Mapes furnished the entertainment of the evening by her solo. The promised refreshments by Mr. Miller were never received but he made up for lost time by eating sandwiches. When you come down to the real work, we think that Alice Gun had them all cheated.

District Superintendent Perkins is thinking of going into the movies, as a Sheik he has Rudolph backed off the map.

Faye Cooley, check department, is getting to be quite a "Vamp," we notice. Come on, Faye, give some of the other girls a chance.

We see that Madora Preston is wearing a sparkler. When is it coming off?

Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) were visitors at Huron during the month and gave very interesting talks on different phases of the oil business.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

E. T. Greene, S. S. 19, got vamped out of a 2-gallon can. He says she was a good looker and offers another alibi that he was new to the game of putting out cans without security.

The best guarded secret will out. George Neidigh, New Richmond agent, reports a muff on the equipment department by finding his newly painted tank had been shipped to Martinsville, only a difference of a few (?) miles. They didn't get George's goat as he went out and sold plenty of Polarine.

A. E. ("Speedy") Gustin, order department, has added more accessories to the old "touring", not that he didn't have plenty already. Gus is guarding her against spring fever and possible pneumonia by wrapping a blanket around the breathing apparatus, claiming it is to keep dust out of the carburetor, not knowing she runs on a gizzard.

Edgar Ross, S. S. 304, sold his ancient vintage auto and bought a horse. He was looking for speed.

Much joy was registered by the traffic boys and near neighbors when Mrs. Amos finally wore the long looked for Christmas present—a hand carved ivory dingle-dangle. The donors had been in the deepest gloom.

Order the old padded wagon! Second floor wit (?) breaks out with the old chestnut about Swiss cheese being whole-some.

Form B1061 arrived in these parts during early April and immediately the many embryo stockholders were deep in percentage calculations that threatened to exhaust the visible supply of wrapping paper.

Tony Kirsch "balled the works" again by "reclaiming" some naphtha from a returned MTY Steel Barrel. After blocking traffic one morning with his flivver and getting towed to work, he finally pinched himself that carburetors don't vaporize water with much mileage success.

Salesman E. C. Bartley has just finished his sentence imposed by the Safety court. He says nobody loves a baldheaded man, for he didn't get the usual "five-case" note, a railroad ticket and a new suit of clothes.

Bob Carington left these parts for the South Bend field and Lafayette in particular. A real regular fellow this Bob and he took along a carload or so of best wishes from we'uns.

Add some leaves to the table. The following new members of the "family" are noted since last publication: Miss Verna Heath, switchboard operator; John Porter, specialty salesman; Herman Schockeney, garage stockkeeper; Alfred Kottkamp, warehouseman; Walter Ward, painter; W. I. Buckeridge, lub. salesman; G. M. Griffith, pipe fitter; Leonard Fields, record clerk; D. W. Higgins, warehouse clerk; J. B. Smith, tank car order department clerk; Edw. W. Stadler, pipe fitter; Joe Hook, pipe fitter; C. F. Wicker, pipe fitter; John Runciman, general supply clerk; Miss Loretta Spears, iron barrel stenographer; S. S. attendants E. H. Stuckey, Ferrel Brown, Harold Moore, T. L. Crane and James A. Porter, all of Indianapolis. Outside stations have taken to raise: L. L. Fleenner, driver (Bloomington); J. W. Amerman, driver (Clinton); W. Salisbury, S. S. attendant (Frankfort); Clarence Heaton, warehouseman (Muncie); M. F. Sutton, driver (Richmond); Alonzo Wampler, driver (Bloomington); J. C. Smith, driver (Crawfordsville); Lewis Oakes, driver (Shelbyville); Glen Green, driver (Terre Haute); Ralph Taggart, driver (Columbus); Reland Jones, S. S. attendant (Muncie); Edgar V. Buckner, attendant (Terre Haute); and Albert Bender, driver (Bloomington).

Edward Stevens, the new office boy, has a dome cover which runs a close second to a porcupine's "fur". When told to go out and comb his hair, he said, "I can't comb it."

Will wonders ever cease. Frank Woods is taking on weight.

Recording the experiences of H. O. Elliott and Estel Isaacs, who were finally persuaded to have their fortunes told by a duo of gypsy damsels. It was the old story, they found the cash $10 short that night.

Miss O'Donnell and Mrs. Brown may not be crack musicians but they have new desks which look like baby grand pianos, anyway.

The girls of the office threw a shower on the then Miss Libbie Lee Turner but ignored this column on the details.

Frank Sample, whose business is to keep the trucks running in the southeast territory, is using all of his spare time in explaining how he happened to buy a dog at Aurora, ship it back home C. O. D. and then deny the whole deal.

Miss Josephine Haygood, ediphonist, recently stung by the horseback riding bee, was on a fair way to become a headliner with Ringling Brothers over the sawdust trail—but the horse "slipped out from under" last Saturday. Street cars and Baby Lincolns for her, from here on out, she says.

A recent inquiry to an application for position brought back a brace of choice ones from a doctor (M. D.) it was addressed to. Question—"How long have you known the applicant?" Answer—"I helped him discover America." The question as to speculation and gambling carried this reply: "The young man has recently bought some SOCO stock, would you class that as gambling?"

Frank Wiseman must have a stand in with the fire department. During the excitement of a very small fire which started in the vicinity of one of the service stations where Frank was jimmying a pump into a good measuring humor, Frank leisurely walked over to the telephone and said: "Hello Mike, is that you? Well, send out your fire department." It is still the talk of that part of the city. The *whole* department did come.

Harry Mullinex spent his "vacation" at Richmond, sending his side kick, C. L. Thuneman, the usual postal, a picture of a cemetery with "having a fine time, wish you were here" written on it.

D. A. Russom, successor to Bob Carington, hearkened so hard to wedding bells that he picked on Bucyrus, Ohio (the home of Golduh), and Miss Zeita Conkle as the new Mrs.

Rain in torrents did not dampen one iota the enthusiasm that resulted from the visit of the Board of Directors to Indianapolis. The opening gun was fired about 8:30 A. M. when Mr. Marshall took the floor at the assembly room of the Claypool Hotel and introduced H. R. Cochran, who in turn presented Mr. T. J. Thompson as "interlocutor" and the long looked-forward-to event was on. Excellent talks, crammed full of "100%" sincerity by the various members of the board, were topped off with a long-to-be-remembered address of Colonel R. W. Stewart.

EXTRA! EXTRA!

"A" stations not kicking in with some news items will hereafter be listed under the heading of "places so dead and quiet you can hear a pin drop off the measuring pole while sticking tanks."

NEW CASTLE

O. O. Lowery, not knowing his stuff, has been playing the suit-club idea. He finally awakened by spending $9.98.

Fred Burk, S. S. 9, ordered a man's size uniform, planning to make two-out-of-one.

C. E. Mitchell, circuit driver, has discarded felt boots and night cap. (What? Does he sleep with his boots on?)

Wedding bells are to ring this month for Salesman Frank Swindell.

Agent Rummel went and double crossed the Burnsides special truck—he carries a feather cushion.

Pappy Crim, S. S. 315, has a hard time chewing fine-cut since having some jawbone accessories removed. But Frank sure is still there on the quirt.

The boys here are anxiously awaiting the arrival of a job lot of white collars ordered by Abe Cartwright since he has been promoted to "office dude."

J. R. Grunder runs to the artistic in painting barrels.

Paul Wilkinson, S. S. 315, has intended to paint the town red but finally picked on the station building till his color ran out.

BRAZIL

Herbert Gates, our thick salesman, had a very thrilling experience with the last "Friday the 13th." After calling all of the local police to help him find his disappeared Ford, it developed that Herbert had forgotten where he had parked the car and the excitement subsided only after a big buy of soda by the party of the first part.

Ray Allison was making a stick for a new tank here and had trouble making the pins stick. After he had the stick about completed it was discovered he was using an iron rod.

D. C. Buzard, who was once taken for a circuit town by a deep thinker in the Indianapolis office, is wondering where the bloke got his dope to coin the expression "tin Lizzie" as he is about convinced all the tin is made up into 5-gallon cans.

BLOOMINGTON

I. C. Hillerman, formerly attendant at S. S. 11, has been transferred as clerk in the office.

Luther Gaither is now in charge of S. S. 11, assisted by Dave Carr, who was transferred from Richmond, Ind.

The flu had Homer Parks, S. S. 57, down, but he is up and "raring" again.

TERRE HAUTE

Bill Oliver has thrown away his saw, hammer, wire pinchers and nails—the new high stool has arrived.

Eddie Ring, erroneously named "Curley," defended his bald spot with much success until told hair don't grow on a door-knob. Curley is sure some up in the air yet.

Russell Ellingsworth, S. S. 3, is a carpenter of more than saw and hammer species. See his handiwork, $15.00 worth of display shelves for $2.10.

Agent C. B. Cox says he was admitted to the Kiwanis Club recently and enjoyed a "good feed."

Duke Meredith's work is piling up so that he may have to move in from the "sticks" and go in training on candled eggs and double sprinkled vegetables.

The dignity one notices surrounding Robert E. Lee is not caused by lumbago; only an attack of "coupe-itis".

Verle Sparks, the Valentino of our local force, is off his truck and on his back, with a case of measles. You can imagine the rest.

Frank Smith, who winds the pump at S. S. 27, has discovered a very new and novel way of keeping the safe combination from all harm. He locks it in the safe and then forgets the combination. An honest "safe breaker" was finally found.

William Croxton, order clerk, has a new saxophone. He was overheard trying to arrange with John Hill, night watchman, for the use of the warehouse basement for practice sessions. John didn't entertain the proposition, knowing the basement is not sound-proof.

Government dirigible T. C.-1 passed over the "Hut" plant recently. Howard Griner, warehouseman, was supposed to be city broke but the "balloon" sure did come near snapping the traces which heretofore had been able to hold him. The best in the way of an after-taste is that Howard can't pronounce the name of the "darned thing".

Recently Manager J. C. Marshall delivered a "gasoline talk" before the local Kiwanis Club. The discussion was illustrated with stereopticon slides. The interest displayed by those present and the newspaper publicity given the event was very pleasing.

Just because this station rented limousines from a local undertaker to use in making an inspection of the properties by the Board of Directors, is no sign "Terre Haute" is a dead one. We jumped the gun on "let's go".

JOLIET, ILL.
C. H. Kniep (field) and Miss Evelyn Reece (office), Correspondents

Richard Wheeler has been made S. S. attendant at 42, Kankakee, Ill., taking the place of George Popp, who has been transferred to the Kankakee office.

Jim Lakey is a new tank wagon driver at Kankakee.

E. H. Odette, star tank wagon driver at Kankakee, won a flat iron Friday, April 13. If he goes to the Momence restaurant, his wife will make it unlucky for him.

M. E. Potter, agent-salesman at Dixon, Ill., surely made a hit with the ladies at the auto show with his candle display. Leave it to Potter.

Mr. Schmaling, driver, and Cliff Poisel, driver, are running a close race on the specialty line in Dixon.

We are glad to see Ralph Matthews back on the job at Dixon after being on the sick list.

Clarence Wenstrom is back on the truck after his Winter vacation at the service station in Dixon.

S. E. Thomas, formerly Dixon agent, has been made agent-instructor.

Mr. Good has been wearing a smile lately. We wonder why.

Mr. Good, No. 2, has joined the Standard Oil family at Dixon. Now we ought to see some Good work.

We understand Mr. Duessing had to call upon his wife to finish the sale of 5 gallons of Finol.

We are wondering why Frank Kness' wife watches him so closely while he is on duty at Dixon, Ill.

Otto Blum, agent at Ashton, has two territories, Ashton by day, Dixon by night. Better look into this.

Louis Long, agent at Harmon, received a reward for catching an auto thief on December 15, 1922. Hurrah for Louis.

G. H. Gouker, Byron agent, would like to put his competitor out of business, but feels sorry for his brother-in-law, who is the competitor.

A. D. Pyfer, Polo agent, with his Polarine all placed, believes whoever said "the early bird gets the worm" was surely right.

George Sauer, attendant at Polo S. S., is looking forward to a big honey season.

There is a mystery at Oregon. We understand Harry Allen, agent, was to get a marriage license for Stearns, S. S. attendant. It was to be on the Q. T. Why keep it a secret, boys?

We hear that Honest "Abe", Freeport warehouseman, is the busiest man in the Joliet field, trying to get carload shipments out on time, while working under a handicap.

"Coon" Kaiser is working on the night shift pumping out water.

Al Nuesse's boots came in handy but there were too many feet for them.

John Meyers is back to work again, after being laid up. We missed his two loads a day.

Uh! Huh! Unmacht's price book. Where is it?

"Red" Harrison made his calls in a boat at Galena.

Agent Vietmeier at Forreston seems to be having little trouble in getting rid of Red Crown and Perfection. What he does after hours? You'd be surprised. Ask Salesman Unmacht. He knows.

Mr. Higgins, Durand, is also putting out the Polarine.

Mr. Snyder, Pecatonica, and Roy Adams, Lanark, are both working hard on the full line.

Roy Rademaker at German Valley! We can't seem to get anything on you. Why?

The next time Agent Noble, Orangeville, leaves his order pad at home, he'll take it with him.

Fred Miller, Rock City agent, is reported on the sick list. Hope we have him on the job again soon.

Agent W. P. Anderson, LaMoille, has put on a

second truck and states he is going to clean up that territory this year.

Agent Potter, Triumph, is supposed to have taken a High Dive into matrimony on April 18. We suppose this is the reason for his using two teams of horses during the spell when Triumph could only be reached by boat or radio. He intends to flood Triumph with S. O. Co. products.

Although Agent Seloover has had considerable trouble this year, as two of his boys were badly injured in a gunpowder explosion and he has been laid up on account of sickness himself, he can't be held down, but has shattered his quota every month so far this year.

Agent Buchman, Mendota, reports that with the aid of two live wire drivers, Donald Herbert and John Lindermeyer, Mendota will soon be on the map again.

Ralph Coffee, driver at DeKalb, has a new bone eating dog. He calls it a watch dog.

Glenn Neibergall, agent at Sycamore, sold and delivered a full carload of Polarine to farmer trade so far this Spring.

A. W. Rose, agent at DeKalb, went out one day last week helping one of the drivers get his truck out of the mud. Mr. Rose was out there four hours and he spent two and a half of the four looking for his rubbers, as every time he slipped he lost one. He took a lot of valuable real estate home with him.

Recently Stanley Berg, agent at Shabbona, took four customers away from his competitor on a half mile stretch of road. What would happen if he gets on a longer road?

Ray Heine, Pearl City, is having his carload of lubricating oil delivered shortly.

Tresidder at Galena is working hard on curb pumps.

John Sager at Lena, Ill., has invested in a new speed wagon. Watch his smoke from now on.

Our agent at Scales Mound has secured two additional pumps in his territory and now has seven out of the eight pumps in Scales Mound. He says if the other fellow lives long enough, he will get him, too.

We are sorry to report the death of Louis Beals, father of William Beals, tankwagon driver at Ottawa.

There is a curfew in Ottawa. Kids under 16 cannot run the streets after dark. Therefore Eddie Cordon and George LaVanway can't stay out after 6 P. X.

P. H. Sanno wants Herbie Wagen to understand that Dixon is not a suburb of Sterling.

Elmer E. Anderson of Kewanee has taken on a great deal of responsibility. Said responsibility being a wife.

"Sonny" Humphrey is back on the job again, after taking a vacation during the Winter months, most of which was spent at Palm Beach.

Mr. Piqua said he used to work at the Kewanee Boiler shop, and nobody believed him. However, the other night Jack Otis and Piqua went to a movie. When everything was quiet, Piqua started to talk, waking Jack Otis out of a sound slumber. The noise he made verifies his statement.

Charles Brennan of our construction department is a whiz when it comes to giving the engineer the "head end" signal. He gets results even as to shovels.

Ross Crawford is the proud possessor of a new Ford coupe, but he isn't so proud of the governor.

D. W. Lovett, construction man, is back on the job after an extended leave of absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Axel Lindberg are the proud parents of a son, born April 6. He will be called Raymond. Daddy is one of our road mechanics.

It would appear to us that J. N. Marx is not used to calling. Why don't you try ringing the bell, J. N.? Whistling doesn't do any good.

Miss Hilda Anderson of the credit department is a proud aunty. A little nephew was born April 11.

W. R. Battin is our new sales manager.

Mrs. Ruth O'Day is on her vacation.

We have a prize fighter in the organization. None other than Chic ("Harold") Houck. He was billed to stage a fight at Sag, Ill., May 14.

Leighton Munson has invested in a second hand Ford, and sails around with his nose in the air, passing us mere pedestrians up.

Kaney and Milton would love to know who locked the door of the vault that day.

Which reminds us of the evening, not so long ago, when Mil Lindgren stepped out with a "new young man." 'Pon arriving at home, Mil found she had forgotten her keys. Who opened the door, Mil?

We have a modern Rip Van Winkle on the sales force. How about it Southcomb?

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Art Larson, his father and sister, on the death of Mrs. Aaron Larson, who passed away recently after a short illness with pneumonia.

Miss Helen Scheidt is a new member of the dictaphone department.

J. L. Jackson is a new salesman on the force.

N. E. Birve has been made agent-instructor.

We wonder why Bill Ziech came all dressed up one Monday morning recently. We understand the reason was his assistant. Need we say a young lady? About the second day she was here, Bill probably brought her Spring flowers.

Congratulations are in order for Al Scheidt, district superintendent, and Dan Otis, Joliet agent. On Sunday, April 15, each became the proud daddy of a little daughter. Thanks for the candy, Mr. Scheidt.

Anyone wishing a ride in Mr. Heinen's new Essex, kindly hand their name to Mr. Hanna.

Why won't Pat Patterson, S. S. attendant at the office, come up-stairs unless he is all dolled up?

What is this we hear about W. W. Watson offering Miss MacMillan his diamond stud. It looks as though Dick had better watch Mary.

We are glad to see Ace Hanna, our assistant chief clerk, again with us after being laid up for two weeks with the grippe.

John Davies, Daniel Daley and Harry Hanlon spent their vacations preparing for the Spring rush.

The dictaphone department will soon be minus Miss Elsie Fritz, who leaves on a three months' leave of absence. Elsie expects to see Europe.

The S. O. Co. baseball team has been reorganized and funds are being raised to finance the team, which has entered the Joliet Industrial League.

Mrs. J. R. Fagan, wife of Station Examiner J. R. Fagan, was taken to the hospital recently suffering from appendicitis. We trust she will get along nicely.

Fred Jahneke is our new superintendent of the warehouse.

Last week, Mr. Otis, agent, was showing Mr. Marx, the new S. S. superintendent, around the different Joliet stations and upon arriving at S. S. 11, Marty Ryan, the popular attendant, was nowhere to be seen. Why all the hide-and-go-seek, Marty?

Richard Ernst, Fred Jahneke, Roy White and Ed Erickson have purchased new flivvers. We can almost hear them say, "All aboard for Morris."

Roy Olson, the popular Homer shiek, is back at the old stand at the warehouse. We don't care how you cut your hair, Olie, use a bowl if you care to. (Of course we would first consult Hazel.)

A few days ago Mr. Gray rushed madly out of the office and soon returned with a high powered rifle. He began stalking around the corner. At this moment, Mr. Otis came out and questioned Mr. Gray's peculiar actions. Mr. Gray pointed to some large imprints upon the door of the office. "Now listen here, Dan," said Mr. Gray, "I've always had a hankering to bag a grizzly bear, and I'm sure going to get this one." "Sorry to disappoint you," said Mr. Otis, "but those are the finger prints of Fred Jahneke."

Speaking of Fred Jahneke, we wish to extend our sincerest sympathy to him, as Roy White understands just how you feel, as he has often gotten the "air," but you know if one isn't true, you must expect to get your ring back. They're all alike, Fred, and Elizabeth is no exception. By the way, can you play "Tipperary" on the new Ford?

KANSAS CITY, MO.

W. F. McGarry, Correspondent

Another radio bug has been hatched here. Bill Saeger is taking daily lessons from that radio wizard, Harrington.

Dean ("Sheik") Butts of the stock department led the orchestra to fame at the show of the Grand Lodge of Eagles. There was a big attraction back of the stage. Van of the sales department knows about this. Maybe he'll tell you.

Al Hughes and Miss Queenie Lewis were to be married April 28. The whole office force wishes them the greatest of happiness. Al is an old timer and Miss Lewis is of the chief clerk's office.

Harry Branditz' sleepy appearance lately is caused by his taking the side irons from his bed to brace his flivver. We got this straight.

Miss Beatrice Pirnie, formerly of the iron barrel department, has left to spend three months in the wilds of Arkansas, resting.

Romance? Boy, listen! Miss Jessie Bell Latimer and Karl Saper are mentioned.

J. A. Wasson has entered the Standard Oil ranks and is connected with the sales manager's department. Welcome, Joe.

We are glad to announce that C. C. Vandiver, S. S. attendant at Westport and Broadway, is the proud father of a 7¾-pound girl. Caroline Jane was born Easter Sunday.

We lost one of our old friends in James McGeorge, who died April 6, after a short illness. Mr. McGeorge was well liked as a service station attendant. We extend sympathy to his family.

This clipping concerns Salesman F. E. Scott: "Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Cooper announce the engagement of their daughter, Glenna Mae, to Mr. Fay E. Scott." Of course Fay overlooked letting us know about it. Congratulations, Fay.

New salesmen breaking in usually take their S. S. course at 1810 McGee. We have had so many compliments regarding one George Juvenal who is attendant at the above station that we really can't keep it out of the Record.

Gale Carter is now doing special road work in the promotion of sales at service stations. Gale is a real "go getter" and is sure to make good.

John Cook is now holding down the swing job between Linwood and Indiana and 23rd and Benton, while Mr. Bertrand is now at Linwood and Indiana.

We have had several reports that J. Eagan is a real live wire and works at sixty-third and Paseo. Be out to see you some day, Johnny.

New Salesmen are C. J. Pierce, W. L. Murray and E. C. McFarland. Welcome to the Standard Oil family, gentlemen, and may success be yours.

T. T. Tennant recently received an announcement of the marriage of Herbert H. Halfen, agent at Montrose, Mo., to Miss Eunice Ann Smith, which took place on Saturday, April 14. Mr. and Mrs. Halfen will reside in Montrose, Mo.

Although the weather was fine on April 21, we believe that Miss Ingram, Miss Buck and Miss Latimer were responsible for the gathering at the home of Miss Ingram, of about eighteen young women, in anticipation of a shower. The same did not seem to dampen even the spirits of the Bride-to-be. Miss Lewis was the Queen of the party.

District 6 is now 100 per cent on the Stock Purchasing Plan. Hurrah for District 6. Save your money, and watch it grow.

From Carrollton Daily Democrat:

"Beautiful Window: The artistic traits of one of the Standard Oil employees at the local Standard Oil station, seemed to have interwoven themselves in the beautiful window display of products on sale by that company. Not only are they so arranged to reveal the beautiful blend of colors, but are built in such a manner as display the building art of the artist. Only a casual glance of a passerby is necessary to notice the beautiful window, and complimentary remarks usually follow." This was arranged by C. E. Cressler, agent instructor; and attendants at S. S. 56, Carrollton, Mo.

S. S. attendant at Ft. Scott, Kan., 18, was married April 15 to Miss Mary Gross of Ft. Scott, Kan. We wish the young people all success in in their new venture, and may happiness be theirs. Dist. 6 please copy.

J. C. Haas has just returned from Chicago after attending the wedding of his son, and also paying a visit to the Home Office.

D. S. Jackson, Mechanic for the S. O. Co., sure likes Sedalia. He says the fifth floor dances can't be beat.

Salesman Boston has been having a lot of hard luck with sickness in his family recently. We sincerely hope everything will be o. k. and the quarantine lifted soon, E. E. Also we hope you will send us a picture of that fine big baby girl of yours soon, so we can get it in Stanolind Record.

Glad to see George Gates around these days even if he has a "crick in his back."

Some mighty nice 029s from Uncle Joe Moore recently. In fact all the time.

Leonard Farris and Elmer Staples have joined the ranks and bought a house. They each have bought one we mean. How about a picture of that boy of your's Elmer, also that young lady of your's, Leonard. Stanolind Record family wants to see some real pictures. Let's have 'em.

PITTSBURG, KAN.

Pittsburg is to have one of the classiest looking service stations in the State in the near future. The building which is now under construction at Fifth and Locust will be a brick veneer.

During the past few weeks the boys in the office have been asked several times (by the same party) about Muskogee, Okla. The inquirer asked such questions as—how large is it? Would it be a good place in which to live? etc. What's the big idea, Miss L. J. B.?

Members of the Pittsburg division of "The Safety Council and Inspection Committee" convened at Pittsburg, Kan., April 12, to try their first case. C. H. Dawson was present to inaugurate the Council. The trial of J. M. Reagan, motor tank truck driver at Pittsburg, was the first on the docket, and he was exonerated. The personnel of the Council is Russell Johnson, chairman; H. I. Comstock, secretary; W. H. Daniels, S. S. attendant; F. D. Russell, motor tank driver; J. C. Fox, plant foreman; A. W. Benson, "B" station agent; and T. T. Tennant, associate. The idea of the Safety Council was originated by the Standard Oil Company, and since it has been operating so successfully, many other large corporations have installed it.

The Red Crown Nine, Standard Oil baseball team at Pittsburg, Kan., which was organized several weeks ago, played their first game April 24 at League Park. Their opponent, the Pittsburg team which is composed of city employees. Pittsburg Plant has some mighty fine timber for a baseball nine, and under the guidance of Manager Russell Johnson, and Captain C. E. Price, they should lead the League. The lineup will be Fikes, RF; Gillin, 1B; Mackie, 2B; Price, SS; White, 3B; Widner, CF; Johnson, LF; Parks, C; Dunkle, P and Dean, P. On the bench are Fox, Taylor, Tennant, and A. L. Russell. F. D. Russell and H. I. Comstock have made application for positions on the team, but the best we can do for them this evening is to place them as "pig tail" and scorekeeper, respectively.

Charlie Swoboda! where are those pictures you promised to let us put in here?

We are now in the midst of a Coupon Book Campaign. The results will be in the next issue with the grand finals on the Semdac Campaign.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Miss Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

Kenneth C. Berg succeeds Paul J. Sander as Standard Oil agent at Blooming Prairie, Minn.

When it comes to bowling, Jimmie Bluein has nothing on Traffic Manager E. W. Grove. Last night he rolled an almost perfect game, but owing to the foul in the fourth frame, it robbed him of a 298 score. Three games were played and the scores as follows: first, 193; second, 271; third, 163, making an average of 209.

Fred W. Haraldson is the new agent at Bangor, Wis., succeeding R. F. Ruland.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Quell are the proud parents of a baby boy, born April 18. Herman is a truck driver in the Red Wing circuit.

J. Kolstad, clerk at the S. O. Co., office at Chippewa Falls, Wis., has been promoted to assistant general clerk, and is now located in the La Crosse office.

F. C. Packard, tax attorney from the Chicago office, and R. E. Nuebel, manager of the Tax Legal Accident department at Mankato, Minn., visited the La Crosse office Friday of this week.

D. V. Guentz, S. S. attendant at Winona, Minn., has been promoted to salesman and will now be located at Wabasha, Minn.

An educational meeting of the stationary engineers was held at Rochester, Minn., recently. The main speaker of the evening was D. C. Parker, member of the aeronautics department of the S. O. Co. at Whiting, Ind.

It was through the efforts of A. J. Goddard, district superintendent, and E. T. Shea, city salesman, that Mr. Parker was sent to Rochester to talk on oil refining.

H. E. Bruce, manager, E. R. Remp, sales promoter, W. Romanowsky, assistant sales promoter, from La Crosse attended the meeting, as did J. W. Shields, lubricating engineer, who gave a very interesting talk on lubricating oils.

Harold Pardis left Friday night for Milwaukee. He drove a new Buick back, making the trip in about ten hours.

H. F. Knothe

We deeply regret to report the death of Henry F. Knothe, cashier. Mr. Knothe had been in the employ of the Standard Oil Co. for over 31 years. On December 1, was given a sick leave of absence, from which he never returned.

F. L. Kuhns, former agent at Red Wing, Minn., has been transferred to agent instructor under District Superintendent A. J. Goddard.

Miss Helen Fergerson is spending a few days at her home in Mauston, Wis.

Ed Groves seems to be pretty busy these days listening to himself—and that isn't all—I'll bet we couldn't find one unanswered letter on his desk. It's because he has "A Ediphone."

The following was heard in the stenographers' room after the Ediphones were installed, "Oh, Ed, I can't understand what you say." "Yes, I have that all done."

Ellen, Walter, Helen, Romie and Mabel are very well qualified for composing parodies—if you don't believe it just ask the directors.

Marguerite Thrune's eyes have increased in size 50 per cent since she started using the Ediphone.

J. E. Monegan, assistant manager, was called to his home in Missouri on account of the illness of his mother.

District superintendents, salesmen, agent instructors and station examiners were called to the La Crosse office to attend the meeting held by the Board of Directors, April 14.

W. W. Richman reports "heavy competition" in the race for Alderman for the fourth ward at Wisconsin Rapids, but as 100 per cent salesman for the Standard Oil Company he was able to overcome this competition. The official report was, 146 votes for W. W. Richman and 72 for his opponent. This only goes to prove that "Bill" is efficient.

Wanted: A good comfortable footstool. Must be large enough to accommodate two number tens. See Ed. Grove.

Wanted: A reliable assistant, must thoroughly understand the use of endearing terms. Apply to Art McMann.

For Sale: Witty remarks. Made to order. Edna Greenawalt.

For sale: Advice on successful matrimony and how to attain it. See Omar Johnson.

For sale: A good hearty laugh, sure cure for the blues. Even Evenson.

For sale: My desk on the second floor. Very refined surroundings. Lucille Frizzell.

We regret to report that Clara Bettin was forced to resign her position in the Sales Sheet Department on account of ill health.

The Board of Directors were guests at a luncheon given by the Chamber of Commerce. Col. Stewart gave a very interesting talk on the History of the Standard Oil Co. (Indiana). The U. C. T.'s of La Crosse presented Col. Stewart with a huge bouquet of Red Carnations.

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

S. S. 21, at Jones and Barstow streets, Eau Claire, opened April 28. Roy Wrigglesworth is in charge, being transferred from S. S. 4.

Charles Burnett, agent at Eleva, Wis., has bought a Ford truck. This truck takes the place of the horses which Mr. Burnett has formerly used, but owing to increased business in country are now too slow.

Did you hear about our Osseo agent getting lost in the snow storm? Mr. Page had been to the hotel to talk "sales" with the salesman. After he had gone quite a ways on his homeward trip he discovered he was on the wrong road, so he had to go back to the hotel and get a new start.

Someone hinted that wedding bells will soon be ringing at Strum, Wis. Wonder if they mean the Standard Oil agent? Can you give us any light on this subject, Mr. Amundson?

Elmer Johnson, who left us last Fall, is back on the job at Eau Claire.

B. J. Rudolph, formerly at S. S. 4, has been promoted to agent at Chippewa Falls.

Arthur Perreuond, who deserted us to learn higher football last Fall, is back as city driver at Chippewa Falls. Art says, "No more weak 'about' stuff goes."

Joe Juel, station examiner, had the misfortune to lose his mother April 18. The entire La Crosse Division extends their sympathy.

The following are new S. S. salesmen at Eau Claire: S. S. 4—William E. Wolf and William Meyers; S. S. 21—Roy Wrigglesworth and Earl Rounds, and S. S. 18—Arthur Johnson and Don Walsh.

James Hart is serving an apprenticeship under Ed Henneman the Eureka Harness Oil Salesman at S. S. 9, Chippewa Falls.

George Rank is the new agent at Boyd, Wis.

Joe Sudmeier, attendant at S. S. 301, Marshfield, lost his father April 12. Joe attended the funeral at Dyersville, Iowa. All the employees of the Northern District extend their heartfelt sympathy.

We are very glad to report that the baby daughter of W. W. Richman, our salesman at Wisconsin Rapids, is rapidly improving.

George Brost, agent at Medford, has put on a new I. H. C. Speedwagon to keep up with the business.

Among those stuck in the mud during April, list all agents, drivers and salesmen in the Northern District.

Walter C. Pierce will now have a speaking acquaintance with the assessor. He bought a new home at Menomonie.

Lawrence McDonald is now a full fledged Red Crown dispenser at S. S. 301, Marshfield.

High batting averages for March were attained by M. C. Thompson, agent Abbottsford, Wis., and W. C. Guinn, agent at Hannibal, who went over strong on Eureka.

Fred Eikamp is the new agent at Cochrane, Wis.

The gang from the Northern District attended a quiet little party at La Crosse April 14. Someone remarked that if they would sell Polarine the way they can sing, any one of the bunch could write a textbook on the subject.

Among those sporting new coupes are G. M. Rathbun and J. A. Haanstad.

Orville Nall, agent at Spencer, says that the man who made up the quotas makes no allowance for any holidays.

William Will, agent at Colby, has put on another Ford truck.

WINONA, MINN.

The stork added a seven and one-half pound boy to the family of Agent Dan Farley at Winona. Good luck, Dan.

We wish to welcome back to our ranks here at Winona, Jim Burke. Jim was with us a short time about five months ago, but was taken seriously ill and was forced to leave us. However now he has regained his health and feeling fine and is back on a truck and making things go. We're with you, Jim.

A. D. Kirk, our new district superintendent, conducted a meeting here recently and had some good things to say about us. We are all going to like him and we assured him he has our cooperation. However, Mr. Levy, our former superintendent, will be missed. We want to tell him that a glad hand will always wlecome him at Winona.

Hugh McNalley has been transferred from the country truck to city delivery truck to replace Mr. Van Sickle, who has been transferred as an assistant to the agent in general work about the station.

O. Brown, one of our country truck drivers, has purchased a new home. By way the, Brown put on a pair of overboots and scrubbed the floor and ceiling in S. S. 7. He got more dirt off the ceiling than he did off the floor.

D. V. Guentz, S. S. attendant at 19, has something up his sleeve. Wait!

MANKATO, MINN.

W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

Mr. and Mrs. George Potter are the proud parents of a six and one-half-pound girl, born April 20. Mr. Potter is our hustling agent at Welcome. He says that now he will have to hustle faster than ever in order to keep the young lady in silk stockings.

Every curb pump save one in Mankato is a Red Crown pump. The Mankato Division sets forth this information and claims a signal honor through this showing. H. J. Palmer, Mankato salesman, is wearing a jubilant smile.

At this writing plans are being made by the Red Crown Club for a trip to Minneapolis during the early part of May. It is planned to play a return game of kittenball, the first game having been played at Mankato in May 1922. About fifty people anticiapte making the trip.

We wonder how far R. E. Nuebel drove out of Albert Lea before it dawned upon him that he was on the wrong road. If he had continued in the same direction he would have landed in Des Moines or some other southern port.

During the Eureka Harness Campaign which closed April 15, the Worthington brigade headed by Agent A. I. Johnson sold exactly 150 five-gallon cans. We opine that they went some and the agents in the division hold the same opinion.

We predict a great success for F. M. Elliott who has been appointed to the agency at Albert Lea. Fred has been the city truck driver for some time past, has hosts of friends in Albert Lea and vicinity, and has the enthusiasm and vigor to put the job across.

F. M. Luff, formerly agent at Albert Lea, is now salesman in the Albert Lea field. Fred has had a wealth of experience with the company and no doubt will be a winner in his new field.

George Kelly is having a wild time with the coupe which he took unto himself this spring. George is much excited because certain people insist on calling it a "coop." He says the pronunciation is "coo-pay" and that his is not a refuge for "chickens."

On the evening of April 20 the Red Crown club gave a dancing party at the offices. Although many of the members were conspicuous by their absence, those who attended were well repaid as the evening was one of real enjoyment.

E. L. Osten held the position of "string puller and pistol shooter" at the reception of the Board of Directors and the stunt went off like clockwork. The curtain descended beautifully and Earl's big forty-five exploded with a roar.

No prouder man is in this division than Aaron Bates, warehouse foreman, who was presented with a Thirty Year emblem by T. J. Thompson. We most heartily congratulate Mr. Bates.

Miss Emmerick, who so ably presided at the piano during the meeting, put it over big. Her accompaniment of "Mankato" was without a flaw in spite of the fact that she insisted that "she was trembling like a leaf."

Peggy Schaffenberg, our charming telephone operator, is evincing a most lively interest in Fairmont of late.

The Petroleum Educational Club held two very interesting meetings during April. At the first meeting, R. E. Nuebel talked on the "Refining of Petroleum," dwelling largely on the breaking up of the crude into its various parts from which the finished products are produced. L. J. Wilcox then discussed the subject. At the second meeting, A. W. Otto read his paper on "Fuel Oil, Refined Oil and their Uses." In this paper Mr. Otto maintained the high standards set at previous meetings. Oran Davis followed with a discussion. The open forum which followed was the most lively since the organization of the Club. Three new members were elected at this meeting, M. L. Gretz, R. W. Pinney and C. J. Humm, bringing the total membership to twenty-three. As the total membership is limited to twenty-five members this club will soon have a waiting list of those anxious to join.

April 18 was an epoch making day in Mankato, for on that day this division was honored with a visit from various members of the Board of Directors.

Col. Stewart's message was presented with a straight-forwardness that made a strong impression on the citizens of Mankato and vicinity.

No sadder duty ever fell to the writer than to chronicle the death of T. A. Dorgan, district superintendent, who passed away April 8, following a protracted illness with pneumonia. Hosts of friends mourn his untimely death.

When Floyd McKinley Blough budded forth in that new trick suit and "them dude shoes" we knew that Spring was here. The first robin of the springtime was a "dud" compared to the sensation created by our S. S. superintendent when he flitted into the office.

L. T. Johnson fearlessly proclaims to the world that his station, Ruthton, will produce 100 per cent gain on Mica during the year 1923.

FAIRMONT

A. C. Heller and E. P. Whitney, S. S. attendants at the two lovely stations in Fairmont, invite the World to their stations any time of the year. These two hustlers are far ahead of "clean-up week" which was held at Fairmont during April and much comment is heard in regard to the spic and span appearance of the company's properties. Congratulations, boys, on those stations.

U. R. Diehl, truck driver, is patting himself on the back because of an extra sized commission check on the sale of specialty goods during April. He states that his Winter coal didn't cost him a cent because of the extra money secured by hustling during April.

W. P. Harley, truck driver, is not sold on the universal acceptance of Friday the thirteenth as an unlucky day. On that day in April, Harley stepped out and sold the following goods:

95 gallons Perfection, 260 gallons Red Crown, ½ Resale Polarine Special Heavy, 1/5 Polarine Special Heavy, 1/5 Polarine Transmission Oil, 3 1/5's Eureka Harness Oil, 1/1 Superla Cream Separator, 2 ¾-inch lock type faucets, 2 1/10 Polarine Cup Grease and 1/25 Mica Axle Grease. Even at that he was a trifle unlucky on Semdac! We'll make up for that remark though by saying that Harley sold twenty-one pails of Mica during the first sixteen days of April.

Stanley Day, who has been installed as relief man at the service stations, is a hustler like the regular attendants. He is a student of the S. O. Line and will make a success of his position without a doubt.

H. B. Ray, salesman, was under the weather for a few days with a tooth which troubled. Harry's troubles are now over because the tooth is no more.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Miss Marie J. Zacha, Correspondent

Messrs. B. Parks, Allan Jackson and T. J. Thompson, members of the Board, also N. R. Grimshaw, assistant general manager, recently visited the Milwaukee office.

When Salesman M. Langseth and Agent E. Ireland decided to make a trip from Lodi to Okee, they slightly misjudged the consistency of the mud on the road. And of course the usual thing happened, the little Ford stopped. Reverently, the two aforesaid mentioned gentlemen pushed the Ford back and when they finally arrived at the starting point, Lodi, they proudly exhibited their mud-plastered suits as evidence of the feat.

M. P. Amann, superintendent of the Milwaukee garage, is all smiles. It's a boy! Congratulations. We all smoke, Mat. The ladies in the office say they like candy.

Salesmen K. R. Russell, R. E. Lee and A. R. Davis, up to a short time ago on the sick list, are now back on their jobs.

S. S. Attendant, Phil Blake, Oshkosh, Wis., is a proud father of a boy. Congratulations.

April 15 will long linger in the mind of A. H. Schroeder, agent at Oshkosh, for on that day a rude voice woke him from his peaceful slumber at 6:00 A. M. Bob Kerr, accident man, homeward bound, felt he needed chains for his car and wasn't at all particular about what he did to get them. Careful, Bob, those Oshkosh men have the reputation of being hard boiled.

Wanted: Unfailing remedy for the disease known as "palpitation of the heart." Address, John W. Kaufman, Oshkosh, Wis.

We are anxious to ascertain the whereabouts of Oscar Vangsness, construction man. We hear Oscar has a helpmate now, and therefore, wish to claim the cigars he promised.

The attendants at S. S. 19, Oshkosh, challenge the state on Semdac sales. Their record so far is thirty half-gallon cans in one week.

Quoth F. L. Beaudreau, sales promoter, Milwaukee Office, when someone placed a copy of the Kuryer Polski on his desk, "Where did this German paper come from?"

Several agents visited the office during April. Among them were Benjamin Paepke, Columbus; C. A. Merritt, Racine; F. J. Meyer, Fredonia; C. E. Thayer, Sturgeon Bay, and others. Always glad to see you, boys.

In all seriousness, we would like to suggest to Mr. Thayer, agent at Sturgeon Bay, that he drink more milk. You know, Cully, that results in a rosy complexion.

Congratulations to K. S. Egan, salesman at Manitowoc, who announces the arrival of a future S. O. salesman.

Our dapper Miss Clara Stein, bookkeeping department connected with the side walk. She says she was on the way to church. Clara, come on tell us where you get it and how much.

Our keen sympathy is extended to C. M. Mahegan, agent at thirty-second and Auer, who recently lost his father.

Word received from our co-worker, Harold W. Pett, who is sojourning in Dallas, Texas, that he is nicely located in a new bungalow, introducing doughnuts to the natives.

Bruno Lawrence, attendant at S. S. 5, took the vital step.

Ed Reiss, while attending evening class in the stock department, stated he was not very hungry when it came time for lunch. Glance at the following combination and draw your conclusions; Sauer kraut, ice cream, milk and prune pie.

Lloyd V. Newman, warehouseman at Racine, Wis., was presented with a new baby girl on April 10. Congratulations!

We were recently favored with a visit by Otto Freiburg, ledger clerk at Quincy, Ill. Pleased to see you, Otto.

It is poor policy for any young man to invite a young lady to ride to work and have the car run out of gas at a corner like 16th and Grand, coast down hill to 8th and have the buzz wagon come to a complete standstill, necessitating the lady to remove her person therefrom and walk. Yes, Spieker, our service stations are always open at that time of day. What excuse did he offer, Tess?

Pretty Edna Sheets and smiling Bill Norton, two of our popular co-workers pulled a fast one on us, slipping away quietly to Waukegan, Ill., where the preacher made them one, thus bringing to a conclusion another one of our little office courtships. The secret was closely guarded until very recently. Cigars and candy are in order. Congratulations and best wishes for all.

Jack Trotter of the sales writing department was mixed up in a collision. He escaped with a few bruises, although the cars was more or less demolished. Accidents will happen, Jack.

Irene Peppey's engaging in the healthful exercise of sewing about eight nights a week is explained by the fact that the Easter Bunny brought her a sparkler. Congrats, Pep.

Agents P. Berg, Junction City, and E. H. Maas, Plymouth, suffered painful injuries in the performance of their daily toil. We hope for speedy recovery.

Salesman R. H. Fitz is a sad boy. The reason being that every night on retiring he said his prayers something like this: "Oh, Mr. Prather, please send me a Ford roadster." And along comes District Superintendent A. W. Miller and tells him that his prayers have been heard. The answer was, "Sorry Fitz, but city salesmen must walk."

Chef Zemmonick prepared fifty-five pounds of choice fish and served a regular banquet recently. A mighty interesting radio program would have been listened in on, but Marty Sheehy's wave length was out of line. It is the absolute rule that a man who eats a fish before the gong sounds is fined. Tom Lee owes for several fines, but that is nothing for him as it will be remembered that he still owes for the banquet at Milwaukee. Among those present were Louis Zemmonick, Ed Bertrand, Erv Vanheyden, Powers, Bert Slye, Barney Verriden, Bob Hicks, Lawton Barlament, Bill McMahon, Otto Woelz, William Barry, Walter Gibson, Marty Sheehy, Bill Kiley, Tom Lee, Pat Whalen and Walter Ruby.

Arnold Jenson was not at the party, but on that night there was born to Mr. and Mrs. Jenson a dandy baby girl.

Our attendant at S. S. 15, Jacob Weiland, mourns the loss of his wife. She had been very ill for some time and died April 24 at the local hospital.

Truck salesman A. Selig believes in selling the full line. This is proven by the following sales and deliveries made by him in one day:

Three hundred and sixty gallons Perfection oil, 530 gallons Red Crown, 4/2 Resale Heavy Polarine, 1¾-inch Brass Faucet, 2 twenty-five-pound Polarine Cup Grease, 2 Cs 2/5 gallon Polarine Trans. Oil, 1 twenty-five-pound Mica Axle Grease, 3 ten-pound Polarine Cup Grease, 5 gallons Bulk Medium Polarine (Milk Can) and 1 Cs 1/5 gallon Stanolind Tractor Oil. The foregoing is the rule and not the exception.

The office extends condolence to Mr. and Mrs. M. Eppenberger in the loss of their infant son.

Mike Noah, garage, has resigned, taking a position in Detroit.

New employees, who have been placed on the garage payroll recently include, Frank Gorenschek, Walter Lux (long distance relative of the famous manufacturer of Lux soap), Marion Stefanski and R. Betz. Welcome to our ranks.

Mr. Hanna has just completed taking the machine shop inventory. Glad to have had you with us, Mr. Hanna.

The Garage Baseball Team are tuning up for the annual match with the main office. The garagers suggest that the office bunch had better do likewise unless they take defeat well.

Harold Mexdorf, tank department, had better get busy with the paint brush on his Durant, as the cool night air has a tendency to mar the finish.

Judging from the number of agents' trucks that have been in the garage for tank mountings, Mat Amann assumes the S. O. Company is going to do a raft of business this season.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

G. E. Anderson, Correspondent

Esther Kendrick is back at work having recovered from a bad cold and case of tonsilitis. New symptoms have developed, however, and she is now coming down with a severe case of golf and tennisitis.

The busy season has brought Marie Huss back with us again. Marie is working with Mr. Moran in the coupon department. Now we know she will stay. Once a Standard Oil employe. Always one.

Walter Eckman is now out in the country covering a territory as salesman. As Walt himself says, "I'm gonna go out and show you how to sell S. O. Co's. products." More power to you, Walt.

Mr. Shallenberger, our assistant manager, and Mr. Day, lubricating sales correspondent, have been spending their evenings at the office lately getting up sales data for salesmen.

The final standings of the Standard Oil Bowling League shows Renowns in first place with Stanolax, Red Crowns, Polarines, Solites and Perfections following. Bill Rogan, S. S. attendant 324, was the star of them all, coming through the season with an average of 175.6 for 72 games. League Manager Hugh Moshier says he is going to have a bigger and better league next season.

Bill McPherson, tank wagon driver, got stuck with his truck a short time ago, the first time for eleven years. Bill was not to blame, though, because it was not his fault that the street dropped from beneath him.

M. J. Robertson, tank wagon driver, is happy to announce the arrival of an eight and one-half pound girl at his house.

Francis Paquin, our shop blacksmith, wore a big smile recently for the same reason.

Charlie Wolfgang says he is happy again now after playing nurse to a flock of salesmen's roadsters all winter. They are now back on the road again.

We are glad to hear of Bill Zimmerman's promotion from assistant shop superintendent here to superintendent of the Sioux City, Iowa, division shops. Good luck, Bill!

Ray Jaeger, our warehouse superintendent, is to be commended upon the way he has rearranged his already crowded warehouse to take care of our increasing business.

Miss Selness has become so interested in selling since she started to work on lubricating correspondence that she thinks she wants to carry a sample case and order book now.

Neal Kingsley has been transferred from his former duties as office chemist and is now calling on smokestack trade in Minneapolis. We know Neal will make a good salesman.

The Red Crown Social Club extended an invitation to the Red Crown Social Club in the Mankato Division to a general get-together, May 19. The Club planned to show the Kato bunch a good time, in fact there was nothing undone in the way of showing them a good time. Our Kittenball Team was in fine shape and Greb Martonick was to try once again to defeat our friendly neighbors.

Mr. Steffes has requested that we deny through these columns the rumor that he is engaged. Hank considers it only fair to the girls in the office that the real truth be made known.

Mr. Iverson, our twelve cylinder janitor, has again taken the necessary Spring precautions for a nice lawn. Miss Francis says she doesn't mind the odor, but it gets in her eyes.

We are informed by those in close touch with the situation that Mr. Jehn, prior to his connection with the S. O. Co., was a salesman for ladies lingerie. We understand he "enjoyed" a very nice business.

With the announcement that ladies' first prize would be a moonlight waltz with Joe Huckenpahler, interest in the membership drive of the Red Crown Social Club has been greatly stimulated.

Harry Moran has urgently requested that we "lay off him" in this issue of the Record and out of respect for his wishes, we have no remarks to make at this time.

Miss Sylte is now in charge of the stenographic department and the old engine of efficiency is hitting on all cylinders.

Safety First Rossiter of our legal department broadcasted a talk on Safety over WLAG the other evening, featuring the principle of Safety in business and instancing how our Company assists and educates its employees in preventing accidents.

Our fame continues to spread in Radio. Arch Cameron informs us that he is soon to sing over WLAG also. (Girls, get a Radio!)

The Minneapolis division had as its guests during the month the Board of Directors. The talks of the various members were well received.

The Stanolind Record wishes to congratulate Agent Frank Schneider of Randall who was recently elected Mayor of his town by a majority of four to one. Three cheers for Frank.

When Tank Installer McGinnis was working in Pine River, he went to the hotel in the evening to meet District Superintendent Damkroger. Salesman Purdy was in the lobby and Mr. McGinnis thought he was Mr. Damkroger. He had heard of "them shoes" and seeing Mr. Purdy's pedal extremities so the mistaken identity is not surprising. Still we claim there is only one original pair of "them shoes."

In looking over the back files of Stanolind Record news we ran across an item that was, no doubt, overlooked by the former correspondent. It seems that Mr. Klebba was up north with Salesman Hamlett and while there, indicated an interest in seeing the humble blueberry in its native haunt. Mr. Hamlett drove him out to an ordinary patch of the luscious pie filler and said, "there they are." Mr. Klebba got out of the car and looked and looked, but not a berry in sight. No wonder, kind reader, when the eyes of the witness were looking for them in the high trees. Mr. Klebba now knows that the lowly blueberry clings close to mother earth.

J. F. Cary, agent at Bertha, Minn., resigned. His successor is Fred Dehnel, a cow puncher.

Agent Pet Nelson, Eagle Bend, is up and around after being in the hospital after a serious operation. Harry Taylor is in charge of the bulk station.

W. J. Bailey, agent at Long Prairie, says he has been in the S. O. Co. service for twenty years and has never seen such weather in April as in 1923. Cheer up, W. J.

Leo Hoeschen, agent at Freeport, says he is going to get up an hour earlier every morning this season and work an hour later every day for the season. "Wonder why?"

The other day Francis Gaffaney came prancing down the street with his chest sticking out and three of his vest buttons off. He says a can of Eureka Harness Oil fell off the shelf and struck him on the chest.

Agents C. P. Bristol, Evansville, and C. H Bowman, Ashby, were out spearing suckers on Lake Christine, near Ashby, one night when something scared them away. Tell us what the reason was, and also the costs.

William Streitz, S. S. attendant, Alexandria, Minn., has just recovered from an operation of tonsils. Glad to see him back.

Agent Adolph Bredeson, Starbuck, deserves a tin medal for the walk he took last Saturday night. What's the joke?

William Kaiser, agent at Hoffman, recently received a package by parcel post with 9 cents postage due, sent to him by a very close friend. Next time wear your rubber boots instead of low rubbers, Bill.

Ole Huseth, agent at Brooten, has bought an oversize pair of army shoes for Spring work.

Howard Elliott, Battle Lake, is giving his trucks an overhauling for the season's work.

Hy Dahl, agent at Underwood, reports snow banks in his territory disappeared very slowly this year.

PEORIA, ILL.

P. A. Johnston, Correspondent

Beautiful Spring!

Marguerite Hanson entertained the girls of the Peoria office on the evening of April 27 in honor of Ethel Drury, who left the service on April 30 to return to Indianapolis. Secrecy surrounds the details of the affair, but sundry giggles and whisperings have left us speculating. The merrymakers included Ethel Drury, Mabel Gorsline, Nellie Redfern, Flossie Carlson, Anna Prager, Frances Sweeney Jess Munea, Bernice Moran, Olive Myer, Wanda Powers, Zillah Prichard, Bertha Rimmey, Irene Buchele, Verna Thompson, Velda Foster, Nellie Burquin, Opal Hanson and Marguerite Hanson.

We lost a good pal recently when Fred Wollett left the salesmen's ranks for service elsewhere. "Captain" Fred had a host of friends, and his sunny smile will be missed.

Frank Lotts escaped serious injury when he was knocked from his wheel by a reckless autoist while on his way to work. Frank was laid up for a couple of days, but returned, intact except for the loss of sundry patches of hide, a section of trousers and a large hunk of temper.

The baseball season in Peoria opened Saturday, April 28, when the Red Crowns began the Commercial League race by losing to the Barrett Company in twelve hair raising innings, 10 to 9. Fuchs twirled an excellent game, but his support was decidedly erratic, due to lack of practice. In fact, the boys were together as a team for the first time on that date. Jack Quick, the youthful aspirant for infield honors, took the fans' eyes with clever work after succeeding Hanson in the eighth. Perry Barnes, out in center field, began the year auspiciously with three beautiful running catches and a timely double.

They took Serk off the service station work before he got a chance to kill any robbers. With the city's limited morgue capacity, evidently fears were entertained that the combination of Serk's zeal and his "gat" might bring a flood of dead bandits.

District Superintendent Ritchey got so excited when the Red Crowns scored their first run that he split his vest.

Barbara Lewis

Barbara Jane Lewis, daughter of Salesman H. W. Lewis, Peoria Field. Age two years. Prize winner, Knox County Fair, 1922. Score 99.5%.

Did you ever watch a chicken take a drink? Take a look at Ruth Sutton at the fountain. (Don't blame me, Ruth; this came from upstairs. —Ye Scribe.)

Lessig beams contentedly these days, life being quite satisfactory. His sideburns have bloomed to perfection.

Ted Hellman, checking department, has taken up aesthetic dancing, Verna Thompson being his teacher. (Let the press in on this, Verna. We want a picture of Ted doing an Isidora Duncan on a hind foot.)

Summer sure has came. J. Edwin Dalton appeared at the office recently with "high water" sleeves. Cut off above the elbows.

Mahlon Powell limped in the other morning Questioned, he said the disability was the result of going down to fix the fire in his sleep, and dropping the axe on his foot.

And Eddie's face is long these dreamy days. Miss Koch left our employ March 7.

Having been outdistanced upstairs by his cage competitor in the race for the ladies' favor, Ralph has begun distributing his boxes of sweets on the lower floor. S'fine, Ralph, so long as the traffic department continues to get the pictures off the covers.

And so you've beaten Ralph's speed, eh, Fluff? My, my! And if you only knew who turned in the above item.

The older employees in the Peoria office recently greeted Former Manager J. L. Trann, who is just back from an extended European trip. Mr. Trann looks hale and hearty despite his advancing years.

We learn that J. Clay Lee up in Mankato is now wearing nose glasses with a long black ribbon attached. Those long skirt styles, arriving late in Peoria, must be responsible for the weakened optics.

Mrs. Munea draws flowers on wedding anniversary. Hubby? Not on your life. From the long boy on the bicycle down at Siebenthal & Nelson's. Not so bad.

Nellie is losing her "kick" as a vamp. One of her visitors went to sleep the other day.

W. R. Battin, veteran at Peoria for the past four years, left us to assume the position of sales manager at Joliet. Bill has a host of friends throughout the Division. He was presented with a traveling bag by friends here. Bill Flanagan made the presentation speech, pronouncing the gift "the nearest shape to a bottle we could find." As a parting touch for Brother Battin, we might remark that those Joliet chaps are sure due to catch some brilliant stuff. We just noted a communication from a "school of oratory" addressed to Bill here.

Bernice Moran has returned to her place after an absence of three months. Hair bobbed and minus about forty pounds, we didn't "get" her at first, until we heard the same old laugh. Shake, Sophie!

Peoria division welcomes Kenneth T. Wenger, who succeeds Mr. Battin as Sales Manager. Mr. Wenger comes with a brilliant record. One thing is sure, ye scribe will never allow anything to enter these "kolyums" calculated to rouse Mr. Wenger's ire. He stands about six feet four in his Holeproofs.

Why did Station Examiner Joe Steinback hug his grip so carefully while riding from Springfield to Peoria with Stever?

The girls seem to have taken a liking to old King Tut. How do you like Irene's new blouse?

The city's bright lights were too much for Jimmy Gibbons, who recently moved to his country home. Jimmy has purchased a Dayton bicycle and "drives" to work daily.

Why don't you try getting home before morning, John J., and then you won't be falling asleep in your chair?

Peterson specializes in kittens. Some time ago Powell placed his order for a Tom, and delivery was duly made, the feline being dubbed "Murphy". Yesterday, Powell reached the office wild-eyed. It has developed that he got "Bridget" instead of "Pat".

J. Brown, formerly attendant at S. S. 8, Peoria, and now with the construction department, has the

sympathy of the Division in the death of his little daughter on April 3.

Warehouse

Frank Westphal rejoins the ranks after an absence of two years. Just in time, Frank, you'll go well on the Red Crowns' infield.

Dwight Miller, county tank truck driver, has been promoted to tractor mechanic, and Blake Page has taken Miller's route.

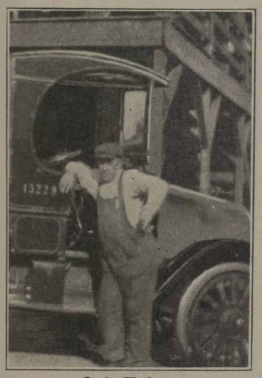
Joe Kennell, tank truck driver in South Peoria, says he will find lots of saws with the new White truck. (Who checkee?)

Tank Truck Driver Ed Kinser likes to help make sticks for new tanks. Says it's the only time he gets his feet washed.

County Tank Truck Driver Backes says he can break more and buy more bad eggs than anybody in the world. Ask Ed Winn, he knows.

Central District

Peoria Division mourns the death of Agent J. A. Tyler of Pekin, who succumbed to an attack of appendicitis on April 17. "Jack" was one of the real fellows. Energetic, popular with all, and a staunch Standard man throughout, the news of his passing brought forth universal expressions of regret. Thirty-eight years old, his stocky, healthful figure gave every promise of a long span of years. To his widow and daughter the sympathy of the company is extended. The universal esteem in which he was held was manifested in the fact that the funeral was the largest ever held in the city of Pekin. The services were in charge of the Masonic fraternity of which he was a member. Manager J. R. Coleman, District Superintendent Ritchey, Salesman Barnes, G. R. Cole, W. S. McReady, Agent Sampson of Monmouth, with all drivers and service station men in Pekin, represented this company.



J. A. Tyler

The Central District suffered another loss on April 10, when C. A. Evans, agent at Glasford, was accidentally killed by the discharge of a shotgun. Mr. Evans was twenty-five years old and was engaged to be married, his unfortunate death, therefore, striking an additional blow. A hustler, likable and good natured, his presence will be missed among all those who knew him. The funeral was attended by District Superintendent Ritchey and numerous fellow workers from the company's ranks.

Eastern District

Standard Service once again to the front! Agent Cullip of Gibson City was driving his truck through town recently when the fire truck dashed out ahead of him. Two blocks further the fire laddies stopped —out of gas. Cullip, just behind, pulled up pronto, and had the truck filled and going again in one minute.

Agent Brown of Rantoul chortles once more over the quantity of Red Crown absorbed by the government aviation field. And the nice feature of it is that it is delivered by tank wagon.

Bloomington disappointed us again this month. S'matter, Gene?

Southern District

Mr. Wilson of Springfield submits an anonymous letter recently received by him, adding comment to the effect that the tenor and local color point to some one of a "retiring" disposition up Ashland way as the author. Excerpts are: "Salesman P. R. Hinds and wife spent a Sunday recently with Salesman Stacy and family at Springfield. Hinds says Stacy was very fortunate to have met Mrs. Stacy before he did, as he was always partial to good cooks, especially one skilled in preparing chicken in Stacy style.

"Ashland Agent Matt Hinds and wife celebrated their forty-eighth wedding anniversary on Monday, April 9. Matt seems as young as on the day he led the Missus to the altar."

The "shrinking violet" who wrote the above letter takes us to task for appointing Dave Lemmel of Petersburg as reporter. Come on, Dave, you old veteran, and give us something so we can talk back.

Heavy Smith announces that his wife has bought a new Ford.

Chandlerville station yard takes on a golden aspect as Spring sunshine appears, and Agent French promises a floral display which will attract visitors, first to admire and then to buy.

District Superintendent Eberle has a habit of locating some of the boys on Saturday nights "to talk business." Funny how soon the talk drifts to lighter veins.

Ask Driver Sieling of Petersburg what it means to put in a rear axle job in the rain and mud and five miles from town, and all alone.

Agent Madison of Easton has shaken off his attack of the "flu" and his smiling face is once more welcomed along his route.

Springfield congratulates William T. Bowers on his promotion to agent at that live "A" station. "Bill" has had seven years' service in practically all capacities.

William Webb, formerly Springfield agent, is now salesman at that point. Webb is such a hustler at putting out the full line than another stake truck has been put into service since he started in.

Wonder if Jack Constant is having any luck with the finny tribe these days? Funny that old truck should develop engine trouble right where they bite best.

Clerk Wilson announces that he is sending ye scribe a fat cigar under separate cover as a little celebration on John G., Jr., six and one-half pounds, who arrived at the Wilson household April 11. Good stuff, young man. We'll withhold further comment 'til we get that cigar.

Agent Ward of Murrayville reported at Jacksonville meeting with a peculiar speech impediment. The following conversation ensued:

Dist. Supt. Eberle—"What's matter?"

Ward—"Teeth out."

Eberle—"Getting a new set?"

Ward—"What's the use? Letter from the office says to get out two hours earlier and return two hours later—wheninell do we eat?"

When is the District Supe going to run that boat excursion out of Springfield?

Western District

Agent-Salesman Frank Pye writes from Galesburg that Western District news will be scarce this month, as he wants to leave space for all the nice things Jack Briggs of Bushnell may say about him. Frank requests, however, that those interested will not overlook examining Briggs' new hat; says from

the looks of the lining it came from the same place as his (Pye's) suit.

Arthur Johnson has been appointed agent at Woodhull. Mr. Johnson is a former driver for Agent Bill Davidson at New Windsor, and if he is as good as Bill, he will sure put Woodhull on the map.

Mr. Taylor was in Galesburg recently and made a distillation test for the employees. "Pershing" is always welcome.

Driver G. D. Strom, Galesburg, while new in this locality, is an old Standard Oiler. He formerly worked for the company at Kewanee, Joliet field.

Salesman Lawrence Jones, transferred to the Beardstown field, takes our good wishes with him in the transfer. We knew Jonesy would get up there after sacrificing his "cream separator."

Agent Tucker at Williamsfield, reports the arrival of a son, April 7. Tucker says he's going to rival the Eddie Foy baseball team, as he's got a complete outfield now. This is the third son.

Thurman, of Rushville, explain how you serve wild ducks at a "fish" dinner. Game wardens, ahoy!

When Mike Maloney of Galesburg attended the meeting on April 5, some of the boys mistook him for a dancing master. Talk or raiment! Mike knocked 'em flat.

QUINCY, ILL.

Henry B. Hardy, Correspondent

Going up! We were glad to hear of the promotion of H. D. Thomas to the position of assistant chief clerk in this office. We are for you, Dean, and hope we'll see you climb a few more rungs of the ladder.

There is quite a bit of rivalry among the S. S. attendants just now. Hannibal and Moberly have pitted themselves against the Quincy men in a coupon-book selling contest, and at this time it appears that the boys from old Missou' are going to take the Illinois men into camp.

The monthly meetings of the plant inspection committees at Quincy, Hannibal and Moberly were well attended and everyone present gave evidence of having real enthusiasm for safety work. Special talks were given by Safety Director Thomas, District Superintendent McAdams and Equipment Superintendent Swinney, and to these were added short talks by the agents at these stations. Mrs. R. R. Hedrick, wife of the agent at Hannibal, made a real hit with the boys by serving ice cream and cake and hot chocolate at the close of the meeting at Hannibal.

Salesman L. G. Bramblet is leading the way this Spring with the belle of New London, Mo., whose name is still unknown to us at present. This affects the stenographic department as the Misses Cason and Ernst will now have one less name on their list of eligibles.

L. W. Sturhahn, assistant chief clerk at Milwaukee, spent an afternoon visiting this office recently. Having spent several years here, he felt right at home and everyone was glad to see him again.

There is a newly furnished home somewhere in Quincy, in which everyone but Miss Schwartzburg seems very much interested. Why be so secretive about it, Gertrude?

According to reports from various men in the field Salesman R. L. Wilson must be trying to work up some trade with the telephone company in his territory.

Ot Freiburg has lost the worried expression he carried for several weeks and in its place has come a regular "happy-go-lucky" smile. The reason is a husky boy, which arrived April 2.

There has been quite a bit of juggling of the gasoline business at Moberly recently, but as usual "Billy" and his Red Crown came out on top.

To the wives of the men in the field: Your husband is absolutely the best man in the world but as a gossip-monger he is N. G. Perhaps you are glad of it, but we are not! Will you either order him to get busy or else get busy yourself and tell a thing or two on him? If he has some little mannerism which you thought cute when you were sweethearting but which has since, in mad moments, made you hate him with a deep—Blah, blah, blah!

Those recently gone vacationing include V. D. Manker, Ot Freiburg and H. B. Hardy. Miss Dapper, secretary to the manager, is away at this writing.

(Two pages of poetry and there's a rule against it in the Record. Gosh!—Ed.)

G. F. Middleton, formerly agent at Clarksville, Mo., has been appointed station examiner.

V. G. Green, formerly station examiner, is now selling the full line as general salesman.

Helen Sorrel and Marian Zander of the stenographic department and Laura Beckman of the equipment department have recently ceased their labors with us. Dame Rumor has it that "Beckie" will soon be dictating to her former dictator.

SAGINAW, MICH.

S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

As a dictaphone valet Jimmie Allen breaks all records. The other day he made a touchdown with Hoerauf's record and it was necessary to gather up the broken conversation in the dustpan.

Extra! James Keho has secured a customer for that gasoline vibrator.

Miss Marcella Thompson had a birthday, April 17. While we won't divulge her age to the world yet we will to those who know our products. It would take one and three-quarters cartons of Code 1140 Superla birthday candles for her cake.

We understand that Elmer Austin is going to walk into the matrimony trap pretty suddenly.

Those contenders for the world record for endurance on the dance floor haven't anything on Otto. When he gets it down to a fine art, he'll knock them for a row of cranberries.

Recently M. C. Gregg was appointed agent at Mt. Morris to succeed M. A. Robinson. We welcome you, Mr. Gregg, and wish you every success.

Here's a coincidence. Barney Daley used to be agent at Reese and Ed. Gugel is the present agent. By a process of elimination you will observe that we have Barney Google. Someone page Spark Plug, though perhaps we'd better keep Sparky away from the gasoline business.

Harry Snyder was stranded for five days at Rogers City. He grabbed off orders for three carloads of oils and greases and after that his interest in the city registered zero and he began to contrive ways and means of getting back to the wigwam.

Robert Allardyce is confined to his bed. He has scarlet fever.

A few days ago Harold Lester appeared on the scene with a badly lacerated chicken inspector. Asked as to how he managed to save the rest of his face he said, "I owe it to the fleetness of my pedal extremities."

Saginaw is putting on another coupon book campaign which is to be general throughout the field. The party selling the most books will be awarded $10; the next contender will get $5. Great interest is being shown.

Just as we predicted, the party was the biggest success since the old time Republican rally. Held April 7 at the Masonic Temple, the guests came early and stayed late. As near as can be determined there were 382 members present. A year seems an awful long time until the next party but its just like a kid waiting for the Fourth of July; when it does come, oh my! ! !

A two-course dinner was served by Messrs. Fisher, McGrath, Mathews, Vanderbeck, Barrenschere, Hoerauf, Jones, Zuver, Thompson, Hall, Buchbinder, Bryson, Elvin, Edgar and Younckman, under the direction of L. E. Patterson. A great surprise during the banquet was the high class music furnished by the Red Crown Orchestra, composed of violin, H. E. Zuber, E. W. Richards and Wilson Kern; cornet, Cammeron Dawson; flute, Fred Dettenthaler; clarinet, S. P. Johnson; banjo, Clarence Young; trombone, R. W. Kern; drums, F. M. Carle, and voice, Francois Lawrence.

After the eats we proceeded to the ballroom, where Mrs. Cammeron Dawson surprised us all by relieving Mr. Zuber of his violin. She waltzed us around to her music, thus proving that she was a violinist of no mean repute.

A chorus, including Messrs. Reip, Lilly, Liddle Ahrens, Albertson, Richards, Seamon, Snyder, McDonald, Fitzpatrick and Coleman, accompanied on the piano by Erwin Richards, sang a welcome song for E. P. Galbreath, our honored guest, and comedy verses at the expense of Manager Keating and Assistant Manager Soop. The Grand March was headed by Mr. and Mrs. Charley Lauer, 44-year Standard Oil workers.

Francois Lawrence and Clarence Young scored a knockout when they sang Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shehan.

For those who did not care to dance there were card games and for the kiddies there were games, story telling and a fish pond.

It seemed as though the gayety had just begun when the orchestra was playing Home Sweet Home. Great credit is due to the committee for the success of this party. Those on the committee were Francis Fettig, Bill Liddle, Pa Lauer, Bruce McDonald and Louis Reip.

Out-of-town guests were Archie Clothier and family, Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Parker, Marlette; J. R. Sarle and family, Freeland; Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith, Bancroft; Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Moyer, Kingston; Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Fesler, Caro; Mr. and Mrs. Russel Sharp, Imlay City; Mr. and Mrs. George Slough, Lapeer; Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Howell, Ashley; Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lehr, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Plowman, Alma; Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Lyon, Grand Blanc; Sanford Getz, Brown City; Hal Sharp and family, North Branch; Neil McLennan, Peck; W. R. Smith and family, Yale; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Church, Mt. Pleasant; Mr. and Mrs. F. Moyer, Kingston. Bay City and Flint were represented nearly 100 per cent.

PORT HURON, MICH.

The way Otto Ernest, our new warehouseman, made the big pile of resale barrels look sick, makes us believe that there will be something doing around here this Summer.

George Hintz (patting himself on the back), "I'm the guy who'll put Port Huron over the top! I just sold Fred B. a case of candles."

Joe Beatty (starting to write up the 083), "Thanks, George, what kind?"

Hintz—"Gosh! I didn't know there were two kinds."

Moral—From now on our equipment man will carry a catalogue showing our 57 varieties.

With Eddie Gellow, Charlie Jones and George Harrington, our new S. S. attendants, we have well over a quarter of a ton of smiling service.

Port Huron was represented at the Saginaw meeting by Messrs. S. Bell, C. Bell, H. Butlin and J. C. Ahrens. They report a very enjoyable and instructive meeting.

On March 27, Mr. Carle, our credit man, paid us a visit but that's all. Mr. Jackson, his chauffeur, would let him pay.

Our general meeting was held here for all employees, featuring Superintendent D. H. Shepherd. Three, and in some cases four-course dinners of "hot dogs" and fixings were served (not so dainty).

Art Gardner's popularity quickly waned when he tried to back up his mysterious whisperings and licking of lips with an empty hip pocket.

Bill Villenauve used to work in the lumber camps and some of his stories are filled with mystery and adventure. He relates that one time they ran 40,000 logs from Cadillac to Kokomo Island. You ought to hear him tell it.

Edward Fisher, our shipping clerk, has tendered his resignation to become effective. He is leaving for Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Shepherd announce the arrival of a baby girl, Susan Ann, on April 7. Mr. Shepherd is our district superintendent in charge of the Southern division with headquarters at Flint.

Miss Otilla Hall now has charge of the harem, otherwise known as the stenographic department. Psst ! ! ! ! ! ! Mr. Editor, just wait until Summer comes—we'll send you their picture. (Gosh! Do they play ball, run races, or, or——? We can hardly wait.—Ed.)

John Weed, garage salesman, had an adventure at Rogers City which came very near being his Waterloo, only this time the water was pretty high.

Referring to a particularly cold day we experienced one week in March, Harold Zuber unblushingly told about the time he had forty acres of the best lead pencils that ever marked up a ten dollar suit. He says they were just beginning to rubber out nicely when we had a frost that ruined the whole mess. You've seen those pencils with short rubbers? Well, he says they are part of his crop. Harold, you are elected vice-president, secretary and treasurer of our Ananias club.

J. B. Rust, of Saginaw, has been appointed salesman with headquarters at Alma, Mich., while W. A. Galloway, of Caro, has been assigned the Caro territory.

Mrs. Richard Burke, wife of our Coleman agent, was a visitor at the office April 19. No wonder Richard looks so pleasant and contented. Who wouldn't?

Mr. and Mrs. Hartman of Marlette were at our party and from all indications they had a fine time. We certainly enjoyed their presence and hope they can arrange to come to our picnic which will be some time this Summer.

Miss Loretta Egerer, who has been absent for a year, is with us again, still as pleasant as ever.

BAY CITY

We held a tank wagon sales meeting in the office recently, presided over by Ollie Richards. Frank Church and Isaac Baker also spoke.

Louie Reip, S. S. superintendent, called the tank wagon drivers together and explained all the good features of the Coupon Book and secured their cooperation in the sale of them during the campaign,

which started April 15. We expect to get the first and second prize.

Ollie Richards seems to be all crippled up since the Big Dance the night of the Annaul Party in Saginaw. Must have been stepping some. (Correspondent.—Was he stepping? Ask anyone who was there.)

ALMA, MICH.

We understand that Mr. Lehr has been changed from rural salesman to garage salesman. Go to it, Clayton!

Some time ago Anton Billgren, city driver, and Roy Crist, S. S. attendant, were discussing the matter of losing a customer. Said Crist, "I don't see Mr. —— drive in any more; I guess we have lost him." Anton—"He's taken a fancy to my service, so I am delivering to his house."

L. Bemis, S. S. attendant here, is quite accomplished, knowing more tricks than a juggler. Crist and he intend to drag out some real trout this season.

Considerable class to C. B. Lehr and his new hack. He will probably look like a hurricane on the road to Chesaning this Summer.

Louie Reip was a caller recently. He came into the station like a train an hour late.

Mr. Lilly! For the love of salted mackerel, be sure to see that Mr. Plowman's check gets no delay, as his Beech Nut chewing is getting low.

Houghton Lake is some distance from Alma, Charles. Next time start early and drive slower.

(Correspondent.—Glad to hear from you, Alma. Keep it up.)

CHEBOYGAN

Bill Schmidt is back on the job after a two months' battle with the "flu." He is filling in at S. S. 12 until he gets his sea legs.

R. P. Fitzpatrick was a Cheboygan visitor recently. Fitz thinks he can play cribbage, but he can't. During his visit Fitz told the world and the Cheboygan personal that the lack of sales of Eureka Harness oil was something to which our attention should be directed. We replied by telling him we would sell 100 five-gallon cans in Cheboygan circuit this year. He says that if we do, he will buy the dinner for the gang. We have only 96 cans to sell now.

Roy Stokan, "B" agent at Indian river, has had the pleasure of riding the snow plows most of the Winter. Roy kept the radio at the Opera House tuned. He informs us that the bedtime stories make him sleepy.

Walt Peppler is having his bicycle overhauled. It was full of carbon and road dust. Walt is undecided whether to use Finol or Polarine in its transmission. He has been advised to use Mica and an occasional dash of Semdac.

Clyde Adams, former agent at Cheboygan and now engaged in the hardware business, has a little black derby, adorned with six pearl white buttons. Clyde has become so attached to the hat, because of envy shown by Mr. Soop, that he wears it only on festive occasions. It holds just a quart.

We note in a former issue that Cheboygan gets the "berries". Query as to whether the "L" stands for Logan and the "E" stands for Elder. We will say to the curious that "L" does not stand for Logan but "E" might stand for Elder, as it happens that we have more than a fence running around our house. Further, that during the long Winter, it was a case of Blueberry for awhile. We will accept any name for the letter "L" with the exception of Loraine. There we draw the line.

Jack Adams, attendant of S. S. 12, is painting everything red. Jack is not married, so it's O. K.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Stewart Chaffin, Correspondent

Agent J. E. Miller, Sabetha, Kas., known among some of his friends as "Gold Tooth Maxie," reports business more than usual. We know Earl for the kind that always makes business.

Luke Nims, S. S. attendant, is still in the hospital slowly recovering from the after effects of the influenza. He is said to consume six quarts of milk daily. Luke says no cows for him after he is out. Would rather drink Red Crown any time. Here's hoping we see you again, Luke, soon.

George W. Bedford, agent at Chillicothe, Mo., wrote some poetry on Semdac and there's a ban on poetry. Gosh!

Agent Cliff Starbuck and Salesman Joe Liggit have returned from the annual agents' convention of the Standard Oil Company at Concordia. At the banquet given them, they each responded to a toast. Cliff has the distinction of ranking right at the top of the whole St. Joe district.

SMITH CENTER, KAS.

Miss Mary Heller spent her vacation in the Rio Grande Valley in Texas. She denies that she saw any cactus, sagebrush or mesquite. Mary says an onion ranch is the thing.

Walter Dougherty, who has been on the Horton territory, was recently transferred to the Trenton territory. He has a fondness for railway division points and is figuring on big business.

Leila Nims created quite a furore recently when she came to work in a taxi cab. We will have to watch Leila now since Otis has been relieved of his duties by Uncle Sam.

T. M. Meadows, agent at Pattonsburg, was married at St. Joseph, April 1, to Miss Mabel Best, of McFall, Mo. The entire S. O. family join in hearty congratulations.

Miss Bobbie Chambers has a proposal.

Now that the office is equipped with dictaphones, why not record all phonograph records we have on dictaphone cylinder records and return phonograph to the dealer, thus saving the price of the phonograph. Pretty good aritmhetic. Some say Auditor White, who is good at figures, helped work out this plan.

Edgar Grindstaff of the advertising department became a charter member of the St. Joseph, Missouri, National Guard Tank Company. Between the tank company and the samples of oils he is handling at present, one might think he was a distiller by trade.

Owen Husen, our industrious office boy, has fitted up a first class radio outfit. At present it is not working at its best, but Owen says before long he will be receiving messages and listening to concerts from all parts of the world.

Recent vacationists from the office include Paul Sawyers, Mary Heller and Leila Nims.

Salesman Joe Liggit has been adopted by Sheik Zimmerman. Joe says it is alright just so he is not sent back to Atwood, Kas.

Claude Childers, after doing special work, is back on the Downs-Stockton territory as salesman.

Ben Wells has left the sandy desert, he says, for keeps. He succeeds W. L. Dougherty on the Horton territory.

Last month St. Joseph was visited by the Board of Directors, headed by Colonel Stewart. The occasion was one long to be remembered.

Colonel Stewart and Shorty Morts renewed acquaintance which began when campaigning in Cuba during the Spanish-American war.

J. W. Power, our former manager and honored friend, heard the addresses given by our officials.

Salesmen's meetings as well as agents' meetings have been held throughout our field. We are not only set to go, but are off; '23 will not be Skidoo this year.

For Sale.—Stenotype machine in good working order.—Pearl Barmann.

While attending the banquet at the agents' meeting at Concordia, special consideration was given to District Superintendent George W. Coldsnow. It has been a growing habit of George's to call his boys some of the most incerdible (according to Hit Me Joe) names, such as "Goof-hounds," "Pot-lickers," and what not. However, he never defined these terms and some of the boys until now have not realized the disreputable stigma. For the protection of the boys and George's future vocabulary which is constantly growing more wicked Goofus has been defined as a bird that eats red pepper and hot mustard and then has to fly backward to keep from setting his tail on fire.

Salesman Bill Arensberg has changed his territorial headquarters from Colby to Goodland, Kas. Meantime, Bill's baby was cutting teeth. Both boys have been cross.

Chief Clerk Bode has been under the weather lately. He lost a lot of weight, but expects to recover his usual trim soon.

Superintendent Ed Townsend says he will never enter a fat man's race again, even though he made a brilliant record at Centralia. Ed is some hurdler, they report from out on the Central branch.

John Crotty, Atchison agent, is the father of a ten pound baby girl, Patricia Josephine. A party was given in baby's honor April 12. After the staff passed in review, cards were played and a delightful lunch was served. Charlie Wike complained that the "beer" had a low boiling point, but the rest of the chow was "Lub. A."

Ralph Martin at Atchison has been awarded the custody of a new Ford truck. Will keep the rest of the boys moving now to beat him.

Radio Rod Rudolph, Atchison salesman, claims to have picked up Hong Kong. Chinese is no puzzle to Rod. We almost forgot Rod's newest baby. Atchison bids fair to outstrip the rest of the St. Joseph field in population.

Doc Turnbull still practices veterinary science from his truck, and makes it a paying game for the company in increased business.

Russell Bartley, Effingham agent, is back at work after a two weeks' illness.

Jack Moss, Dekalb agent, reports big business.

Clark McCoy has been transferred from the mailing room to upstairs as file clerk.

Harper Lindsay has abandoned the check department for the stock department. Loren Nuckols has taken Harper's old place.

Bill Gossin is leaving for St. Louis.

Ralph Euler of Troy, Kas., is starting in as office boy, but says he will work up. He has already knocked the wind out of the boys on the baseball field.

C. W. Ashman is stepping right along, his picture recently appearing with the Board of Directors.

Babe Hotchkiss has taken the splints off his pacing mare and as soon as the rush season is over in the oil business, Old Dolly will be sent out to garner a few more shekels for Babe. He won $500 on a 60 cent bet last year and says he has more confidence than ever now.

S. M. Brown of the credit department spent a few days in Indiana visiting his parents before his return from a recent meeting in Chicago.

There is another romance in the "bud." During the morning calisthenics not long ago, one of the firemen on the fire truck which was filling at the curb pump in the office yard happened to glance over at the office and to all appearances Miss Imobersteg was waving at him (but in justice to Miss Imobersteg we will say that she was only doing the wrist movement in the calisthenics). The fireman remarked to the attendant who was filling the fire truck, "Isn't it strange how all of the girls fall for the firemen?"

Seeley Brown absent mindedly tried to call his wife over the new dictaphone installed on his desk.

Since Mr. Cameron informed us we are to be judged by our "figgers," we are wondering who will be our next general manager, Leila, Fern or Dorothy.

When the dictaphones arrived, Miss Ramsey said, "Gosh, I feel like my head is all stopped up. Lo, and behold, my apparatus has came."

A few days previous to March 16 mysterious mis sives arrived for many members of the old embroidery club, now disbanded. The tiny envelopes were found to contain "green" invitations to a St. Patrick's party at the home of Mrs. Stewart Chaffin. The girls all enjoyed the party from the first minute until the very last, and begged Katheryn to have another party soon.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Miss Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

(No copy received by deadline day)

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Miss Clare E. Donegan, Correspondent

The Board of Directors visited Sioux City, Iowa, April 17. An exceptionally pleasant meeting was held in the banquet room of the West hotel, where Col. Stewart and members of the Board addressed all employees.

Roy Nelson, agent at Hawarden, Iowa, has taken a partner in the Standard Oil work. We assume, however, that he is not going to have much help on the tank wagon as we understand he just purchased a new bungalow and says, when some of the good Standard Oil people drop in, he will take a hand at entertaining them.

Bert Smith is the new agent at Rock Rapids, Iowa. He's a hustler and says some of our agents will have to go some to hold their records as he just purchased a new Dodge truck and his motto is "not only service, but satisfactory service."

Al Fehrman is on a leave of absence owing to illness. Al's many friends wish him a speedy recovery and quick return to the office.

Raymond Bane and Rowland Harlow are new members in the record room and Fred Carlson on the bookkeeping staff. Welcome boys, glad to have you with us.

H. Johnson, agent at Akron, Iowa, is on his third truck. He says he is going to hit the ball this Summer on Red Crown gasoline and Perfection oil.

Mrs. J. W. Baker, of Hornick, Iowa, has been seriously ill. J. W. is our A-1 getter for business at that point. We hope Mrs. Baker will have a speedy recovery.

Walt Goebel, our congenial cashier, is wearing that satisfied smile. He just purchased a Star sedan.

H. Schaffer, agent at Valley Springs, purchased a new truck. He says Iowa will have nothing on South Dakota when it comes to getting the business.

Old songs never die, but oftentimes are killed. This is the slogan which appeared on one of the billboards the day after the Board of Directors were in Sioux City. 'Twas merely coincidence, of course, but the joke's on Sioux City.

Agent Eveleth, of Salix, familiarly known as "Ducks," has an eye for business. One of his customers ran out of Neolite and the only way "Ducks" could get it to him was to catch a ride and deliver it. That's Standard Oil service which leaves the customer with a smile.

The Standard Oil Social Club held its regular semi-annual meeting, electing officers as follows: Charles Von Hotten, president; Kathryn Barnable, vice-president; Marie Tinder, secretary; C. E. Hanner, treasurer, and A. H. Chilson. The retiring officers left the club with a nice balance on hand. The first entertainment planned is a masquerade.

Mabel Kelly says when it comes to trials, leave it to the jury. Mabel just returned from a six weeks' service.

From all indications we now have a romance downstairs. Aw, go on now, Dutch, we said downstairs. This time it's the record room. For some reason the girls don't last there very long. Virgil Link is the only one left and it appears as though—'nuf sed.

SOUTH BEND, IND.
J. G. Wright, Correspondent

Emma Ireland—"Have you read 'Freckles' "?

Gena Murphy—"No, just old-fashioned brown ones."

B. L. Sieber, cashier at South Bend warehouse, recently purchased a new Chevrolet touring car. Mrs. Sieber says, "Wives, you have to watch your husbands."

Wixon, S. S. attendant at South Bend, thought he was dreaming one morning as he was watching the beautiful May sunrise. An upstairs window in a house across the street suddenly opened, a man in his sleeping garments walked out on the porch roof, seemed to forget that the roof was narrow and stepped right off into space. He stopped abruptly on "terra firma."

Salesman Boyd Krouse is wearing a big, broad smile caused by a new daughter. Grandfather P. G. Krouse is also in with a large smile.

The South Bend division extends a hearty welcome to R. W. Carrington, who has taken over the work of district superintendent in the southwest district.

Assistant General Manager Cochran and Manager Guilfoyle in their recent trip over the territory ran out of Red Crown about three miles out of Columbia City. They called Roy Timmons, the agent, who filled their tank. When they reached town and were looking over the plant, Mr. Cochran insisted that Timmons "sell him something." Timmons replied that he couldn't do it as he was already holding one trust ticket on him.

Hazel Hultrgen, to music store clerk: "Have you "Kissed Me in the Moonlight?"

Clerk: "No, but I'd like to."

F. W. Assay, S. S. attendant at Logansport, is back on the job, having recovered from an attack of appendicitis. You can't keep a good man down.

Loren Helvey, better known as "Bruno," is the proud possessor of a new Ford roadster.

M. C. Vennett, former garage salesman, resigned his position with the Standard Oil Company and is going into the gasoline and oil business at Michigan City.

Guy Burkhart, attendant at S. S. 8, Elkhart, Ind., is home for a few days with a sore throat and blood poisoning. We hope he has a rapid recovery.

The Standard Oil Company at Auburn is expecting to do big things this year. They have just received a new International stake truck and have moved into their new office at the bulk plant. Watch 'em go.

W. E. Stanley, clerk at South Bend machine shop, is the proud daddy of a new Ford touring car. He says that he is intending to enjoy life this coming Summer.

F. L. Blake, salesman, claims to be a member of the "Be" army. When calling on a tough prospect he says he aims to "Be" there just before the prospect leaves and aims to "Be" just after he returns.

Mellick of the construction department has been helping engineers and conductors run their trains safely. The first of last month he received a card, for use in motor vehicles, instructing drivers to be sure brakes were tight, lights and steering apparatus in good condition, etc. Now, Mr. Mellick rides on trains almost exclusively, so when he gets on a train he tacks this card on the window and rides with this warning before him.

Frank Tschida—"I hear you shot your dog yesterday. Was he mad?"

Shenefelt—"Well, I guess he didn't like it very much."

Chester Balyeat, warehouseman at Elkhart, dug a can of worms to go fishing and that is all we ever heard about it. The boys are wondering where the fish are.

Gosh! Poetry is barred.—Ed.

WICHITA, KAS.
H. E. Falkner, Correspondent

(No copy received by deadline day.)

Too Cheap.—Fortune Teller—"What, do you think I can foretell an American husband for only five marks?"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (*Munich*).

* * *

The Best Clingers.—Mrs. Shortley was discussing the latest fashions with a young lady caller.

"Did you say your father was fond of those clinging gowns, May?"

"Yes; he likes one to cling to me for about three years."—*Sheffield* (*Eng.*) *Telegraph.*

* * *

A House Divided.—Some years ago there were in Paris two papers, the *Razor* and the *Scorpion*, which were always attacking each other.

Every week, people bought the *Razor* to read how it cut the *Scorpion*, and then purchased the *Scorpion* to learn how it stung the *Razor*.

A certain philanthropist, feeling pained to see such animosity displayed, invited the two editors to dine, in the hope that over good fare he could make peace between them. At the appointed time one lean, melancholy man presented himself and was ushered in. After an interval, as no other guest appeared, the host demanded:—

"May I ask, are you the editor of the *Razor* or the *Scorpion?*"

"Both," said the sad-eyed man.—*Sheffield* (*Eng.*) *Telegraph.*

* * *

Saleslady—"Are you interested in hair nets?"

Miss Scholin—"What kind do you have? Invisible?"

Saleslady—"Yes."

Miss Scholin—"Let's see them."—*Exchange.*

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Northern Division
AMOS BALL, Central Division

H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
C. F. HATMAKER, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
JOHN H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
R. H. THOMAS, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
C. H. WAGNER, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
P. A. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
C. C. LAKIN, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Asst. Mgr.* (Operation)
H. J. BEMIS, *Asst. Mgr.* (Sales)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
E. N. SHALLENBERGER, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
H. H. KEATING, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
R. S. ORR, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
C. R. EWING, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
E. P. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

The Middle West Requires One-third The World's Supply of Gasoline

NEARLY one-third of all the motor car registrations in the world are in the 10 Middle Western States served by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

This amazing fact—for it is a fact—is shown by these, the latest figures published by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce:

World registration of motor vehicles (1922)	12,750,000
U. S. registration of motor vehicles (1922)	11,500,000
Percent of world registration owned in U. S.	90%
Motor vehicle registration in 10 Middle Western states served by Standard Oil Company (Indiana) (1921)	3,514,436
Motor vehicle registration in 39 other states of the U. S. (1921)	6,899,253
Percent of U. S. registration owned in the 10 Middle Western states	27%

And yet, in the face of these astounding figures, the retail price of gasoline is low in the Middle West.

The reason for this is obvious.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has six great refineries where gasoline is manufactured in sufficient quantities to meet the major part of this demand.

The process used in these refineries enables the Company to get from crude oil a large yield of good gasoline.

Throughout this territory the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) maintains an adequate and economical system of distribution, which enables it to maintain its established practice of selling its products at a price which is fair to all.

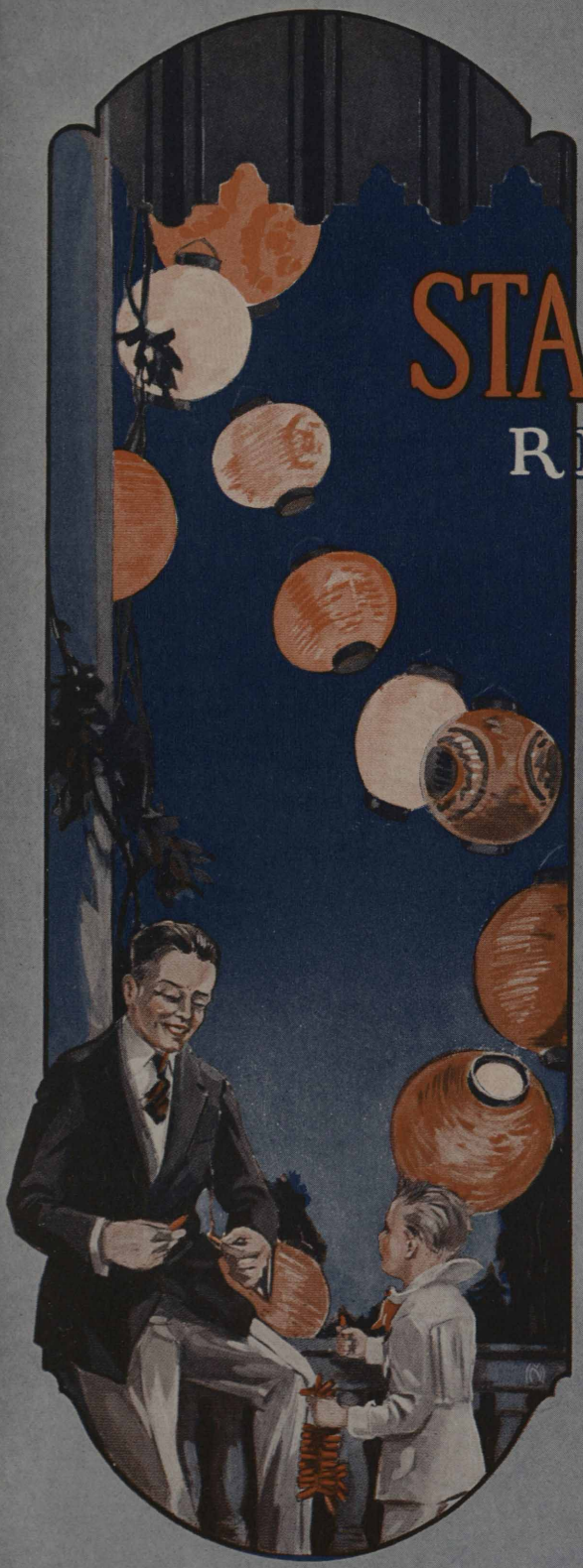
This Company's policy of fairness and its earned reputation for efficiency have enabled it to command ample capital for needed expansion of refinery facilities; for needed storage and equipment; for proper maintenance of tank wagon service and for a constantly increasing number of service stations, which permit the Company to deliver its products directly to the motorist.

The low price of gasoline in the Middle West is tangible evidence of the fairness, foresight, efficiency and skillful management which has put the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) in position to be of maximum service to the people owning one-third of the motor registrations of the world.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO



STANOLIND RECORD

JULY
VOL.4 1923 NO.9

Published for the Employees by the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
C. V. JULIAN, *Editor*
Publication Office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 4 JULY No. 9

COL. STEWART DECRIES INROADS OF EUROPEAN SYSTEMS UPON AMERICAN TRADITIONS AND POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY

Sees Menace in Intrusion of Legislative Blocs Into American System of Government, Warns Against Tampering With Supreme Court of the United States and Shows How Big Business Has Pushed the American People's Scale of Living to the Highest Point Ever Recorded in the History of Nations

"Like socialism, communism, syndicalism and anarchism, the bloc system of government was imported from Europe. A veritable mania seems to exist in this country for worshipping anything that bears the label 'imported'. We pretend to be proud of our Americanism, yet when we are shown something that has stamped upon it 'Imported from Europe' we eye it with respectful awe. In the eyes of many of our citizens and legislators a governmental measure or economic principle originating in London or Paris must be superior to one originating in Washington, even though it sprang from the brain of a Hamilton, was sponsored by a Washington, approved by a Lincoln and advocated by a Roosevelt!"—Extract from address made by Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), at the Coe College, Iowa, commencement, June 7, 1923. Lack of space prevents use of the entire address. It follows in part:

It is the fashion just now to wail over shattered illusions. It is the fashion; if we are to judge by the world literature of our day, to despair of the destiny of humanity, to shed sentimental tears over the pitiable condition of mankind—which, taken all in all, in America, at least, is probably superior to that obtaining at any time since the world began. Yet it is the fashion in America to pattern our thinking and writing after the cynic French or gloomy Russians—whose background, national, ancestral, economic and social is as different from that of Americans as night is from day. It is the fashion, aping the Frenchman, Zola, to rush into the slums and drag forth all the filth and vileness to be found there, call it realism, and spread it upon white paper as a true picture of American life. It is the fashion to hold up to ridicule small cities and towns of our rural communities, picturing all the unbeauty and provincialism which may be found there, without one line commemorating the friendly, neighborly, homelike virtues of their inhabitants. It is the fashion to heap ridicule and opprobrium upon thrifty families who deny themselves luxuries in order to found a home, educate their children and acquire a competence which will enable those children to make an auspicious start in life—the fashion to designate these good people by the imported French word "bourgeois," once an honorable enough title, but now, through the combined attacks of the Russians, the tainted geniuses of Continental Europe and their imitators on this side of the Atlantic, with their hatred of anything even resembling the solid virtues of our forefathers, become a term synonymous with stupidity and unworthiness.

It is the fashion to flout virtue and

enthrone license, to deride thrift and glorify extravagance, to attack as "oppressively capitalistic" a system of society and economics which has given Man the greatest comfort and safety he has enjoyed since he first emerged upon the stage of history; and in its place to glorify those systems designed for the reward of mediocrity and incompetence, socialism, syndicalism and communism, and all proven failures wherever and whenever in history they have been attempted.

"Capitalistic System" Explained

What is the "capitalistic system" they attack? Briefly, it is a system under which the instruments of production are the property of private owners, who usually employ managers and manual workers to carry out production by means of these instruments. It deals in mass production, which means cheap production. It is financed with borrowed money, this money being obtained through the disposal of stock. When one buys a share of stock in a corporation, it really means that he is loaning that corporation a certain amount of money to be used in the production of goods to be sold at a profit. His stock certificate is in some respects a mortgage on a certain percentage of the corporation's physical properties. His dividends are merely interest on the money he has loaned. Capitalism is essentially based upon freedom—freedom of the subscriber in risking his money, and freedom of the customer in giving or withholding his custom and the profit it makes possible. For mark this, my friends: The freedom of capitalism must always be limited by the consumers' veto. It can only succeed by pleasing the ultimate buyer and cooperating with the customer by satisfying his needs.

By combining, through stock companies, the financial resources of thousands of individuals who voluntarily subscribe their money in the hope of profit, capitalism has increased the productiveness of mankind almost beyond belief. I can prove that even by the words of its enemies. Let me quote from the "Communist Manifesto" of Marx and Engels, the great antagonists of Capitalism, and please recall that this manifesto was issued in 1847, when capitalism had only begun to display that amazing fecundity which today makes it the wonder of all history. "It has achieved," said the Communist Manifesto, in referring to the rule of capitalism and the bourgeoisie, "greater miracles than the construction of Egyptian pyramids, Roman aqueducts or Gothic cathedrals; it has carried out greater movements than the migration of peoples or the crusades . . . Although it is scarcely a century since it became the dominating class, the bourgeoisie has created more powerful and more gigantic forces of production than all past generations put together." That is what the arch-enemies of capitalism and the bourgeoisie had to admit as far back as 1847. What would Marx and Engels say of Capitalism's astounding production marks of today?

Capitalism, however, is a human institution, and being human, it has its faults. It has not yet learned how to make production synchronize with consumption, so that we have waves of prosperity and of depression, high wages followed by unemployment. But capitalism is still comparatively young, in spite of its size, and it has learned many things in the last few years, and will learn many more. In the past, too many of its exponents have endeavored to hold down the wages of labor to too low a figure. That day is about gone. Too often, also, through exorbitant prices, it has taken an unreasonable toll from the consumer. That day must also pass.

Merits Overshadow Demerits

I do not claim that capitalism is perfect. It has within it many abuses. But I do insist that its merits overshadow its demerits, that it is the most potent system of production, and has conferred greater benefits upon mankind, than any system yet devised. I do insist that the remedy lies in eradicating its abuses, in reforming capitalism where it needs reforming, rather than in wrecking it and attempting to substitute in its place systems which sprang from ill-balanced, if brilliant, brains. Syndicalists, Communists and Socialists all agree in insisting that under the capitalistic system, under the "wage system" which is a part of capitalism, the worker has no chance to advance himself, to better his

estate. In their parlance, he is a "wage slave." That may be true in some countries; I do not know. But it is not true in America—that I do know. I have to look no farther than the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) to find proof of my assertion. On that board we have one man who started as a common laborer and truck driver; another who began as a mechanic's helper; two who started as office boys; another who began as timekeeper; in fact, practically every man on the board began in a comparatively humble capacity and worked his way to membership on the administrative board of one of the greatest industrial institutions in the world. There you have concrete proof of the democracy of the much malinged capitalistic system, of the opportunity it holds out to all who are willing to work.

The world has no place for shirkers, and the average advocate of syndicalism, communism and associated revolutionary isms —and I do not exclude socialism—is at heart a shirker, whether he be of the study or the soap box. He aims at equality of reward. He would place mediocrity and improvidence upon the same remunerative level with ability and thrift. He would rob the children of the frugal to recompense the offspring of the profligate. He prates of relieving what he is pleased to call the "proletariat" of the dreadful necessity for work, blissfully careless of the biological fact that it was this same necessity for work which raised Man from a situation of savagery to his present estate, and that the removal of this same necessity for work would inevitably result in his retrogression into a condition of improvident inertia.

Sees World of No Work

The so-called intellectual of the pessimistic red variety contemplates the dreadful spectacle of a man earning his living by the sweat of his brow. He cannot understand and has never experienced the delight of hard work. He suffers vicariously for the man who must work to live. He dreams of a Utopia where no man would have to work, or at least where there would be but little work to do.

So long as Man maintains himself upon this planet there will be work to do, and a great deal of it, and there must be men to do it. Only in tropic isles, where Nature has been over-generous, can true leisure for the majority of inhabitants be found. There, too, will be found the lowest states of civilization. Relieved of the necessity for work, the inhabitants have not troubled themselves with progress.

Moved by Laziness

The soapbox advocate of the destruction of modern business is of another type. Occasionally he is sincere, the dupe of fallacious, but plausible thinkers. More often, his motivation is envy and laziness. He wants the luxuries of life, but wants them without making the sacrifices necessary to obtain them. He wants his children to have them, but is unwilling to make the sacrifices necessary to put his children in the way of obtaining them. Once he believed that Socialism would give them to him; but Marx deceived him. Marx promised him that capitalism would work its own destruction, that within a short time all the wealth of the world would be concentrated in a few hands and that the people would be in such misery, but in such a great majority, that they would compel the use of this concentrated wealth for the common weal. The man on the soapbox awaited this day, but it failed to arrive. Something was wrong with the Marxian theory. Some men grew enormously wealthy, it is true, but at the same time the business organizations so increased the total wealth that the individual holdings were but drops in the sea. The people thrived and prospered. In America, where that system has had its greatest growth, the people's scale of living reached a plane never before recorded in the history of a nation.

As the man on the soapbox contemplates the benefits which the business organizations of society have given to the people of America, he goes mad. After having claimed for years to seek the destruction of capitalism in the interests of the people, he finds the people waxing prosperous and happy, and is finally forced to admit that all the time what he really wanted was luxuries for himself without the necessity of making sacrifices to obtain them. He throws Marx aside and joins Trotzky. On

the other hand, those good citizens, who, by hard work and the practice of thrift and denial, have obtained a competence which enables them to spend their declining years in ease and comfort, and to give superior advantages to their children, he sneeringly designates as "bourgeois" and seeks their destruction as allies of capitalism. He demands "direct action"—in the lexicon of communism, the synonym of violence—so that he can get immediate possession of the luxuries he so desires. What happens after that he does not care. So that he can enjoy all the comforts and the luxuries developed by the institution he hates, he cares not what becomes of society or of posterity. His philosophy has its counterpart in history. It is exactly the same as that of the court of Louis XV of France—"After me the deluge!"

Danger of Red Thought Seen

There exists a feeling in America that we have little cause for worry over the propaganda of the Communist, since he is greatly in the minority. Russia, however, where a minority of 200,000 men have forced their will upon 150,000,000 furnishes an example of what an organized minority, absolutely ruthless in its malice, can accomplish. Admitting, however, that there is no possibility of anything resembling a successful communistic revolution in America, there still exists a grave danger of the insidiousness of the communistic propaganda, disseminated as it is by so many men who have genius but not balance—tainted geniuses, the biologist describes them. Already, though entirely foreign to American ideals and American traditon, it has penetrated our literature, our art and our political philosophy.

In the halls of Congress, men in high places who would shudder at the atrocities of the Soviet and would resent being designated as disciples of Lenin, are heard urging the application, in modified forms, of Lenin's communistic measures to American institutions. Lenin frankly calls it confiscation. In Congress other names are used.

The American form of government, the Republican form of government, is based upon the rule of the majority for the benefit of all. The Russian Soviet government is based upon the rule of a minority for the benefit of a minority—worse, for the benefit of one class, and one class alone. Its power is maintained by ruthless militarism and it lives by enforced labor and confiscation of the farmers' crops. It affords the very antithesis of democracy and freedom. There is nothing in it, one would think, compatible with American ideals, tradition or political philosophy; yet we have in Washington today powerful attempts to substitute class government for party government; attempts to obtain for this class or that class special benefits regardless of the effect on the majority of our people, and often at their expense. The appearance in Congress of legislative blocs means exactly that.

The Civil War should have taught us the menace of sectionalism, yet hardly more than half a century after our fathers and grandfathers settled that question with their blood, we find the counterpart of sectionalism—the bloc system—intruding itself into our government.

Friends, government by bloc, carried to its ultimate conclusion, leads to but one destination—class war, of all conflicts the most cruel, ruthless and destructive. And if you still think there is no menace in America from the propaganda of communism and its associated isms, note the appearance of the bloc system in Congress, of the campaign for class legislation, and recall the fact that the "war of the classes" has been anticipated and preached for the last decade in socialist, I. W. W., communist and syndicalist meetings from one end of this country to the other.

Bloc Synonym for Class

Government by bloc is the reverse of government by party, and historians recognize that the only safety for democracy lies in party government. Party government means the rule of the majority. Legislation which it sponsors must of necessity benefit the majority. It does not dare favor one class at the expense of other classes or it will be beaten at the polls, and thereby deprived of its authority.

The bloc system is designed to favor a minority, a certain class, regardless of the effect upon the majority. It is history that

no bloc or class—the words are synonymous—has ever maintaned itself in power for any length of time in any nation without resort to militarism and confiscation.

Class legislation is discouraged under the Constitution of the United States, and as government by bloc can gain its ends only through the medium of class legislation, already we have proponents of the bloc system advocating the practical elimination of the Supreme Court of the United States as an effective instrument of our government. Already we have proponents of the bloc system declaring for a constitutional amendment which would prevent the Supreme Court from declaring unconstitutional any law passed by Congress. That would let down the bars to class legislation, and the most powerful of the blocs could then impose its will upon the nation. We would enter an era of government by the hysteria of the moment, and history would grimly prepare to write into its records another tragic chapter.

Superficially, one would imagine that in a war of the classes, that class having the largest number of adherents would triumph. That is far from the truth. The successful class would be the one which could concentrate the most quickly. Agriculture represents in numbers the most powerful class in this country, but its members are scattered over hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory. Concentration, even under favorable conditions, would take weeks, months. Where, on the other hand, is concentration of any single class the greatest? In the slums and tenament districts; in other words, in the habitat of the communistic proletariat. They can concentrate overnight. They acclaim it in their revolutionary meetings. History has proven it. In the French revolution it was the slums of Paris that seized control of France. Today, the slums sit in the seats of the mighty at Moscow and Petrograd.

"Imported from Europe"

It is something for the farmer to ponder. It is something for the assailant of the Supreme Court of the United States to ponder. It is something for the proponent of class legislation, for the adherent of the bloc system in government, to think hard upon.

Like socialism, communism, syndicalism and anarchism, the bloc system in government was imported from Europe. A veritable mania seems to exist in this country for worshiping anything that bears the label "imported." We pretend to be proud of our Americanism, yet when we are shown something that has stamped upon it "Imported from Europe," we eye it with respectful awe. In the eyes of many of our citizens and legislators a governmental measure or economic principle originating in London or Paris must be superior to one originating in Washington, even though it sprang from the brain of a Hamilton, was sponsored by a Washington, approved by a Lincoln and advocated by a Roosevelt!

An American Institution

The modern business organization had its real inception and greatest growth in the United States, and gave to American labor, to the American farmer, to the American people as a whole, the highest scale of living, the most luxurious scale of living for a whole people, of any nation in the history of the world. Today, the farmers of the State of Iowa alone own more autombiles than are owned by all the farmers of the world outside of the United States. Yet we have United States senators assailing business and advocating the application to our entire industrial and financial structure of economic experiments which have been tried on a small scale in England. Their argument is that "it is being done in England."

We have powerful congressmen advocating exorbitant surtaxes under the income tax, their argument being: "It is being done in England." Yet there are millions unemployed in Great Britain and a labor shortage in the United States. In England capital and business are being taxed to provide relief for the unemployed. In America, there is agitation to let down the immigration bars to obtain labor, and corporations all over the country are raising wages in order to get men. Yet some of our legislators would abandon the economic principles which have produced this happy situation and would substitute instead measures in use in suffering England.

The man who dares to think for himself

along the lines of American traditions and political philosophy is assailed as a reactionary, as a special pleader. When Mr. Andrew Mellon, secretary of the treasury, who I believe may rank with Alexander Hamilton as one of the ablest administrators of finance in government, informed Congress two years ago that, regardless of what was being done in England, surtaxes on incomes were too large, that capital would be driven to seek investment in non-taxable securities, and that the excess profits tax was a check upon prosperity, a hue and cry arose that he was a representative of capital. Fortunately, Mr. Mellon had his way, and in April last, in the face of a fifty per cent reduction in the maximum surtax rate, he was able to report to the nation an increase of $70,000,000 in income tax collections for March, 1923, over March, 1922, and to point to a nation enjoying all the benefits of prosperity. Meanwhile, in England, exorbitant surtaxes were still in effect and millions of men were without employment. So much for foreign labels!

Tells Need of Coöperation

In this country we ought to move forward to the goal we have always set for ourselves, the goal set by the Constitution —liberty, justice and equal rights and opportunities to all under the law. There should be no dividing line for classes. The interests of agriculture and manufacturing industry are identical. Each gives honest employment and each should reap a fair return. One can not survive without the other, and neither should harbor the idea that it can best serve itself by trying to fasten the main burden upon the other.

Under our government, the American farmer has become the most prosperous farmer in the world, and the American workingman the best paid in the world. Under the bloc system, under class legislation, one would benefit, temporarily, at the expense of the other, and in the end all three—farmer, labor, capital—would suffer. Capital, of necessity, must be the friend of the farmer, for when the farmer is prosperous, he is a buyer, and industry is stimulated, bringing greater returns both to labor and capital. When the farmer is not making an adequate earning, he ceases to buy, industry suffers, men are thrown out of employment and capital takes a loss. The farmer, on the other hand, himself a capitalist, should be the friend of capital, of big business, if you will, for capital, denied a fair return, will not invest, and refusal of capital to invest means unemployment in industry, stagnation, hard times, fewer buyers of the farmer's products and lower prices for farm produce. When capital, labor and agriculture work together, the nation is prosperous. An attempt to cut one another's throat is mere suicide.

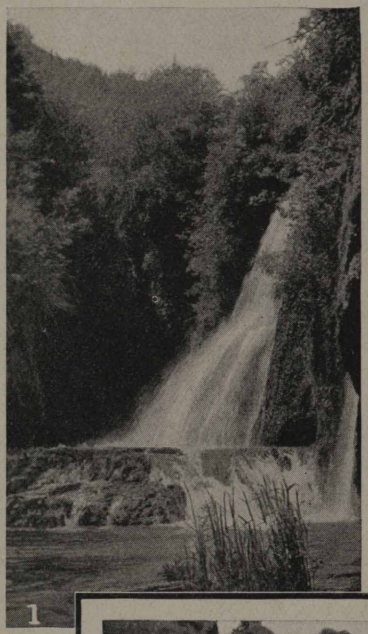
LAUDS S. O. SERVICE

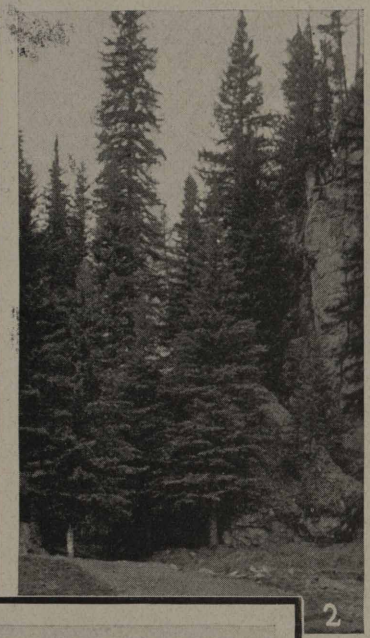
Mankato Division—Under the heading, "Spreading the Principal of Courtesy," the Fairmont, Minn., Sentinel has the following to say about Standard Oil Company (Indiana) service:

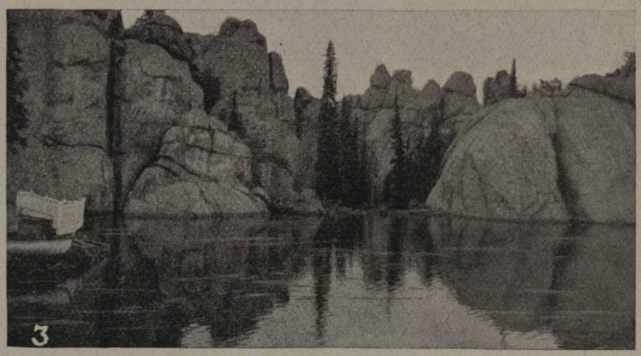
"E. E. White, travelling representative for the Standard Oil Company in this vicinity, informs us that every salesman for the company carries an emergency gallon of gas in his car while on the road for the sole purpose of assisting any thoughtless auto driver who had neglected his tank and found himself half way between towns and out of gas. No charge is made for the assistance. It is just a pleasing way of advertising the Standard products and we should judge a very appreciative one. Mr. White rendered assistance to one between here and Wallingford last week.—Estherville Democrat.

"Go where you will, o'er land or o'er sea, wherever you find a Standard Oil man, high or low, rich or poor, plutocrat or plebeian, there you find an exemplar in courtesy and consideration. The humblest workman in the cheapest car will, it is claimed, receive the same treatment at a Standard Oil filling station that is accorded a multi-millionaire in a Lincoln limousine. And the fine thing about the Standard manners is that they are infectious. In the thousand stations the man who waits upon the tourist sets an example in civility that is contagious. It leaves a pleasant taste in the weary travelers' mouth and good nature is imparted to those who are strangers."

SPEND YOUR VACATION IN SOUTH DAKOTA

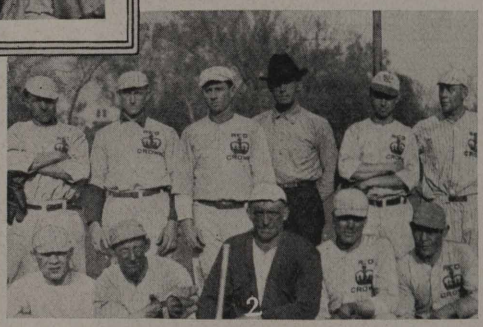


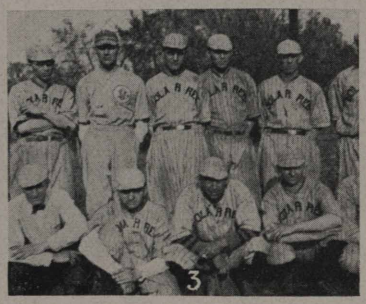


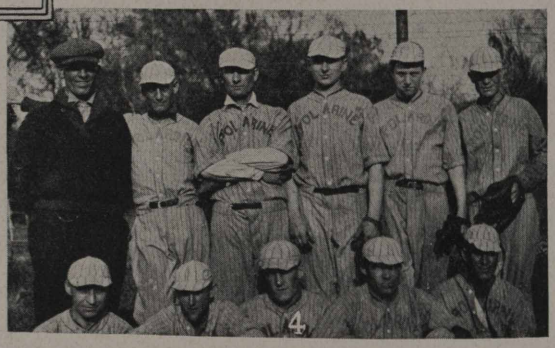


South Dakota boasts some garden spots that rival the best that the Far West has to offer. No. 1—Any South Dakotan will tell you this is one of the most beautiful falls in the country. It is in Spearfish Canyon. No. 2—This scene is also in Spearfish Canyon. It is named Hell's Gate. No. 3—Sylvan Lake, in the Black Hills, is 100 feet deep. The lake was made by damming the opening between two hills.

NO DULL BOYS AT SUGAR CREEK







Sugar Creek—"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but Sugar Creek refinery employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) find time for both. Here are the baseball teams. No. 1—Oleum Spirits (tower stills) who are topping the Standard Oil Athletic Association Baseball League. Joe Bostian, upper left, is the manager. No. 2—Here are the second players, the Red Crown (pipe department) team. No. 3—These are the cellar holders, the Solar Reds (pressure stills). Wallie Hodge, lower left, is the manager. No. 4—The Polarines, who are next, are an organization of boilermakers. Harry Boulware, upper left, is the manager.

MR. GEORGE W. STAHL DIES

Mr. George W. Stahl, former secretary-treasurer and member of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), died of apoplexy at St. Joseph, Mo., Tuesday, May 29, 1923. Mr. Stahl retired from active service with the company, November 17, 1919.

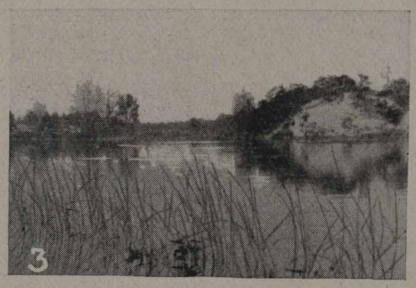
Associated with the oil industry for more than fifty years, devoted to the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) for nearly thirty years and known affectionately by hundreds of employees of this company as "Uncle George," the report of Mr. Stahl's death was sad news in refinery, field and home office.

Funeral services for Mr. Stahl were held at Rose Hill Chapel, Chicago, Thursday, May 31. All members of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) attended.

At a meeting of the Board, the following resolution was introduced by Mr. E. G. Seubert and was unanimously adopted:

> "George W. Stahl, formerly an officer and director of this company, died on Tuesday, May 29, 1923.
>
> "He became Secretary and Treasurer of the company in 1891, and continued to hold those offices for more than thirty years until his retirement in November, 1919. During his many years of association with the company he exhibited a character worthy of the large responsibility involved in the offices that he held. We who were long associated with him learned to have a high regard for his ability in matters of business, and a profound respect for his character and integrity, and held him in the highest esteem as a friend. We mourn his death and honor his memory.
>
> "THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that the foregoing statement be spread upon our records and that a copy thereof be furnished to the widow and family as an expression of our sympathy and sorrow."

SOME EARLY DAYS IN WHITING



No. 1—"In the damp places of the wild wood grew large, luxuriant ferns." No. 2—"Along the Northern side of this tract for a distance of about three miles stretch the rolling blue waters of Lake Michigan." No. 3—"Here were excellent fishing and hunting. It was a veritable wonderland." No. 4—"Another nameless path led East." No. 5—"This beautiful chain of lakes as well as the majestic Michigan, were bordered with woodland."

SOME EARLY DAYS OF WHITING REFINERY

U. G. Swartz Writes Story of Early Pioneers of Whiting and How Standard Oil Company Came to that City with Its Hundreds and Thousands of Men and Turned Peaceful Agricultural Community Into Thriving Industrial City

By U. G. SWARTZ

(Copyright, 1923, by U. G. Swartz)

In reviewing the early days of Whiting, our purpose will not require that great attention be devoted to those who were living here at the time of the advent of the Standard Oil Company, or to events before that time. Our concern will be chiefly with the conditions at the time of the location of the plant and with the developments thereafter.

A small settlement of about fifty families, mostly Germans, were then living here. They were occupied with hunting, fishing, trapping, small farming and working as section men on the railroads.

A pioneer ever requires a brave heart. The sturdy pioneers of this little settlement were no exception. For many years after the first settlement the difficult trails through the deep soft sand and the long stretch of lakes and sloughs on the South made it almost impossible to keep in touch with the rest of the world. There were no neighborhoods close at hand.

Tales are told of trips afoot to Tolleston, nine miles away, to pick berries to be carried, also afoot, to Chicago the next day to market. Or of patriots who walked all the way to Hessville to vote. Their road lay west along the railroad across the state line, then along a ridge around Wolf Lake through the present site of Hammond to Hessville. This made a round trip of about twenty-five miles.

But conditions had very materially improved at the time of the beginning of our story. The little settlement then had its own post office, school and voting place. The schoolhouse was used for church services and for Sunday school. These services were conducted by a minister from 100th Street, in both English and German. Stations had been established on the railroads for both freight and passenger service.

These were a peaceful and contented people, unmindful of the narrow confines of their lives. With the coming of the Company there were a few, even, who complained that their good times had been interrupted by the introduction of strangers into the field of their activities. They could not appreciate what others regarded as the genuine hardships of their lot. They preferred the quietude of their little homesteads to the scream of the factory whistle.

With some reluctance they accepted the newcomers as a part of their community. These were "satchel and trunk men," aliens to their kind, and to be received with some reservations.

The coming of the Company was like bringing an army into this quiet abode. Men by hundreds and thousands swarmed over their lands Those who had sold their places to the Company not only had to leave their homes and land, but they had to stand by and see all that they cherished thoroughly demolished. Gardens and woodlands were uprooted, orchards and shrubbery were swept away, and all was confusion and desolation.

There is small wonder that these people, many of whom were pioneers who had lived for a long time in their homes built in the primeval forest, felt that everything was ruined, and that some were never satisfied with the changed and unfamiliar conditions. It was a sort of homesickness which they could not get over. They preferred hunting and fishing and the genial tasks of their contented lives to the paths which might lead to more active scenes and busier days and the fruits of a sturdier life.

This destruction affected not only those who had sold their land for the site of the refinery, but almost all others of the community. For, with the building up of

the town, their lands were needed for the homes required by the in-rushing employees of the Company, and most of them sold their land for this purpose. Some entered new pursuits in which they were signally successful and became strong factors in the new era, but others, unskilled in their new endeavors, unfortunately lost what their lands had brought them.

The first settlers between the Eastern line of East Chicago and the state line had come in 1852. For many years afterward, pioneer conditions had existed. It is not strange that the members of this little settlement had formed a strong attachment for each other and had no welcome for strangers. But, reconciliation eventually came to new conditions and most of them after a time cordially accepted the many people who engulfed them.

The tract of land where the Company located is so restricted by natural conditions that the city and refinery had to be built very compactly. It is about three miles long and about one mile wide, and is almost an island. It lies on a beautiful curve of the shore of Lake Michigan, two miles East of the state line between Indiana and Illinois, the Eastern limit of the city of Chicago. The city of Whiting is situated on the same tract of land as the refinery; the town and refinery being separated only by a street. Along the Northern side of this tract for a distance of about three miles, stretches the rolling blue waters of Lake Michigan. On the West, Wolf River leads South from Lake Michigan to Wolf Lake, while along the South side of this territory lie the shallow lakes, George and Berry, leaving only a narrow stretch of sand connecting this site with the country lying East of it.

This beautiful chain of lakes as well as the majestic Michigan, were bordered with woodland, consisting of oaks and a small scattering of pines. Here were excellent fishing and hunting. It was a veritable wonderland where countless water fowl rested and fed on the wild rice abounding in the shallow lakes. The place was well known in Chicago, whence hunters thronged the lakes most of the year, carrying away immense loads of duck and other water fowl. Many of their kill were marketed in Chicago. A number of the pioneers supplied boats, meals and lodging to fishermen and hunters.

Although these shallow lakes afforded a safe and attractive opportunity for pleasure boating they were not made use of for this purpose then, nor have they been since. Camping shared a similar fate, though probably few places could present greater attraction. The shade of the thick oaks, the safe waters of the long chain of lakes, the quiet river of clear water, the splendid fishing ground all lent themselves to pleasure, which few undertook to enjoy.

Near the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway station were picnic grounds to which for several years, previous to the construction of the plant, special trains had been run on Sundays for those who wished this kind of entertainment. These picnics brought out many from Chicago, but after construction work was started, rioting took place between picnickers and employees of the Company. Through the influence of W. P. Cowan, deputy sheriffs were ordered by the Governor to preserve order. Special trains to the picnic grounds were then discontinued and the picnics became a thing of the past.

The landscape presented a varied aspect. Great ridges of sand, paralleled by deep sloughs, extended from the L. S. & M. S. tracks to the lakes on the South. The ridges flattened away as they approached the water and the sloughs became deeper and wider accordingly as they merged into the lakes. The soil lying between the sloughs was pure lake sand covered with a thin surf. Edged between the water in the sloughs and the sand was a little black soil of some fertility. This black soil was used for little gardens. Beyond the edge of the black soil was only dry sand in which little of value would grow.

The small oaks which grew on the ridges had large, wonderfully beautiful, dark green leaves, which in the Fall turned to rich brilliant almost scarlet siennas and later to pale umbers, and remained on the trees till very late in the Winter. It was among these trees on one of the large ridges that the Company built the first cottages for the families that were brought

here in the days of early construction.

In the damp places of the wild wood grew large, luxuriant ferns, which dwindled as the sand became dryer and changed to a smaller variety. Among the trees small shoots of oak were constantly springing up with leaves even more beautiful than those on the trees. When the frost came these leaves turned to a brilliant scarlet. Underbrush of various kinds was abundant, and in June, myriads of wild flowers of endless variety blossomed in profusion where the foliage was not so dense as to interfere.

Among the flora was a small variety of cactus which bloomed with a large, shallow bell-shaped flower, much like a wistaria blossom. Its color was a deep cerulean blue streaked with white. It was wonderfully fragile, delicate and beautiful, in marked contrast with the irregular, strong, unattractive, prickly stalk upon which it grew. Wild grape vines clung to some of the taller trees, where children swung in their play. Where the trees had been cut away wild strawberries grew luxuriantly.

In a way this wilderness was characteristic of all the border land along Lake Michigan from here to Gary, where the shore of Lake Michigan turns toward the North. There the wind from the lake has filled the sloughs with sand from the beach and piled high the ridges, producing the wonderful dunes of Dune Park. These peaks continue along the lake for several miles to a point where the shore turns sharply North, presenting another angle to the lake wind and the dunes flatten out again. Small, undisturbed sections of the flatter landscape characteristic of the site of Whiting still may be seen between East Chicago and Gary.

When the location of the plant was selected, this tract was crossed by three trunk lines and one belt line: the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago, and the Chicago Terminal Transfer. These furnished attractive and abundant freight transportation facilities. To these have been added the belt lines, Elgin, Joliet & Eastern, and the Indiana Harbor Belt, each claiming a part of the magnificent growth in the Company's freight.

(Continued on Page 14)

PIONEER DAYS OF WHITING

No. 1—"For many years after the first settlement the difficult trails through the deep, soft sand and the long stretch of lakes and sloughs on the south made it impossible to get out to the rest of the world." No. 2—"In a way this wilderness was characteristic of all the borderland along Lake Michigan from here to Gary where the shore of Lake Michigan turns toward the North. There the wind from the lake has filled the sloughs with sand from the beach and piled high the ridges, producing the wonderful dunes of Dune Park." No. 3—"Here amid the oaks and the pines on the shores of the Great Lakes, the Potawatamies, under Chief Ashkim lighted their camp fires."

CUPID ON JOB WITH CAMERA IN DECATUR FIELD

Decatur Division—You can't keep a good salesman down. No. 1—Here are Salesman C. E. ("Jack") Dusthimer of Champaign, Ill., and Mrs. Dusthimer. No. 2—Martin E. Ernst, S. S. salesman at No. 6, Belleville, is shown with his bride, the former Miss Lucile Dammerich.

(*Continued from Page 13*)

Wagon roads were merely tracks in the sand. One now called 119th Street, leading West, connected with other tracks in the sand, and finally became roads to Chicago, Hammond or East Chicago. Another nameless path leads East. It was one of the pioneer trails, an Indian path that was broken into a wagon track by the early emigrants freighting their small household goods Westward amid the lurking Indians.

Who knows what a tale these wagon tracks in the sand could unfold! Only seventy-seven years earlier than the period of our sketch the Ft. Dearborn massacre occurred, many of whose victims may have passed along these trails in the sand over the future sight of this great plant. Here, amid the oaks and the pines, on the shores of the Great Lakes, the Potawatamies, under Chief Ashkim, lighted their camp fires. Here, by the placid waters of the inland lakes, watching the timid moon and quivering stars in the clear waters as they rested from the chase and the hunt. Here lie the bones of at least one brave who fell in mortal conflict with one of the white settlers.

Into this wilderness came industry and commerce; came stalwart men with piles of gold; came vigorous minds alert and keen; came valiant youth with arms of steel; came modern industrial life and power and builded a prosperous city and an industry destined to illume the world.

(This is the first of a series of articles on the early days of the Whiting Refinery that will appear in the Stanolind Record. The second article will follow in the August issue. The articles are copyrighted by Mr. U. G. Swartz. Reproduction is prohibited.)

WHITING DIRTY FACES

The Whiting Mutual Benefit Association had a balance of $20,063.26 on May 1, 1923, according to the report of Secretary W. O. Waker.

The balance was invested as follows:

Liberty Bonds	$4,000.00
Whiting Savings & Loan Ass'n	5,627.53
Hammond City Bonds	5,000.00
Savings Account—Bank of Whiting	4,846.80
Checking Account	588.93

There are 1,308 members in good standing.

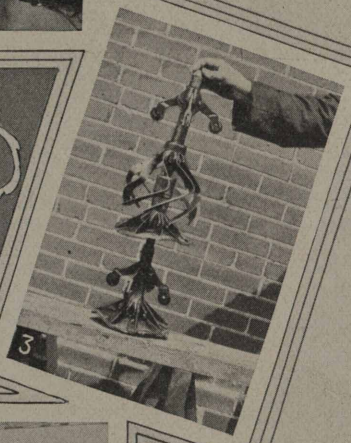
* * *

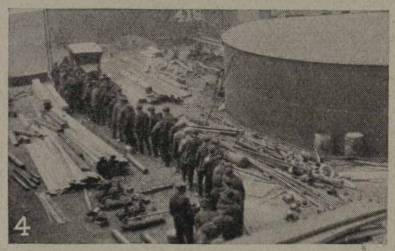
Automobile Owner (after a mishap in which a puppy has been run over): "Madam, I will replace the animal."

Owner of Animal: "Sir, you flatter yourself."

—*The Columbia Crew.*

SOME INTERESTING BITS FROM WHITING





Whiting—No. 1—The distance of the acid works from the main chemical laboratory makes it necessary to have a complete little laboratory in this corner of the works. Chemist G. W. Galbreath is sitting near the hood used in making flash tests. No. 2—Fred Haig, formerly in charge of the Whiting camp, is shown here sounding the dinner call to the 350 men who live in the camp. No. 3—This is a photo of the pipe cleaner that makes a weekly trip from Griffith, Ind., to Whiting cleaning out sediment from the pipe lines. No. 4—Pay day. The photo was taken at the new continuous stills during alterations in construction. Nearly 250 mechanics work on this job.

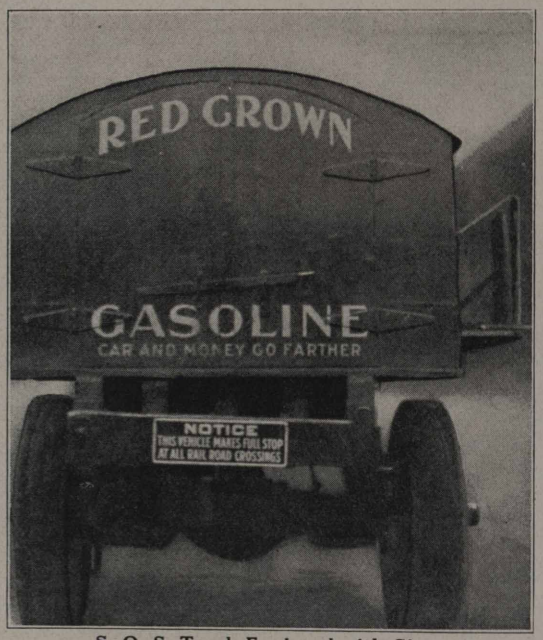
NOTICE
THIS VEHICLE MAKES FULL STOP AT ALL RAIL ROAD CROSSINGS

Standard Oil Company (Indiana) motor vehicles, all of which are being equipped with the sign shown above, will make approximately 25,500,000 stops before railroad crossings during the next twelve months.

If every driver carries out the pledge implied by the sign, there will not be one railroad crossing fatality, not even one railroad crossing accident during the coming year.

During January, February and March, this year, in spite of the pledges signed by drivers to come to a full stop before every railroad crossing, there were seven crossing accidents, two of which were fatal to the drivers.

Referring to these accidents in a recent letter to the field, Mr. T. J. Thompson, general manager sales, said:



S. O. S. Truck Equipped with Sign.

"Five of these drivers positively did not come to a dead stop before crossing; two of them lost their lives in the attempt to beat the train to the crossing."

If these men had kept their pledges their bodies would not now lie in the cemetery.

If every driver had kept his pledge, instead of seven railway crossing accidents in three months, there would not have been even one.

The company owns 8,500 motor vehicles. Each of these is said to average ten crossings a day. In 300 days they will make 25,500,000 crossings, and, if every driver lives up to his pledge, 25,500,000 stops. If each stop consumes two minutes, this means 51,000,000 minutes, or 850,000 hours, or 106,250 eight-hour working days sacrificed to Safety in one year's time.

Figuring this time at $4 a day—a low average—that time is worth to the company $425,000.

The company is willing to sacrifice this sum—almost half a million dollars—in one year to protect the lives of its employees.

The driver of a company owned vehicle who stops before every railroad crossing, sacrifices nothing. He merely cooperates with the company in protecting his own life.

If the company is willing to sacrifice nearly half a million dollars a year to protect him, the man who is protected ought to be willing to yield a cooperation which costs him nothing.

The membership of the National Safety Council is now engaged in a three-month Careful Crossing Campaign, lasting from June 1 to September 1.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and its employees are engaged in a con-

ONE WHO DID NOT KEEP THE PLEDGE

tinuous Careful Crossing Campaign lasting from now on. It is backed by the Board of Directors and should have the cooperation of every employee.

SHIFTMEN'S BENEFIT CLUB

Casper Refinery—With disbursements of $427 for the month ending May 12, 1923, the Standard Shiftmen's Benefit Association shows a balance of $8,390.35 on that date, according to the treasury report.

There was a balance on hand April 12, 1923, of $7,799.04. Collections in dues, entrance fees and fines amounting to $924.60. Interest on Liberty Bonds and savings amounted to $94.71, which with a check for $1.00 returned prove the above balance.

Most of the balance is in Liberty Bonds and savings accounts.

There are 570 members in good standing and fifty new members, who with eleven delinquent members brings the total on the books of 631. Fifteen have been dropped.

FAME OF WOOD RIVER BAND SPREADS

Wood River Refinery—The Wood River Refinery Band was to take part in two special concerts in St. Louis during June.

The first program was to be played at the St. Louis Dispatch station, KSD, June 6. The KSD broadcasting station is one of the most powerful in the country and this concert was expected to be heard in all parts of the United States.

The second concert was to be held at Sportsmen's Park on June 14 for the annual charity ball game given by the Tuberculosis Society of St. Louis. Boston and St. Louis teams will play.

The band also was to furnish the music for the health pageant which is to be given before the ball game. One thousand children will participate in the pageant.

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends!

WOOD RIVER HOLDS ANNUAL SPRING STYLE SHOW

Two of Three Prizes Are Won by Wives of Employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) with Dresses Costing 75 Cents and $1.23

Wood River, Ill.—Unusual attention was given to the second annual "Spring Style Show," held by the Women's Club here. Two of the three prizes for low priced and attractive dresses were won by wives of employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Mrs. Leroy L. Tuley, wife of storehouse keeper, and Mrs. William E. Wolf, wife of pressure still fireman.

Mrs. Leroy L. Tuley in her prize winning dress that cost $1.23.

The Wood River Journal, describing the affair said:

"The stage, fitted up as a most luxurious drawing room, was in exquisite taste in furnishings and soft lights, and was a beautiful setting for the style show. The program opened with several selections by the orchestra of the Wood River schools under the direction of Miss Merle McIntyre, who is to be congratulated on her success with the children.

"There were ten dresses displayed by club members, costing from 75 cents to $1.75, and each showed what wonders can be accomplished with little money and much ingenuity. The judges were Miss Elizabeth Graves Miss Grace Darling and Miss Mabel Ditch.

"They awarded the prizes as follows: street dress, Mrs. J. F. Traband, green and black checked gingham dress, trimmed in black binding and applique and made in the latest style, costing $1.15; house dress, Mrs. L. L. Tuley, blue and white checked gingham, whose novel and attractive trimmings in blue points and buttons, made a dress suitable for both street and house wear, costing $1.23; bungalow apron, Mrs. William E. Wolf, red and white checked gingham trimmed in rick rack, costing 75 cents and most becoming to the model."

The Red Wing, Minn., Republican in commenting upon the show said in an editorial:

"The Women's Club of the small Standard Oil Company town, Wood River, Ill., recently held a dress exposition to show how needles and threads could reduce prices without impairing style. Married men should see that the results accomplished by the members of that club are extensively advertised."

The show was held under the supervision of the Home Economics Section of the Women's Club and was given in the Wood River School auditorium. Several hundred club members and guests were present.

Mrs. William E. Wolf in her prize winning bungalow apron that cost 75 cents.

* * *

"He made an unusually good after-dinner speech."

"What did he say?"

"He said: "Waiter, give me the check."

—*Exchange.*

* * *

An old darkey was out for catfish in a Mississippi yawl. He landed a big one that pulled him overboard. As he crawled out spitting mud, he yelled:

"What I wants t'know is, is dis nigger catfishin' or is dis catfish niggerin'?"

PICTORIAL NEWS OF CHICAGO FIELD

No. 1—Oldtimers will be interested in this photo of John Gates and his home at North Liberty. John is living the life of Riley there. No. 2—Here is Fred Wennberg, dealer's service man of the Chicago advertising department His speciality is Semdac window displays. No. 3—Left to right, Misses Eisenstein, Pearson, George, Sandhagen, Burton and Foote and Mrs. Gillette, general manager's office, sales department. The names are given first so Casper and points West won't have to read all this to find out Who's Who.

A QUARTETTE OF DETROIT BEAUTIES

Detroit Division—If the Standard Oil Company ever has a beauty contest, here are four that Detroit will enter. They are (below) the Misses May Lahuski, Hazel and Josephine Stevens; (above) Miss Marie Dillon.

REAL SOCO SERVICE

Detroit.—While en route from playing a game of golf, Salesman Lee Allyn ran into at least fifty cars stalled on Belle Isle bridge. Some were tooting and every one of the auto owners were swearing, the trouble being that a new Ford owner had run out of gas at the other end of the bridge. Lee had an extra can of Red Crown, put it in the Ford and made a new Red Crown customer while the rest of the gang cheered Red Crown.

SERVICE PLUS

Evansville Field.—Orville Everett, S. S. attendant at Vincennes, Ind., believes in rendering service with a capital "S." A tourist recently stopped at Everett's station and told of losing a very valuable bag on the road. Everett obtained the name and address of the tourist and by advertising in the paper was able to locate the bag, which he returned to the owner.

Joliet Field.—Ed. Tesdall, truck driver at Morris, coming in from a hard day's work, picked up a pocketbook containing $160. The evening paper contained a notice of the lost article and Mr. Tesdall returned the wallet to the owner, Willard Remington, who showed his gratitude by liberally rewarding Mr. Tesdall. All in a day's work—an instance of Standard Oil Company "Service" and "Honesty."

Kansas City Field.—The following letter received by Manager H. C. Griffin from B. W. Robinson of Kansas City tells its own story of service:

"An honest man is hard to find, but I sure found one this morning, your station man, J. L. Cook, at Linwood and Indiana. I went in there to buy some gas and left my pocketbook containing $72.80. I returned in about an hour and he returned it to me. I can say that he is a fine honest man."

Another letter received by Mr. Griffin was written by Captain M. H. Patton, Cavalry, U. S. Army, of Fort Riley, Kas., as follows:

"Having finished my work at the Cavalry School and being ordered to another station, I wish to take this opportunity of bringing to your attention and speaking a word of commendation and praise for the two young men you have on duty at your filling station on Washington street, Junction City.

"During all my dealings with your company here, I am glad to say they have always been most courteous and obliging and never too much trouble to do anything, especially when the lady members of the family have to go for gas or oil, and if it were possible for you to have such type of men at all your stations, other oil companies would not be able to keep open."

SOCIAL CLUB FORMED

Chicago.—The Chicago Stanolind Association, an organization designed to further social and athletic activities of S. O. Co. employees of the home office building, this month began a strenuous membership drive.

Representatives of practically every department in the building met on May 7 and elected a board of directors. This board, consisting of nine members, was instructed to draw up a constitution and by-laws, which after several meetings have been perfected.

The Board of Directors is composed of H. N. Blix, Chicago sales department, president; D. Radcliffe, traffic department, vice-president; W. G. Steinmeyer, Chicago sales department, secretary; J. Wyand, manufacturing department, treasurer; A. E. McMeekin, purchasing department; B. C. Wolfe, manufacturing department; J. W. Jordan, home office auditing department; J. G. Lannin, general manager's department, and B. Smeed, lubricating department.

ANNUITANTS

Three more veteran employees have been placed on the annuity payroll, according to an announcement by E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and vice-president of the company. They are:

Joseph Michael, 335 North Lombard avenue, Oak Park, Ill.; formerly lubricating salesman; with company 20 years and 2 months.

A. H. Van Sickle, 201 North Baker street, Winona, Minn.; formerly teamster and tank wagon driver in La Crosse division; with company 29 years and 2 months.

S. C. Guthrie, 302 North Seventh street, Marshalltown, Iowa; formerly agent in sales department; with company 28 years and 2 months.

SUPERINTENDENT IS HERO

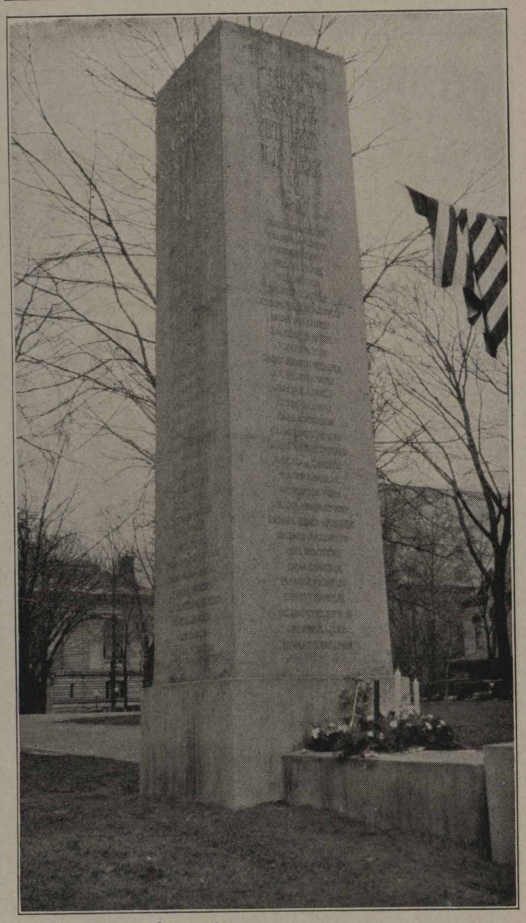
Wood River Refinery—August Wustenfeldt, still superintendent, proved himself a hero during a fire in No. 3 crude house when a water cock on the still had been left opened.

There was but one way to stop the fire without allowing all the oil in the still to burn and that was to close the cock. It was a job that would be accompanied with considerable danger to the man doing it.

Not wanting to risk injuring any of his men, Mr. Wustenfeldt did the job himself while several large streams of water were played on the fire to keep it back as much as possible.

The men who were at the fire were loud in their praise of Gus.

NOT FORGOTTEN

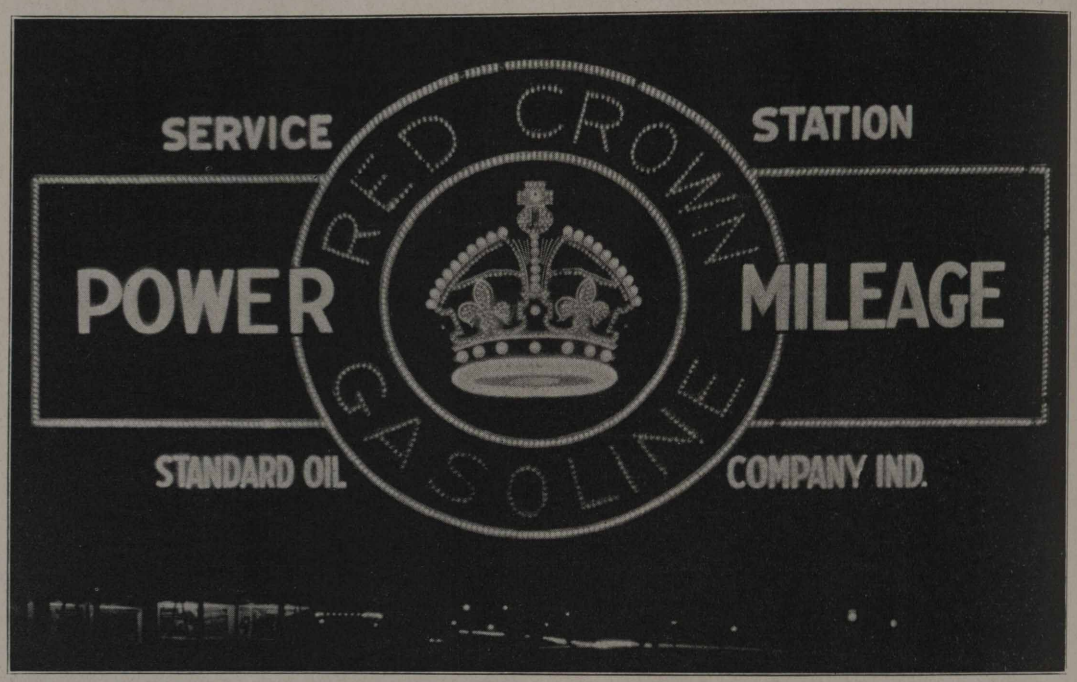


Nor did we forget!

The boys from the Grand Rapids office who made the supreme sacrifice in the World War were honored on Memorial Day by this floral piece placed at the base of the memorial tablet.

Our two blue stars that turned to gold were for Robert Zollner and Neal Fonger.

ST. LOUIS LIGHTS UP WITH GIANT SIGN



St. Louis.—When you go driving in Forest Park you have got to take notice of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). This electric sign is located at the Clayton Road entrance to the park and is the largest of its kind in the Middle West. The structure is of steel and is 45 feet by 62 feet. The two Red Crown trade-mark circles are 30 feet in diameter. More than 5,000 lamps, ranging in size from 10 to 400 watts, are used. The sign is in colors.

CASPER FOREMEN ORGANIZE CLUB

Refinery Leaders Elect Officers for Year; Plan Social and Business Activities; Goal of Organization Told

Casper Refinery—The most powerful organizations today of which the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) may well be classed as one, owe their growth primarily to the fact that they have a functional organization. We have as the designated heads a chairman and board of directors, then the executives of various refineries, foremen, stillmen and down the ranks to the lowest man. Each one in his position and in his department is carrying out the ideals and good business principles as they are given to him, or as he knows them through experience; functioning, you might say, as a very large family, which has resulted in the development of a smooth running organization.

With the class of men known as foremen, stillmen and those holding positions of importance in the operating and mechanical departments of a large refinery, we have an important group who have in their power the opportunity to carry out Safety First information, good workmanship, plant policy, and the manufacturing of a superior product. This group of men are foremen.

But, just what is a foreman? This has been the question that has been uppermost in the minds of many of the employees at the Casper Refineries. Am I eligible to become a member of the Foremen's Club? To get the answer one must consult their

(*Continued on Page 24*)

CASPER'S BARNYARD GOLFERS BUSY

Casper—No. 1—Rex Fanning and L. G. Smith, fans, are registering deep sadness because Mr. Andrus has just topped Mignolet's ringer. No. 2—No, the fate of empires does not hang on the outcome of the game. The players are merely interested. They are Messrs. Covert, Forbes and Thompson. No. 3—Introducing the players, left to right: Messrs. Smith, Mignolet, Andrus and Cotton. No. 4—Here's the other side of the question, Messrs. Heinze, Forbes, Morris of Laramie, and Thompson.

SELL 144 COUPON BOOKS IN MONTH

Quincy Division.—Here are Attendants E. S. Doyle and O. G. Burton of S. S. No. 1, Moberly, Mo., who sold twelve dozen coupon books during April. A glance at their smiles shows why.

(*Continued from Page 22*)

"horoscope" or a fortune teller. The management says, at times we are "Brass Collars." The men say, most of the time we have "Dirty Collars," and our wives think it provides an excellent excuse for their husbands to get out once a month.

It was, however, with the idea of promoting good fellowship and acquaintance among foremen, and of holding educational meetings, that the Foremen's Club was organized. The following officers were elected to control the destinies of the club for the first year: A. V. Forbes, president; Mack Burrell, Rock Perdue, J. C. Zolnoski, W. C. Goodwin and C. B. Pierce, as a board of directors, and Assistant Director of Industrial Relations Don Lobdell as permanent secretary.

Since the date of organization, work has been started along various lines in the way of dramatics, music and athletics. We expect to have many interesting meetings with a real orchestra and talented entertainers, chosen from among the members. A series of educational talks will be carried out, tracing the production of crude oil from the field to the refining of Red Crown and Polarine. With the new Industrial building as a setting, we expect to have a chance to hear some community singing and as this building is outside of the city limits, there will be no danger of arrests or fines to pay for disturbing the peace.

Our monthly meetings will provide the means of banding us together, in order that we may understand our fellow-workers better, that we will understand ourselves better, and that we may learn more of the great business of refining, in which we are all engaged. This is the intent and purpose of the Foremen's Club. If we learn how to function and when to function as individuals and collectively, we will make a large step of progress along the lines of functional management, and will then be more valuable to our company, more interested in our work and a better citizen throughout.

This is the goal set by the Foreman's Club at Casper. Let us reach it.

* * *

"Say, Pop, why are all drug stores on corners?"

"So they will be handy for auto collisions, my son."—*American Legion Weekly.*

QUINCY SALESMEN'S INSPIRATION

Quincy Division.—A glance at these office girls tells why Quincy division won the selling banner for April. Who wouldn't get out and hustle for a smile from any of these? The girls are (left to right), front row: Marian Zanders, Margaret Ernst, Gertrude Schwartzburg, Dorothy Scott and Alma Bradshaw; second row, Blanche Perry, Virginia Kohl and Janie Donald; third row, Nell Maxwell, Elmaza Fletcher, Esther Taylor and Florence Hughes; fourth row, Joanna Jenkins, Alice Dapper and Margaret Aller; and, fifth row, Edith Graham, Ethel Doerr and Jayme Cason.

WOOD RIVER DIRTY FACES

The Wood River Mutual Benefit Association had a balance on hand January 1, 1923, of $1,535.40 and received to June 1, $651.00. Paid out to date this year $506.50 which leaves a balance on hand of $1,679.90 invested as follows:

Liberty bonds	$800.00
First State and Savings Bank savings account	181.64
First State and Savings Bank checking account	$360.91
First State and Savings Bank cashier's check	192.85
First National Bank checking account	74.50
Cash in hands of Secretary	70.00

Sick benefit payments were made to sixteen members of the Association. The smallest amount was $2.00 and the largest amount $106.00. The above is according to report of the Secretary, L. L. Tuly.

* * *

To meet your responsibilities properly, know them thoroughly.—*Gossardian.*

WHITING, IND.

Anyone desiring instructions in the art of dare-devil driving see Prof. A. D. Coon. All other machines had better keep off the street while Cooney is on the job, because he doesn't stop for anything as long as his "Betsy" will run. Ask anyone on Ave. M., East Side.

George Saunders and Wilbur Gough made a trip to Cedar Lake. They caught seven dandy pickerel. Mr. Gough being bashful does not wish to have his name mentioned so we will consider it unmentioned.

John Zondor of the boiler shop has crowned Miss Susie Chondick his "Queen of Hearts." They were married on May 1, and are at home at 1322 Schrage avenue. Best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Zondor.

A party of nine, including Stoop and Kasper of the boiler shop invaded Cedar Lake last Saturday on a fishing trip. It was rather chilly but the boys stuck it out and were rewarded by Kasper catching a cold, which was all that was wished on the party. At this rate the "conservation department" will not have to replenish the stock of fish at Cedar Lake for some time.

Lou Moore, helper at the agitator pump house, was united in marriage to Miss Helen Girman of Hammond in the M. E. Parsonage at Crown Point, Ind. Congratulations. May your married life be a long and happy one.

Henry Holtz, treater, will spend his vacation on his fruit farm in Michigan.

Herbert Johnson, helper at the agitator pump house, was called to Cincinnati on account of a death in his brother's family.

H Etter, pumper at agitator pump house, attended the baseball game between the Chicago Cubs and Pittsburgh. Harry forecast a great year for the Cubs.

Now that Oren Mackey has finished house cleaning he finds more time to devote to his Mexican Seaboard.

The new aluminum roof on No. 12 agitator is nearing completion.

Dave Whitmyer receives so many telephone calls from home that the boys in the pump house are planning on installing and sending him a radio set to save him the energy wasted otherwise.

Ray Durbin, treater helper, was in South Bend on business April 20.

We would like to know what the contest held at South State Street Show in Chicago was about, that so attracted the undivided attention of F. Mong and E. Deeken.

H. Etter finds the radio set he purchased for the baby quite a plaything.

Although George Wiley is handicapped with rheumatism in his right knee, he can still keep pace with the colonel.

All news is good news, let's have it. See F. Griffith at the agitator pump house.

William H. Wright died on May 2, 1923, and was buried at Spurlington, Ky. His home was at 420 Ohio avenue, Whiting, Ind. The machine shop not only lost an expert pneumatic tool repairman, but also suffers the loss of a conscientious and courteous fellow workman whose friends numbered many. The machine shop employees extend their deepest sympathy to those loved ones he left behind.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bumhour spent the early part of June at Washington, D. C.

John Plau, machinist, has a new Hupmobile. Formerly, his Elgin was unexcelled, but "something new is always a little better" as John puts it.

Charles Westling, machinist, has resigned from the S. O. Co. to engage in farming.

Glenn Slinker lost his hat from the train while riding to work May 12. Arriving at Whiting he was obliged to turn back to Robertsdale to recover his "uppermost" property.

"Punch" McClelland was seen exhibiting a derby of rather unique proportions at the machine shop. Where he borrowed it, no one knows, but it was assumed that Charlie Chaplin was not far off, looking for a lost hat.

Our old friend "Spillar" is back with us again. It takes a good machinist and a man with an everlasting broad smile to fill the shoes that he wears.

C. J. Schroeder attended a conference held in St. Joseph, Mich., recently. He was accompanied by his friend Miss Dunn also from South Chicago, with whom he enjoyed a most interesting and enjoyable time, both in St. Joe and aboard the chartered steamer City of Holland which carried a large delegation from Chicago.

We were sorry to learn of the death of Miss Theresa Duegan, daughter of Frank Duegan, inside helper at tower still receiving house No. 3. Miss Duegan passed away after a lingering illness. Interment was at Mount Olivet Cemetery. The Duegan family have the deepest sympathy from the men of the tower stills.

John Polovich, fireman of the first and second batteries of stills, is back on the job again after a sick spell.

According to Frank Kapin, foreman pipefitter on the tower stills, No. 1 battery, called Mr. Duggan on the 'phone and asked if he had any 4-inch by 12-foot gold pipe, that he was going to use it on the refined coil still No. 1. What do you think the storeroom is, Frank? A gold mine, eh?

Bob Sharp is going to get married. We don't know who the fortunate or unfortunate lady is, but hope to find out soon. Bob has already purchased his "love nest" in the West Park Addition where he and his "canary" will roost. He says he is to furnish a wedding picture to put in the Record. Good work, Bob, that will be fine.

Frank Moore, stillman at No. 6 receiving house tower stills, is desirous of trading positions with King Ben of the House of David at Benton Harbor, Mich.

Mike Adley is on the warpath. He has an awful grouch on at the present time. What's the matter, Mike, aren't the boys in the basement treating you right?

Byrom Smalley purchased a new Cleveland coach auto. Now for real speed this Summer.

One of our night superintendents was out riding in his Nash on his day off. No, boys, it was not Art Moore. Everything went lovely until he reached Hammond when all of a sudden—enough said, you give the anxious ones the details, Charlie.

Johnny Moore had the misfortune to get hit with the ball while playing first base on the tower still baseball team. Tough luck, Johnny. The boys at the crude station say, as a first baseman you would make a fine team mate to Jack O'Keefe, the prominent White Sox pitcher, playing daily in the Chicago Herald and Examiner. "You know me, Al."

Capt. Harry Banahan, chairman of the board of directors, Ohio Avenue Improvement Association, set out with great care about thirty choice slips of pale green "to grow cabbage enough for all the kraut we need next Winter. I'm tired of buying kraut," said Harry, as the missus looked a little doubtingly at his labors. Thirty cannaes now are growing fine and will soon be in bud. "Anyhow, cabbage will be low in price this Fall," says Harry.

Seize him, sales division! The champion screen painter of the pressure stills department enjoys the morning paper 9 to 10 A. M. when working nights, providing there is nothing for dada to do about the house. He did nothing for four mornings after being daily reminded that "those old screens simply must have a coat of paint this Spring before going up." On the fifth morning when the frau went shopping our champion seized a dust cloth, can of Semdac and "painted" nine screens, wire, frames and all in thirty minutes flat. Wife happy!

The boys of the machine shop are inquiring of Mike Gadish the cause of his smiles of late. Is it a boy or a girl? Mike said, "Guess again. My ball team won two games." Good luck, Mike, keep it up.

William Dever, of the machine shop, owner of a Ford, on his way home got unruly, flared up and lost a part of the front end. After working on it all night, "Bill" was asked what shape it was in. He said it was like the story of the school teacher who asked a little boy what was the shape of the world. He replied, "My Dad said that it was in a H—— of a shape."

Bob Gradwall of the machine shop has been off several days with a severe attack of lumbago. We are certainly glad to see you with us again, Bob.

Steam Department

Tony Halic, coal unloader at No. 5 boiler house, is filling the place of John Herpka as machine man while the latter is away.

Paul Tomko, formerly helper at the old No. 3 boiler house, is now swing watertender on the refinery side while the men are taking their vacations.

It is reported at No. 5 boiler house that John Szaller is off getting married. John is an old timer on the boiler washing gang and in his new venture the steam department extends their congratulations.

James Arundel and John Schelling, watertenders on the refinery side, are on their vacations and their positions are being filled by Owen Moore and Charles P. McDonald.

Mike Awornik, ash car man at No. 4 boiler house, has sent to the old country for his brother and expects him here in a short time. Mike says that his brother will make a good addition to the working force here at the plant.

Bladge Dudge, formerly of the boiler washing gang, is now pulling pits at No. 4 boiler house and from all reports likes his new work.

John Javorka, fireman at No. 4 boiler house, is expecting his two sons to arrive here some time in July from the old country. John is reported as saying that they are coming by express.

Charles Diroszegh, flue blower at No. 7 boiler house, is taking a few days off to attend a wedding. Watch your step, Charlie.

Mrs. Lawrence Long, wife of one of our boiler washing foremen, was operated on for appendicitis at the St. Bernard's hospital and from last reports was getting along as well as could be expected.

No. 1 boiler house was put on oil this week which caused the placing of our old force at other plants in the steam department. At this writing most of the men have been placed on operating jobs.

Mike Riwalski, coal unloading foreman at No. 5 boiler house, was off the other day. How come, Mike?

Mike Dillion, watertender at No. 4 boiler house, was off duty on May 11 to attend the funeral of his niece.

Thomas Taylor is back on the job again blowing flues at No. 6 boiler house after being off for some time.

Joe Sheron, formerly at No. 4 boiler house, is now reported as working for the Pennsy on the East Side as car repairer.

Billy Watts is laid up again account of his foot. Dan Buckley from No. 4 boiler house is tending water at No. 1 until Billy is back on the job.

John Cubas is back in the plant after being away for some time. He is now with the coal gang at No. 5 boiler house. John was formerly with the boiler washing gang at this house.

The boys at No. 4 say that Dan Buckley has a grudge against the weather man. He claims that the cool weather this Spring has injured his fruit trees and flowers. Better not kick too hard Dan as we might need some cool weather before the Summer is over.

Canning Department

Stand back fellows! Have you seen Mary Montich in her new riding habit? She surely will help Henry Ford's business.

Edward Zurbriggen of the canning department was seen by some of the fellows looking at furniture. "What's the idea, Eddy?"

Miss Montich, Mr. Roman, Miss Gornick and Mr. Zurbriggen of the canning department, also Miss Berdick of the White Oil Room and Mr. Rosenbaum, were to South Bend to see the Auto Races. All had a wonderful time. "Who won the races, Ed?"

Helen Rosenbaum of the canning department has been transferred to the White Oil Room.

Ed. Zubriggen, John Roman and Arthur Rosenbaum were to the Haymarket Theatre one Sunday night. The show was fine so after the first show was over Arthur wanted to stay for another show. He was "stuck" on one of the actresses. John said she was a peach too.

The can house won the championship by beating the Shamrocks, 2 out of 3 games at indoor baseball.

John Konya took a half day off to buy his new Vaselino suit.

The can house girls say they are not going to roll them this Summer. They are going to wear the latest style King Tut Hose. Extra length, with pockets at the top.

The three greatest men in this country are known by the name of Bill. They are, Bill Bryan, Bill Sunday and Bill Schmittel (the loader of the can house).

Emma O'Donnell says she was out to a party until two A. M. the other night. Who was the party, Emma?

Mary Lopaich says the best time in the world to sleep is just after the alarm clock rings in the morning.

You might not believe it, but, we have the prettiest girls at the canning department that ever put on a pair of khaki bloomers. If you don't believe it, ask John Clingenpeel.

It is reported that wedding bells and congratulations will soon be in order for Genevieve Prush of the canning department.

Miss Sophie Benko has decided to enter vaudeville, her side line is toe dancing. Hope you make good, Sophie.

Rose Gornick is very proud of her father's new Sport Model Haynes car.

Pipe Shop

Joe Blastick, after due thought, has bought a Ford.

Jim McCarthy is making regular trips to the big city, these days. There is a reason.

William Bartels wears an expansive smile every noon-hour. He is some horse-shoe pitcher, we understand. On May 28, Bartels beat Lenko, 21 to 19, for the championship of the pipe shop.

Vaughn Cameron, commonly known as the "Sheik of the mechanical department," is recuperating from injuries received at Bernice, where he was surrounded by a host of beautiful women, who showered him with diamond rings. "Sheik" intends to return them in private, one at a time.

Thomas Beegan, fight promoter of the brass foundry, has arranged a spectacular bout of the age, between Charles Ruebens and Pat Curtin. This will be staged some time in the near future. The preliminary will also be a "darb," Frank Nagy vs. Mike Silvasi.

Joe Garland of the brass foundry has a new Dodge car. The mania, of which the poet raved, "In the Spring, a young man's fancy, etc." seems to affect them, after they have passed a certain age, to change to autos.

Say, Tom Beegan, when are you going to get your teeth? You know what effect eggs have.

Lloyd Stoll of the pressure still pipe shop is sporting a new Durant.

Candle Factory

Susie Popovich was to take the leap into married life on June 12. The girls gave a shower for her on the fifth.

Frances S. has troubles all her own. Now that she has a cape, her friend does not know how to take her arm. Can any of the girls from the candle factory offer her any advice on the subject? Never mind, Frances, the wedding bells will soon be ringing for you.

Canner and Mary were working together and Mary, feeling in a strange mood, said, "Ah, Canner! let's share all our troubles together."

Anna Runick, looking at a column of figures—"Oh dear, I can't add these figures!"

Ruby Kruzich—"Why can't you?"

Anna R.—"Well you see, I only went to night school, I can't add in the day time."

The girls of the candle factory raised the roof when Anna Ondesco left us to be married. White tape streamers flew from button, buttonhole, collars, cuffs and hem. A nice little cotton doll found a snug resting place in one sleeve. She tried to keep it quiet, but it is no use trying to hide anything from us.

The spirit of mischief arose in the girls' hearts when they learned that Ferne Hawkins was to be married. They sent her away with streamers of all sorts, as Ferne Hawkins, and welcomed her back with congratulations, as Mrs. Dorothy Fortener.

A surprise miscellaneous shower was given Julia Misicko on May 23 by the girls of the candle factory at Julia's home. The evening was spent in opening the gifts and playing games. During the evening the girls played a joke on the bride-to-be by placing the groom in a basket and covering the top with paper. Another present, Julia!

Miss Julia Misicko of the candle factory became the wife of Joseph Polony of East Chicago on May 28, the ceremony being performed at the Greek Catholic church of Whiting. The girls of the candle factory extend their heartiest congratulations.

Elizabeth Marvel of the printing department is spending a week with her mother at Pekin, Ill.

After much coaxing and asking many questions we have finally discovered that Oliver Canner of the candle factory will go to his own wedding on June 20. Many congratulations, Canner.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Signs of warmer weather:

A. E. Hauptley has had his hair cut. "Barber college—ouch!"

Frisby's Grass Gang is sharpening the grass cutting tools..

Screens are being put on main office to keep the germs in and the flies out.

The Leather Leggin' Club members are discarding their leggings.

Bert Hafer is tuning up the Main Office fans for singing the clerks to sleep.

G. V. Hackett is hauling old soda ash can home.

Jim O'Hara is washing the garage windows.

J. H. Grinter is driving his car to work "occasionally."

Henry Hink, front gate watchman, has had his uniform cleaned and his buttons shined up.

R. C. Wetmore is wearing his old brown benny. (King Tut robe.)

C. O. Taylor of the paraffine works has a new type of strawberry plant. Taylor claims he set them according to directions (all in one bunch), so as to facilitate the gathering of the crop. We expect him to look next for a strawberry plant that will deliver its own berries to the crate, but we are in sympathy with a man who will take a basketful of plants to the field and plant the basket and all in the center and then expect the plants to run all over the field.

"Hook" Hoffman is still at his tango lessons and *perhaps* by the time he masters this dance, it will be popular again.

Law violators dropped 80 per cent in Independence the last half of April and about the only way that the city can account for it, is that "Professor Officer Earl Jackson Cox" was away from his sideline duties at the Standard Oil Company at this time.

Frank Searcy is enjoying a vacation at the main office assisting the mortification squad. After this work he is going to make up a complete list of all steel and wooden lockers in the works.

J. A. Hininger has at last succeeded in disposing of his "King-Tut Special" better known as the "Oakland Sensible Sick." He is now sporting a slightly used Studebaker Special Six. The Studebaker people allowed him an extra tire cover for his "Oakland Sensible Six."

Fred Miller had another automobile salesman out to see him, guess he will quit writing for catalogs pretty soon.

If you think a Chevrolet car is an easy rider, take a look at A. O. Hodges' pants with a leather seat. Every trip A. O. takes to Kansas, he has to have a new half (soul-sole) or seat put on his pants. Some persons think Mr. Hodges has the Saint Vitus; it isn't this at all, what makes him shiver so is due to a bad case of *Chevroitus*, acquired by the constant rocking of his Chevrolet.

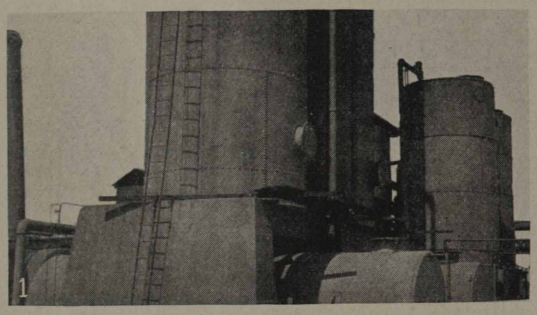
Bill Beatty is trying to make one of the baseball teams again this year, this time as a catcher. This is the best he has pulled yet. He couldn't even catch the measles if he were in the house with them for months.

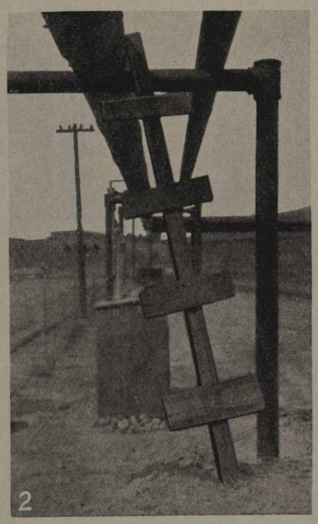
A. S. Hurt is getting his baseball equipment together. Says he looks for a busy season and he will have to get an assistant probably before the season is over. The players have started a petition for enough money to purchase him a horse to be used for chasing foul balls. When the ball is knocked off the diamond the game is at a standstill until it is brought back. Why not purchase a couple of more balls?

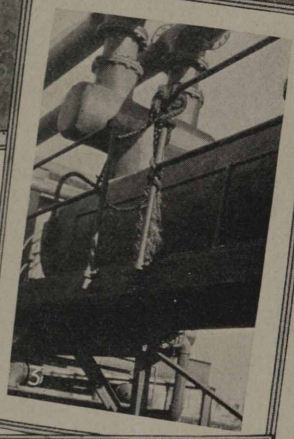
Notice—Fred Miller has moved again, he is four moves ahead of Roth now.

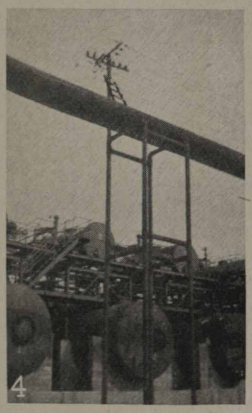
(Continued on Page 34)

Brought to Light









No. 1—Casper, we all give up. The prize is yours. We have had ladders and other ladders, but never one like this. You, Mr. Man, if you built this ladder, keep quiet until the storm has passed. That is only "Safety First" advice

No. 2—These are not just loose overhead planks, but it's a platform to reach certain valves. We told you because we knew you would not know unless we did. This is past history now, however, we are quite sure about that.

No. 3—You will have to admit that a double handrail has been provided here but someone has entirely forgotten what materials are supposed to be used. Rope is very unsatisfactory as a handrail.

No. 4—This is almost humorous but the trouble is the Safety Department cannot see a joke of this kind. An old slat ladder is bad enough when on the ground, but on top of a high steam line it is worse. This ladder was in regular use when the picture was taken

C W. Smith
and
R. A. Hartzell
Safety Director, Casper

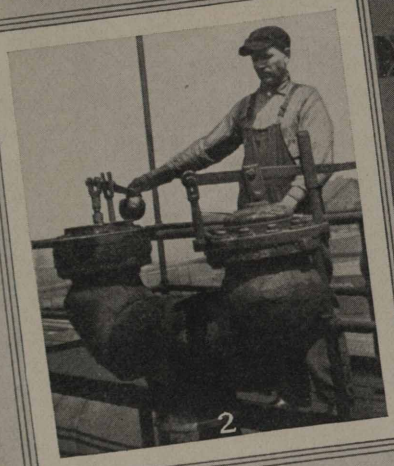
Safety First

SOME OF WHITING'S FAIREST

Whiting, Ind.—When it comes to girls, Whiting works challenges the whole Standard Oil Company (Indiana) territory to show more beauty. No. 1—Here are some of the candle factory's fairest, left to right (standing): Anna Hlebasko, Stella Stefansky, Veronica Berdies; (kneeling), Mary Seman, Helen Leonard, Ruby Kruzich, Elizabeth Haraksin, Rose Bakus, Pauline Kornidas, Martha Cybulski and Anna Maksimik. No. 2—Sixteen of the grease works employees are (left to right, top row): Cecelia Palko, Julia Berca, Marie Kozak, Anna Bednar, Anna Ralidak, Elizabeth Popp, Anna Janick, Mary Mehura; (lower row): Anna Priscak, Anna Ovad, Ilona Grausegraber, Kate Justak, Mary Kubeck, Elizabeth Kerchak, Mary Grencik and Margaret Demkovich. No. 3—Eight more of the same room are, left to right: Angela Tokarz, Bernice Wuopio, Sysan Skrabalo, Sophia Blastick, Mary Arienis, Suzy Bakuss, Susy Backus and Mary Germick. No. 4—Four girls of the white oils room here are, left to right: Marie Arens. Maude Ridge, Anna Golden and Emma O'Donnell.

ON THE JOB AT WHITING WORKS

1



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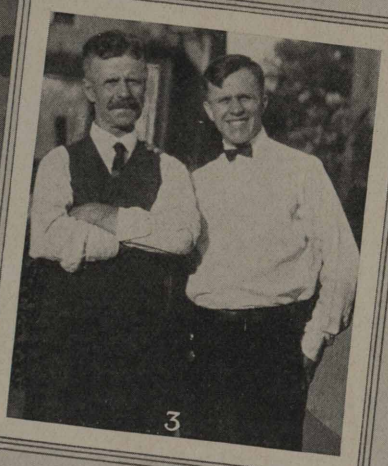

3

Whiting—No. 1—Helpers T. Sabol, W. Beckman and T. Moynihan of Batteries 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, paused a moment in their work for this picture. No. 2—Andy Haluska, helper on nine and ten batteries of the tower stills, is shown "checking in" No. 60. No. 3—Shift Foreman Billy Brown, who is one of the real old-timers of Whiting's tower stills, is shown on his thirty-two hours off with his son, Herbert, also a member of the Stanolind family.

HERE AND THERE IN THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY (INDIANA) FIELDS

No. 1—The Minneapolis armored money wagon, which is shown here, has done much to eliminate hold-ups. An attendant was photographed as he was depositing funds through a small opening in the side of the truck. No. 2—Here is the gang that is putting the Fort Dodge district of the Des Moines field on the map. Left to right, the men are J. M. Pfiffner, district superintendent; B. H. Yerkes, G. F. Allard, Elmer Parkes, R. H. Clow, T. C. Vicars, E. J. Drewer, and J. N. Trainer. No. 3—When Minot, of the Fargo field, celebrated its fortieth anniversary as a city with a great pageant, Standard Oil Company (Indiana) trucks were a feature of the parade. Drivers L. Williamson and Robert Edgar are shown "at ease." No. 4—Manager Thayer of the Sioux City division was sent as one of the delegates to inspect the Snakesover Oil Fields in Arkansas. This photo does not necessarily show how Mr. Thayer traveled. No. 5—Here's the flivver of Salesman W. D. Stacy, Springfield, Ill., of the Peoria field. Salesman Stacy believes in advertising S. O. Co. products. No. 6—"Red Crown Dan" McConnell, city tank wagon salesman at Independence, Kas., of the Kansas City field, believes in the full line. Dan carries fire fighting artillery. Some time ago, Dan saved a large touring car from flames on the road and made a S. O. Co. booster of the driver. Service, first, last and all the time—that's Dan.

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G. V. Hackett has joined the Radio Club. Says he can almost hear the Radio Concerts broadcasted in Kansas City. Fred Miller assisted in installing the apparatus for him and it should be a good one.

The main office and lunch cottage lawns are getting their yearly coat of sod again, but with the steam lines under lunch cottage lawn and the hot water used for sprinkling, the sod will have the appearance in about a month of having been put on up side down. About the only way to make the grass grow on the baked lawns would be to have Bickley pack the lawn in chipped ice every evening.

By glancing at the Sugar Creek Works Pay Roll, many oddities will be noticed, among which are the following:

At Sugar Creek we have in the Animal Kingdom: A Bird, Fox, Crow, Hare, Wolf, Robbin and Badger.

Among the Royalty we have: A King, a Queen and a Knight.

In the Plant Life we have: Woods and Flowers.

In Colors we have: Dye, White, Brown and Green.

Among Trades and Occupations: Bakers, Millers, Farmer, Wheeler, Weaver, Sellers, Porters and Butlers.

Among the Edibles will be found: Rice.

When it comes to fishing, we can't be beat. We have a Fisher, a Hook and the Fish (Bass and Sammons).

We have a very essential metal: Steele.

We have a Long, Short, Large, Sharp and Strong. Also, a Bishop, a Walker, some Coin and a Doll.

We also have Easter and Valentine's day continually.

Among the Ex-Presidents we have Jackson, Grant and Wilson.

We also have Hills, Dales, Bridges and Fields at Sugar Creek.

"Our Band" has started its Summer Concerts in the company park south of the Main Office. Concerts are given every Thursday evening during the Summer and the attendance at the first three concerts indicates that this will be the best year the band has experienced.

R. R. Peck, of the Main Office, was away two days recently in Marshall, Mo. As Mr. Peck is fire chief of Mt. Washington and the convention of fire chiefs was being held in Marshall while he was there, we attach significance to his presence in Marshall at that time.

Even with the baseball season well under way and the popularity of the checker game, the "old reliable" horseshoe game still holds its own. It is a common occurrence to see George Hackett and Emmett Lewis pitted against E. J. Cox and C. C. Koehler in hotly contested games and the courts are always fully occupied at noon each day.

It sure makes a fellow feel proud to look up at "Old Glory" waving from the flag pole each day o late. It helps us to remember that we are Americans and should live up to the ideals that it stands for.

We have two new office boys on our "force." They are Dan ("Snoozer") O'Connell and Kenneth ("Duke") Kleihauer.

A. E. Hauptley, our congenial storekeeper, is back after a week's service on the criminal jury. He reports that the other eleven men had to send out for more money. (The jury had to spend their nights in a hotel together.)

Earl J. Cox of the Main Office has moved again. This time to Fairmount Park on Huttig avenue. He is building a home. When it comes to changing automobiles and his place of abode, Earl leads the League by a big margin. How long in this place, Earl?

Pewee Hancock can be seen with a 50 foot tape line, a yard stick and a calculator in his hand every day now. It's his semi-annual task to see that the plant inventory "goes over" O. K. And he can do it, too.

J. O. Hinde of the Main Office is sporting a swollen jaw. He says it's a tooth gone on the warpath. We do not doubt his word, but it looks mighty suspicious. What does the other fellow look like, Jim?

If it's in the "Radio Digest" H. O. Roth has read it. He is our radio oxpert and information man.

A number of our employees are planning a program to be broadcast from the Sweeney Radio Studio soon. A very excellent program will be rendered and one of the feature numbers will be J. O. Hinde in the "Tell Me a Story" period with one of his original "fables."

Sugar Creek is gradually waking up to the best methods of keeping their foremen in closer touch with their men. Frank G. Lee, foreman of carpenter and paint department, and Arthur O. Hodges, foreman of pipe department, have each been furnished with a very late model bicycle. They have not been in use long enough at the present writing to tell just exactly how they are going to work out; but it is believed that this is the beginning of lots of grief for Sugar Creek. In the first place Lee's feet are too large to ride a bicycle unless extra large pedals are put on his bike. Lee is now taking bike riding lessons and is getting no better fast, but as for Mr. Hodges, it comes natural for him inasmuch as he is used to riding his Chevrolet. And another thing is that there are too many hills in Sugar Creek for bike riding and in about a month they will be trading their bikes for mountain climbing donkeys. When Mr. Hodges gets all rigged out in his rubber rain suit, his hip boots and mounts his bike he is certainly a living ad for Skipper's Sardines. It will take Lee several years to get limbered up; you can hear his bones popping and cracking for several blocks when he starts pumping up the agitator hill. The office boys are watching and waiting with keen interest and they believe that it will only be a matter of a few weeks until they will be riding the discarded bikes. The company looks to be the loser on this scheme on account of that labor that will be lost every day by employees leaving their duties to watch Hodges or Lee go biking by. What will be asked for next is a Ford for the bike riders to hook onto and drag them around the plant. The next step will be for the company to furnish for each employee the kind of vehicle that will best suit their speed. This would probably give Charley Street a team of oxen, O. C. Hite a glider, F. H. Frisby an old Kentucky mule, and George Hackett a good pair of Safety shoes. The office boys will probably ask for roller skates with rubber rollers. If this fad ever gets started in the Main Office there will certainly be a lot of wheel chairs gliding around the office.

The Pot Iron Club

If the boss's Cadillac don't make the hills he is always sure that his Dodge will. His chauffeur worries a lot about the finish becoming dull on the Cadillac, but if he would polish it as much as he does his curly locks, this worry would be unnecessary.

H. R. Boehmer is the owner of the Buick 6—or Buick 76 model—now better known as the "King Tut Special Six."

R. C. Wetmore has one of those Oldsmobile Saturday Afternoon Specials. Every Saturday

afternoon down for repairs. He says he can get more service out of this car than any car on the road; he also admits that it is hardly ever necessary for him to do repair work on it. We don't know who does it, but you can generally find someone's feet protruding from its chassis.

J. A. Hininger, Studebaker Special Six, says an Oakland is a good car, too. He claims that he can make 60 or 70 miles an hour with his car. Guess it depends on what kind of a car is towing him.

Ashton Jones has finally mastered his Cleveland Six Stump Extractor. He says he doesn't have much trouble getting in his garage now. He should not have any as he has knocked all the trees down near it and he now has a clear shot from the street. He can get in the garage all right but if he don't have someone there to shut the door he can't make it stay.

G. W. Thompson has an awful hard time finding a parking place for his Dodge, and all on account of its color, too. He should have it painted white. "You can't fool a sparrow," says James O'Hara.

J. W. Kelly has the Nash Six and as long as it takes the A. B. Jones hill on high I can't find much to say about it. He seems to be regaining his health he lost during his ownership of the "Leaping Tuna" Maxwell and it's a good thing that he disposed of this "Shakem-up" model before it shook all the flesh from his bones.

Morse Butler is supposed to be possessor of a Nash Four, but no one has ever seen it. He says he would drive it to work, but that he has been riding the street cars so long that he don't know of any other way to get to Sugar Creek. Too bad that someone doesn't raffle off some gasoline.

John Grinter is the reckless driver of a Buick Six, geared especially for funerals, parades and for any travel where there is no necessity for hurrying. John says he would drive his car to work more often but inasmuch as it serves as a part of his living room furniture it is necessary for him to leave it at home, especially when the card parties are in season. It has been rumored that he puts moth balls in her every Fall and packs her away for the Winter.

A. O. Hodges—Chevrolet! This is a pitiful case and far be it from me to bring it to light. I will just say one thing and that is that something ought to be done toward the adoption of a law whereby the Chevrolet Automobile Company be impelled to include with the sale of every Chevrolet one thoroughly trained mechanic and enough repair parts to last for five years.

G. V. Hackett is the owner of a 1911 Chalmers, now called the "Death Trap." His starter failed him the other evening and when he finally got it started by cranking he was so weak he had to be lifted in the car. He has it equipped with "Can't Stop" brakes and a "Grab Clutch." He uses his foot brakes for developing the muscles in his legs. The only time he can stop when he wants to is when he can find something to run into at the end of his journey. (The iron fence around the lunch cottage lawn proves this.)

Dave Stepp is the proud owner of a "Star." One bad feature about these cars is that you are always in danger of being run over by an automobile. If the law would permit one to run them on the sidewalk they could probably sell someone else one perhaps. But Dave seems to be very well satisfied with this car and he says that it will sure "step" out and that he can get 17 miles per gallon (if he pushes with one foot). He ought to get him another one of these cars and strap one on each foot.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Bill Cook complained of a bad throat recently and blamed it on a bad case of tonsilitis, but the truth is that said throat was injured while singing in the church choir.

They will fall for it. An Indian medicine man was selling some of the "magic" medicine recently in Alton and Bill Yenny with Paddy McManus took a chance. Now Paddy and Bill are stepping around like six-year-olds.

Now they are putting rollers on the top of the tanks to make the iron sheets slide easier. Most of the boys are willing to give Rex Hamilton credit for the new invention. The writer said they looked all right but wondered if they would work and one of the men said, "Of course they'll work. Did you ever see anything we put out that wouldn't?" Guess you are right, Bo.

Edward Kerwin of the machine shop is back at work again and tells of the fine treatment he received at the Chicago Hospital. It seems that Ed was not only pleased with the splendid work of the physicians, but as well pleased with the many things that were done to make his stay there enjoyable. However, he is mighty glad to be back with the boys in the machine shop again.

An enjoyable time was had when the foremen met at a smoker given the evening of May 18 with Safety Director Smith as the guest.

It never rains but it pours and so came and went the merry month of May. We had driblets of rain, thunder showers and several of the twenty-four hour variety. The month also turned in a shower of yellow tags. Five of them. That wouldn't have seemed such a number a few years back but with the past month's record, it seemed like a cloudburst, with hail as big as your fist. As for the rain of the month, that is almost forgotten but it will be some time, and for some a very long time, before the effects of the accidents are forgotten.

Jake Newman, our rotund and jovial night watchman, has at last, after many inspection trips and deep deliberation, purchased the long sought perfect secondhand flivver. This car is perfect in every respect, oversized steering wheel, demountable rims, electric headlights and even an electric starter. Yes, sir, boys! She's a dandy and a bargain. You just can't imagine; the first day he had this mechanical wonder it was overhauled from differential to crank shaft. It ought to be perfect as all parts are new, at Jake's expense, and it's a bargain.

Herman Schueler is wearing a smile so bright that he has to stay inside 'till the sun gets up. He has been promoted to the position of water tender in the water station.

Jake Newman and James Lewis, old timers on the Alton police force, are among the new night watchmen. Watch your step, boys.

Some of the boys around the exp. stills have the pink eye. (Operators please lower the shades.)

H. Schnaufer: "Hello, Shrimp."

H. Lowery: "Hello, Tiny."

Does anyone know where lives Bill Penrose? If so, please inform W. Miller.

At last and forever Hilber Juhlin has forsaken the green fields where trod (right merrily) the free and unfettered single throng. His marriage to Miss Harriet Jones of Collinsville occured May 11. Miss Jones has been teaching in the Lincoln school at Wood River and has made a host of friends who are glad she will become a permanent resident of Wood River. Hilbert is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Juhlin. He has been with the company since

leaving high school except for the time spent in the army and while attending Purdue University. The very best wishes go to Hilbert and his wife from the boys in the plant.

George Neiderkorn has received a letter from Bill Watts which tells of wonderful weather (golden weather), wonderful fruit, big cherry crop, fine oranges and it is all in Englewood, Cal. (Thought Bill left that Elderberry blossom at home.)

Marie Brown, Cecelia Brown (sister of Marie), and Mary Stoneham attended the orpheum lately and report a wonderful time. Yes, they were alone.

Mrs. Fenton Soliday, a former employee, was a visitor at the main office recently.

Thomas Gorman has purchased a Ford coupe. We hear that he got tired running after street cars and thought the only way to remedy that was to get a car of his own.

Frank Harris of the shipping department has turned to gardening. He finds it rather strenuous work. It seems he set out some strawberry plants just before that cold and windy night and he proceeded to cover them up to keep them from freezing. The last report we got was that the plants were getting along nicely, due of course to the thoughtfulness of Frank. Anyone wishing strawberries should see Frank for we feel sure he will have some of the finest after all his watchful care.

Frank Jones, who has been in the Alton hospital, made a visit to the boys in the boiler shop recently and said he expected to be back on the job soon. We were mighty glad to see you, Mr. Jones, and hope you will be among the present when this item is read.

Bill Ross made a visit to Springfield to be present at the burial of his sister. The men in the boiler shop extend their sympathy.

Now Bill Adams is riding in a new Hudson Super-Six. From the speed records Bill hung up with the old boat, we can expect most anything now.

Bill Yenny, last year horseshoe tosser, has gotten shy of the pesky things since one of the shoes did damage to his leg. He can't be coaxed close enough to watch a game this season.

A postcard from Andy Leigh, former timekeeper and pipefitter, who is in Los Angeles, says he just met O. W. Crews, who is looking fine. Andy has gained fourteen pounds. The view is of Hollywood. Guess the boys must keep good hours or it may be that wonderful climate.

Everyone knows that Max Hartwig is a good fellow, but when his goodness extends to the police force of one of our sister cities, 'tis time for an explanation. Now, according to Carl Fox, all motorists who infringe upon the law should be disciplined proportionate to their offense, but not so with Max. He and Carl took a pleasure ride to this metropolis and there had the misfortune to come in contact with a fellow motorist quite forcibly. They came in Carl's Ford, which had a perfectly good fender and running board. The man who did the cowardly trick became unmanageable and called the cop who happened to witness the crash, so they were taken to the city hall and here is where Max's questionable actions came into the limelight. He was acquainted with the desk sergeant. The police magistrate was an especial friend. The city engineer had been a boon companion; in fact, the entire assembly had been or were indebted to Max through friendship for service rendered. After a short questioning and Carl was made acquainted, he and Max left with best wishes and many happy returns of the day. The plaintiff in the case was subject to great discomfiture on seeing the turn the affair had taken and left in a great rage. Carl and Max journeyed on their way rejoicing. The only thing that leaves an unpleasnat memory is the fact that Carl must replace the running board and fender.

W. A. Miller visited the carnival in Alton and just can't figure the way so many things can be given away. Several fellows offered him so many things for only ten cents a chance. Experience is the best teacher.

Continued rains have led Shorty McDonough of the gas absorbers to think about trading the old Buick for a first class "John Boat."

Louis Hoffman has the four-door Ford sedan now. He has burned several gallons of Red Crown in pursuit of an advantageous trade.

Shorty Henry of the electric shop has filed application for the position of traffic cop at First and C streets.

Harry Camfield has left Penning avenue to live on the corner of Sixth and Ferguson. All Penning avenue mourns the loss.

Fred Johnson made a scenic trip into the apple country recently. The blossoming trees caused Fred to exclaim, "Ain't Nature grand!"

Donald Naef of the clay plant is the proud owner of a shining, scintillating, super Ford sedan. Warning, pedestrians. Be on guard.

William Chalk of the paraffine department has moved over to Whitelaw avenue, claiming the air is fresher and more pure in this locality.

George Gilham made a hurried trip to Albany, N. Y., recently to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law. We extend our sympathy.

Charles VanDeusen is investigating the relative merits of different auto polishes for his Chevrolet We recommend Semdac.

R. C. Thompson of the steam stills wants to go into partnership with some reliable person and buy a boat to use on the way to East Alton, as there is quite a depression in the paving on rainy days and this is the only way to get across.

Mr. Wustenfeld's Ford roadster is now modern in every respect, dash light 'n everything.

Keep on the walks, keep on the right, keep yellow tags off the board and keep it up.

The Misses Marie and Theresa Brown of Alton entertained May 7 at their home in honor of Theresa Mooney, whose wedding will be an event of June. The engagement of Miss Mooney and William Kienstra was made known early this Spring. The party was a surprise on Miss Mooney. The Lab. girls invited Miss Mooney to a show in Alton but went to the Brown home where several Alton guests had already arrived. Bunco was played for an hour and favors were given to the successful players, Mary Thompson, Agnes Brown, Kathleen Halloran and Hannah Johnson. Guest towels were then passed out and each guest embroidered her initial on the linen piece. These, with many other beautiful articles were presented to Miss Mooney. Dainty refreshments were served and each guest received corsages of lilies of the valley as favors. The home was beautifully decorated in pink and white. The guests departed at a late hour wishing Miss Mooney a happy wedded life.

Myrtle Exton, one of the Lab. girls, attended the Derby at Louisville. She remained in Louisville for two weeks visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Worthy Exton.

Quite a number of changes have been made recently in the laboratory and telephone exchange. Mose Boyd left for "ye old home town" in Lewiston, Ill., and Hugh Christy was transferred from the main pump house to the Lab. Lloyd Payne was

transferred from the chemical laboratory to the lubricating department. Theresa Mooney, after five years faithful service, and Stella Lee left us to travel the high sea of matrimony. Laura Wilkening, Mrs. Clara Cunningham and Hilda Duer are on the telephone exchange.

R. F. Buck attended a very interesting meeting of the foremen of the inspection departments of the various refineries at Whiting, Ind. R. F. reports a wonderful time. Mrs. Buck accompanied her hubby as far as Joliet where she visited relatives.

The girls from the inspection department have enjoyed several hikes this Spring. They are only getting in tri to play tennis and swim they say. Leave it to the Lab girls.

Parties interested in R. F. Buck's pipe which was lost, strayed or stolen last Fall, will be glad to know that said pipe made its appearance in the office very recently. R. F. does not seem inclined to discuss the whereabouts of it all Winter, but we most assuredly know it is his pipe. Stenog's have almost decided to call in "Safety First" Hall again.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stamper and son, "Bill Henry," motored to Springfield recently to see a sister who is confined in a hospital and we are glad to know that she is recovering very nicely.

We are wondering what Helen and Hugh will do when the Orpheum closes for the season?

You should hear:

Homer Ferguson rave about his Valentino trousers.

Elmer Smith tell how many radio sets he fixed in one evening.

Teresea Brown say, "My Lan," when she hits the wrong key.

Helen Powell tell how much she likes bobbed hair.

Frank Stamper tell about Major Hoople.

Hugh Christy say, "and I don't mean, *maybe*."

Stella Lee informed us the last Friday in May, she was tired of shelf work and had resigned her position as telephone operator. But lo, and behold! She stole a march on her friends and the following Saturday she and Otto Smith went to Alton and were quietly married. Now, Stella, you hardly treated the gang fair, but here's our heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

We are surprised that after living the life of a recluse for two years, George Thompson is again stepping out. Atta boy, George!

So many mushroom stories are circulated that we cannot tell all of them but here is a summary of results. Some went out and got two, three or four bushels and others went out and secured none at all although they made several trips. It was a case of "better get up early in the morning." Some of the men went out as early as three A. M. Prices to the unlucky were quoted at 80 cents to $1.50 the pound.

The Safety department urges everyone to forego the Yellow Tag habit.

At last we have the pleasure of seeing No. 1 pressure house in operation again and by the time this item is read No. 3 house pressure will be repaired and in operation. No. 1 house, as it has been changed, is quite a contrast to what it was when it was the first and only pressure battery in the plant. Then men would pass on the other side of the road and only the adventurous spirits found any pleasure in sticking around. The gaskets were red paper and it took a generous supply of steam and water to complete the run and much work by the fireman in getting the gaskets on the plates scraped off and ready for the next run. Then the old "pig tail" vapor condensers pointed up into the sky with no more covering than Sennet's bathers, where every blush of the sun or sundry wind made a "spill," a check or a run. Do you recall the old goose necks that froze up along with the pressure gauges, the tar line from the top of the still and the charging system that made the Argonne drive safe and simple in comparison? You weren't bothered much with hand rails or getting steam in the top man's shanty and the still foreman always had a good supply of ginger, picric acid, iodine, gauze and bandages on hand. He was also something of an expert with his bottle of argorol and dropper for sore and inflamed eyes. Now we have old No. 1 house all fixed up in 1923 shape. If the changes on No. 1 house will be as progressive in the next ten years as the last ten, we can hope to see as many more good improvements made.

CASPER, WYO.

The community shirts were received a few days ago and outside of a few minor changes of from two to six inches in neck and sleeve, proved very satisfactory.

B. F. Crone has a new Chevrolet touring car and likes it. It looks pretty good to the rest of us, too.

E. N. Henley comes down to work now with a clean collar and the egg all washed off his face. His wife has come home.

Homer Gerbig sold his Buick and went to Minnesota and South Dakota on his vacation. Maybe he didn't have to sell his Buick to go to Minnesota, but the fact remains that he sold his Buick and most of his friends are glad. The kind of a car that Homer needs is one that has wheels on top, bottom and sides.

Harry Auerbach, assistant yield clerk, went to Denver and deliberately and wilfully cast aside the rights and privileges of bachelorhood. Mrs. Auerbach is a California girl and we hope that Harry will prove sufficient compensation for the difference in climate. In any case we felicitate the bride and congratulate Harry. And if he used the same judgment in choosing his wife as he did his cigars, he is a lucky man.

Fred Leschinskey, outside machinist, was so anxious to get to work one morning that he forgot to put on his hose supporters. As soon as he could, he beat it to the first aid station and got some adhesive tape to tape his socks up. Talk about mechanical ingenuity; that bird has it! Eh, wot?

Delbert Mizzo Clark has an eight and one-half pound boy at his house and about the same time he was promoted to a moulder's job. Now he has to wear a washtub for a hat.

If you want to find anyone that ever lived in the Black Hills just look over our payroll and you will be sure to get them.

Walt Davoren has his Haynes Chummy, better known as Sparky, on the road again. Now these "he flappers" had better look to their laurels, 'cause that boy hooks 'em on the hop.

If anyone is planning on putting in a garden and they think that the soil is not rich enough, have Doc Hook tell his fish stories in that vicinity. The line that guy puts out would make orchids grow in the sludge pit.

R. E. Beard was called home to Virginia on account of the death of his mother. He has the sympathy of his fellows.

Harry Cotton has been transferred from the No. 3 plant drafting department to No. 1 plant, as assistant to L. G. Smith on the pressure stills.

W. R. C. Miller has been promoted to the job filled by Harry. The boys in the drafting room seem to be pretty well satisfied with their new boss.

Floyd Michaels, steam refined treater, has appropriated unto himself a brand new Essex. Mike knows good stuff when he sees it.

R. E. Deckham, separator pumper, left on June 3 for Neosha, Mo. His wife left with the youngsters several months ago. Now it is a case of go get 'em if you want 'em. Dock will make the trip both ways in the old Ford. He tried to borrow the new patent spring wheels just purchased by H. M. Newland for his Chevrolet, but nothing doing. H. M. says, "Me for the easy riding."

The transportation department says they will have a baseball team out in the field this Summer that will, "knock 'em all dead." Jim Wiederhold says that doesn't worry him and his "Wampus Kittens," of the lubricating department. There will be two teams doing the same thing. Now when the other departments announce themselves, there ought to be some hot arguments.

Cal Smith is sporting a new Rickenbacker touring car. It's a pretty nifty boat, Cal.

The Irish are occasionally unlucky. Mike Callan, transfer pumper at No. 3 plant, turned over in his new Jewett the other day and smashed it badly. We didn't hear whether any of the fair occupants got smashed too or not.

R. E. Wood, Ray Conklin, Neil Thomas and "Doc" Hook have old Isaac Walton skinned forty ways for Sunday, that is if you are to credit the amazing fish stories they are passing out. The scene of their latest exploits was on Dry Creek. No use of any of the rest of our boys going there now.

The "dry farmers" and homesteaders are having some bad luck—so much rain that their farms will not dry out. Over half of them bought chickens instead of ducks. The mud is so deep that they can't haul water to irrigate with. We know of only one wise one, he sold his cows and bought whales and had cork jackets made for them. Most of the dry farmers are raising umbrellas. They seem to be the main crop outside of chickens. As a great many of the homesteaders are employees of the S. O. Co., they think the raising of wages five cents per hour will compare favorably with anything that they have put in the ground so far this season. admitting the season is so short that we don't know whether the blizzard of May 15 was the last one of Spring or the first one of Fall. However, we are positive that the Fourth of July will fall on the same date it did last year, rain or snow.

John McClellan Sr., painter, has returned to work after an operation for the recovery of part of an embroidery needle which after twenty-five years had worked its way so the point of same was against his spine.

George Jourgensen has resigned from the office force to go in business for himself at Salt Creek. Good luck, George.

John Cates, boilermaker at No. 3 plant, is sure having his share of luck. After returning to work, having had two fingers mashed, he worked two days when an angle iron fell and caught his leg requiring six stitches to repair the cut.

Charles and Will Dobins have resigned from the welding department after many years of service.

The "Over the River Club" is getting to have quite a large membership. Bill Eads has already tried to collect the pool but after a good hot argument he finally admitted he technically was not eligible to the money. Well, Bill, I know of one person who is more entitled to the money, but I won't mention any names. We will see how Oscar Howard looks after the third round of the Foreman's Club Entertainment.

Morrison of No. 3 plant and Spangler, that good looking curly head of the No. 3 plant basketball team, have left the employ of the company. They have returned to Kansas where both will be first class farmers.

Mills, the fifth largest town in Wyoming, recently elected J. A. Allen, former truck foreman at Plant No. 1. Frank Wallace, No. 3 plant acid stillman, gave Allen a hot chase losing the election by eleven votes. Jim Stewart, No. 3 plant labor foreman, and Ray Gilbert, formerly in the No. 3 plant heavy gang, were elected as aldermen. McDaniels, boilermaker helper at No. 3 plant, and Lem Hunt from the absorption plant, also ran as aldermen. If Mills doesn't come up and chase Casper all over the map for first place, it will not be the fault of No. 3 plant.

E. C. Miller was knocked unconscious and his skull fractured besides other bone injuries when an unknown coward driving a car ran over him at David and Yellowstone streets on May 12 Mr. Miller's family resides in Chadron, Neb.

The point is that the Shiftmen's Benefit Association takes off considerable worry when the pay envelope stops. Wear a button and save money. Ask any member.

Several of the men at No. 1 plant decided to hold a horse-shoe tournament, the team winning to be presented with two pair of solid mother of pearl cuff buttons. These links were handsomely decorated with a nice shiny surface. The lucky duo, Mr. Andrus and Mr. Thompson, the two that never get beat, accidently drew each other as partners. Needless to say that they won the tournament with the bacon. The pictures are evidence of the play.

W. B. Russell of the refining department asked for a week's leave of absence on May 12, stating that he was going away to get married. On May 15 he reported back for work all smiles and with an armful of cigars. Guess he found out it didn't take so long to get married as he thought.

Nels Swanson of the pipe department recently asked for a couple of weeks off in order to visit his mother in Iowa, stating that his mother was ill. Rumor now has it that Nels really went back home to get married. Don't be so bashful next time Nels. We all fall for the ladies sooner or later.

A new addition to the main office at No. 1 plant is John R. Long, formerly of Denver and Pittsburg. Mr. Long together with his wife and three children are located at 1032 South Spruce street.

Ralph Estep has been passing around fine cigars. When asked why he appeared so happy he replied that it was a nine and a half-pound girl. Edwina was born on May 17.

Ray Traylor of the employment office is driving a brand new Durant coupe.

Andy Gump says that there are two periods in a woman's life that she is hard to understand. One time is *before* she is married and the other is *after* she is married.

GREYBULL, WYO.

The cabins on Shell are certainly in a deplorable condition, as it took Tom Patterson two days to chink the cracks so that the pack rats could not get in and eat the "school marm's" grub.

Speaking of fishermen, Iowa must be proud to have as her son, Henry Standefer. When it comes to fishing in the "hot stove contest," Henry wins the "purp" by telling how they run the fish into the musk rat houses and picked them out by the tubfuls.

Jim Whipps ought to join the navy; he sure likes the water.

George Wilson has been heard complaining about the size of the boots that Uncle John puts out. He says that he cannot understand why they don't buy some large ones. He does not appear to realize that every pair of boots made to fit him means a set of 32 by 4 casing shot.

The new year of 1923, by way of starting something in order to obtain a reputation, ordered a whole flock of clouds amply filled with moisture pushed over Greybull and dumped. These instructions were evidently carried out to the letter on May 22 when Walter Sutton was seen making lines fast from the loading platform to the tank cars in order to keep his place of business from floating away. We also understand that C. C. Ross is contemplating staking a coke placer mine north of the Standard fence. He thinks that production will run something in the vicinity of 2,000 pounds as he has already brought in some very good samples.

M. C. Lovelady, our worthy correspondent, is looking rather pale and his numerous friends were thinking seriously of passing the hat in order to send him to a tubercular sanitarium. However, upon investigation, it was found that Mrs. M. C. and the little M. C.'s are sojourning with her father up in Montana, therefore the "poor fed look" on Mr. Lovelady's face.

Wanted! Anyone having musical instruments for sale should see "Nat" Loveland, as he is still shy a few for his collection.

A good chance for any understudy of the notable Sherlock Hhomes would be given in figuring out how Andy Muse remains a bachelor in face of the fact that he is sporting a new Gardiner car.

It was a sad, sad day for the oil inspection force when their worthy stenographer, Miss Janet Hodge, passed away, that is to say, she passed away on train No. 29, destination Montana. The best wishes of everyone went with her.

About the only thing that can be said about our newest department—asphalt—is that it is a good business to "stick to."

We understand that upon being asked if he was going through the Park this Summer, "Happy" Allegre remarked that he would be doing well if he got through the Summer.

We have heard of wiggle sticks that would locate oil and water and now we understand that Andy Hurst has purchased a brand new Elizabeth Ford which he guarantees will locate mellon patches.

We are very much pleased to note that Mrs. Scott Chalfant is recuperating nicely from a recent operation.

Harry T. Dobbs, "Shorty," has established a dead line; better watch your step after sun-down.

Fred Gougenhour is painting his house. We understand that it is to be sand color on account of the recent wind storms.

H. E. Williamson bought a new Dodge car and immediately tried to give a lowly Ford the "snow and ice." In the mixup the new Dodge received a slightly bent fender.

G. L. Shepardson purchased E. F. Lockard's Chevrolet and W. I. Baker purchased Dave Patterson's Ford coupe. Earl Landers is sporting a new Chevrolet and between rigging up fishing tackle and shining up the cars, the above mentioned boys are quite busy.

Otis and Bartie Bentley accompanied by Duff Yandell spent a day fishing on White Creek recently. They were caught in a near cloudburst and when they reached home they were somewhat cooled off.

J. E. Robertson was off recently suffering from the "flu." Now, however, Jim is back on duty much improved.

Ed Corfield resigned to take up farming on his ranch south of town. Luck to you, Ed.

B. I. Perkins is in Billings taking treatment for an old illness caused by being gassed in France.

C. J. Tanner was called to Denver by the death of his brother who was killed in a train wreck.

Homer Williams was called to Omaha by serious illness of his father.

Dave Flockhart sold his car to R. R. Duke. From the way the single men of the plant are disposing of their cars it looks as though a lot of June weddings might occur.

Dan Smith is having his Nash Six tuned up for his annual vacation.

LARAMIE, WYO.

Brown and Bilyeu, industrious workers of the plant, motored to Fort Collins Sunday to see some new fashion girls. They informed us that their trip was very successful.

Dick Williams and wife took a little trip to the Frontier City, which they enjoyed very much. It was their first real journey in their Rolls Royce sport model roadster.

"V" Knight is lost. He is longing for wife and home, the social evenings around the fireplace and all that makes life worth while, so he says.

Howard Wilson has purchased a new Ford and is now spending a few days in Denver.

Banty Rouse, the smiling boiler fireman, started on a fishing trip and met with the sad adventure of burning out some bearings.

Charles Loucks, the truck driver, has returned to work after a period of illness.

Al Musser, a pipe fitter, certainly is a demon when it comes to dancing. Girls, also—he gets the prettiest ones on the floor and they like to dance with him, too.

F. D. Bailey, inventor of an electrical propelled wire brush for sweeping stills, is putting out some good work and prophesies a great future for his invention.

Mr. Robay, top foreman of plant No. 1, became inquisitive Sunday as to how and where we get our oil, so he took a little trip to McFadden and found that they get it from the ground. Recently he has been seen digging in his back yard. Wonder what he is trying to find?

J. L. Esterbrook is tuning up his car for a trip to Missouri, where he intends to spend his Summer vacation.

George Gearheart got hooked on a late model 1900 Haynes which he bought from a still cleaner. He then traded the machine for a Haroun which proved out to be a harpoon. He traded that in on a Harley-Davidson motorcycle and was later induced to deposit $25 in the police court. More news later.

Many of the boys have been going fishing and most of them seem to have had pretty good luck, but fish are not the only things they got; ticks were plentiful and a good supply of these were brought to town.

Roy Stewart, foreman of the machine shop, is on the verge of buying a new Buick.

Gustafson, pumper at the river pump house, is the proud supporter of a new Buick roadster.

Phil Ward, of the office, also has the car fever. Every evening he drives about in a new Durant sedan, which he in time hopes to buy.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

Misses Elizabeth M. Harkins and Edith B. Ambrose, Correspondents

No copy received by deadline day.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

Reports from Sioux City are favorable as to the condition of our co-worker, Dora Dale, who is off on a leave of absence on account of illness. Best wishes of the entire office and particularly the fifth floor distribution department are yours, Miss Dale.

The distribution department, fifth floor, now have with them the Dublin Quartette, Messrs. Kelly, Farrell, Nolin and Dunoven. One of these Isishmen claims to be a Swede and one Scotch, the other two are not saying a word.

Fifth Floor Jean had a dinner date with Jack recently. We don't know how they spent the balance of the evening, but the park benches, especially those near the lagoon, are most inviting at this time of the year.

The Silvertone Sextette are always with us during the noon hour on the fifth floor. All the popular and very latest selections are rendered, including "In the Good Old Summer Time" and "The Last Rose of Summer." Come and hear them warble, but be warned that you will be searched before being admitted.

Some time ago, while examining his auto, W. H. Tell was struck by a machine driven by a fair damsel. The aforementioned fair damsel turned the corner and was totally unaware that any other human being was on the street. Mr. Tell was hit in the "differential housing" and although painfully bruised is now back on the job.

Behold! The Man! George Surges of J. D. ("Babe") Callahan's department, has a "Sheik" in his family. Some Sheik, too! Sideburns and bell bottom trousers and ever'thing.

Ed Yale has quit golf and is now playing pinochle. From remarks offered by the bystanders he is almost as good in one as the other. Oh! How dot man can play pinochle.

Einar Crown now has the distinction of having the largest bonus number given out at Springfield. Einar said "they dealt from the bottom of the deck."

Dick O'Keefe has changed quite a bit. Instead of running home at quitting time he says he would rather work Saturday afternoons.

Harold Page sustained a painful injury a few days ago. He went into a store to get a cigar and someone stepped on his hand.

Sixth Floor

Wiltgen, the Andy Gump of the construction department, is taking an inventory of the office furniture. He borrowed a ladder during the noon-hour to look for a number on the clocks. He wants to know where to locate the numbers on the cuspidors and waste baskets. Department heads will please give him all the assistance possible.

So many pretty girls have been hired by the company recently, that our friend Koehler was forced to sell his house and invest in a Ford Coupe as an added attraction.

Sandquist sold his Lizzie and is spending the proceeds on the education of the young white hope just arrived at his domicile.

Why do they put pockets in trousers? Ask Martin McNulty.

Bobbed hair and Bob Bristol go hand in hand. How about it, Julien?

Anna Baar, our willowy "almost blonde," is deploring the fact that the new help being hired recently are all "short and sweet." She wonders if they're going to hire any tall enough to take her out to an occasional dawnce. Employment Bureau, please note.

Bobbed hair is such a craze with our young ladies nowadays, that the curly locks are shorn by departments irrespective of age and size—of department.

Battling McGahn, better known as "Sad News Reilly," the one punch white hope of the producing department, is open to all comers. He needs the money.

We note Bert Hawkins is full-o-pep since he came back from the West. We understand he paid a visit to the Selig-Polyscope Zoo out there. They have a wonderful anthropoidal collection, he says.

Our "Baby," Johnny Wyand, of the cost department is cutting another tooth. That, we guess accounts for his becoming so unmanageable at times that he bites his tongue.

They say a woman can't keep a secret, but Miss Iwema sure did slip it over on us.

Miss Wehman of the billing department has left us on account of ill health.

Girls, beware of "Sheik" Lorimer, who thinks he can date up any girl in the office. He is out looking for victims. You simply cannot resist his charms, he says.

Mr. Weiss thinks there is nobody like Gloria Swanson. That's why he always goes to the movies when they come to town in Downers Grove.

Mr. Higgins is the latest benedict. Good luck and lots of it!

What happened to Marge's hair? Is she broke or is the curling iron broken? Maybe it's the latest style, we don't know, but we thought at first we had a new girl in the billing department.

The employees of the sixth floor extend their sympathy to Jane Cattrell and Isabel McManamon, both of whom experienced sorrow caused by death in their respective families.

Miss Lindstrom wishes to know what "B. C." stands for. We hate to leave her in ignorance. It stands for Bellevue Crude. Now see here, Mr. A. R. S., please tell the truth even if it hurts.

Cooperage Department

Frank Carr was recently presented with a beautiful tom cat by his friend Bell. The cat is not only beautiful, but can do tricks. Frank will be glad to demonstrate to anyone interested.

Barney Stroka shakes a mean bat. We understand he got excited in Grant Park the other day and took a dog's head for the ball. The poor dog is now minus an ear. What a wonderful golf player he would make!

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

Frank F. Wente, Correspondent

W. M. McCann, formerly of Jefferson Park substation, has been transferred to the Main Office. J. Winkates, who was cashier at Cortland Street Station, taking over McCann's duties at Jefferson Park.

You ought to see the new diamond ring Miss Pearson is wearing. How do you like being engaged, Hap?

Miss Jessie Burr has left us to get married. Jessie has been with us for several years and we are very sorry to lose her.

Our Chicago Heights salesman, Mr. Hecht, is sojourning on a honeymoon with his pretty little wife. He is traveling by machine through Wisconsin and is 100 per cent Red Crown and Polarine.

The salesmen from Divisions Nos. 1 and 2 had a real dinner at the Chicago Beach Hotel, at the expense of the men from Division No. 2, the reason being that Division No. 1 beat Division No. 2 on total sales for April. The eats and entertainment were enjoyed by all.

We understand that J. E. Sayers always determines the winners of sales whenever there is a wager, and by so doing receives a free ticket for the big feed. How about getting your job, Jack?

In the future, anybody wanting any information regarding the Chicago Division will have to interview W. H. Smith, better known as Oak Park Smith, who has just recently been placed at the information desk. Ask Willie, he knows.

Have you noticed the big sparkler Miss Jennie Ralph is wearing? She won't tell us when the big occasion is to take place, but we imagine we won't have her with us very much longer.

Several of our girls spent an exciting night at Riverview Park last week, and we are advised that anybody who would like to get any information regarding the caterpillar can get all the dope from Rose Finn.

Herbert Nicholes, who was called away on account of the death of his father, is again with us, and is now located at Englewood Station.

Sunday, May 27, was a big day at Washington Park. Englewood tank wagon salesmen baseball players defeated Fourteenth street tank wagon salesmen, 17 to 5. Palmer surely has the boys well trained. O'Donnell missed a grounder with his glove, but very fortunately he stopped it with his nose, which we claim is a very good idea. The wonderful work of Tom Ryan in right field undoubtedly was the reason for Englewood's victory.

Joe Sroka is again among the service station auditors. We couldn't get along without you, Joe.

E. O. Winterhoff, one of our specialty salesmen, came into the office on Monday, June 4, with a great big smile on his face. We only had to make one guess. It was a bouncing baby boy.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

R. F. Welzenbach, Correspondent

When Broncho Billy (alias W. P. Steinman) speeded in Moline and was caught, the officer turned him loose because he mistook him for an aviator from the Wallace Field.

When talking about the party which Miss Sutherland gave for the comptometer operators, Roger Frye and Joe Gasseling spoke up and said they thought it broke up entirely too late.

The girls of the stenographic department recently gave a farewell party for Ena Hartz, who has left for Long Island, N. Y., to spend the Summer at the Hotel Blackhawk. They later "took in" Davenport's most fashionable theatre, the Liberty, where, we understand, two of the "sweet young things" almost succumbed to the lure of the stage.

Glenn Slater, Baldy Partridge and Spike Kroy have joined the ranks of proud "papas." Harry Franck, an old offender, also takes pleasure in announcing an addition to his family. The smokes were fine.

E. C. Robbins, warehouse clerk, is figuring on buying out the Yellow Cab Company in order to get free rides.

Davenporters welcome Adrian Jones, a new sheep in our fold.

Howard Young, tank wagon driver at Davenport, has written a history of his experiences in life. The name of the book is "How to be Happy Though Married."

S. A. Sergeant has offered cigars to every driver who sells fifty pounds of Mica during the month of April. Charlie Collier sold 200 pounds and won four cigars. Valley Smith combed the town for the lucky man, but Charlie was too slick for him. Howard Young came in second in the race, selling 100 pounds and winning two cigars. Teddy Schnoor, who also won a cigar, was afraid it was loaded and gave it to Valley.

Beckman, who is superintending the erection of the new tanks at Davenport, is ready to stand up and tell the world that he's no Prohibitionist. No, sir, by cracky. He drinks a pint of milk every noon.

When our pay roll clerk comes down the street it's hard to tell whether it is Spring or Leona. Such a greenness, and that cute little rubber under the chin.

We hear that Elva and Bud are learning to talk with their hands. The poor fellows that have to walk to lunch have made up a new game, counting the number of revolutions the wheels of Mae's coupe make per second.

The other day Assistant Chief Clerk Clark appeared on the scene with a new pair of kicks. He asked us how we liked them and before we had a chance to tell him he said, "Some class, huh?" Such vanity!

Do you know the whyfor of the happy smile on Mr. Bragg's face this last week? The Natatorium is going to open in a couple of days. Look out for your toes.

We hear that Herb Fennell was going to pass around cigars the other day but didn't. Why so secretive?

Miss Fay has decided to stick with us a while longer. Are we glad? Yea, bo.

Goldilocks Holm is looking for a new shiek, plump brunette preferred.

What do you think of girls that eat strawberries right down in the business district of Davenport? Are they perfect ladies, we ask you? (The answer is yes, if they pass 'em around.)

Vivian hasn't got a letter from Sugar Creek, Mo., for some time. What's wrong, Viv?

Isn't Dean Copperstine a shy little thing though? Well, we haven't had a chance to ask her yet, but the order department sure think so.

We hear that Archie is writing a book on "How to Dictate to Suit Those Stenos."

Elva, have you ever been to Clinton?

CEDAR RAPIDS

Jean Fawley, our agent at Springville, who will be remembered by thousands of former soldiers as the man who successfully piloted a team of mules attached to an ancient seagoing hack up and down the banks of the Rhine during the American Occupation, is contemplating matrimony.

ATTENTION, LA CROSSE, WIS.

Yes, Ellen had a lot of nerve to make the trip alone to the Home Office and Whiting, but she did not have the nerve to visit a real live "A" Station like Cedar Rapids. We will forgive you this time, Ellen, but next time please look us over.

Almon, ten-year-old son of M. R. Heath, our agent at Vinton, who has been very low as a result of an operation at St. Luke's Hospital in Cedar Rapids, was able to be taken home, May 26, but still is under the care of a trained nurse.

Mike Quinlan, our reliable old fireman, has been wishing for Summer a long time so he could get away from the boiler for awhile, and now since Summer is here the grass grows so fast he hasn't time for anything else. No, you can't borrow his new lawn mower unless you borrow the boiler with it, as he keeps the two tied together with a log chain.

Julian Davis says he thinks business would be good along the Iowa River if somebody would run the hoot owls away. He claims they drove all the customers away, so to cheer him up we gave him more territory, and now the hills are so steep he claims it takes a shod 'possum to climb them. Just keep plenty of Red Crown in the lizzie, Davis, and more than a shod 'possum will go over those hills. Tom Hodges and John Harper, S. S. attendants, were talking about how good business was when suddenly John jumped up and rushed outside. Tom thinking the place was on fire ran out also, but to his surprise, he found John looking at a pair of Missouri mules which were passing by. Are you from Missouri, John?

When it comes to handling greenbacks Elsie Robinson, our cashier, has the world skinned. She holds the boys so close they haven't a cent left to buy the baby a piece of candy and Bob Heaton says he thinks he will have to keep that lead half-dollar forever. No, Bob, you can't pull that stuff on her.

A. F. Schmidt recently visited the Davenport Office and reported a pleasant trip.

C. R. Hetherington, truck driver, submitted to an operation recently, but we are glad to report that he has recovered and is able to be back to work.

District Superintendent McLeod held a meeting of all salesmen in his district at the Cedar Rapids Office to outline the squad work. L. Reeves is in charge of Squad No. 1, consisting of himself, H. L. McClellan, J. R. Coryn and E. O. Sparrowgrove. W. C. Jackson is in charge of Squad No. 2, consisting of himself, D. C. Griffith and L. Beresford.

William Stewart, tank wagon agent instructor, is helping in the Cedar Rapids warehouse this week.

It seems that all parties having N. G. accounts in the Waterloo territory have moved to Cedar Rapids and we have been asked to make collections. Strange, but true!

KEOKUK

Fred Miller, clerk at Keokuk, spent May 18 at Davenport and brought back a very favorable report of the efficiency in the checking department. He wishes he had three or four days to spend just in this one department. We don't blame him.

Charlie Burmeister (alias Romeo), clerk at Burlington, spent a day in Davenport. Charlie returned home safe and sound. He was sure impressed with the office force and Juliet had better be watching out.

This is Newell's latest joke: "What would you think of a man who got up at three A. M. to go horseback riding?" "Why, who did?" "Paul Revere."

Tank wagon routes are making a hit with every agent.

Squad work progressing nicely.

Thanks to Carr, Newell, Juve and Colip.

Every S. S. attendant is trying for a clean record or no demerit marks. Fine!

"Bill" Schriner, agent at Donnellson, is building a fine new house. Why? Got married a few weeks ago. Congratulations Bill.

Bill Hasch and Samuel White, S. S. attendants at Keokuk station No. 9 and our friend Meyers at S. S. No. 69, sure have been cleaning, painting and scrubbing.

Charles Blink (Blinky for short) after some six months illness is back on the truck at Keokuk, and believe us he's sure putting out the old stuff. We are going to send his photo in some day so you can get a glimpse of a real honest to goodness smile.

Roberts, agent at Mt. Sterling, is a lucky man, for he's sure in good with Uncle Sam. Why? Uncle Sam is keeping half of his family (rather intended family). Oh, she's postmistress to make a long story short.

Here's the boys that make you like it. Ray, Russell, Ted and Mowry. All hail from Burlington. A quartette of the best tank drivers breathing pure air.

The following pledge was taken the 32nd day of May, 1923: "I, N. J. Newell, M. A. Colip, C. A. Juve, R. Carr, do hereby honestly and sincerely promise and swear, that each and every route I make is going to be made with the same vim and vigor that I would display in seeking a partner for life, a suit of pajamas, or a wig if I were bald, and that every order I take will be a bona fide one, with the capacity of delivery and a possibility of being collected, and should I ever deviate from the foregoing I hope the same fate will happen to my hat that Mr. Hammer suggested to a certain party, should certain conditions be found."

James Hanlin recently bought a new Jersey calf. The kind that gives milk? No, the kind you have to take the milk away from. The calf is one year old next week.

Everybody in Muscatine is going fine.

Old Cap McMains is a wicked pilot. He's like the story, he pilots 'em here and pilots 'em there, but he gets the biz. Here's looking at you, Frank.

Mrs. H. E. Radasch has been ill for the past ten days with diphtheria. We are glad, however, to report improvement in her condition.

Messrs. Bowlby and Heavrin dropped in on us this week. Fine! They are gentlemen that do things. Always glad to have you any time you can spare the time.

Yonk and Judy (not Punch and Judy) with the assistance of Kennedy sure look after our interests at the service stations at Ft. Madison. They put white where it ought to be and red where it ought to be, and they are always where they ought to be. Can't beat it.

What has become of Messrs. Flanigan and Bragg? Haven't seen them for a long time. Come down and see us some time. We'll treat you right if it is wrong too. The president of South Africa, Auditor Kroeger, breezes in on us once in a while; of course we could see more of him if he would come out from behind that bush on his lip. He turns square corners.

When a fellow needs a friend: 4 P. M. and nothing but calls to turn in your 029.

OTTUMWA

We are curious to know why Acting District Superintendent Hyde spent the first week end of squad work in Washington—we have pretty girls in Ottumwa.

We have a slight intimation that the Ottumwa Station will have a new warehouse. We hope the intimation will materialize in the near future. We have an idea that it will because Mr. Lewis and Mr. Whelan, the boys that do things, have recently

made us a visit. It was intimated by Mr. Lewis that providence had surely been with us in the last few years.

Leo Riley, cashier at Ottumwa, recently made a combined business and pleasure trip to Davenport office. Upon being asked which "flapper" in the Davenport office suited him best he was heard to remark that the man directing him kept him so busy until 5 P. M. that he didn't have time to look them over, but—tell the girls Leo is coming back again. (Hint to Leo from the girls—do you dare come back again after that?)

We wish to inform the readers of the Stanolind Record that Oskaloosa is a town of 10,000 and is well represented as to Oil Companies. They have six bulk stations, eight drive-in service stations and three more under construction. Mr. Husson, our agent, advised if anyone desires a good location for a service station to please come to Oskaloosa as there are still several good sites left.

Our new acting district superintendent, Mr. Hyde held a get-together meeting at Oskaloosa recently. Everyone enjoyed himself. Mr. Hyde traded some cigars for cigarettes. Come again, Mr. Hyde.

Our veteran tank wagon driver, John Crawford, at Oskaloosa, has been on the sick list for the past four weeks; however, he is on the way to recovery. We hope to have him back on the job with us soon as John is a regular "Polarine hound."

The vicinity of Ottumwa is brighter and more cheerful of late and we are wondering if it is just the sun coming from under the clouds or because the Standard Oil Company have painted our service stations.

Salesmen in the Ottumwa district launched their squad work campaign by holding a meeting at the Ottumwa office. There was lots of enthusiasm and pep displayed. The unanimous opinion was that this would be the winning team in the Davenport field. The event was celebrated by a dinner at Hotel Ottumwa.

Earl Hardesty, agent at Sigourney, challenges the Davenport field on the sale of Polarine. It takes a big man to challenge every agent as you have, Earl. Luck to you.

In a recent poem written in connection with the squad work, we take exception to our district superintendent being called a "cub." From figures we have received he is leading the field. Why not christen him the "bear."

WANTED: Nice young lady to play the piano of evenings. Good wages with board, room and washing furnished. Inquire of Squad No. 1, Ottumwa, Iowa.

DECATUR, ILL.

W. A. Brown, Correspondent

Office

We are afraid that Schroeder is teaching his dog bad habits. The other morning "Mr. Collie" went out and brought home somebody's big steak, which he had found on a porch. Mr. Schroeder says he is going to send him out every morning.

Postman entered main entrance of office and greeted Carrie: "How are you; how's the hay and alfalfa?" Not a cheep did Carrie make but exclaimed later "Wonder who told him?" Barney said, "Might have been the odor of new mown hay on the letters she has been receiving lately."

Catherine Powers: "Gosh, I've got a headache!"

Barnhart: "Don't see how that could be; nothing there to ache."

Catherine: "Well! What's there is aching!"

When Carrie found out she had to work Saturday afternoon, she said she was going to speak to Jack as she would rather milk the cows and feed the chickens than do this.

L. E. Barnhart is getting extremely economical now. He was recently caught dictating to the dictaphone without a cylinder on it.

E. V. Kendall's District

Wedding bells are about to ring! Now since Leonard Kurfiss, our Owaneco agent, has both feet on the ground and is working fast, we hear stories of the springtime and how a young man's fancy turns to love. When do we get the cigars, Leonard?

Our Morrisonville agent, Carlyle Chambers, has his second truck now in operation, which is being driven by K. Marshall. Not only do we know Decatur has many pretty girls, but ask Chambers. We don't know how he knows, but you just ask him.

Agent S. M. Long had a serious accident in Kincaid recently. He ran a splinter in his heel trying to dance the "hornpipe" to the tune of Yankee Doodle. Must have been doing the barefoot dance.

L. P. Schneiter, our agent at Edinburg, has opened his beautiful new service station in Edinburg. He says business is going big.

L. P. Schneiter's wife has been quite ill for the past there weeks, but is much better now.

Agent Ray Bowser at Raymond hates to give up the old ship, "International," but he says she must go. He is about to start his new Ford truck.

Have you seen S. S. No. 20, Taylorville, lately? "Look us over," says Haunauer and Roth. It's a fine looking station and we congratulate the boys.

Page Mr. Kearns. We wish to issue a challenge to Mr. Kearns for a bout between Jack Dempsey and Salesman H. L. Broyles. Mr. Broyles literally mopped up the ground with two men, and they were both about his size, who were caught shooting holes through one of our nice new Polarine signs down around the Kincaid district.

E. L. Kachelhoffer's District

J. L. Duncan, our little S. S. attendant at No. 9, E. St. Louis, is thoroughly sold in Finol. He even drinks it. Does it taste like some more, Duncan?

We wonder who a feminine autoist referes to by "The Pulchratudious Attendant" at S. S. No. 28? Might be something to eat or some place in the old country, huh?

Everybody in the E. St. Louis warehouse is asking George Dieterich where he got his rose at a certain party the other night. What's the joke, George? Let us in on it.

Another stag party was held recently. They say our sober Eddie Reiniger went so far as to get hilarious and dance around on top of the table. Nothing stronger than water was served, but Eddie just got happy. Fi! Fi! Now, Eddie!

Sunday, April 28, marked the closing of the 1922-23 bowling season at Belleville, Ill. The Red Crown Bowling Team won first place in League No. 2 with Brother Phil Ross as Captain. Of course, we're not surprised, cause Red Crown always wins.

H. J. Doebert, former tank wagon salesman in E. St. Louis, has been promoted to agent instructor, succeeding James Hams, who was made salesman in Mr. Wrona's old field.

Rexford Sedwick, better known as Rex, has been made an E. St. Louis salesman. Rex is well known in E. St. Louis and from the start he has made, we believe he will be a real salesman.

D. T. Davies, former S. S. attendant, has been promoted to the position of salesman in E. St. Louis. Tom can tell you anything you want to know about gasoline, having been an instructor in the U. S. Navy for two years.

Speaking of "tales," here's one told by a certain employee of the Decatur division. Some time ago, while roving on the plains of western Kansas, he saw a steer and this said steer had horns that had a spread of thirteen feet, two inches. Now we are wondering where, Oh, where, has the little steer gone? He must still be on the plains unless they build a special car to ship him in.

Ed. F. Bertman, our hustling agent at Collinsville, has recently purchased a Mack truck which he expects to put on in addition to the truck he is already operating. "Bert" is as proud of his new truck as a boy with his first pair of red top boots and we predict he will make folks sit up and take notice when he gets going good. He is sure some hustler.

W. J. Wrona's District

H. P., or as he is better known, "Kie," Manion, formerly agent at Pana, Ill., has been promoted to agent at Alton, Ill., station. This is a much larger and more important station, which means increased responsibilities. We are all glad to see Kie advancing and wish for him the greatest possible success. Before leaving Pana he was presented with a solid gold watch chain and elk's tooth charm by the employees at that station as an evidence of their respect and esteem for him. We predict it will not be long until the same feeling prevails amongst the employees at the Alton station.

N. W. Salter's District

District Superintendent N. W. Salter held an educational meeting recently. Salesmen Mason and Brown and Agents Enloe, Leever, Barbee, Franz and Pluym at Greenville, Ill., were present. Mr. Launtz gave the boys a talk on the new line of Polarine oils. A great deal of enthusiasm was shown and the meeting was very successful. Mr. Salter believes it will be productive of good results in this part of his field during the coming Summer.

D. H. Fitzsimmons' District

J. A. Holmes can't remember whether there was a good looking girl crossing the street or not when he got run into. He says he has that habit but everything happened so quickly he forgot.

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

Miss Moore, chief stenographer, recently made a trip to Mason City, her old home, for a Sunday visit. The trip was made by auto and Miss Moore reports a fine time.

Will someone please tell us why Miss Murray and Miss Struble spend their Saturday afternoons in the woods picking violets?

Miss Frances Hubbel has returned from a two weeks' visit to Chicago. It is rumored that Frances spent most of her time gazing at the tall buildings. Did the lake breeze blow all the curl out of your hair, Frances?

Recently the Sales Department Force held a prenuptial picnic at noon in honor of Miss Doris Brown, whose marriage to Art Peters will take place in the near future. All report a good time and lots of good eats.

We don't know just what Mona Buckley has on her mind but when anyone grabs their hat and coat at 4:30 P. M. and rushes out to catch a bus that is not due until 5:30 something is surely wrong. Bring his picture down, Mona.

Luverne Rowley, formerly of the cashier's department, has been transferred to the equipment department. Welcome back to the sixth floor, Verne.

Ed Carlson, stock department, has purchased a new Ford coupe. With his curly hair and new coupe Ed will surely be a knockout.

Miss Margaret Forester is back on the job in the check department after a two weeks' vacation. Margaret reports having a fine time.

C. D. Montgomery, agent at Forest City, is making a good record in Mica sales.

Ben Fuller, formerly of the stock department, has been transferred to the sales department in charge of T. R. A.

The sympathy of all is extended to O. F. Rasmussen, credit department, whose mother died recently.

Mr. Culver, former employee of the Des Moines office and now of Tulsa, Okla., was a welcome visitor recently.

MASON CITY

Mason City has a new drive-in service station on East State street. This makes five stations conveniently located, giving easy access to Red Crown and Polarine to the motorist.

Roy Sloan has charge of S. S. No. 95, taking Mr. Scherf's place. Mr. Scherf having gone out in the *squad sales line.*

Clarence Pangborn has been transferred from the furnace oil department to drain pit department and soon expects to oversell the Polarine quota.

John Jansen has commenced his new duties as S. S. attendant at No. 106. We all welcome him to the Standard Oil Company family.

Many compliments have been given S. S. No. 303, which has been painted in the regulation colors. Mr. Pangborn acted as painter on some of the finer work.

W. R. Clark of the Des Moines office made a several day visit inspecting service stations in and around Mason City.

Lars Pedersen, agent, is singing at many social events of late. So between selling the full line and singing, stepping is no name for it.

In case anyone wishes to be advised in regard to road conditions west of Algona, please consult Mr. Marsh, superintendent.

Alfred W. Saliger is now driving a country tank truck. He says the crops and sales are coming fine. We all wish him good luck.

Erwin Netcott, S. S. truck driver, has been making frequent trips to Hazelton, Iowa. We think Mr. Netcott will soon be scanning "for rent" columns.

George Rhebb has been making frequent trips to Clear Lake, where he claims to be fishing. Last Sunday evening he forgot to take his fishing tackle. Evidently there are other attractions at Clear Lake.

Truck Driver Alfred Saligen is preparing for an office job. He has already engaged a stenographer. Congratulations, Al.

Patrick W. O'Keefe, since taking charge of S. S. No. 35, has made a good record on Polarine and coupon book sales.

CLARINDA

Mr. Hines of the construction department, while Sundaying at Red Oak, took a stroll into the woods

and returned the proud possessor of three live red foxes.

Salesman P. T. Goetz of Clarinda took the leading part in a play given by the American Legion. Mr. Goetz acted the part of a bridegroom so well that we wonder why he does not play the game in reality.

SPENCER

Horace G. Gregory, salesman at Storm Lake, was married to Miss Hazel Vanderhoff of Spencer recently.

Mrs. P. I. Adcock, operated on in Des Moines, is getting along nicely. She is the wife of salesman at Sac City, Iowa.

Victor Johnson, Albert City agent, rejoicing over the arrival of a young daughter in April.

CLARINDA

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Hunt of Clarinda, Iowa, on May 16. Mother and son are getting along nicely. Mr. Hunt is our S. S. attendant at No. 52.

DETROIT, MICH.

Vance Woodcox, Correspondent

I believe that Gordon Smith just loves to see people sit in that electric chair in the Y. M. C. A. building at Adrian.

Kennedy has a Henry, so shiny and black; he cleans it daily with a gallon of Semdac. Hey, Duke! Where is your sample?

The Standard Oil Company family is increasing rapidly. A ten-pound boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Pat Loney, Pinckney, this month, and also a baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. Claude Devine, Dexter, the adjoining town.

Marion Hoffend who has recently been transferred to the West Detroit warehouse office from the Clay Avenue Plant was walking down Michigan avenue the second day after being transferred when Mr. Carpenter politely drove up to the curb and offered to give Marion a lift. Naturally as all Twentieth Century girls do, she accepted. How is that for fast work? Marion sure is some mixer and has the right spirit in getting acquainted as this was only the second time she had seen Mr. Carpenter in her young life. Speed sure is her motto and Carpenter lives up to our great advertisement which is "Service any place at any time."

A telephone order came in lately to Jim Lindsay's department from *Rudolph & Adolph*, on *Randolph* street.

Earl Foster, hustling "B" agent at Saline, has purchased a new Durant Sport Model. Some class to Earl, we say.

You would never think the sedate Miss Secord in the record department would walk off the street car without paying her fare, especially after having gone from one end of the city to the other, but such is the case. She was in company with two other ladies of the office and in the excitement of being carried a block by their corner the conductor didn't ask for the fare. However, she isn't really dishonest because the fare was paid and she was merely holding the transfers. I guess we will never get used to these "pay as you leave" cars.

Mary Dempsey invited one of the girls at the large rooming house where she lives to go to the Standard Oil party and one day she said to this girl, "Say, are you going to that party?" when another girl butted in with "What party?" Mary informed her that it was a party given by the Standard Oil employees and girl replied, "Standard Oil, Standard Oil? Aren't they the people who sell gasoline? Oh, I wouldn't go to that party. Why your clothes will smell of gasoline for the next month."

We were all pleased to have Miss Henrietta Goldberger of the Indianapolis office at our office a short time in April and also at the big party. If she remembers all the answers to the questions she asked when in Detroit she will never have to consult an encyclopedia again and if she is cross-eyed when she returns to Indianapolis we will know it was caused by her endeavors to see both sides of the street at once.

Our noble S. S. attendant at No. 169 was elected Constable. Once he gets going you can't stop him.

The straw hat season is going strong and Tom MacClenthen's (new) hat looks very familiar to us. Wonder if you have seen it before.

Bill Coye "nose" how to crank a Ford since one hit him in the nose and he said he "nose" it did.

Our honorable editor is still looking for a particular purple hat but understands that Bill O'Mara still knows more about it than he will tell.

We have a new detective on our force by the name of A. E. Ralston who on a recent occasion proved his skillfulness by dodging the minions of the law for a week.

Donald Anderson, rural trade correspondent and prospective specialty salesman, recently passed the cigars in honor of the birth of his third, Barbara Jean, arriving on schedule by way of the V. M. & P.

With the coming of Summer the Standard Oil is being well represented at Carney's Gas Station, a staunch supporter of Red Crown, who is located directly across the street from Navin Field.

Hazel Koehler, credit clerk in the check department, has given up her last name for reasons best known to herself. We all enjoyed the cigars Hazel, and trust that you will live happily ever afterwards.

Bill Doney, on a recent trip to Jackson, was discovered in a restautant in that city at 4 A. M. partaking of his morning meal. We are unable to determine the reason for this early meal.

Our clerk at River Rouge, Mr. Graven, has a habit of meeting a certain little girl who works for the manufacturing department each morning. Of course we know it is accidental as he comes that way from the post office.

This remark was passed by the chief of police in River Rouge: "Those darned Standard Oil trucks; every time you look up you see one."

No chance to get lonesome at River Rouge. The government planes are constantly going over looking for rum runners. They are good customers.

Mr. Frazee, our warehouse man, has been in a very bad humor since the board of directors passed our plant up. He says, "Never again will I put on clean overalls and shirt for those gentlemen."

As this article goes to print we had an urgent call from the home of Jerry Newton, city specialty salesman, announcing the arrival of a new baby. (Name to follow.)

It cost V. V. Green an extra $2.02 for his hotel bill in Lansing on a recent trip there, the extra money being in payment for one towel and one cake of soap which got into his grip by some unknown means.

DULUTH, MINN.

S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

Well, we're all moved and set for a new beginning again. After having moved stuff from the basement to the seventh floor and then having the pleasure of moving it back to the sixth floor again, and from the back of the long rooms to the front and then to the back once more, we're settled once more 'midst

the hundred and one operators of the telephone exchange.

Alex Gross, head mechanic at the Duluth garage, returned May 5 from a trip around various parts of the fields looking over the equipment. Alex says that they're all in good shape and that they'll have to be to stand the grind of the goods we're going to sell and deliver this year.

Accounting Department

Miss Fontaine, our live wire head check clerk, is back on the job after spending a two weeks' vacation at home in Escanaba. From her bright smile we know she had pleasant weather.

Have you met the good looking assistant cashier? His name is Carl Melander and he's single.

Another single one who has recently joined our ranks is Lester Forgy, now working on the stock desk.

Miss Quigley, our mail clerk, says her new location is "just wonderful." She is right by the window with daylight to work with. Glad you like it, Minnie.

The employees in general are thankful to the management for providing the best working conditions we have ever had and want to take this way of expressing our appreciation for the new quarters.

There have been numerous changes in the working force as follows: Darrin Swenson, from file clerk to goods return clerk; Ray Lufholm, goods return clerk to saleswriter; and Florence Lufholm, saleswriter to check clerk; John Fischman, check clerk to iron barrel clerk; Mrytle Lindstrom, iron barrel clerk to record clerk, taking over the position of Carl Tinkham who resigned recently to take a position with the city assessor; Don Cunningham, stock clerk to ledgerman; "Gundy" Larson, stock clerk to ledgerman; and E. Schroer, ledgerman to stock clerk.

Barney Vann, superintendent of construction, is a very busy man. Construction in the field is in full swing. He really should be supplied with an aeroplane to ride around in the course of his work.

Miss Ann Lynott returned recently from her vacation, which she spent at Hibbing and Virginia and other points on the range. She reports a very pleasant time.

Blessings on you, William! We are pleased to announce the recent marriage of our agent, William Carrol, of Wakefield, to Miss Amanda Saarikoski, also of Wakefield. That'll cost you a nice fat ceegar, "Bill."

We want to express our deepest sorrow with Miss Helen Page, who lost her younger sister, Lillian, through death on May 17.

It certainly pays to keep the weeds and grass from growing long and dying around our bulk station plants. Agent Hugh Bahlert, of Pound, Wis., reports that there was a pretty bad fire at Coleman, Wis., where we have a relay station, and which is taken care of by Hugh. Sixty cords of wood burned directly opposite our tanks. The unloading rack was scorched, but otherwise there was no damage done to our property. Mr. Bahlert had been careful to clean the yard of dry grass, rubbish, etc., and therefore there was little chance of the fire spreading.

After this, all 017 reports sent to "Hutch" Hutchinson will have to have, besides all signatures and other marks of identification the finger prints of the sender. How about it, "Hutch?"

This is a practice record. Eh, Art Olson and Rasmusson?

We wish to report the organization of a queerless quartet. Regular rehearsals have already begun. Any others wishing to try out for this organization can request Art Olson to listen to the initiation song "The Old Oaken Bucket," in syncopated time.

Bud Mullaly was having a sweet time with his dictaphone and Garder, seeing his predicament, spoke up with, "You should have an engineer's license, Bud."

Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Shields, our manager and wife, plan to take a tour that will carry them through Washington, D. C., New York, Boston and Montreal. We certainly envy the Montreal part of it.

We sincerely regret the misfortune of Agent Fred Hooper, at Iron River, Mich., whose mother died recently. We extend our sympathy to you, Fred.

John DeRosier, formerly at the Duluth warehouse, has now joined the office crew and is helping Art Olson in the order department. Glad to have you, John.

On May 25, the Standard Oil Giants met and defeated the Northwestern Bell Telephone team in a game of indoor baseball for the supremacy of their building. The outcome from the start was never in doubt and we won, 8 to 0. Seven of these runs were counted in the first frame. Hammerbeck pitching for the Giants had perfect control and never was really in a pinch. Foster, McRostie, Hammerbeck, Cullen and Fischman were the outstanding stars of the game, although the team as a whole played pretty ball. With a little more practice we may be able to come within batting distance of Minneapolis and Mankato.

Alex Gross, our chief mechanic at the Duluth garage, has been transferred to Milwaukee as superintendent of motor equipment there. We sure hate to lose you, Alex, but we wish you the very best of luck.

Jimmy Rich is taking the position left vacant by the transfer of Alex Gross. Thatta boy, Jim.

SUPERIOR

Tom O'Brien of Superior is convalescing after a severe attack of pneumonia.

Tony Gotsky, warehouseman, has been confined to his home the last few days.

Mr. Mountford, our superintendent, and Crede Rule are certainly being kept busy after hours in their gardens.

The "gang" has started indulging in that favorite game of barnyard golf and a lot of promising horse shoe throwers are starting to show their wares. Watch out, Duluth; as soon as we come into our own in this game we're going to challenge you.

The baseball fever is also prevalent and there is talk of a game soon with the Soo Line railroad team. With "Fat" Ostlund receiving, "Al" Fiola heaving and "Shorty" Larson firsting, a good team can be formed.

MARINETTE, WIS.

Recently a meeting was held at the Marinette station. Agents from Crivitz, Pound and Peshtigo, Wis., and Stephenson, Carney, Daggett and Spalding, Mich., attended, together with employees of the Marinette station. Interesting talks were given by District Superintendent Carpenter, Salesman W. E. Nelson and Charles Hanson, J. H. Polglase, lubricating man, and Mr. Willmarth, our agent. Everybody is chuck full of vigor to make a go of selling the full line.

Herman Hartwig and Bill Godfrey, agents, are now offering vocal instructions. Students of color are especially welcomed. This duo recently tried to teach H. M. Willmarth the wonder of song, but the best they could do was to make him whistle.

Miss Ehmcke returned May 26 from a week's vacation which was spent in visiting at Winona and St. Paul, Minn.

Miss Edna Nelson returned May 28 from a week's vacation which was spent in the Twin Cities.

Miss Olive Pugh also returned that day from a week's vacation and looks better than ever.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

W. J. McBrian, Correspondent

Manager W. J. Lang was heard to comment upon the size of his light bill recently but Mr. Brauns says it is no wonder his light bill is large the way he sits up all night with his radio. Mr. Brauns says that they even purchased a chaise-lounge at the Lang residence so that Mr. Lang could take naps after each concert and still be sure to waken for next one.

It was with the greatest regret that the office learned of the sad misfortune which befell the family of our agent, W. M. Allsup, of McClure, Ill. His small boy fell into a kettle of boiling water and was burned so severly as to cause his death.

We certainly miss Ernest Mentzer, our credit man, since he is so often out in the field. Not that we think his work suffers any, under his capable assistant, Ed Jandebeur, but then Mentzer's ready humor and constant good nature are qualities so enjoyable as to be noticed when absent.

Our suggestion to Otto Volkman is to not drop lighted matches under his seat in the future, but the incident which prompts us to give this advice is of such an intimate and possibly embarrassing nature to Otto that we refrain from making it public. Suffice it to say that Otto had no idea that a gallon of Cleaners' Naphtha had been previously emptied into the receptacle in which he dropped his match.

The girls of the office enjoyed their party at the theatre so much that they decided to have a wiener roast out at one of the parks. The roast was postponed due to the inability of Miss Lois Powers to get the wieners when she wanted them. After their theatre party at the Grand Theatre the girls went to Herman's for refreshments. Those who made up the party were the Misses Helen Bowles, Ella Freye, Francis Helfrich, Mary Lee, Helen Collins, Marie Meyer, Tillie Newman, Helen Zackman, Alma Elleser, Marie Shields and Lois Powers, with Stella Seitz and Selma Nussmeier as special guests.

Ernest Mentzer made several purchases the other day during the noon hour while he happened to be uptown attending a credit men's banquet. He opened the lid of the turtle back on the Ford which the garage had given him for the trip and slid all of the articles inside. After the meeting he drove back to the plant, lifted the lid to take out his packages and saw—a huge patch of the street asphalt glaring up at him through the floorless turtle back.

Earl Lynn—"Say, Dave, if you came back a hundred years from now, what whould be the first thing you would look for—Inter-station transfers?"

Dave Greathouse—"No, I don't expect to be handling oil where I hope to go."

Ewald Brauns is glad to see Summer come because he will not have so much trouble now keeping track of his overcoat.

Louis M. Stock has been promoted to the supervision of the Bedford service station territory. Stock began at the Fulton avenue and Franklin street station in Evansville, when there was nothing to the station but a small shack called the "Hamburger stand," by his competitors. Louis built the station up into one of the biggest in the city.

Percy Wightman and Ed Eberhart had a lot of fun working together during the time of all the rains down in Southern Illinois. One day they got caught in a regular cloudburst down in a particularly low section of the country and were out in the rain and mud until 2 A. M. the next morning. They might not have gotten home then but Wightman took off his clothes and walked ahead through several feet of water to feel out the road.

At another time Eberhart was starting to drive through a stretch of water which spread over the road, but happening to see a farmer in the field, called to him and asked if the road was safe. "Well, I guess the road's all right but that water is about eight feet deep," was the answer.

Roy Hudgens has gone to Chicago for treatment of his ankle, which has been troubling him for some time.

George Jackson is jointly Big Cheese and Imperial Wizard of the Royal Order of Jumpin' Fleas, with national headquarters at Vincennes, Ind. And on top of this high honor comes the word from one of Vincennes' most prominent doctors that Jackson is one of the best golf players in Knox County. To quote the physician literally: "George is the best driver I ever saw and can putt fairly good."

Another example of how vanity rules the feminine mind: Verla Grant wears her ediphone head piece receiver with its attached long rubber hose all over the building rather than run the risk of "mussing" her hair by removing and replacing the piece. Why not put the machine on a small boy's wagon, Vera, and then pull it behind you wherever you go?

FARGO, N. D.

Melville L. Rufer, Correspondent

N. R. Grimshaw, general manager of the Northern Division, recently visited the Fargo office. Mr. Cook was the only one of the sales promotion force on hand to receive him. Messrs. Packard, Beaton, Hathaway and Smith were all out in the field.

The "Basement Vamps" recently enjoyed a picnic at Oak Grove. Mrs. Beauchamp took them out in her new Chalmers. After enjoying a wonderful lunch of salads, strawberry shortcake, etc., they journeyed to the Standard Oil Company baseball game and saw the boys win the first game of the season. They insist that their presence is what saved the day for the team.

Fred Podall of the check department arrived at the office the other morning breathless and breakfastless. Fred says, "What chance has a poor man to shave when the ladies at the rooming house primp and doll up from five until nine in the morning."

It is with regret that we report the death of J. J. Reinbold of the stock department. Mr. Reinbold was the son of J. Reinbold, agent at Balta, N. D.

E. L. Kelly of the auditing department has left for the Golden West where he will make his future home. We will all miss Kelly, but more especially those who have an appetite for fish. Kelly was the champion fisherman of the Fargo office.

Salesman A. G. Cummings of Rugby is on the sick list.

A number of the boys from the office opened the fishing season at Erdal Lodge on Lake Franklin, one of the beauty spots of Minnesota. They claim it to be a regular "Shady Rest," the fish jump right out of the water into the boat. They must have been rather slippery, though, for Mr. Erdal got only one.

Henry Lerud, formerly office boy, has been promoted to the check department. Henry is evi-

dently keeping in mind the words of Colonel Stewart as to the fact that several members of the Board of Directors at one time were office boys. Another potential member of the Board of Directors is Jimmie Meyers.

G. J. Franzen spent a month of lonesomeness. Mrs. Franzen has been visiting her parents at Pekin, N. D. Once a week with the aid of Louie Seabloom and the cat the dishes got cleaned up.

Thelma Hagen of the order department left on her vacation June 7. She planned to make a trip overland to Chicago, and from there to points in Wisconsin to visit her parents.

Salesman W. B. Sherman has always been noted for landing big orders. He is also there at landing big fish, Mr. Carnine having received a 35-pound Spoonbill Sturgeon.

Henry Baker, office boy, with hopes of early riches, recently entered the squared circuit. Unfortunately he caught one of his opponent's "hay makers" flush on his optic. Henry was not discouraged, and had planned a come-back, but after a little session with Chief Clerk Carnine he decided that a job at the Standard Oil offices was not so bad after all.

Mrs. Roy Dunbar and children are back after a two weeks' visit with Mrs. Dunbar's parents at Cando, N. D. That accounts for the smile Roy is wearing these days.

Every morning Lenore Behrens is deeply interested in a big, fat letter. Looks suspicious.

It is a rare sight to see any of the sales promotion men at the Fargo office, the greater part of their time being spent on the territory.

Alvin Savre of the record department is the proud owner of a brand new Ford. Is that the reason Helen McComb smiles so these days?

Not to be outdone by Friend Ranger of bicycle fame, Inga Nelson and Emma Reep have decided to put their skis away and will now "pedal" to work.

Salesman A. M. Olson of Dickinson territory is back on the job after a short illness.

Mrs. Beauchamp of the iron barrel department is driving a new Chalmers car.

Lillian Henning of the credit department recently made a "business" trip to Bismarck and other points. The office force were discussing wedding presents and had visions of candy and cigars, but Lillian is single—yet.

Paul J. Tehelka, Grafton Territory

Mr. Eldridge, new station examiner, recently visited Grafton. Mr. Eldridge replaces Mr. Olson, who now has the Fargo territory.

Mrs. Chris. Grassel and baby just returned from a visit with her parents in Tennessee. Mr. Grassel is our genial service station attendant at Grafton.

Mrs. Paul Tehelka and baby have arrived at Grafton where they will make their future home.

John Olson, our bachelor agent at Grafton, is kept very busy of late loading Polarine and taking trips to Grand Forks on Saturday night. What's the attraction, John?

Salesman H. C. White and family are now nicely settled in their new home.

We are so busy up here that we hardly know what happens to our families, but will send in more dope next month.

C. H. Dragert, Towner Territory

We regret to report the resignation of Agent Earl Pierce at Mohall. Mr. Pierce's health made it necessary for him to resign. John Alkenbrock, formerly agent at Russell, has taken over the Mohall station.

Ben Ratliff, agent at Granville, says Mica is the easiest stuff to sell he ever saw. The quota of 26-25 lb. was just like falling off a log. Ben has the advantage over the other boys, however, for he hasn't a tooth in his mouth and can say more words per minute on Mica than any one I have ever seen.

Harold Wheeler is the latest addition to the Standard Oil Co. family, having taken over the Loraine station. Mr. Wheeler is young, handsome and full of pep. He should make a success with the Standard Oil Company.

E. F. Colwell, Park River, N. D.

J. A. Balgaard, agent at Langdon, developes into the champion Petrolatum salesman—twelve 10-lb. pails in two days. Rocky says he only half tried, just ate about one-fourth poiund in demonstrating. Wonder what Rocky could do if he tried? Crops look fine in this part of the country—large acreage of flax.

C. H. Dale, Mayville

T. J. Stewart, agent at Arthur, is too busy selling Standard Oil products to even think of getting married. Won't some kind lady who happens to read this come to the rescue?

Our Hunter agent, Peter Hoy, is going to double his quota of Stanolind Petrolatum even though he has to eat a few ten pound tins himself.

Mrs. P. Hanson, wife of our Erie Agent, is now on the road to recovery after having been seriously ill for several weeks.

Agent Barker of Hope expects to bite off a bigger chunk of sales for the Standard Oil this year than ever before. He had a new set of false teeth installed this spring.

H. B. Weeks, Wahpeton

The new service station at Wahpeton will soon be ready for business. Other stations beware—we are going to set a mark.

E. M. Anderson, agent at Wolverton, has purchased a new Red Baby Speed wagon. Mr. Anderson has always been strong for speed.

O. M. Kirkness and Claud Kniss have taken over the Doran and Foxhome stations respectively.

J. K. Else, Mandan, N. D.

Our Werner agent has put a new Ford truck in service and we notice a difference in the sales for that station.

Our old friend, George Wright, agent at Halliday, has taken unto himself a wife. We extend our wishes for a long and happy married life.

Our Hazen agent, F. W. Vreeland, has a new Ford truck at his station and is out in the country early and late.

R. L. Buzick, the new agent at Mandan, has put into service a new I. H. C. speed truck, and is out after the business.

C. L. Figenskau, agent at Killdeer, has put a new I. H. C. speed truck into service, and is out to get the business.

Talk about Radio! Huh, L. J. Vreeland, agent at Beulah, has a little tin box and every time he raps it he gets "Copenhagen!"

Ole H. Rudd, agent at New Salem has put in two new I. H. C. trucks. Leave it to Ole and Paul to get the business.

L. C. Ladner, Warren, Minn.

Lewis Sands, our new agent at Alvarado, is captain of their baseball team. If he plays ball

like he sells Eureka Harness Oil and Mica, his team will never lose a game.

Our old standby, John Nicholls, at Argyle is figuring on selling Mica for face cream. He sure has faith in its cures. For further particulars write John at Argyle, Minn.

Ben Killeran at Warren, Minn., doesn't think he is as good at chess as at putting out Red Crown.

Leonard Winberg, our new little 250-pound agent at Stephen, is a single man. Anyone looking for a real hustler and a good provider can write him at Stephen, Minn. Some boy!

Irvin Gier of Donaldson spent the winter in Iowa. He says, "Iowa is a good place to come from, but for business, give me Donaldson."

Julius Zimmerman of Angus is sure putting out the goods like an old timer.

L. A. Olbekson, agent at Minto, N. D., for six years, has taken over the Oslo, Minn., station. Louie says he feels like a new man to be living in a real state like Minnesota. I feel the same way, Louie.

The Warren territory went over the top on their May quotas on the fifteenth. Boys watch our gains this year!

E. H. Lindberg, Carrington

Frank Trullinger is our new S. S. attendant at Carrington No. 4. Welcome, Frank.

Ellis Rifenberg, agent at Bowdon, is the proud owner of a new Maxwell truck. He says it's some outfit!

Pretty hard to catch Joe Platt, our Sykeston agent, home these days. His wife told me he leaves at 5:00 A. M. and always comes home "empty." Joe is after the business and is getting it.

Pat Mulroney, agent at Carrington, made a trip to Turtle Lake last Sunday to look after his farm. Miss Rita accompanied her daddy.

Agent J. H. Franz, McClusky, bought a new Ford coupe for the Mrs.

A. G. Cummings, Rugby, N. D.

G. H. Condit, agent at Westhope, is rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl. "Gil" says he could have used a truck driver very nicely, but the way business is growing in the Westhope territory we think a stenographer will come in handy.

We welcome Obert Blessum, who succeeds C. T. Severyn as agent at Rugby. Charles has faithfully performed the duties of agent for several years, and we regret to have him leave us, but the charm of "Sunny" California has overcome him. Mr. and Mrs. Severyn expect to leave for their new home in the near future. Good luck to you both.

Agent R. A. Berg of Knox had the misfortune to break his arm while attending to his duties in the hardware store. Here's hoping for a speedy recovery!

George Whitmore, agent at Barton, has discarded his team and tank wagon for a new Ford truck. This makes 100 per cent truck equipment for the Rugby territory.

J. F. Stribley, Moorhead, Minn.

While out with Joe Gotto, credit man, on a collection trip and getting acquainted with some of our rural customers, we came to a very fine farm. Driving into the yard I talked to the owner about our goods and was informed that he was using Red Crown and Polarine, so I went after him on a ten pound can of White Petrolatum, but could not make a dent. I saw Joe walking toward a flower garden. Glancing in that direction I noticed a beautiful girl among the flowers. Joe had the can of White Petrolatum. After he had explained the many uses the young lady purchased. Joe always was pretty strong with the women.

E. J. McKellar, Edgeley, N. D.

An eight pound baby girl arrived at the home of H. P. Ford, agent at Edgeley, N. D., on April 30.

O. W. Roberts, Jr., Wilton, N. D.

Roy Bairey, agent at Coleharbor, N. D., is back on the job again after a serious operation for appendicitis.

F. Fauth, agent at Tuttle, N. D., announces the arrival of a big boy at their home. Fred says he talks the "full line" already.

J. J. Lief of Wilton, N. D., claims he caught the biggest fish ever caught by any Standard Oil Company agent. Jack says he would send in a picture, but the fish was too large to get it in.

E. I. Bergan, Crookston, Minn.

City Truck Salesman Jacob Schriver, has been transferred to country work. H. J. Page has taken over the work on the city truck.

"Dad" Caswell recently spent a few days in Crookston on collections.

Country Truck Salesman Welsh is going some on Ivory White Stanolind Petrolatum, having put out 23 ten pound cans in the past month. During the past month Crookston station has disposed of 330 pounds. How is that for a record?

Manager Packard and B. L. Smith recently visited our station.

Mr. Beale of the Standard Oil Company, St. Paul, called at S. S. No. 2 on his stop in Crookston while accompanying the St. Paul Trade Tour through this section.

Messrs. Stefferud, Kramer, Westmiller, Asleson and Ebeltoft and four other gentlemen recently drove nine new cars from Fargo to Crookston. Four were left here, and five taken on to Grand Forks and Devils Lake.

Nap Montang, formerly of Crookston, recently visited us for the first time in seventeen years. Mr. Montang purchased from the Standard Oil Company the first gasoline sold out of Crookston for use in gas threshing engine. The engines were not tractors in those days, but merely large stationary machines. He purchased the gasoline for 9 cents a gallon in wooden barrels. Mr. Montang was much surprised at the changes made in the station here, as well as the methods of handling gasoline.

Assistant Chief Clerk Asleson spent a day in Crookston.

D. A. Miller is the new attendant at S. S. No. 28.

Manager Packard and Assistant General Manager Grimshaw visited our station during the past month.

H. E. Sanstead, Grand Forks, N. D.

Assistant General Manager Grimshaw, Manager Packard and B. L. Smith spent a few days in the Grand Forks district. Peggy Jedney, our genial Hoople, N. D., agent, knocked 'em cold on Mica for May, selling thirty-four pails.

C. K. Hills believes in keeping down the expense on his brand new Ford coupe. He keeps the gasoline tank so low that he ran out of gas one mile from Grand Forks, and the coupe failed to run in on its reputation.

Salesman Colwell had the misfortune of having his family quarantined with scarlet fever.

Station Examiner W. F. Eldridge reported to the Grand Forks District to take the place of Mr. J. E. Olson, who has been transferred to Fargo.

Ole Hagen, truck driver at Grand Forks, recently passed examinations and was admitted a citizen of the United States.

W. H. Edgar, New Rockford, N. D.

Assistant Manager J. P. Beaton paid New Rockford a visit May 22.

J. J. Hay's new coupe looks very nice, but he should be furnished with a card relative to stopping at railroad crossings.

The writer is planning a three months' trip to Scotland and Germany. Scotland to please myself and Germany to please my wife.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

K. C. Clapp, Correspondent

Grand Rapids has been invaded by the forces of General Danny Cubid during the last month. Cleo Uplinger, the brown-eyed billing clerk, is the most recent victim. Cleo came down to the office the other day wearing a beautiful solitaire. We admire the taste of "Bill" Werkman, another Standard oiler. The exact date is not known, but as Bill confessed at lunch t'other day, "I'm a creature of impulse" and so the nuptials may be announced any day now.

Roy Fonger, who recently was made district superintendent of the Northern division, breezed into the office all enthused over the North. Whenever Roy wants a fish for breakfast he, according to his sworn statement, has only to throw a line out of his bedroom window and is rewarded by an immediate catch. The size of the "catch" is elastic, increasing with the gullibility of the listener.

Mabel Pinckney jumped overboard from the good ship SOCO, May 29, deep, deep into the sea of matrimony. The office bunch added to her happiness by presenting her with table linen and nappery. As Mrs. John Drieborg, Mabel will reside in Covington, Ky.

Johnny Mieras has been added to the list of male susceptibles since he acquired the habit of appearing at work each morning in a flivver coupe. It is rumored that Blanche Warren, boss of the ediphone room, is taking private lessons in Ford manipulation, and must be a real speed demon, for Johnnie reports that his speedometer is out of commission.

We certainly were pleasantly surprised when Gertrude Krynsen Shaw paid us a visit recently. She looked sweeter than ever. It's always an event when old friends "drop in" on us unexpectedly. Come again, Trudie!

Welcome to the following new "stenos" and clerks in the Grand Rapids office: Jessie Lee, Marjorie Sprague, Elsie Wagner, Meta Brown, Janet Vanderhout, Wilma Bremen, Frank Muehlenberg, George Hanley, Wallace Malcom, J. Mead, W. Lupton, H. Veltman and Arthur Davis.

To date the Standard Oil Co. baseball team of the Grand Rapids field has won four and lost one in games. Grandville, one of the strongest semi-pro teams in the state last year, was swamped by the SOCO's recently, 16 to 6. The Oilers' only defeat was registered by Allegan, last year's semi-pro state champions. The defeat was not a disgrace, however, the score being 5 to 3.

Most of the girls are loyal baseball fans. Elsa Frey went with a bunch of girls to see the Allegan game. While in the throes of rooting for the SOCO team, an excited bee bit Elsa on the shoulder and then on the finger. As he flew away across the diamond the bee was heard to remark, "That's one of the sweetest girls I've met for a long time."

Peggy Carr, stenog for the advertising and service station departments, isn't interested in "bush" league baseball, as she calls it, and wasn't satisfied until she saw the Tigers beat the Yanks in Detroit one Sunday. We're still hearing about how Ty Cobb pitched a good game and how Babe Ruth was a wonderful catcher. Peggy became an ardent student of baseball. She admits it!

Dora Walters, coupon book checker, has returned from a week's stay in Chicago, where she visited friends.

Betty Bowmaster is the latest addict to the hair bobbing habit which has swept the office. Shorn locks really went out of vogue some twelve months ago, Betty!

Maurice Gordon, recently appointed head of the checking department, is asked by a committee of optimists within the organization to remember that 286 muscles are called into play to make a frown, while a smile needs only thirteen. What's the use of working overtime, Maurice?

Clem Edwards is still telling all about the little girl that arrived at his house a few weeks ago. According to Clem, the young lady already is a staunch SOCO worker and he claims that he heard her say a word that sounded like "Semdac" the other evening.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, an eight pound girl, on May 20. Bill would like to call her Billy, but Mrs. Smith objects. William is a tank wagon driver at Levering.

A dance was given in honor of Oscar Leland, agent at Fife Lake, May 10. Fife Lake people were not the only ones to attend, friends coming from several neighboring towns to welcome Oscar back home. Mr. Leland recently has been confined several weeks in a Cadillac hospital with a severe case of appendicitis and pneumonia.

Jack Smith, agent at Mancelona, is some fisherman! He has brook trout for dinner every Sunday. Here's one Ike Walton, you couldn't enrage by raising the limit on the speckled beauties!

George Ford, who is agent at Manton, has the right spirit. His four prize beagle puppies are named Perfection, Red Crown, Polarine and Semdac. Those hounds should drive all the rabbits out of the woods.

Phyllis Witkop, pretty little Goldilocks of four years, says she wants to grow up so that she can take her father's place at S. S. 59, Traverse City. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Witkop and is worth all the gold in her hair.

George Alt was offered $500 for his smile by a customer just lately and George says he'd have taken the fellow up had he been sure that Semdac would remove even a grin from a face.

The white poodle belonging to L. Halliday, agent at Cadillac, calls at the station every day no later nor earlier than 11:45 A. M. He comes to notify Louie that it is time for dinner and what is more important, dogmatically speaking, time for a bone.

Wonder if Walter Buck, safety director, doesn't know that a mustache contains millions and millions of germs and is, therefore, not in keeping with his slogan of "Safety First!"

A very pretty shower was given Mrs. Joe Sundstrom on May 9. She is the wife of Joe Sundstrom, service station attendant at Cadillac. They kept their wedding very quiet, indeed.

S. J. Seeley, agent at Elk Rapids, says that if the ice doesn't disappear from East Grand Traverse Bay by July 4 he's going to celebrate Independence day by blowing 'er up. Some ice could be seen on the bay May 25.

HURON, S. D.

M. O. Kenner, Correspondent

Yes, our one time employee, Amanda Rusch, did get it off pretty good. She became Mrs. A. A. Brower February 10, keeping the secret mighty fine. Five girls of the office and a one time employee, i. e., Medora Preston, Gen Schaller, Kathryn Stehly, Mildred Matejka, Faye Cooley and Mrs. Ruth Busse, piled in Busse's car Saturday night and took Mandy by surprise at the reception that was given them at the home of her parents. Music and conversation were indulged in and then the feed, with chicken salad, cakes, coffee, sandwiches, pickles and fruit salad, which tasted mighty good. Their gifts consisted mainly of cooking utensils, which is a good sign, we believe, also some silver. The late hour of arriving home was blamed on to the same old story of a punctured tire, which certainly is a fact. However, we want to say that we made a man who passed to help with the tire, but we believe that he felt fully repaid with the thanks and cigars that the girls gave him. All in all, though, we had a mighty nice time.

Assistant Manager Bailey may not impress the farming ladies as being a "seller" when it comes to S. O. Co. products, but his impression on them does enable him to "jip" them out of some of that wonderful thick real country cream and cookies. No wonder he is becoming more a heavy weight and it is no wonder that his country trips are becoming more frequent.

J. C. Peterson, former S. O. employee at the Huron office, who enlisted in the navy in June, 1922, has passed the final examination for entrance into the Annapolis Naval Academy.

Ed Giziewski and Anna Quale "thought" they stole a march on the members of the office force, by being married real early in the morning. But "murder will out" and the whole office gang was at the 9:25 train to see them off. Ed surely can be puffed up and boast of being the proud other half of the girl, because we all know that she is a peach. The girls all liked her going away outfit anyway. It surely is a good thing that they left in the morning instead of night, because with the amount of rice that was rained, we know that it would be mighty uncomfortable. However, we all congratulate them and send them bushels of good wishes.

Our "red headed attorney," i. e., Geo. E. Campbell, seems to have a new code or way of calling girls to his desk to take dictation. He was caught in the act of "yoo-hooing" to one of the stenogs in the big room. 'Sall right, Judge, we won't tell the Missus.

We wonder who will be the next one or ones to be married. Several of the employees are having suspicions thrown in their direction and we wonder for whom we will buy rice next time. Time will tell, however.

Somehow or another, the "Days of "81" celebration did not come off the other day at Pierre, when our bosses were there.

We believe Mildred is to have a very busy Summer, since in addition to caring for Mr. Dodsley's correspondence, she also has the advertising department to look after.

Two women drove up to S. S. 9 in Ford roadster and asked the attendant if he knew anything about a Ford, "as the old thing jumps along like a jack rabbit." Mr. Barnett was also standing there and together with the attendant fixed the jitney. Don't believe he helped much as a few minutes later the same Ford came jumping down the street. How about this, Bill?

Upon seeing a small dictionary thrown at one of our office cheeks, "Judge" was heard to remark, "He sure had a mean bunch of words thrown at him without one word being said." Clever boy, that Judge.

We understand that W. E. Walton is appointed city counsel at Webster, S. D.

Oscar Rundquist, who recently purchased a new "Lizzie," made the remark, "I am going to take a day off and teach the people of Huron how to drive up to the curb."

Rundquist and Lutgen (Confidential consultation Sat. A. M.)

Mahoney—"Are you fellows going fishing?"

Lutgen—"Were thinking about it."

Mahoney—"Well, I guess I'll have Crowe stop for me."

Mahoney—"The only thing I'm worrying about is minnows."

Olson (passing by)—"What. Mail orders?"

W. J. Bode is now a radio fan and spends an hour or two every evening listening to what he calls bedtime stories.

Salesman C. E. Kinser when trying out an unruly carburetor takes for the country, and the girls that go hiking generally are too tired to walk back to town. He sure has her hitting on all four on the way back.

Loyd Patterson has just returned from his vacation spending most of his time and money in Minnesota.

R. L. Walsh has been elected Base Ball Manager for 1923. Let's go after the Banner!

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

Introducing for your approval or disapproval, as the case may be, the following Saturday morning "specials": Fred Peine's red necktie; Bill Reed's golf suit; Nelle Sage's waist; Melvin Spott's silk shirt.

Well, folks, no guessing, this time, Troy ("Freight Car") Christman must be downright in love. He's quit "chawing" scrap, carries a toothbrush, wears a silk handkerchief in his coat pocket and loosened up for a Buick roadster. It is the universal opinion of many that this is going some.

R. A. Bruce has forsaken the sales writers' crew to write orders and carry a grip.

Roy Poland had a lapse of memory the other Sunday night and left the old flivver's cylinders running while he attended church. Imagine his surprise on leaving the services to find a couple dancing on the sidewalk to the rhythm put out by the engine, a la "me and Mamie O'Rourke trip the light fantastic on the sidewalks of New York."

The credit department now brags of an old favorite in Bert Delph who comes back to where he belongs after an absence of several years.

Salesman E. C. Bartley got all balled up in phoning the office about one of the company's tank rental pumps and caused some head scratching in the equipment clerkage. The startling request ran, "This pump must be moved at once as it is getting all of the trade at its present location."

There is no doubt about Summer being here since Ray Allison, our near-polar bear of the tank car order department, has finally discarded his coat. Which brings up the question how hot will it be before Ray sheds the vest?

W. S. Buckeridge, who has just recently joined the sales force, had a thrilling encounter with a customer in the neighborhood of Crawfordsville, when the prospect made inquiry regarding the price on hog oil. Buck having been previously stung on left-hand monkey-wrenches, white lamp-black and other sundry stereotype "snipe hunts" refused flatly to bite, much to the amazement of the customer, who was needing the hog oil. About every one is giving Buck the laugh including Leverett Van Liew who is ha ha-ing the loudest and longest.

Will (Long Boy) Litsinn is playing chauffeur to the parcel post.

While Al Shotwell, another cellar rat, is trying to get his mind diverted from Seymour, Ind., with not much success. What's her name, Al?

Earl Everett has a future in the diplomatic service, he always talks in a whisper.

J. B. Grumley, agent at Cayuga was a recent visitor. He almost filled up the office out that way, not up this way, for he sure is there on being thick.

A quartet of "table finishers" report an item of headline caliber. The gastronomical error-ists being Salesman R. L. Nelson, Division Superintendent J. J. Miller, Assistant Manager Phil Serrin and Chief Clerk George Ashman, who "each by each" met their Waterloo at Bainbridge, Ind., when they attempted to mop up one of Mrs. F. E. Miller's offerings in the way of a chicken supper. Mrs. Miller, who by the way is the better half of the company's agency at this point, put the epicureans down for the final count of ten when she brought out the raspberry pie a la mode and the angels food cake.

Somehow he absorbed the idea that an air compressor must go with each King air standard, something like the birdie picture in each package of a popular brand of baking soda, which will make buttermilk sweet and dandy cornbread. So up in the air went Frank Judd of the S. S department when he learned of a delivery of two standards and only one compressor. By this time he has every reason to remember from here on out that there is a "Tee" in pipe-ology and even air can be divided into two equal parts coming from any old air compressor that ever compressed.

Maybe they are getting a quantity discount! It is to be noticed that H. O. Wise, Ben Logan and H. Lawrenz, S. S. No. 19, visit a nearby restaurant at off meal times, just before the chef starts fricasseeing the hash.

There is one fine reason why Harvey Huntsinger, S. S. 312, Indianapolis, did not qualify for the Speedway race, the officials wouldn't even let him light with his "toy box Lincoln" even as a visitor.

Lawrence Everroad is our new office boy.

Which has to do with A. G. Dunn, S. S. No. 78, Indianapolis:

"A quiet home wedding took place May 18 when Miss Frances Josephine Yount, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Yount, became the bride of Addison G. Dunn. The wedding took place at 2:30 o'clock at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. A. O. Despo, 2906 Central avenue. The Rev. Thomas R. White of the Meridian Heights Presbyterian Church read the ceremony.

"The house was arranged with ferns, palms, smilax and vases of spring flowers. Miss Victoria Montani, harpist, played a program of bridal music, and Mrs. O. S. Shattuck sang.

"The bride's only attendant was the bridegroom's sister, Miss Marguerite Dunn, who wore a frock of sand-colored crepe with a bouquet of Butterfly roses and sweet peas. The bride wore a gown of sand-colored crepe and carried a bouquet of roses and sweet peas. Burton Mitchell acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Dunn have gone on a motor trip."

TERRE HAUTE

Our cashier, William Oliver, is some farmer. Since his onions have come up, he is getting to be some strong. What if he would have planted garlic?

Chick Gardner, who moved up from the pump handle to specialty salesman, showed up at the office the other morning at eight o'clock with the statement that he "had already secured three orders." That sure is picking up the "night crawlers" without the aid of a flashlight.

The following incident involved the last visit of Mr. Serrin to the "Hut."

P. A. S. (to waitress)—"Madam (a poor start, two-bits would have been much better), while I am not unmindful of quality, it is quantity I am seeking also. How large a portion is served with Virginia Baked Ham?" When he got his order he had to search under a potato to find the ham.

Robert Hanrahan, S. S. No. 20, received a neat shock the other afternoon when a young lady driving a brand new popular make of "light car" bounced up to the air standard, which is at least forty feet from the pumps, and shouted," I want five gallons."

Agent C. B. Cox and the other boosters around the plant are much "joyed up", having secured the last possible signature to a stock purchasing blank. The "Hut" is now 100 per cent stockholders.

"What the little boy shot at" is a whole patchful of potato bugs more than the news items received for this issue of the Record from the following "A" stations: Anderson, Aurora, Bloomington, Brazil, Clinton, Columbus, Connersville, Crawfordsville, Madison, Muncie, New Castle, Richmond, Shelbyville. It being so quiet at these points, pins must make an awful racket if they drop off the measuring-pole when "sticking" tanks.

JOLIET, ILL.

C. H. Kniep (field) and
Miss Evelyn Reece (office), Correspondents

We are informed that Dixon, Freeport and Sterling are having a little sales contest all their own.

A. P. Unmacht, one of our handsome salesmen, is saving his money and looking over real estate bargains in Freeport.

Herb. Wagen, who has been severely ill with tonsilitis, has recovered and is back on the job. The night air in Savanna evidently doesn't agree with Herbert. It's a good thing she works in a drug store, Herb, so you can get your medicine at a discount. When last seen our lil' friend was going somewhere to sell another carload of Polarine. Wonder if Joliet wouldn't like to sign Herb up for the baseball team. He's a fast runner.

Agents at the following stations in the Western Division have put on additional motor equipment with a view of securing more business and rendering better service: Mt. Carroll, Orangeville, Savanna, Polo, Lanark, Forreston, Ashton and Pearl City.

J. W. Long is our new agent at Mt. Morris. Welcome to our midst, Mr. Long, and now that you are with us, the Western Division ought to win that Red Crown Banner.

Just before the recent meeting in the Joliet office, at which the Board of Directors presided, our esteemed district superintendent, James S. Connell, called in for a reserved room at one of

our local hotels. Upon being asked if he desired a room with bath, Mr. Connell advised our somewhat taken aback operator that he guessed not, he had taken one just last night.

Miss Switz, our most efficient cashier at Rockford office, has sent word to A. F. Scheidt, district superintendent in the Eastern Division, to take a good long last look at the Red Crown Banner, as hereafter it will hang in the Rockford office of the Northern Division. Mr. Scheidt advises that the Northern Division will never again have the pleasure of retaining said banner and suggests, so that they will not be disappointed, that they *buy* one, as this is the only way he can figure the proposition can be worked out.

Miss Gertrude E. Switz of the Rockford office, recently received her Thirty Year Button for loyal and continuous service for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). A picture, please, Rockford.

Abe McKinley, Beau Brummel of the Freeport office, now has his Jordan car all fixed up. Girls out after curfew hours beware.

What is the matter with John Meyers, who can't make over two loads in the country in one day?

Irv Black, city driver at Freeport, has the ambition of Dempsey and upholds his reputation if the occasion so demands. Especially when competitive drivers call his bluff.

All the trucks which were redecorated at Freeport station make a good impression with their drivers who are now appearing in new outeralls, etc.

If you are in the Freeport office at 6:10 P. M. and the 'phone rings, we know who is calling. It's "Red" Greb's wife wanting to know if there is any chance of his being home by 7 o'clock, so she can eat with him.

We hear that it is very easy for our Scarboro agent, E. E. Rees, to sell S. O. Co. products to the ladies. Get his system, boys. It's a good one.

Bright prospects at DeKalb, if everything works out as planned.

Regardless of the great number of competitive trucks in Olie Hall's field, our Creston agent still holds 90 per cent of the business and expects to have 100 per cent before very long.

Agent Fred Miller at Rock City has been taking good care of his pump customers. Everywhere you look, Red Crown and Polarine signs jump at you, and at night it is a "City of Crowns."

H. M. Noble is aspiring toward advertising. Advertising department watch him. We hear he missed his calling.

A. F. Snyder, agent at Pecatonica, is now living on soup and water, having had a good many of his teeth pulled out.

Indications are that Agent Higgins at Durand will make a large gain on Red Crown this year, as he has two road contractors in his field.

Roy Adams, Lanark agent, is now back to work, after having broken his arm while working at the station.

L. N. Fredeen has been appointed agent at Kewanee, A. P. Bennett having been transferred to salesman.

F. G. Briggs has been promoted to service station agent. To celebrate said promotion, Mr. Briggs has purchased three dozen geraniums with which to beautify the lawn at S. S. No. 2. Briggs was formerly night attendant.

V. D. Wadey, in taking up his new position as salesman in this vicinity (Kewanee speaking) has our best wishes and closest cooperation will be extended at all times. Under his guidance we feel certain that Kewanee will go over the top with the largest gain yet registered. Hurrah!

A. S. Humphrey and E. E. Anderson have been added to our list of "Standard Oilers" at Kewanee. They are the able pilots of I. H. C.'s and through their efforts, several new names are appearing on our new customer list.

Fred Heppie is a new tank wagon driver at Kankakee, Ill.

On June 6, Niles Clausen, agent instructor, formerly tank truck driver at DeKalb, was to become the happy husband of Miss Ellen Johnson of Cortland, Ill., and on the same day, Harold McCartney, tank truck driver at DeKalb, was to be married to Miss Ella Ingham of Elva, Ill. Heartiest congratulations from everybody.

Office News

When the board of directors were here, who gave Frances Smith that pretty flower? Three guesses.

Did you happen to observe Miss Ann Swenson riding down Cass avenue with George LaVanway and James Pollock? Marty had better watch out or——.

Fred Erickson was observed the other evening selling lots out at Idylside. Gone into the business, Fred?

When dreams come true. Did you hear about Eleanor Rylander's lost 012 ticket? She thought about it so much that she dreamed about finding it in the 012 book and in the morning, upon looking through the 012 book, found the lost ticket. What is your system, Eleanor? A few of us might try it and find some of our lost articles.

Richard Hundley, our coupon book clerk, has a new pair of spectacles. In fact, he has two pair. One for work and the other for when he steps out with Peggy.

Roy Olson out at the warehouse has become so fond of mice that he was found feeding them ice cream the other day.

Come to Daddy, Hazel. Who said that, Carl?

Bob Anderson has become a wonderful coffee maker.

Anyone desiring to learn a new nose dive, kindly consult Miss Hazel Gumaliss on the subject. Remind her of the one she took Memorial Day.

Mystery. The Herald-News called the Joliet office and wants to know who the young lady in black is. The fancy dancer, don't you know? Jimmie Arthur claims he doesn't know, but Dan Otis has her name and address.

Miss Louise Staley is a new member of the dictaphone department.

Miss Evelyn Burmeister is our new file clerk. Now you know why Bill Ziech comes to work all dolled up.

Sylvia Hubal, who has been Mr. Monson's stenographer for the past two years, came up to bid us all good-bye this morning. Sylvia was to become the bride of Leslie Meyers of the Record department on June 16. We certainly wish them both lots of good luck and happiness.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

W. F. McGarry, Correspondent

Wanted, goat team and small wagon for Salesman J. M. Sullivan, to work farmer trade in Chautauqua County. It is rumored that Joe ran over a pig in this locality. Joe smells Polarine orders miles away.

Agent McWain Thorn at Sedan, Kan., is still going on high. Just last Monday he complained of

business being poor, having sold only 900 gallons of Red Crown before 10.00 a. m.

A. W. Reiley, agent at Caney, Kan., is going after the business, and will be heard from before the end of 1923. Bill has just added one more truck, being the third truck out of Caney. Great stuff, Bill.

New S. S. attendants at Coffeyville are Bill Aspin and Andrew Childers. We expect lots from them. Go to it boys, and let them know you're there.

Rural Tank Wagon Man Riggins is trying to sell a ton of Mica. He wants to know how much a ton is.

Jim Minnick, at Tenth and Park, is as good a service station attendant as he is a fisherman.

J. W. White, agent at Topeka, Kan., was married April 19. Congratulations, John.

A. E. Ford is now agent at Bartlesville. We are looking for great things from Bartlesville when this "live wire" gets going.

L. M. Copeland is the new agent at Mulberry, Kan. E. D. Powell at Allen, Kan., H. A. Dent at Garnett, Kan., and W. E. Nelson at Lebo, Kan.

New salesmen with us include C. J. Pierce and T. A. Blake. Welcome to our family, gentlemen.

Spring and Summer are on us with a rush. Baseball challenges are flying, and some good games are being scheduled in the S. O. League. So far only the Office Lions and the Sales Tigers have been heard from. However, we look for something from Armourdale Sea Dogs and the Service Station Antelopes. How about it, men!

Lonnie Williams' Englewood Club played Earl Baughan's Amherst Club boys and it was an easy victory in the ninth inning for Englewood. However, it was 1 to 0 for the Amhersts until the ninth when Lonnie's dogs let 'er out. Whoo-ee, what a race track they did make. How about it Earl?

L. G. Gibson is the new S. S. attendant at Independence. Since he and N. R. Thomasson, two good looking young men, have taken employment with our company, we have noticed a large increase in trade by the flappers of Independence, who just can't seem to keep away from Red Crown Gasoline and these two good looking fellows. Where's the pix?

We are attaching hereto a piece of poetry given us by Mr. Kosmoski. Can you publish it? (Sorry, but poems are barred.—Ed.)

Also, letter sent us 15 years ago by Mr. Goodykoontz. Although it is in rhyme, it is original; and we would like to see it in the Record, if possible. (Gosh, we're sorry.—Ed.)

Vacationists include Jim Bryan, Anna Dalton, Paul Whitney.

Lyman Jones, stationery department, is the father of a six-pound boy. What's his name, Lyman? Congratulations to you; and may he be a Standard Oiler before he's 20.

K. C. Harris, salesman, took a bride on May 18, at Columbus, Kan. Congratulations, old boy—and a long and happy life.

Mr. Edler, agent at Baldwin, Kan., is the father of an eight-pound boy. His name is Joe Henry Edler. Congratulations.

The S. O. Co. party on May 19 was a grand success. A great time was enjoyed by all who came; and by all who did not. They enjoyed themselves the next day by hearing about it from those who did.

Ed. Monroe, assistant to J. R. Cook, induced his wife to enter the prize waltz with him—and behold they won the prize. It was some prize too—a box of Martha Washingtons. The judges of the prize waltz were R. W. Curnutt, S. S. Superintendent, L. A. Berry, salesman, and Miss L. B. Bulson, dictaphone department.

The runners up were, Mr. and Mrs. Kosmoski, Mr. and Mrs. Dunsworth, Charlie Reid and Anna Wilhelm, and Mr. and Mrs. Al. Hughes. The writer was in favor of giving each of these couples a box of Martha Washingtons, also, but none were available.

One of the surprises on the program was the piano duet of Mr. and Mrs. Burt Hudnut. The Mardi Gras was rendered in delightful manner by these talented musicians. The singing of Joe Wasson of the sales manager's department was also a feature of the evening. He sang "The Lamplit Hour" in masterly fashion—and, as an encore, delighted that large party of guests with "Crying for You."

M. P. Brady's daughter gave a very pretty dance; and the singing of Miss Hirsch was more than "fine." Helen Kruse accompanied her on the violin with a clever bow. Mr. Wasson was accompanied in his numbers by his friend, Jim Brown, who certainly gained his share of the applause with his masterly and clever manipulation of the keyboard.

Joe Wilhelm slipped off on his vacation right in the middle of the entertainment. You missed some "good stuff" Joe.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Miss Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

A. J. Goddard, district superintendent of the Western territory, visited the La Crosse office last week.

Bill Ratz says, "Between the two of us, we got nineteen trout." Nineteen? Sounds like a lot, but we knew they would get that many, at least.

We are very glad to welcome J. G. Dickens as city salesman for the S. O. Co. We wish you lots of luck, Dick.

Miss Leona Johanson spent a few days of last week in Tomah, Wis.

For particulars about fishing before the season opens, ask Art Barton, superintendent of the warehouse.

Salesman L. N. Larson is back again on his old territory, H. R. Wellman having resigned.

Al Anderson, of the equipment department, spent the week end in Minneapolis. Finger bowls, did you say? Oh yes, Al, tell us what you think of them.

Two brand new cars have made their appearance at the Standard Oil office. The Nash belongs to Bill Schwalbe and the Buick to E. R. Remp.

C. D. Reel, agent at Tomah, Wis., visited the La Crosse office last week.

Rudie Steinke motored to Mondovi, Wis., last week.

When it comes to traveling, J. E. Monegan, assistant manager, shows some speed. He left the La Crosse office Thursday morning and called on the agents of ten different towns in Minnesota and was back to the La Crosse office Saturday morning. We aren't saying how far these towns are apart.

A. B. Nichols, chief clerk, made a combined business and pleasure trip to Rochester, Minn.

We wonder if what we heard about LaVerne Bigelow, S. O. Co. service station attendant at Tomah, is true?

George M. Leonard, salesman in the Rochester territory, was a business caller at the La Crosse office Monday.

Nels Rudd has been added to our staff of station examiners.

Our curiosity was somewhat aroused the other day when Jack Rubin came to the office carrying a package which felt like a can of syrup, package of hops and cake of yeast. Have you a "still," Jack, or should we be still about it?

M. S. Johnson succeeds H. H. Pederson as agent at Warrens, Wis.

Douglas Guentz looks as though he had lost a few pounds of avoirdupois since he became a "traveling man." Which is it, Doug, the food or worrying over Leona?

Candy was passed by John Michaleski, truck driver, in honor of the new baby boy which arrived at his home.

Clyde Ambrose succeeds G. H. Bailey as agent at Soldiers Grove, Wis.

Ed. Schrieber is sure that the new baby girl will some day take his place as bookkeeper for the S. O. Co.

Milo H. Hanson has been installed as agent at Rushford, Minn., to replace J. E. Laumb.

We are very glad to welcome Miss Etta Wecker into the office.

Rudie tried out his Overland on "long drives," and drove to Mauston, Wis. His sister was with him, and by the looks of the back seat one would think that he had a menagerie with him, but on further investigation it proved to be "Bunk" Gayman, Helen Ferguson and Helen's sister.

The Social Club met at the K. P. Hall. The regular business meeting was adjourned. The meeting was then given to E. R. Remp, chairman of the entertainment committee. Vocal solos were given by A. T. McMann, B. J. Volz and Mabel Baker. J. E. Monegan, assistant manager, gave a very interesting talk, then Marguerite Thrune entertained the crowd with recitations. Lunch was served and the balance of the evening was spent in dancing.

Miss Ellen Wood spent the week end on a farm in Baraboo.

Bright sayings of the "Vamp" in a new linen dress: "I'm a straight lined vamp today, looking for a sturdy oak to twine around."

This is what happened in Blooming Prairie, Minn., to Frank Kuhns, agent instructor, on his second trip there. Frank decided to take a look at the storage tanks, but a freight train came along at the same time and caught one of the tanks, dragging it 250 feet, plowing a ditch four feet deep. "Enuf" for Frank, so he walked up town, getting there just in time to see two autos crash and not ten minutes later a team of horses ran away smashing a buggy. Then it began to snow. Do you wonder why the people in Blooming Prairie don't wish to have Frank visit their city again?

E. A. Prosser, city salesman at Winona, Minn., takes the canary's fiddle for selling.

MANKATO, MINN.

W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

J. J. Sutton, attendant at Albert Lea S. S. No. 8, who submitted to an appendicitis operation during the month of April has made a splendid recovery and patrons of that station will soon see him on the job again.

Mankato people were pleased to see that L. H. Morton had signed up as S. S. attendant with our company. The captain has a wide acquaintance through his connection with the National Guard and is a welcome addition to Mankato's stellar S. O. attendants.

Chief Clerk Pinney has arranged to hold meetings in the office every other Friday for the purpose of studying Home Office instructions. These meetings are largely attended by office people and field force and are productive of great good.

R. E. Nuebel, legal and accident clerk, was absent from duty one day recently and on investigation we found that someone had spattered some yellow mud on that beautiful coupe and R. E. was endeavoring to uncover the culprit.

Mankato Division has joined the 100 Per Cent Club of the Employees Stock Purchase Plan, and now everybody is supremely happy. Chief Clerk Pinney wears a most jubilant smile over the division's showing and says, "There may be some as good, but none can be better than Mankato!"

Mary Wackwitz of the stenographic force had a tough time during the month with a stiff neck. We don't know what caused the difficulty but everyone has the privilege of using their imagination.

Messrs. Brown and Scherer went fishing during opening week. They made up a load of tent, pots pans, kettles, provender and fishing tackle, and the world heard not from them during their absence.

Oran Davis, he of the cashier's cage, passed around the cigars and candy recently in celebration of the arrival of a baby girl. The bright smile now illuminating Oran's visage is wonderful to behold.

The following news item is copied from the Fairmont Daily Sentinel: "Reuben Ward, Standard Oil official, came down from Mankato with a charmer to spend Sunday at the family home. Next time you come, Reuben, tell us about it."

At a sales meeting held at Owatonna recently, Z. M. Baroney, St. Peter field, got lost but was located before the start of the meeting. Hereafter Mr. Baroney will be supplied with a chart, compass and a competent guide. We believe in cooperation.

At the recent party in Minneapolis, George Lenertz, advertising truck driver, successfully passed as a person of Jewish descent until the fair lady started to fling the Yiddish tongue and then George succumbed. What was the name, George—Potash?

Otis Pickling, agent at Le Sueur, came into the Mankato warehouse lately in search for "Sam Smart." Otis didn't find him but perhaps he looked at some man who might have the same idea as that fictional character. The "Sam Smart" continued story is arousing a goodly bit of interest throughout the division and many are endeavoring to conjecture Sam's future fate. Don't ask us, for we don't know!

The following is a mean remark but we'll take a chance: Fred Luff remarks that the girls in Albert Lea are wearing forsaken look since Steve Armstrong was transferred to the Mankato office.

R. W. Pinney, chief clerk, has taken unto himself a brand new Ford coupe with which he is burning up the roads, Red Crown gasoline and a reputation for retiring with the birds.

N. R. Grimshaw spent May 9 and 10 at various points in the Mankato division.

The Semdac campaign among S. S. attendants during the first seventeen days of May culminated in a glorious finish on Semdac Day, May 17, with A. C. Heller, Fairmont, No. 6, leading the division with sales of forty-seven gallons for the seventeen day period. Total sales for the campaign of seventeen days were nearly 300 gallons, which is a division record of which the service station organization may well be proud.

M. H. Farr, lately advertising manager of the International Harvester Company at Mankato, has joined our forces and has been assigned as salesman to the Owatonna field. Mr. Farr is a genial gentleman of wide acquaintance who will undoubtedly be successful in his new line of work.

C. J. ("Chuck") Johnson has been transferred from the collection force to a position as sub-station auditor.

On May 19, our Red Crown Club journeyed to Minneapolis for a return game of kittenball with the Minneapolis Red Crown Club team. The rainy weather saved the Minneapolis outfit the humiliation of an early season defeat, but aside from the necessity of issuing rain checks everything went off per schedule.

Dancing finished up the evening in a peppy fashion and rounded out the second annual get-together of the Minneapolis and Mankato divisions.

E. L. Osten and C. J. Jensen accompanied the manager on one of his trips to the field taking in the southwestern portion of the division. Both office men arrived home tired in body but mentally refreshed by the opportunity of direct contact with field conditions.

The Petroleum Educational Club held another of its inspiring meetings at 6 P. M. on Monday, May14. J. F. Krier gave a paper on "Gasoline, Its Manufacture, Use and Demand," which indicated a deep study and opened up many new fields of thought to the membership. Mr. Krier read this paper in masterly style demonstrating that the object of the club in regard to public speaking is having its effect. Paul Kerns followed Mr. Krier with a very able discussion of the paper.

At this meeting three new members were taken into the club. The new members, Harold G. Anderson, John Grimes and J. A. Weeks, each gave interesting talks on "Why I want to join the Petroleum Educational Club." The membership of the club is now closed as the limit of twenty-five members has been reached. A waiting list has been established consisting of those anxious to get on the club roll as the news of the club work is spreading far and wide.

Another meeting May 28, at which time Ray Fell gave a paper on "The Theory of Lubrication." This is a very difficult subject for discussion before a non-technical body but Mr. Fell handled his material wonderfully well. Earl Johnson, in his discussion of the subject, brought out many points of interest.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Miss Marie J. Zacha, Correspondent

Tank Wagon Driver Everett Soper, of Blanchardville, recently took the vital step, the bride being Miss Edna Thompson, also of Blanchardville. Everett claims he wouldn't be labeled a Junebug and so he chose the merry month of May. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Soper.

Alex Gross has assumed duties as superintendent of equipment in the Milwaukee field at the garage. Mr. Gross was formerly a member of the S. O. Co. force at Duluth.

Glad to have Merland Noah back with us again at the garage.

Trevor Love is the new assistant clerk at the garage.

On May 1, A. W. Cutright's resignation took effect, after thirty years' service in the S. O. fold. He was presented with a handsome watch as a token of remembrance. On the same date, H. C. Ouellette and Winnie Baker also resigned, the former having been presented with a watch and chain and Winnie with a mesh bag.

Johnny McDermott, tank wagon driver at Darlington, declares Sunday means nothing to him in the way of a day of rest as he is continually bothered answering telephone calls from the fair ladies. How about letting some of your boy friends who are willing to be bothered, have some of these numbers, Johnny?

Mr. Ludwig, cartage department, insists on wearing that soup strainer. We are wondering why.

Bobbie Aamodt, those abbreviated tresses are becoming.

Marge and Myrtle, how do you do it? But, Pat Dougherty, what was Myrtle doing away out on Thirty-seventh street? It *was* dark, wasn't it?

On May 11, Clerk Walter L. Littman was surprised by the S. O. employees, the occasion being his twenty-seventh birthday anniversary. He was presented with a reed rocker. Mr. Blask, our poet and songster, entertained. We take our hats off to Mrs. Littman; she sure knows how to fix the eats. The next day found Agent Beernink and Salesman A. E. Heldt arguing which was the best cake, resulting in both gentlemen being invited to dinner to settle the argument.

The employees at Sheboygan are wondering who the next party will be on. How about it, Ray? Shortage of homes the big obstacle?

June 2 proved an eventful day for Florence Johnson, dictaphone room, on which day she acquired a husband. Congratulations, Mrs. Winn, and lots o' luck.

It's customary, when country residents visit the city, to bear with them in their little peculiarities, but when a member of the stock department, living in Williamsburg, continues to upset our gaboons through sheer clumsiness, we'll have to draw the line. 'Smatter, Doc? Don't they have them out where you live?

Our friend, Jud Kemmer, recently from the Midwest Refinery, was suffering with an attack of heart-burn while taking inventory at the warehouse. Jud claimed it was too much strawberries. Candidly, we think it was the Missus giving him too much razzberries.

Anybody inquiring as to the location of the Broadway Building, we would refer them to Laurie DuMez. Ever since Billy wished that ring onto her left hand, Laurie's been—well, you know. Ain't love grand, Laurie?

Mame, who walks to the bus with you at 5:00 o'clock and who is the gallant gentleman that so chivalrously carries the baskets into the vault for you at night?

Oh, Art, it's been a long time since we had that little game.

Messrs. Mantz, May and Gregory paid us a brief visit. Welcome boys, come again. We like to see your faces occasionally.

Joe O'Meara was found exploring the west side not long ago and found a new home. How was it, Joe? Give us the dope.

Grover Nicks and Eddie Reiss go fifty-fifty on a quart bottle of buttermilk every morning. That's a sure sign prohibition has at last been enforced.

Marion: "Tra la la la la."

Clarence: "All right, let's go!"

Can it be that E. J. Gregory is a confirmed bachelor? If mending his socks in the office is any sign, he sure is. Greg, could these possibly be the same

socks you were preserving in fond memory of your first station examiner's trip to Kiel?

We were pleased when Commodore Jones, Chicago, paid a short visit to this office. Call again, Commodore. We know you like Milwaukee.

A brand new Standard Oiler has come to live at Salesman Burt Cowan's house. He weighs seven pounds and will be able to talk in a year or so.

Pete Baum, S. S. attendant, has been promoted to assistant S. S. superintendent, Milwaukee.

W. Dewus, tank wagon driver, Milwaukee, has been promoted to superintendent, National avenue warehouse, Milwaukee.

G. H. Bruns, S. S. attendant at Sheboygan, has been promoted to agent at Thirty-second and Auer, Milwaukee.

T. H. Lang, manager, does not enjoy chewing rubber bands. Recently in a restaurant, he ordered asparagus on toast and received on this toast, in addition to some asparagus, a liberal quantity of rubber bands, which, no doubt had served the laudable purpose of holding the bunches together. Being endowed with a weak stomach, Mr. Lang believes they are not easily digested. According to the logic developed by Sherlock Holmes, Esq., Mr. Lang deduced that the rubber bands were served to make the lunch stretch over to dinner.

During a recent meeting Mr. M. F. Worley, chief clerk, became so engrossed in the conversation that he became entirely oblivious to the laws of gravitation and toppled over backwards with great commotion, causing the entire building to vibrate.

We are glad to report that Salesman G. L. Annen, Fond du Lac, is back on the job. He recently had an operation performed on his throat.

Joe McElligott, S. S. attendant at Clinton & Washington, Milwaukee, was recently promoted to service station collector.

M. O. Parr, agent at Auer Avenue & Fratney, Milwaukee, has been promoted to assistant tank wagon superintendent, Milwaukee. This did not excite him in any way, for thoughts of his coming marriage were uppermost in his mind.

Louis Joost, tank wagon superintendent, Milwaukee, planned to attend the naitonal convention of Shriners at Washington, D. C. He was gonna take along his pipe an' everything.

Time does not seem to fly fast enough for the Milwaukee S. S. attendants. They plan a great outing for some time in July.
(Don't forget pictures.)

Floyd Berend, S. S. attendant at Clinton and Washington Sts., Milwaukee, soon intends to enter the holy state of matrimony. Harvesters or La-Palinas will be alright, Floyd!

The boys in the south-western division "take the cake" when it comes to selling Neolite. Their sales are higher than those of the other divisions combined.

The S. S. banner for efficiency and sales was awarded to service station No. 32, Racine, for March and S. S. No. 302, Madison, for April. That puts Racine and Madison on the map. What station will get it next? Fight for it, fellows.

Fred Cammack, unable to continue his duties of truck driver in National Ave., Milwaukee, is now elevator operator in the main office. He likes his new job very well.

We are pleased to welcome into the S. O. Co. family the following new salesmen: L. E. Craft, R. S. Johnson, G. A. Bray, E. S. Baldwin, A. R. Mularky, R. S. Schultz, L. M. Filkins, P. O. Sundt and W. A. Skinner.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

G. E. Anderson, Correspondent

"When good fellows get together" is typically the expression that fittingly describes the social event of the season here in Minneapolis.

Not since the long remembered day last year when we journeyed to fair Mankato have we had the opportunity to enjoy and realize the spirit of good fellowship that exists among Standard Oil employees.

Saturday, May 19, was the day designated for the Mankato kittenball team to come up and even up the score established by our unbeatable boys a year ago. (It isn't hardly fair that we mention that incident again, but we feel that we must maintain our position.) However, that is neither here nor there. The subject relates to our pleasant gathering here and we sure had a good time. Unfortunately for all of us or fortunately for Mankato (there we go again) it rained, so there was no ball game, but that did not interfere with the rest of the program which went off as per schedule.

Right here we want to mention the splendid courage and sportsmanship displayed by the Mankato crowd who were not deterred from their journey by sullen skies and the promise of rain which was realized in more than a generous measure, but pluckily started out and came through just the same. It's that Standard Oil Company's spirit right over again.

Well, they arrived all right but unfortunately there was some confusion in the plans of the reception committee who drove to Jordan to meet them and in the shuffle most everybody became separated and our visitors experienced some difficulty in locating our headquarters. We are truly sorry this occurred, but apparently it was unavoidable and as there was no game it turned out all right in the end. In fact, as some of them admitted, it gave them an opportunity to see Minneapolis. Anyway at 6:30 P. M. a banquet was served and everybody joined in the spirit of the occasion. The Mankato rooters were sure on the job and kept things lively. Hugh Moshier, president of the Red Crown Social Club, was toastmaster and introduced Mr. Fell, president of the visitors' club. We heard short talks by M. H. Chesbrough, manager of the Mankato division, and J. Clay Lee, assistant manager. Our manager, Mr. Cochran, and assistant manager, Mr. Shallenberger, responded. Then followed a musical program and dancing, the party breaking up at midnight.

Most everybody was there. Those who were not missed something. Mr. Cochran and Hugh Moshier acted as self appointed floor managers and wall flowers were a scarce article.

All the nice girls in Mankato must be working for the Standard Oil Company or married to Standard Oil men.

Our girls seem to think the same thing about the Mankato boys.

The eats were good and there were oodles of nice green onions on the tables. (Don't breathe it to a soul, but they were still there after the meal was over.)

Hereafter each district superintendent will carry a supply of good strong onions to the office meetings. This will insure a more hearty cooperation in weeping over their trials and tribulations. Mr. Cochran says it is impossible for him to cry without the aid of the fragrant onion.

Ralph F. Connors who modestly admits that he tips the scales at 1-8 of a ton usually opens a conversation, replies to a question or concedes a point by reference to his health. Well.

Salesman Kizer is considered an expert swimmer, but not much of a fisherman.

Fred Young, agent at Graceville, uses his Overland coupe once in awhile. The young lady is nice looking, boys.

Bob Neuman, agent at Wheaton, found it necessary to polish a banker's desk, but he sold the Semdac.

We are all glad to hear that Mrs. Roy Anderson is rapidly recovering from a recent operation for appendecitis and will soon be up again.

Ed. Meier, chief of general supply, has provided himself with a brand new Overland five passenger touring car.

Salesman H. E. Purdy of Brainerd is soon to leave the ranks of bachelorism. Oh well, they all fall sooner or later. Good luck, old man.

Listen, girls! It's all over now. Our little Joe has finally deserted us for his own fireside. Cigars and candy in abundance preceded the event that made him happy for life. The Stanolind Record wishes Mr. and Mrs. Huckenpahler every joy and happiness.

Salesman Haried has purchased a new baby Lincoln Sedan.

C. W. Kizer, agent at Hoffman, better known as "John," is a merry old soul.

Wallace Early has been appointed agent at Frederic, Wis., and is going to put himself on the map with the Standard Oil Family.

"Daddy" Art Janke is our agent at Frazee and looks after our interests at that point.

T. K. Tabor, formerly agent at Ellsworth, has taken unto himself a bride and has been transferred to River Falls where the happy couple will start housekeeping.

Pete Nelson, agent at Eagle Bend, is rapidly recovering from his recent illness.

Agent Instructor Ray Giest admits H. F. Luedtke did put it over on him during the Eureka Harness Oil Campaign, but says "look out for me on the Polarine drive."

The Stanolind Sales Club meetings are proving a tremendous aid to the sales force in their work. Questions and problems arising in the solicitation of business are discussed and threshed out at these meetings which brings out points in salesmanship that are of inestimable value. The result points to a selling staff that will be second to none. In fact who is there to dispute such a title today? Ignorance is dead. Long live the Stanolind Sales Club!

Paul Demmons has a call boy and his call is 8:30. Why, Paul? Spring fever?

See Agent Fred King for a place to sleep and eat. Verndale.

Mr. Fox of Albany sold a nice order to Mr. Wolf. That's the way, Fox-y.

The agent at Holdingford is Young but he is wearing a smile these days as there is one "younger." Congratulations.

Jake Kuehlman has determined to put in pump and tank equipment as fast as orders come in. He says the more the merrier and its all Jake with me.

Pete Johnson, agent at New London doesn't hesitate to brave the lion in his den. He recently attended the Ladies Aid Society in order to give a Semdac demonstration.

Mr. Hamlett advises that the trade was well pleased with a call from Manager F. L. Cochran while the latter was on the trade tour.

On May 22, the F. B. Wilcox Company, dedicated their new building at 4200 East Lake Street. Through the efforts of Arch Cameron, leader of the Red Crown Quartette, a spendid program of entertainment was provided. The quartette rendered several selections after which Mr. Cameron sang some of his beautiful songs and then the whole Standard Oil Company's representation, including W. C. Patton led in community singing. The Wilcox Motor Company, which handles Chevrolet Motor Cars, is one of the liveliest automobile organizations in the twin cities and are 100 per cent Oil Boosters.

Harold T. Christenson, refined oil correspondent, is acquiring the title of lecturer and traveler through his activities in steroptican lectures on our products throughout the division. Chris has a leaning toward telling the world about the merits and superiority of our products.

We are glad to welcome Henry L. Simms, Packard man, in our midst. He certainly is full of pep, and we must say that if you don't see him laugh you sure are missing something.

Paul Peterson, who started in the machine shop a few months ago, has succeeded W. J. Zimmerman as foreman of the shop.

Let this be a warning to Simms. If he don't let Andy enjoy his noon hour in peaceful rest there is going to be trouble.

What's so attractive at Seton, Maurice? Widows may be the real article but be careful you don't have one of your own. When Earl Campbell wheels his coupe out of the garage in the evening he tells us it is a toss up as to whether it's Robbinsdale or Prospect Park, though to us there seems to be no hesitation whatever when Spark Plug is working good.

We had the impression that Freddie Bies was unmarried but learned different last week when he visited Spring Park accompanied by his eldest daughter. Congratulations, Freddie.

Guy Van Antwerp, our chief sign painter, slings a mean brush in signs but you ought to see him when he gets his oils on canvas. Van spends his evenings and Sundays turning out Rembrandts that are the real article.

Paul Dickey, St. Paul T. W. superintendent, keeps his customers smiling. Incidentally Paul is some driver. He can drive you over more good roads in one half day than you thought existed in St. Paul.

Red Crown Diamond Ball: Of course it is understood and remembered that the Red Crowns copped the city championship last year, but we want it known that we are going further in 1923 and expect to win the state championship. The team is rounding into great shape. It defeated the strong Van Duzen Harringtons recently, 7 to 0. The peerless Greb Martonick is in excellent form and handles the batters 1, 2, 3, in his usual masterly style. Mike Anderson is on the receiving end so our battery is A 1. The rest of the team consists of: Ed. Flavin, S. S.; Ed. Anderson, 1st B.; Bill Rogan, 2nd B.; Vic. Olson, 3rd B.; Henry Keller, L. F.; Pat Flaherty, C. F.; Henry Steffes, R. F.; Hugh Moshier, Util.; Frank Stevenson, Util.; Lawrence Fisher, Util. and Roy Anderson. The boys are batting and fielding in great order this year and the outcome seems unquestioned.

PEORIA, ILL.

P. A. Johnston, Correspondent

The first month of the baseball season has gone and the Red Crowns are hot on the trail of the Commercial League pennant. To date the boys have won three and lost one, that being an extra inning set-back. The team as a whole, while not quite as strong as last year, still has the stuff necessary to bring about delivery of the pennant next Fall. The sterling battery of 1922 is missing, Rogy having left us, and Cole being stationed at Galesburg, but Eberle, Barnes and Heimeschoff have done very well. Until the game of May 26 we also had the redoubtable Fuchs in reserve for emergency box work, using him regularly at second. On that date, however, "Bernie" was unlucky enough to break his left arm in a fall on the muddy field, and must lay aside his spikes for at least two months. His loss is a heavy one, as he was one of the League's brightest all-around stars. A speedy recovery is the ardent wish of the team and its supporters.

"School Days" personified. Ted and Bertha leave the office at 5 P. M. Ted stops at corner grocery and buys two cones. The two meander up Spring street eating contentedly.

They still serve those chicken dinners at Chillicothe, but John Sherwin says he hasn't the luck to connect. Every time he is sent up there on an audit, it happens on Friday.

And still the young lady wonders what J. Edwin Dalton bought at Lee's. The young man admits "they" were pink.

Big 1923 Buick arrives at Irene's home. Irene is to do the driving. Good-bye to our Accident Campaign Record.

Suggestion: Why can't Powers put up a tower on the roof and shout his orders from the pinnacle thereof, instead of over the 'phone? There are moments when concentration is a jewel without price, and the gentleman's melodious tones are so—ah—delicate—like a Lake Huron fog horn.

The office welcomes little Miss Mary Roach, who has succeeded Miss Thompson in the billing department, second floor.

Jack Quick, mail hustler deluxe and short-stopper extraordinary, has a keen eye for style in all departments. Ask to see his cigarette holder.

Howard Bowen joins the ranks, succeeding Rex Sabin in the coupon book department, the "newly-wed" having been transferred across the room to the stock.

Advice reaches us that Assistant Chief Clerk Bornholdt and Assistant Cashier Powell have taken up detective work. They watch a different section of the city each night. They'll keep a check on your "sweetie" for you, fellows. And they're good. Ask one who knows.

George Heser has taken up the duck pin game to keep in condition for the big fellows in the winter time. The chief clerk is also a duck pin artist. Two other bowlers haven't taken up the game for the reason that their hair gets in their eyes.

Assistant S. S. Superintendent Herbon must belong to the Optimist Club for with the mercury at 45, heat turned on, and snow impending, he burst upon us with a "hay" top piece.

Bill Stever makes a good guide. Recently he piloted a party of ten all over Central Illinois in search of a chicken dinner. Evening drew on. Folks saw Bill and his crew coming and put out their lights. The last stop was at 10:45 P. M., thirty-five miles from Peoria, when Bill, emerged from a yard three leaps ahead of an annoyed bulldog, saying, "Nope, folks, I can't find 'er." Chorus: "! ! ! ! ! !"

Peoria welcomes S. S. Superintendent C. B. Evans, Jr., late of Chicago, six feet, handsome and single. Our young ladies have been all a-flutter ever since his coming. Too late, girls, we understand he is already "landed."

Gene O'Hara bought himself a Chevrolet sedan. Lady in a Buick attacked him viciously the second day he had it. They carted the Chevrolet to a hospital—luckily Gene escaped the same destination. But the ole bus is running again, and the chubby bookkeeper smiles over the wheel as of yore.

Kleinschmidt forgot his dignity the other day so far as to drop a piece of dried fish down Ruth's neck. That usually placid miss could have been heard for half a mile.

Eddie Naylor went back a few years and rode down town on the bar of Hank Melzer's bicycle. Pretty soft? Not at all. Just ask Eddie.

The young ladies make unanimous inquiry as to why "Lefty" Brennan, the manager's good looking secretary, refuses to appear in a Red Crown uniform. What's the matter, Ed? Just bashful?

Jahnke went up in an aeroplane on Decoration Day. Asked as to his sensations, Fred said he was sick and everything.

Olive Meyer said she didn't know Frank Lotts had a wooden leg. This was right after Frank got knocked off his bicycle.

Warehouse

The two Eds, Winn and Kinser, went mushroom hunting with a hand axe. The weapon proved effective, and they brought back plenty.

Phil Hoeft is developing as a baseball fan. He is an ardent supporter of the Tractors.

Lawrence Backes went to Chillicothe as the Company's representative, May 28, and Lester Watkins returned to Peoria.

Serk, what was in that rain water you drank out at Edwards Station?

Who's got the Red Lantern?

Two new faces line up with the warehouse force, Forrest Miller and John Donahue being the latest additions. Glad to see you, boys.

Charlie Heaton, the diminutive receiving clerk, passed the cigars liberally the other day. Investigation developed the arrival of a husky son at the Heaton homestead. 'Attaboy, Charlie.

Chris Ludwig acts as chief of police when the carnivals show on the South Side—and Phil stays home.

Eastern District

Agent Sweeny of Gilman recently tried his hand at a new role when sworn in to aid in the arrest of a desperado fleeing north from Cairo along the Illinois Central line.

Salesman Rowland Gones, for some reason, had to be identified each morning before he could get his mail, while working the west side of Iroquois County. This was the necessary procedure until he got to Buckley. Now come, Rowland?

Earl Elliott, attendant at S. S. No. 32, Hoopeston, has been transferred to truck driver. His winning personality should go far to develop his new route.

Hoopeston reports a visit from L. M. Taylor, Peoria office, whose lecture and test at the Cunningham Hotel were a source of great interest and information to all those present.

Alva Vliet takes office as tank wagon driver at Rossville. Welcome, Alva.

S. S. No. 32, Hoopeston, has two new attendants in Messrs. Brickley and Scott. They promise to make the full line hum, especially coupon books.

Salesman Conrad is all smiles. Answer—new coupe.

Agent Reynolds of Buckley is sporting a new truck.

Likewise Agent Page at Piper City.

Here's good stuff. Agent Park at Rankin bought himself a truck, vintage of 1909, with which to deliver his spring carload. And all it cost him was twenty dollars.

'Smatter, Gene? No Bloomington news again. Wait till Peoria office baseball fans invade Bloomington for the Tractors' first clash with "Andy Gump's" boys. Frank Purcell extends an open invitation. Some hot session is looked for.

Southern District

Springfield submits a wild and fearsome tale of an adventure which recently came to District Superintendent Eberle and Salesman Heesen, a lurid recital of a gun-toting tonsorial artist, a quantity, exact amount unknown, of liquid invigoration, a Tom cat, a plaster ceiling, and two badly scared oil "magnets!" Being a fervent prohibitionist, it pains us to publish this, implying as it does a most irreverent attitude toward the eighteenth amendment on the part of either the principals or the correspondent who furnished the story.

Clerk Wilson of Springfield reports that his garden got watered gratis by the fire department during the recent dry spell. Reason—barn across the alley caught fire. So did Wilson's coal shed.

We are advised that "Rags" Hanson recently found occasion to purchase insect powder, the quantity needed being so small as to eliminate the necessity for wrapping. What's that?

Can our Springfield correspondent explain the unusual incident of the other day when he pulled a white silk stocking out of his pocket in place of a handkerchief? He's married, too. Explanation or condemnation?

Brother Mike Gilhooley of the Springfield tank wagon force (yes, he told us not to print his name any more), holds the anglers' record. He caught an equipment barrel in the river recently, while fishing at the river during the noon hour—at least, we hope it was during the noon hour.

There was grave danger of the Springfield birth record department being blank this issue, but Joe Burg kicked in with a baby girl. Correspondent says the cigars were fine. (Where was the editor's, Wilson? We though your example had all those chaps down there lined up? This here publicity is no donation.)

Springfield expresses the trust that news will be plentiful next month, as the cleanup squads should turn in a lot of scandal.

George Thomas, Winchester agent, owns a $250 dog. The hound knows a lot of tricks. But just when George wants him to perform, he declines, exhibiting only the simplest of the lot. George's remarks are highly interesting.

QUINCY, ILL.

Henry B. Hardy, Correspondent

Tom Cochran, high-stepping agent at Milan, Mo., has had to reinforce his hat-band with steel. Tom won the Red Crown Banner for April and since then it has been impossible to find anything to hold him. Having captured this prize three times in four months, Tom feels confident that he can do it again.

The cigars and gum passed around the office were evidence enough that Fred G. Schmuck, agent at Warsaw, Ill., felt quite enthusiastic about his wedding. Thanks, Fred, we wish both of you the very best that life can offer.

Carl Bexten of the stock department is burning up the roads while on his vacation. A card sent by him while at Lake Geneva, Wis., bears the news that he has found plenty of good roads, and "Bex" adds: "I am a great man for hard roads." Bex will stop at Whiting on his way home to inspect the refinery and assure himself that their manufacturing capacity is great enough to justify the efforts put forth by our salesmen.

Salesman L. G. Bramblet, our latest Benedict, is comfortably "at home" at 615 Bird Street, Hannibal, Mo. The sales force expressed their regard for L. G. and his bride by means of a beautiful floor lamp and a pair of silver candle-sticks.

A certain bakery in Kirksville, Mo., is located beside an alley in which quite a lot of cinders have been dumped. While making a delivery to this bakery not long ago, Agent J. W. Snider was interrupted by an old lady living just across the alley and the following dialogue ensued: "Are you the man who drives this truck?" "Yes, Mam." "Well, I don't mind your driving it up this alley, but please don't clean any more cinders out of it here, they make such a muss and I have to hire someone to haul them away."

Anyone in doubt as to the proper manner of caring for a new Ford coupe can secure some very original ideas from Warehouse Clerk H. E. Green, according to Garnet Smith.

Another Red Crown Booster in training. Said Booster arrived at the home of H. H. Lewis, agent at Downing, Mo., on April 21. Congratulations, Homer, with just a tinge of sympathy for the nights when the young man feels most important.

Ted Koelsch of the cheery smile and jovial ways has gone to Chicago to resume medical treatment. We regret that Ted had to leave us and hope that his recovery will be speedy and complete.

We are wondering why R. R. Hedrick, Hannibal's red-headed agent, will not tell why he came out of the telephone office at New London, Mo., on his hands and knees.

According to reports, the monthly Safety First meetings at Hannibal, Mo., are becoming social events. Another well attended meeting was held on May 18, at which snappy talks were given by H. D. Thomas, A. L. Hoar, G. J. Smith, W. C. McAdams and Ed Swinney.

The young ladies in John Golden's former territory are wondering who the handsome rotund new salesman is. "Johnny" has a very appropriate name for his successor. Yes, he'll tell you about it.

Salesman L. H. Bailey traveled the hot sands to Shrine-hood on May 17 at Kirksville, Mo.

The Red Crown plaque looks quite at home in Manager Martin's office. We are rather fond of the thing now and expect to have it with us again before long.

Muscular rheumatism has been leading B. H. Bryan, agent at Glenwood, Mo., a miserable life for the past few weeks. We hope B. H. will have forgotten all about it before this issue of the Record reaches him.

H. H. Foglesong, S. S. attendant at No. 302, Milan, Mo., deserves a little publicity in return for the way he "gossiped" this month.

Hannibal and Moberly service stations tied for first place in the coupon book selling contest, 208 books being their limit. S. S. No. 3 at Hannibal, Mo., led the way with 157 books, 149 of these being sold by A. O. Bell, the coupon book "king" of the Quincy division.

J. B. Bennett, agent at Pleasant Hill, Ill., says he has done his best to keep Quincy in the front rank. That's doing a real job, Bennett, but we would like to have you tell us about some of the things you do.

The Quincy S. S. attendants had another good feed and meeting on May 15. It's too bad they don't give us any details.

Two of Agent R. V. Delaney's lady friends at Paris, Mo., seem to be badly smitten by a very common malady at this time of the year. Carlson and O'Donnell of the sales promotion department have been the recipients of some fervent eloquence from Mabel Gloria and Curly Locks. We regret to tell Mabel that "Johnny" is no more. He is now the dignified John ("Benedict") O'Donnell.

Emmett Thompson is a new addition to the sales promotion force.

Elmer Hand is now the exalted ruler of the general supplies and equipment records, succeeding H. B. Hardy who is now a member of the stock department. Anyone noticing the blocks recently placed beneath the stock department desks and the height of Hardy can readily find a connection between the two.

Virginia Kohl has succeeded Gertrude Schwartzburg as chief clerk's stenographer and H. H. Frese has joined our family as bill clerk. Has anyone else noticed how the windows shine in that pretty apartment at Eighth and State? Being a good stenographer isn't the best of Gertrude's accomplishments.

Every now and then a pair of big brown sparkling eyes in the check department meet a pair of soft brown eyes in the order department and there seems to be a great deal of understanding in the smile that accompanies the meeting.

Dorothy Scott reports having had a grand time while away vacationing. She says he took her for a ride 'most every day.

Fellows in the field: You are doing fine! Keep it up. Let's have a word from the service station men.

SAGINAW, MICH.

S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

May 23 will go down in history as the date that spelled doom to aged and infirm grandmothers. The epidemic was widespread and no one knew who's loved one might next be afflicted. It might be a coincidence but on this same date the Saginaw "Aces" lost to the Chicago "White Sox" to the score of 13 to 6.

We can't understand why Fred Carle comes back to the traffic department to get his fresh air when there are three windows to his immediate right. Maybe he doesn't like a draft.

The stock department again revels in new stock clerks. The long and short of it are Messrs. Plowe and Mayville.

Ted Mayville of the stock department was confined to his home a few days ago with the mumps.

Mary Rider was confined to her home a few days with the measles.

Cameron Dawson's children have the whooping cough. Guess that covers all the afflictions. Oh, no! Ruth Blondheim and Vera Crane had their hair bobbed.

J. E. Sonnenberg, attendant at S. S. No. 4, became the proud daddy of a son April 23.

The Standard Oil Company Team is a participant in the City League and expects to cop off the pennant this Fall.

John McDonald, our esteemed fellow clerk of the order department, sacrifices a great amount of his time and energy to community work in the twenty-first ward, as well as to welfare work.

We understand that a certain Buick roadster was halted in its mad rush by a ribald constable over in the Thumb territory. They are so used to seeing cars struggling along on Cooperative Gasoline that they think a car is speeding when she is intoxicated with Red Crown.

If you want to see a concrete example of the theory of relativity take a look at the Major's new bone polishers. A few days ago his total means of sustenance was chop-suey and beef broth. Now he indulges in salted peanuts, popcorn, caramels, rock candy and dried beef without fear or favor.

Harry Joseph wants to know "How in the deuce do you get your name in the Record?" Well, you see, Harry, it's like this. Take Carl Buchbinder ferinkstance. A few days ago he mounted his velocipede with a carrier pigeon basket on his arm inside of which ensued lots of "Hoolicoo's" from a dozen discontented birds. When he got as far as Oakley on Court street he tried to "hog" the road and a party bumped him over on his own side in a decidedly rough manner with the result that he and the basket and the birds and the bicycle went down like a linen collar at a barn dance. The birds followed their natural instinct and flew home while Carl followed his —— and cussed.

S. R. Fessler will be the attendant in charge at S. S. No. 35 and W. R. Ryan will be in charge of S. S. No. 306 at Caro.

Jack Stalker became so popular with the girls in the "harem" that we were obliged to put him on the road.

There have been several new additions to our S. S. department and from now on we expect to see a tremendous gain in the sales from that source.

A. J. Masters and E. J. Connell are doing some good team work on the wheelbarrow at S. S. No. 301 under the expert direction of Phil Edgar.

A. H. Kreutziger and Donald Tennant have been selected to serve Red Crown and Polarine customers at S. S. No. 28, Bad Axe, Mich.

H. E. Dickenson has the good fortune to be assisted by Grant Patterson in the promotion of sales at S. S. No. 29, Cass City, and from the looks of their sales barometer on five gallon cans of Polarine, they are going to set the pace for the rest of the boys.

Our old friend, Melvin Pollard, is back on the job at S. S. No. 33, Sandusky. Don't forget how you used to sell Polarine, Melvin.

C. M. Hall, attendant at S. S. No. 309, Mt. Pleasant, has discarded his nose bag and is now eating regularly with his wife and family. James Earl Cole was put in as an assistant.

We recently assigned a young man by the name of James B. Andrews at Lapeer, S. S. No. 31, and we understand that he is a Polarine salesman of no mean repute, having turned out and passed George Slough who has an enviable record.

If A. E. Mathews can give us the same measure of service we received from his partner, Russ Schwartz, of S. S. No. 31, Midland, the sales are bound to take a spurt at that station. We're betting on you, Mat.

Frantz Lawrence has resigned his position to assume his new duties at "Huffs."

W. H. Tell of the Chicago office was a visitor May 11 and 12.

Ray D. Rondo replaced W. C. Downing as agent at Unionville. However, Mr. Downing still retains his agency at Gagetown.

H. E. Miller succeeds A. D. Cuthbertson as legal clerk, "Cuthie" taking a position as salesman in the Northern division.

Joe Brow and R. K. Whyte have signed up as office boys.

E. R. Mayville, stock clerk, has the mumps.

Esther J. Graebner is the latest addition to the stenographic department.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Welcome Glover Oliver on May 16, a baby girl. Congratulations! Thanks for the cigars and candy.

Ain't the power of the press just wonderful? In the May issue of the Record we asked for some intelligence on George Hintz and in one week we had the most incriminating set of post card evidence a jury could ask for. The girls from the office took a little outing at Frankenmuth, Bill Conzelmann's realm, and they incidentally infringed on George's seclusion. When Earl Wagner heard the merriment, he deserted his car and did not appear on Main street until they were passing the chicken, but George!

Through the constant vigilance of our porter, what might have been "ain't." With his trusty "Old Oaken Bucket," he dropped a "cloudburst" on a bale of paper that was giving a demonstration on "spontaneous combustion" and as a consequence we are all still on the payroll. Popular favor dictates that he be presented with a "coat of asbestos" with appropriate insignia consisting of two axes on either side of the neck band.

Glen Niendorf pulled off a Paul Revere act a short time ago, riding down Main street on a charger that is about six months late keeping his date at the glue works. You see, Glen and Justice Clements have mutually agreed that the Ford has been overworked, hence the warhorse. We understand that said equestrian lets his mount rest up on the coal wagon.

Elmer Austin was united in the holy bonds of matrimony on May 12 and after a brief trip to the Eastern states will be at home to his friends at 419 Fordney avenue. The members of the office presented him with a beautiful lamp. We all wish them the best of luck. Thanks for the candy and cigars, Elmer.

Benjamin O. Hill was appointed agent at Millersburg to succeed Harvey Robbins. Welcome, Ben!

Walt Burdick and Glen Niendorf have been taking data on Saginaw's penal institutions and they both say that while they all appear to be sanitary the beds look like they were petrified.

Carl Emery has been appointed as S. S. attendant at S. S. No. 35, Caro.

A little bird was picked up just outside the office, all out of breath, and as he passed away informed us that F. L. Cammeron, our Atlanta agent, is nearly ready to buy his ticket for Niagara Falls.

John Leahy checked in an iron barrel that has been out over six years. It has been fitted with grates and a smokestack, but the numbers are there, so there's one number less in the lost barrel hook.

J. W. Frank was appointed agent at Augres to replace Mathew Hauser. Welcome, J. W.

We understand that M. C. Gregg, our new agent at Mt. Morrice, has taken the pledge.

"Al" Dauer has his prehistoric chariot in running condition again, it being presented to him by an accessory firm. It has a heck of a knock but is better than a vacuum sweeper for picking up wimmin.

"Berries" Halline, our welder and wife, after having retired from fancy dancing five years ago, introduced the "Puddle Hop," "Mississippi Dip" and the "Kitchen Sink" at the party.

Mrs. Frank Briske presented our salesman with a fine baby boy so that little sister will have a champion.

Correct this sentence: "I was working under my Columbia Light Six when a wrench slipped and gave me this ingrown eye with the iridescent color scheme."

When Mr. Dawson reaches the zenith of his career and is ready to have his manly form carved from marble, the statue will depict him walking ten miles per hour with a typewriter in his arms.

PORT HURON, MICH.

It is reported that Fred Davis, the man who says, "Good goods come in small parcels," was recently seen feeding peanuts to the elephants at the Fat Lady's tent. The world's a small place after all.

We are proud to announce the arrival of two new bouncing warehouse men. Mr. Routley and Mr. Graves. George says our warehouse makes Sears Roebuck look like a raincoat counter on the Sahara.

Jeff Elliot was recently picking wintergreen berries with a two ton Packard. It cost him two berries to change the truck's mind.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Jones of the Saginaw office were recent visitors of our town, stopping over Sunday enroute to Croswell.

Soon we will be able to see license plates on cars from every state in the union as Port Huron is the Mecca of the tourist.

FLINT, MICH.

No copy received. What's the matter, Mr. Alderman?

BAY CITY, MICH.

Ollie Richards, we know you're doing things, why don't you loosen up?

ALPENA, MICH.

We know you're busy, so are we, but we want to hear from you just the same.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Stewart Chaffin, Correspondent

Mr. Brown, credit man, recently started on a trip through the Western Kansas District, but after three days was obliged to abandon the trip for the present, owing to heavy rains and mud which made the roads impassable. However, the rains which drove him in were most welcome to the people in that part of the state, and a more optimistic feeling is noted on the part of the farmers, bankers and others in that section. Good crops are expected this season.

R. H. Reed from Home office spent a day with us early in May and promised to call on us again in a few weeks. We are looking forward with pleasure to Mr. Reed's visit and hope to see him often.

M. J. Billeter, our speciality salesman, went to St. Louis for a few days recently.

W. L. Dougherty has been assigned to the Chillicothe territory. Walter's wife is coming from their old home in North Dakota. They are glad to get settled again.

D. J. Patton has been transferred to the north Missouri district as superintendent.

The old south Missouri district with St. Joseph will be handled by District Superintendent G. W. Coldsnow.

G. W. Coldsnow, formerly district superintendent central Kansas, has been succeeded by S. D. Zimmerman, lately superintendent of the western Kansas district.

Salesman E. J. O'Neil has been promoted to acting district superintendent of the western Kansas district. Mr. O'Neil has done signal work for

the company in the short time he has been with us. Since connecting with our company he has been a Polarine carload salesman par excellent.

Chief Clerk Bode just returned from a two weeks' vacation. He took his family to Huron, S. D., where a brother is assistant chief clerk. Al came back greatly improved in health, having gained ten pounds. He can now faintly discern his shadow.

The annual picnic of St. Joseph employees was held at Sugar Lake, near Armour, Saturday afternoon, May 26. About 150 employees, with their families, sweethearts or friends were in attendance, having motored down the new Victory Highway in thirty-five cars. The rear guard of three trucks contained the eats and drinks. All vehicles were gaily decorated with appropriate Company emblems. Everyone was proud to be under the S. O. Co. banner.

J. W. Power, retired manager, was honor guest, never missing any event of this sort. He was glad to be with us, and we were happy to have him.

L. W. Cameron, manager, participated actively in all of the games and stunts.

A hotly contested ball game was played. Three-legged races, wheel-barrow race, fat man's race, children's race and all other usual and unusual races were run.

Dancing and boating were other diversions. A sumptuous spread was laid. The girls were certainly culinary artists, and there is still talk of the fine supper.

The picnic this year was one of the finest we have ever had. Everything went successfully and a repetition of this occasion is looked forward to with great interest. Several events of this sort will be held this Summer.

The paucity of notes this month is due to the scarcity of items sent in by employees. Why can't we all write for our field, the St. Joseph field? We can, and next month we are expecting the St. Joseph folks to fill two pages of the Record.—Correspondent.

The time is not far distant perhaps when our salesmen will be sporting "Jennies" instead of Baby Lincolns.

J. D. Vestal, agent at Dearborn, Mo., proved to be an expert arbiter in a recent baseball game between a St. Joseph team of which a Standard Oiler was a member, and the Dearborn, Mo., aggregation. Score, 3 to 0 in favor of Dearborn. Traffic Manager John Pilgram handed in this item, but was modest enough not to mention his own name. John is an expert at moving traffic, but the Dearborn bunch says he is n. g. at stopping balls.

Dan Mack, our genial agent at Bethany, Mo., found that he had more than met his match when he and his truck encountered a Burlington freight engine and a string of cars. Dan's truck was wrecked and himself severely battered and bruised. He has regained his usual pep and is going after the Summer business, for Dan still feels that nothing can keep an Irishman down.

T. R. Dawson and George Winters, auditors from Mr. Seubert's office, are with us for an indefinite sojourn. We are glad to have them with us.

Recently S. S. attendants and tank wagon salesmen gathered for a session. Distillations of competitive gasolines were run in comparison with Red Crown. This feature was especially appreciated by the newer men, who valued the experience as a part of their education in gasoline.

A rousing talk was given by Manager Cameron. Mr. Cameron was followed by Assistant Manager Orr, who evoked much enthusiasm.

All the men welcomed the uniform service system, believing this the fore-runner of a large increase in service station business.

The meeting adjourned to partake of a repast prepared by Semdac Pete Peterson. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

C. J. Henry of the railway sales department, Chicago, who is doing work in our field, has several times been a visitor at the office.

After work on May 10, the girls from the office rushed over to Grace Veregge's home, some with a cake, some with salad, sandwiches, etc., all prepared for a spread, and it was *some spread.* Mrs. Watts, Miss Veregge's sister, was a very charming hostess.

About 8:45 P. M. the girls were honored by the presence of two of the boys, who just refused to be slighted. The boys borrowed some dresses, rented some flapper wigs and strolled in, much to the delight of Gertie and Roberta. Doc White and Harper Lindsay said they were preparing a vaudeville stunt. As these gentlemen completely fooled the girls with their captivating charms we are wondering how their identity was disclosed. Eighteen of the girls were there, including two former employees, Mrs. Chaffin and Miss Aylor. Everybody enjoyed the evening and went home happy.

District Superintendent George Coldsnow now knows that asbestos won't burn and Mr. Hicks, lubricating engineer, has become quite suspicious of sudden noises in a stereopticon booth. Salesman Peters or either of the two above mentioned might be glad to give details of the Polarine Oils and Greases educational lecture. "Might" is right.

A duel of poets is under way in this district. The Prairie Rattler, W. H. Arensberg has responded to a recent Semdac poem by Agent G. W. Bedford, Chillicothe, Mo. But, alas, poetry is barred from the Record and the "shots" must be kept out. Gosh!

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Miss Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

No copy received by deadline day.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Miss Claire E. Donegan, Correspondent

W. J. Zimmerman, formerly of Minneapolis, has been transferred to the Sioux City division and will now be found in charge of the shops.

Bill Flicek is a new member of the book-keeping staff. He already has many acquaintances in the office having been a guest at most of our dances and parties of late.

Geo. Swanson is making quite a success developing pictures when off duty. He has complete equipment. If you want first class work done, call on George.

B. F. Webster's many friends will now find him residing in Morningside. Bernie says "It's the best place in the city."

Mrs. Ed Elster has been quite seriously ill at St. Vincent's hospital. We are glad to say however at this writing she is recovering.

W. H. Young recently left for a trip to New York after which he will be located in Minneapolis. Bill has many friends in the office who are sorry to have him leave.

Irv. Landeck's many friends will find him located at Wagner, S. D. Melvin Ness has been assigned duties of service station examiner and C. Anderson is a new member of the record staff.

Virgil Link and Jeanette Harrington believe in taking vacations early. Virgil planned to go to

West Point for a couple of weeks and Jeanette to Elk Point.

A Cherokee wedding will doubtless be one of the main items in our next issue as Lord Klatterbuck was recently seen purchasing a carat and a quarter diamond. Mr. Elkert says, a dollar down and a dollar when they *ketch* him. (Settle it between yuh, fellas.)

SOUTH BEND, IND.

J. G. Wright, Correspondent

No copy received by deadline day.

WICHITA, KAS.

H. E. Faulkner, Correspondent

It was surely a grand and glorious feeling we had the first day Manager P. J. Quinlan came down to the office, after his long illness, and although there may have been a slight totter in his step, and he may have been just a little pale, we are all very thankful for his speedy recovery.

Recently, we received a letter, containing an order for oil, from the manager of a large milling company in Oklahoma, in which we stated that Salesman W. R. Isenhart had made the assertion that Polarine Oil was the best oil in the United States, Canada, or Mexico. This customer wanted to try it on that recommendation. We heartily agree with you, Mr. Isenhart, and believe you could have covered more territory, and been safe.

Jean Pauline is the name given to the attractive little miss, who arrived to brighten the home of Carl Eddingfield, S. S. attendant at 305, Great Bend, Kan. Congratulations, Carl! This makes a gain at Great Bend a certainty now.

The stork is a very mysterious bird, and at times seems to be not at all partial as to whom he favors, and when District Superintendent W. S. Sullivan broke the news that he was the father of a nine-pound baby girl, we simply had to agree that Bill was one lucky guy. Congratulations, **W**ar **S**aving **S**tamps, as well as to Mrs. Sullivan.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Lincheid, agent at S. S. No. 318, Halstead, Kan., announce the arrival of a new Standard Oiler at his home, whom they have named Ella May. District Superintendent Jack Costello says that a gain at Halstead is assured now. Anyway, Alvin, please accept our congratulations.

We are sorry to learn that Agent A. C. Kraus, Ransom, Kan., has been very ill with the mumps. Albert, we would recommend having such things when a boy, as they tell us they are not so much bother. Here's hoping for your speedy recovery.

Mrs. John W. McCabe, wife of our agent at Seward, Kan., was taken to the St. Rose Hospital, Great Bend, Kan., for treatment. Mrs. McCabe is seriously ill of influenza. We are sorry to learn of her illness, and trust a quick recovery will result.

T. L. Van Antwerp, agent at Great Bend, Kan., reports a new use for Stanolind Furnace Oil. He states that recently, while making a delivery to a customer, the sheriff and deputy drove up, and placed the customer under arrest, for operatnig a huge still.

Ben Niebaum, agent at S. S. No. 37, Caldwell, Kansas, announces his marriage on May 2 to Miss Dorothy Shobe, of Caldwell, Kan. The marriage took place at Medford, Okla. Ben says he doesn't remember whether he was married by a probate judge, preacher, or game warden. Anyway, he states that he is very much married. Ben is that new attendant at Caldwell, Kan., who is always smiling, and has a good word for everyone. Now, we can understand the unusual display of smiles which Ben has so graciously showered on everyone lately. To Mr. and Mrs. Niebaum the Standard Oil Company extends congratulations.

L. L. Keever, former warehouse clerk, at Saline, Kan., has been promoted to station examiner. You surely can't keep a good man down.

W. S. Detweiler, former station examiner, has been promoted to assistant credit man. With this added assistance, we feel that the credit department is bound to make great strides toward successful results for 1923.

Harve Moots, agent at Benton, Kan., was in the office recently, transacting business, and from the racket which he and Sales Manager J. W. Ross made, we are of the opinion that there will be a great change in conditions at Benton.

Can you remember when so many goodlooking, dark-haired stenos were hired? Martin and Johnson are unable to solve the mystery. Mr. Postlewaite remains silent, and refuses to speak when press men appear.

Salesman A. C. White is carrying around, these days, one of those broad smiles that won't wear off. We do not know whether we are correct or not, but we believe that said smile is largely due to the fact that after months of untiring efforts, Mr. White was able to establish more Standard Oil Company representation at Hoisington, Kan., in the way of two big new resellers. Keep the good work going, White, it helps everyone else to smile.

The latest in out-door sports was a pasture pool (golf) frolic held Saturday, May 19, in honor of R. H. Reed. We are told that after Mr. Postlewaite had trailed a certain white object for over a mile he found it to be a young bunny, and as it was only a small one, he decided to let it go. Anyway, the hole on the green was not the place for a rabbit to rest. The ardent golf enthusiasts who took part in the afternoon's frolic were R. H. Reed, V. C. Kenney, I. W. Postlewaite and R. E. Morris.

In mentioning our basket-ball team we take pride in announcing that the Standard Oil Company finished in second place in the City League, after having overcome some very speedy rivals. To Captain McGee, Manager Branaman, Hunter, Williams and Cox go the honors for the Standard Oil Company's splendid showing.

The downstairs Volley-Ball team has just completed a series of games with the Upstairs Volley-Ball team. The Downstairs won. We will admit that when C. B. McCart and L. A. Day are with the Upstairs Team, we get a work-out, but at other times, we need more exercise. Come on, Mac, punch up the boys, and give us a real game.

* * *

This good old world expects you to do your duty; if you don't you and the world both suffer.—*Exchange.*

* * *

An employer may judge a person by his brain and brawn only, but the world rightly judges him by his heart also.—*Exchange.*

* * *

A rooster discovered an ostrich egg and rolled it into the hen house and said: "Now, ladies, I do not want to embarrass you, but here's a sample of what other folks are doing."—*Gossardian.*

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Northern Division
AMOS BALL, Central Division
H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
C. F. HATMAKER, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
JOHN H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
R. H. THOMAS, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
C. H. WAGNER, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
P. A. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
C. C. LAKIN, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Asst. Mgr.* (Operation)
H. J. BEMIS, *Asst. Mgr.* (Sales)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
E. N. SHALLENBERGER, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
H. H. KEATING, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
R. S. ORR, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
C. R. EWING, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
E. P. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

The Value of Personal Contact

PERSONAL contact is essential to the growth of complete understanding.

When business operations and business organizations were small, the employer could know his employees personally and the merchant could know his customers. All had the advantage that comes from the intimacy of close, personal acquaintanceship. Misunderstandings were easily adjusted. Every man knew every other man as a citizen and as a friend and there was no suspicion of motives.

Today, when big enterprise is the order of business; when large accumulations of capital are essential to the accomplishment of undertakings of real value to the public, the several groups are denied the advantage of this personal contact.

Recognizing this handicap, the management of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has established a system of direct personal contact with the great body of employees and through them, with the public.

The management maintains close, personal relations with the employees through the Department of Industrial Relations, where the employer and employee get together on common ground to discuss and settle, in friendly conference, questions of mutual interest.

To promote still closer relationship, the Board of Directors, as a body, make frequent visits to refineries and to the field, where they meet and confer with the great body of employees.

The value of this personal contact is reflected in the harmonious relations which exist between the Company and the earnest, loyal, hardworking employees, who thriftily invest their savings in the Company's business and who have added interest in seeing that the Company's customers get efficient service.

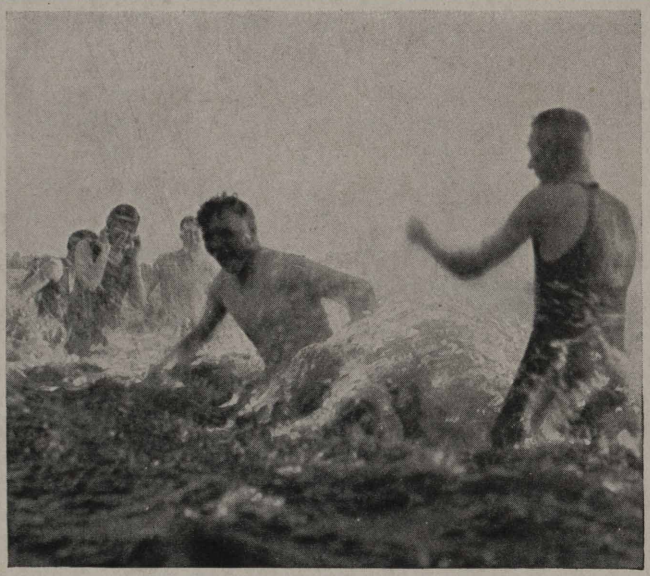
Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 4 AUGUST 1923 No. 10



MANKATO STANDARD OILERS
LAUGH AT HEAT

Published for the Employees by the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

Board of Directors

R. W. Stewart, *Chairman*

W. M. Burton, *President*
W. E. Warwick, *Vice-Pres., Genl. Mgr., Mfg.*
B. Parks, *Vice-President, Asst. Genl. Mgr., Mfg.*
E. G. Seubert, *Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer*
Allan Jackson, *Vice-President*
R. H. McElroy, *Traffic Manager*
E. J. Bullock, *Director of Purchases*
T. J. Thompson, *General Manager, Sales*
John D. Clark, *Vice-President, Assistant to Chairman*

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G. Cash, *Superintendent*
J. E. Evans, *Assistant Superintendent*
H. F. Glair, *Assistant Superintendent*

SUGAR CREEK

G. H. Moffett, *Manager*
H. R. Boehmer, *Superintendent*

WOOD RIVER

C. B. Manbeck, *Manager*
W. W. Holland, *Superintendent*
F. J. Gainer, *Assistant Superintendent*

ROCKY MOUNTAIN DIVISION

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R. M. Andrus, *Manager*
A. E. Thompson, *Superintendent*

Casper Plant No. 3
M. G. Paulus, *Superintendent*
R. E. Wood, *Assistant Superintendent*
J. E. Rouse, *Assistant Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 1
H. M. Lockard, *Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 2
B. L. Warren, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 1
W. A. Morris, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 2
J. F. Cullen, *Superintendent*

Industrial Relations Department

J. W. Curry, *Director*, Chicago, Ill.
E. H. Fisher, *Assistant Director*, Chicago, Ill.
C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division*, Chicago, Ill.
W. N. Bercaw, *Assistant Director*, Whiting, Ind.
C. F. Hall, *Assistant Director*, Wood River, Ill.
A. S. Hurt, *Assistant Director*, Sugar Creek, Mo.
D. M. Lobdell, *Assistant Director*, Casper, Wyo.

Joint General Committees

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J. E. Brinker
T. C. Brown
Laszlo Csonka
J. J. Delaney
A. Dimmock
Frank Eaton
Wm. Fuller
Ignatius Gazda
Oscar Heyl
Archie Judson
Geo. Hulatt
John V. Kidnay
F. W. Lau
W. J. Lynch
Johnnie McHenry
J. C. Melvin
R. T. Myrick
Chas. Naef
A. J. Olson
D. J. Paskwietz
P. A. Petersen
C. A. Phelps
F. D. Rexwinkle
M. R. Schmidt
Nick Scholl
James Spanier
R. L. Stoop
Warner Sutherland
P. J. Sweeny
P. O. Vandeveer
H. E. Wright

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W. L. Hickey
O. C. Hite
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F. G. Lee
W. B. Hodge
A. E. Payne
L. C. Howard
J. J. Wirthman
H. C. Moore
G. W. Thompson
Burney F. Gore

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J. G. Jones
S. A. Montgomery
Earl F. Scott
Charles Cason
A. C. Slater
Dwight D. Stafford
R. H. Williams
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George H. Wilken

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J. D. Critchfield
Homer C. Helms
Wm. L. Emmel
A. V. Forbes
H. A. Grondal
J. A. Hefferin
R. V. Heinze
Peter Holden
Arthur R. Lano
J. R. Luxon
D. F. Mahoney
J. W. Phelps
W. N. Schaefer
Albert Seanor
Herman Smith
L. G. Smith
N. E. Thomas
W. H. Tolhurst
Albert E. Jones
Jas. G. Wiederhold

GREYBULL

R. W. Chase
George Haddenhorst
S. E. Kane
G. L. Shepardson
L. E. Watson
Gary M. Whitney

LARAMIE

A. W. McAllister
J. L. Robay
H. M. Stricker
Ed. L. Wood

STANOLIND
RECORD
Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
C. V. JULIAN *Editor*
Publication Office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 4 AUGUST No. 10

NEAR RIOTS MARK CASPER INDUSTRIAL BUILDING HOUSEWARMING

Lady from Sand Bar, in Search of Master Mechanic B. E. Anderson, Nearly Precipitates One, While Announcement of Food Waiting in Dining Room Staves Off Another Following Attempt by E. G. Seubert, McElroy, Bullock and Andrus to Sing "Old Oaken Bucket" and Something That They Called "Schnitzelbaum"

Two near-riots marked the dedication and housewarming of the new Industrial Relations Building of the Casper refinery, the evening of June 29.

The first was precipitated by the appearance in the big hall of a "wild lady" who said Mr. B. E. Anderson, master mechanic, had broken an engagement to escort her to the Jazz Land theatre on the Sand Bar (a section of Casper not advertised in its Commercial Club literature).

Amid a din that tested the solidity of the new roof, Mr. Anderson, the color of a red, red, peony, was dragged forth to confront her and to receive an awful "bawling out" in the presence of more than 200 men, including members of the company's Board of Directors. It was an awful ordeal and Mr. Anderson was greatly relieved when President A. V. Forbes, of the Foreman's Club, intervened and prevailed upon the lady to sing. Then, when she sang directly to him "I'd love to be loved by a boy like you," he wished she hadn't consented to sing, but just as he was about to lose consciousness from pure embarrassment, the "lady" removed her blonde wig and disclosed the smiling countenance of Mr. Clair Bishop, formerly of the vaudeville stage, now a business man of Casper. When last heard from, Mr. Anderson was searching for the entertainment committee, armed with two guns and a knife.

The second riot threatened to be more serious. Number 13 on the program—the number was well chosen—proved to be "The Old Oaken Bucket," rendered by a quartet composed of Mr. E. G. Seubert, Mr. R. H. McElroy, Mr. E. J. Bullock, of the Board of Directors, and Mr. R. M. Andrus, manager of Plants Nos. 1 and 2, Casper works. Unfortunately, these gentlemen mistook the uproar that followed for applause and attempted an encore which they called "Schnitzelbaum," or something like that—Mr. Seubert is the only man in the company who knows how to spell it and he won't tell us. Mr. Andrus fell down on pronounciation and had to retire, leaving the three Board members to go through with it. By the time they concluded, the audience was in a turmoil, but President Forbes shouted an announcement that food was waiting in the dining hall and hostilities were averted. Messrs. Seubert, McElroy and Bullock, keeping one jump ahead of the mob, were the first to reach the food. They know now how Galli Curci felt on the night of her great debut.

The Foreman's Club meeting, which marked the dedication of the new building, opened with a short address by President A. V. Forbes, which was followed by some extremely peppy music by an orchestra composed of A. G. Davidson, J. Catterall, John Schnur, C. S. Greenbaum, J. J. Anghern, J. H. Sheppard, H. M. Robb, Fred. G. Holland, H. M. Newland. The third number was community singing led by Mr. B. V. Osborn.

Two features of the community singing were the rendering of "Old 'Tucky Home" by Mr. T. S. Cooke on the jazz whistle, and a solo "Around Her Neck She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" by Mr. E. J. Bullock. "The latter was rendered with much pathos and demonstrated the fact that the singer was truly a great artist," writes our Casper reporter.

A quartet composed of John Arnott, John Catterall, B. V. Osborn and J. A. Williams entertained with some really fine vocal music. A solo by John Arnott also made a tremendous hit.

Addresses were made by Mr. B. Parks, Mr. J. D. Clark, Dr. W. M. Burton, and Col. Robert W. Stewart.

The new Industrial Relations Building, on the Platte river bank opposite Gate No. 3 of Plant No. 3, is a fine large building, of stucco construction. It will house all Industrial Relations departments. D. M. Lobdell, director of Industrial Relations of the Casper works, and his assistant, Mr. Eberstein, now have their offices there, as do Roy Hartzell, Safety director, and his assistant, Boyd Osborn. The employment office is also housed on the first floor, which also boasts a large dining room, with kitchens. Foremen and department heads will eat their noon meals there regularly.

The second floor is given over to a large assembly hall, suitable for all kinds of entertainments, dances, etc. The Joint General Committee and its sub-committees will hold their meetings there, as will the Foremen's Club. It will seat approximately 500.

Organization of the Foreman's Club, whose meeting marked the opening of the new building, is as follows:

Executive committee: A. V. Forbes, president; Mack Burrell, vice-president; D. M. Lobdell, secretary; C. J. Pierce, treasurer; R. Perdue, J. C. Zolinsky, Wm. Goodwin. Special committees are: John Catterall, B. V. Osborn, music committee; James Wiederholt, A. P. Konzen, Earl Dowler, athletic committee; A. S. Hawley, Wm. Emmel, dramatics.

* * *

"Do you like girls with brown eyes?"

"No, I like girls with green-backs."—*Exchange.*

* * *

HER—"Did you know Frank was in the fur business? He's started a skunk farm."

HIM—"Yes, I got wind of it!"—*Exchange.*

THREE COMMITTEES MEET AT CASPER

Members of the Joint General Committees of the Rocky Mountain division, including Casper, Greybull and Laramie, together with officials of those plants, met members of the company Board of Directors at luncheon at the Henning hotel, Casper, Friday, June 29. A brief program of speaking followed the luncheon. Mr. R. M. Andrus presided and speakers were Mr. A. R. Lano of Casper, Mr. S. E. Kane of Greybull, and Mr. R. M. Parks, Dr. W. M. Burton and Colonel R. W. Stewart. Dr. Burton joined the other members of the Board at Casper and returned from there to California, where he is on company business. He brought word to Casper that Dr. Paulus, also in California on company business, is homesick for Wyoming's leading city, but is doing fine work.

SHOOTING UNDER WAY AT WHITING

The S. O. A. A. Trapshooting Tournament at Whiting after the first month of shooting has every indication of a hot race. The added bird system used in handicapping evens up the scores to such an extent that the winners will not be determined until the last shot is fired in August. Many who have entered have not yet started to shoot, evidently waiting to see what kind of a pace will be set for them. Results for June follow:

	Handicap	*Score*
Ted James	8	67 x 75
Chas. Carrette	28	61 x 75
H. F. Vater	2	49 x 50
L. N. Dunning	2	45 x 50
Geo. Butcher	6	44 x 50
A. D. Buchanan	0	44 x 50
W. G. Kiger	2	43 x 50
J. J. Germick	6	42 x 50
Joe McClelland	10	40 x 50
Steve Kovach	20	37 x 50
J. E. Moore	1	21 x 25
A. Ollrich	1	21 x 25
Wm. Fuss	7	20 x 25
Bob Darling	9	20 x 25
Frank Cherry	8	20 x 25
Robert McClelland	2	11 x 25

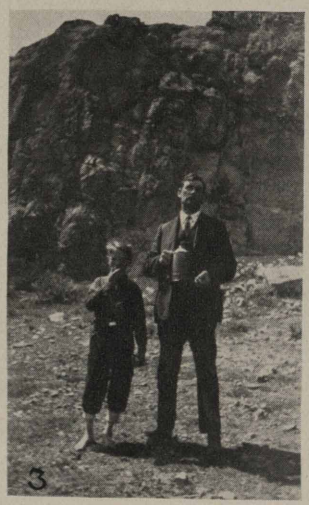
* * *

"Hello!! Stock Room?"

"Yes, but there's nobody here right now."

—*Exchange.*

A BROWNIE, A DRYAD AND TWO GROWN-UPS



Casper—No. 1—"A sweet little nest, somewhere in the west," that's what Jack and Cathleen McCoy seem to be enjoying here. No. 2—Mrs. McCoy and Cathleen are shown here. The rock dunes of Casper are in the background. No. 3—Time out for eats. Jack and Tom McCoy are stowing away the lunch. Tom is No. 1 Plant shift foreman.

JULY 4th BIG DAY AT WHITING

Standard Oil folks played a prominent part in the Fourth of July celebration at Whiting. No. 1—The famous Standard Oil Concert Band of the Whiting works leading the parade. No. 2—Hundreds cooled off at the bathing beach. No. 3—Jack Duffy, of the gas absorption plant, and former United States marine, leading one section of the parade. No. 4—Polish national dances were a feature of the entertainment at the park.

WHITING GETS SET FOR ANOTHER GREAT FIELD DAY

Standard Oil Athletic Association Appoints Committees to Prepare for Another of Its Tremendously Popular Outdoor Fetes, to Be Held at the Whiting City Park on Labor Day, September 3d

Another great field day is to be staged by the Standard Oil Athletic Association of the Whiting Works. At its last regular meeting committees were appointed to arrange for the association's Fourth Annual Field Day, to be held at the Whiting City Park, Labor Day, September 3.

No social or athletic event of any kind participated in by employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) in any territory has attracted so much attention and proved so tremendously successful as the annual field days of the Whiting S. O. A. A. Annually, it attracts thousands of employees and their families to the park, and the entertainment provided has been a great factor in prompting employees to give liberal financial support to S. O. A. A. projects.

The Field Day Committee for 1923 is composed of L. C. Moore, chairman; W. N. Bercaw, secretary; C. C. Craswell, treasurer.

This committee, on July 2, appointed a Committee on Committees, composed of D. J. Paskwietz, chairman; J. C. Melvin, L. M. Graham, M. J. Hannon, Charles Patten. This committee chose the following sub-committees which have been approved by the chairman of the Field Day.

BOXING: Mike McGowan, chairman; Harry Rolfe, William Jenson.

BASEBALL: Pat McShane, chairman; Fred Ehlers, W. P. Stenhouse, G. H. Moffett.

TENNIS: E. P. Brown, chairman; D. M. Brenner, R. Carlson.

FIELD AND TRACK EVENTS: P. O. Vandeveer, chairman; H. F. Glair, W. Sutherland, H. D. Studebaker, W. P. Beaubien, F. K. Ovitz, Oscar Heyl, E. J. Wonnacott, G. F. Ordeman; Frank Radloff (horseshoes).

PUBLICITY: W. N. Bercaw, chairman; R. C. Curtis, P. J. Sweeney, J. J. Griffith, D. Parks.

DANCING: James McCarthy, chairman; Ollie Canner, Edward Bartels, J. E. Brinker, William Hardy, Chester Schlater.

MUSIC AND ENTERTAINMENT: M. D. Henrikson, chairman; A. L. Meldahl, O. E. Bransky.

TRAPSHOOTING: A. D. Buchanan, chairman; Lyle Dunning, A. Oelrich.

HOT DOG CONCESSION: W. O. Walker, chairman; D. J. Gallagher, Joe Stanley, A. F. Trebs, Julius Kinsock.

KENO CONCESSION: Charles Patten, chairman; Charles Brown, Henry Beaubien, Earl Moore, L. M. Graham.

GROCERY WHEEL CONCESSION: Ray Walker, chairman; Fred Kahl, William Eggers, J. P. Nielsen, Henry Behrens.

SOFT DRINKS CONCESSION: George Winslow, chairman; Ignatz Gazda, George Wilt, AND NINE S. O. A. A. BEAUTIFUL GIRLS!

It looks like a big day to us. The committee didn't announce it, but Stanolind Record photographers will be right on the job.

WHITING S. O. A. A. PROSPEROUS

Whiting, Ind.—The report of the auditing committee of the Standard Oil Athletic Association, composed of W. P. Stenhouse, A. L. Meldahl and G. F. Henthorne, which according to article 9 of the constitution must be published in the Stanolind Record, follows:

"The committee wishes to report that it has audited the accounts of the Standard Oil Athletic Association for the first half of the current fiscal year, i. e., from October 1, 1922, to March 31, 1923, inclusive, and find the accounts correct, and furthermore, kept in a very neat and orderly manner, which greatly reduced the work necessary for the auditing committee.

"In the last report, under date of October 10, 1922, it was shown that the cash balance on hand September 30, 1922, in the Bank of Whiting, to the credit of the Association, was $1,073.91. The committee finds that there has since been received from various sources $2,393.80, and disbursements have been made amounting to $798.76, leaving a net cash balance on hand March 31, 1923, of $2,668.95, which is borne out by the Bank of Whiting balance in the bank book for March 31, 1923. There are no outstanding checks previous to that date, inclusive."

DAVENPORT'S PERFECT FLAPPER

Davenport, Iowa, Division—No. 1—Miss Olive Dawson who never missed a dance while in high school and always got perfect marks! She is now employed by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) here. This photo shows Miss Dawson in riding togs. No. 2—But after play comes work! Here Miss Dawson is shown preparing to "star" in class the next day. No. 3—Come on in, the water's fine. She looks to be saying that here. The pictures were supplied by the Des Moines, Iowa, Register

"PERFECT FLAPPER" SOCO EMPLOYEE

Miss Olive Dawson of Davenport, Known as 100 Per Cent Student and Flapper, Takes Position With Standard Oil Company, (Indiana): Proves Bobbed Hair and Brains Grow Together

Davenport, Iowa.—At the close of school for the Summer vacation, Miss Olive Dawson, known as a 100 per cent student and flapper, took a position in the general offices of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) here. The Des Moines Register had the following to say about Miss Dawson:

"Bobbed hair and brains! They grow together in Iowa.

"It's a combination the modern age has produced on Hawkeye soil, for the records of schools today clearly show that the sweet girl graduates this June are brainy.

"Much has been written about the flapper—her shallow pate, her frivolousness and insincerity. Most of this adverse criticism comes from the School of Has Been, from the folks who find the only rosy dawns were those of yesteryear. They seem to be dead wrong.

"Iowa has a flapper, a bobbed-haired school girl, a bewitching little flapper of sixteen summers. She has never missed a high school dance or party, is a prominent member of the Delta U sorority, secretary of her class, popular with both girls and boys, up to all of the latest things in flapperism, and—

"She's a perfect student.

"In all four years Miss Olive Dawson of Davenport has been in high school she has always received the highest mark. Not one single time has she ever fallen below that highest grade. Every semester in every study for four years her actual grade has been A-1-Excellent.

"Now we don't tell the girls of Iowa to cut off their hair and straightway they can dance the light fantastic until morning and be sure of coming out on the stage during the commencement exercises as the valedictorian. It wouldn't be quite safe or sound.

"Miss Dawson is not a freak by any means. She is just a sound, normal, healthy girl, a type of the high school girls of Iowa. Her principal, George Edward Marshall, one of the best known educators in the state, says:

" 'Olive is a real girl, the best type of high school student any school can have. She has learned early what comes later to most pupils—the power of concentration. When she dances, she dances with all her might. When she skates, she skates with all her force and when she studies she studies with all of her mental power. That's the reason Olive stands at the head of her class.

" 'Another thing—I want to say right here that a great deal of this bombardment against the flapper for being different than her grandmother is tommyrot. There were extreme styles in those days just as there are extreme styles today. The same criticism was voiced against our grandmothers that is now being directed at the high school flapper. These girls are all right, just as our grandmothers were all right.'

"Miss Dawson is not by any means a grind although her record as 'the perfect student' might lead you to believe that. Perhaps she loves to dance as well as to study. And she is as graceful an ice skater as she is a dancer. Tennis is another of her favorite sports and she is old fashioned enough to like to walk, too. Daily she has been walking the two miles from her home on Middle Road to high school.

"Horseback riding is one of the latest fads of the high school flapper in Davenport, so Miss Dawson has taken up riding and is already an able horsewoman. It seems that she studies a sport as she does a book for she is an adept in each. In the summer this example of Hawkeye womanhood has swimming for her favorite sport. She learned to swim when but a little girl and frequently has outdistanced her boy companions.

"Miss Dawson's parents are Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Dawson of Middle Road. Her father, now president of the Frst National bank of Davenport and for years one of the most prominent leaders in business and civic enterprises here, was formerly con-

(Continued on Page 11)

S.O. GOLF TOURNEY IN PICTURES

No. 1—Left to right: Charles Jones, Clare Henthorn, F. Q. Smith and Forrest Webster, of advertising, who looked like golf players until they started the round. F. Q. upset the dope, however, and won a prize. Now the rest won't speak to him. No. 2—P. W. Johnson, purchasing, W. H. Scott, Courtland street, and J. MacCreadie, Fourteenth street, hadn't teed off when this pix was snapped. Mack later won a prize. No. 3—Resting's easy. C. W. Martyn, attorney, E. R. Goble, stack advertising, F. H. Wickett, Dixie Oil, and (standing) L. C. Welch, jobbing, were waiting to tee off to the 7th green when the fotog wandered by. No. 4—B. A. Beyer, a customer; L. G. Campbell, Midwest refinery, H. J. Kniep and F. C. Singleton, Sales Safety man, found the 7th green an oasis.

A. STOECKEL WINS LOW NET CUP OF SOCO GOLF MEET

R. J. O'Shea Takes Low Gross Trophy; A. J. Beach Wins Odd Holes and C. E. Miller Takes Even Holes

Chicago, Ill.—With a handicap of 48 and a gross of 108, A. Stoeckel won the S. O. Cup with a net of 60 in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) golf tournament, held at Olympia Fields Country Club, June 19, 1923. More than a hundred SOCO golfers took part in the meeting.

Fine weather greeted the playing which was somewhat better than generally seen in the semi-annual tourneys.

The low gross for 18 holes was taken by R. J. O'Shea with an 87. His prize was a pair of field glasses. The low net for 18 holes of Class A was taken by B. Hadowal with a gross of 96 and a handicap of 12. He carried a draper cup home as trophy. L. G. Campbell won the B Class prize (a sweater) with a gross of 105 and a handicap of 32. Class C prize (12 golf balls) was taken by L. C. Stevens with a gross of 115 and a handicap of 48. Class D trophy (back spin mashie) was won by F. E. Packard with a gross of 116 and a handicap of 50.

A. J. Beach won the low net odd holes trophy (pair shoes) with a gross of 58 and a handicap of 40. C. E. Miller won a golf bag, for the low net even holes. Mr. Miller had a gross of 46 and a handicap of 21.

Low gross for 3 short holes went to J. McTiernan with 10. He won an order at Beachy & Lawler. The Good year Tire for 3 long holes went to F. Q. Smith with a gross of 17.

E. E. Kelley, Class C, netted the best nine holes with 33, having a gross of 55. He was given a pair of shoes.

Low gross 18 holes: Class A, W. D. Roberts, 90, Farrell cup; Class B, A. E. Clifford, 107, order of merchandise; Class C, J. MacCreadie, 116, order merchandise; Class D, E. F. Larson, 135, box cigars. First was won by J. D. Holmes with 91. He got a pair of shoes. In class B, R. F. Storer also had a 107.

Low putts, 18 greens, W. H. Scott, class A, took 39 for a ball marker. O. E. Bransky and G. W. Watts also took 39.

Low gross for the first 9 holes went to C. E. Schatz with a 45. He won a steel shaft driver. H. J. Tobin won a pair of shoes for his second 9 holes, which he took for low in 45.

Low net for the first 9 holes went to E. J. Bullock with 58 gross, 38 net. He won an order of merchandise. The second 9 holes, low net, went to A. R. Smith with a gross of 57, net of 36. He won a pair of golf knickers. H. H. Bogardus also netted 36, grossed 49.

Second low net 18 holes: Class A, D. Treat, gross 103, net 84, order of merchandise; class B, C. G. Thorstensen, gross 109, net 81, mashie; class C, T. W. Cahill, gross 127, net 86, mashie; class D, A. E. Persons, gross 144, net 94, order of merchandise; E. H. Crown also had a gross 144 and net 94.

Third low net 18 holes: Class A, C. J. Nugent, gross 99, net 87, seven balls; class B, H. M. Rummelhoff, gross 110, net 87, five balls; Class C, F. M. Rogers, gross 128, net 87, four balls, and class D, E. M. Dwyer, gross 147, net 97, two balls. R. C. Pekie also had a gross of 147 and net of 97.

Putting Contest: G. W. Watts, 39, putter. O. E. Bransky also putt 39.

Visitors' low gross: D. C. Luse, 85, Red Crown coupon book.

Visitors' low net: C. Ephgrave, gross 127, net 77, twelve golf balls.

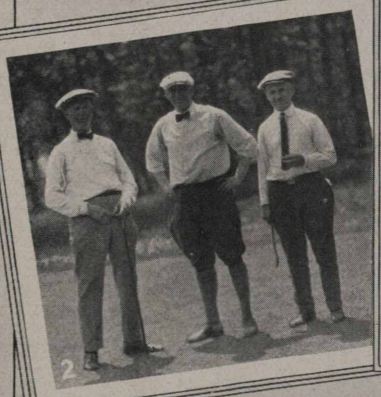
High gross: First, L. M. Beamer, 236, Duffer cup.

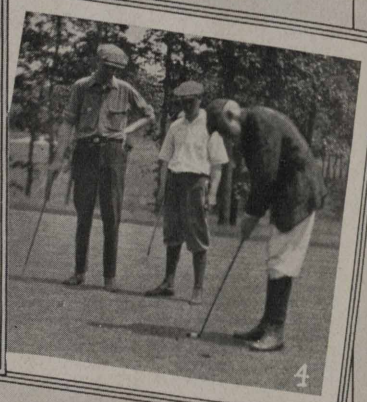
The officers invite suggestions to make for a better time at our golf tournaments along lines of where to play, handicapping, figuring scores, prizes, events, etc. Address such suggestions to Bruce Smeed.

MANKATO DEFIES HEAT WAVE

The front cover picture was taken from several that Mankato division sent in. The occasion was a swimming party at Loon Lake under the auspices of the Red Crown Club. George Schaus, chief mechanic, is shown splashing Ray Fell. Mary Wackwitz and Audrey Wood are shown in the background.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY GOLF TOURNEY





No. 1—If it was a near beer instead of a near golf tourney that the S. O. Co. held at Olympia Fields Country Club, this quartet would have had names scattered all over the winning story. However, H. F. Glair, G. Cash, R. E. Humphreys and O. E. Bransky had a lot of fun and put Whiting on the map golfistically speaking. No. 2—M. H. Seegers, stock purchasing plan, W. J. Hawkins, manufacturing billing, and A. R. Smith, manufacturing, seemed to be going pretty good when the fotog snapped this one. No. 3—Dr. Humphreys used an old ball for this pix. When he saw it go, he was sorry it wasn't his game ball. No. 4—W. H. Leonard, retired, oldest man in the meet, is shown sinking his putt while A. W. Hecht, Chicago sales, and S. C. Ritchie, salesman, look on.

MINNEAPOLIS FIELD'S PRIZE SERVICE STATION

Redwood Falls of the Minneapolis division boasts one of the most beautiful service stations in the Northwest. By day, many shrubs and rose bushes attract the admiration of the motorists and at night, many lights blaze a greeting to the passersby. Attendant C. H. MacDougall is responsible for much of the beauty of the station.

100% FLAPPER S. O. EMPLOYEE

(*Continued from Page 7*)

gressman from the Second Iowa district. Before that time he was a Clinton, Iowa, newspaperman and then private secretary to the late Senator Allison, perhaps the most prominent statesman Iowa has given the nation.

"Senator Allison's life motto was 'knowledge Is Power,' a pattern skeleton Miss Dawson has taken for her own and intends to model her life on. You wouldn't think it to see such a dashing flapper with flashing black eyes and glossy black hair, but four years of high school work have proved that she must have some incentive to knowledge and a serious one. She's to work at the Standard Oil Company general offices this summer and next fall, enter the State University of Iowa."

* * *

FRIEND WIFE (to Doctor)—"My husband is troubled with a buzzing sound in his ears, what would you advise?"

DOCTOR—"I'd advise him to go to the seashore for a month."

FRIEND WIFE—"But he can't spare the time to go away."

DOCTOR—"Then you go!"—*Exchange.*

EDITOR IS SOCO. BOOSTER

Fairmont, Minn.—Frank A. Day, editor of the Fairmont Daily Sentinel, one of the snappiest dailies in the country, takes a great deal of pride in the Fairmont S. O. service stations and this, in some measure at least, accounts for the beauty of our stations at that point. Mr. Day always makes it a point to escort visitors to these lovely points and to show them how attractive a business place may be made.

DIRTY FACES

The Whiting Mutual Benefit Association had a balance of $20,501.96 on June 1, 1923, according to the report of Secretary W. O. Walker.

The balance was invested as follows:

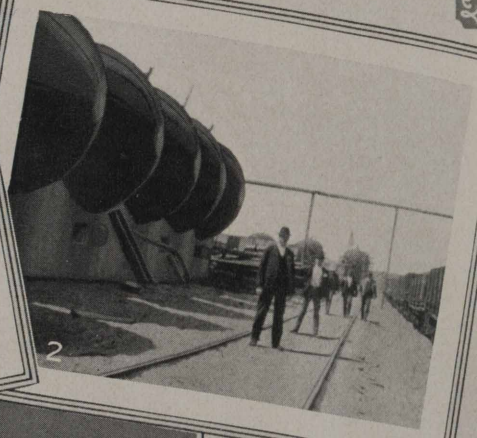
Liberty Bonds	$4,000.00
Whiting Savings & Loan Assn	5,627.53
Hammond City Bonds	9,771.02
Savings Account—Bank of Whiting	292.98
Checking Account	810.43

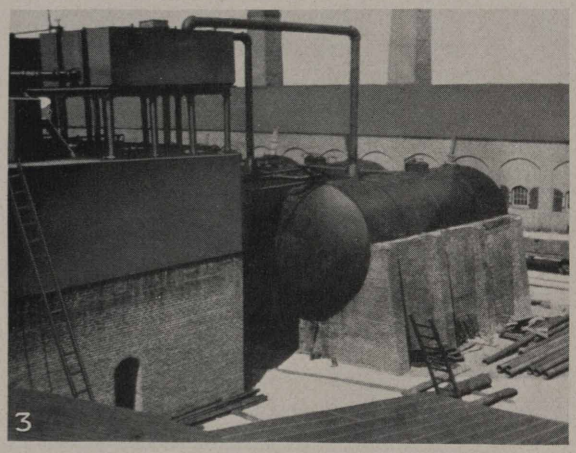
There were 1,308 members in good standing.

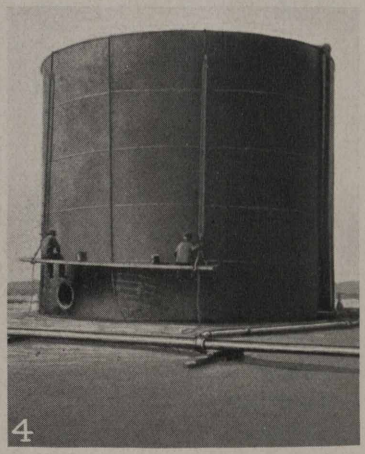
* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends!

SOME EARLY DAYS AT WHITING REFINERY







Whiting, Ind. No. 1—This is the first building erected on Company property by the Company. Left to right, Horace Hutchins, William Curtis and Colonel Lamereaux are shown. They had much to do with the building of the plant at Whiting. The bunk house was erected in 1889. No. 2—This photo was taken 34 years ago. Fred Weller, Will Smith, Colonel Lamereaux, James E. Twitt and Frank Adams are shown. The steam stills are shown in the left foreground, the agitators in the distance. No. 3—The construction of steam stills in 1890 is shown here. No. 4—Styles in painting have changed little. This photo also was taken in 1890.

SOME EARLY DAYS AT WHITING, PART TWO

Development of Lima Oil Fields Makes Refinery Near Chicago Imperative; U. G. Swartz Tells Story of How Wilderness Took Shape and Became World's largest Refinery; "Wild West" Scenes at Whiting Described

By U. G. SWARTZ

(Copyright, 1923 by U. G. Swartz)

The development of the Lima Oil Field made the location of a refinery at Chicago imperative. Lima Oil is strongly charged with sulphur. The difficulties of separating this sulphur from the oil and the production of a refined oil free from odor and of good lasting color delayed refining processes for several years. Chemists and refiners were busy, at many places, behind barricaded doors, trying to solve this problem and at the same time keep the knowledge of the process a secret from rival oil companies. No effort was spared for either purpose.

In the latter eighties the Standard Oil Company was successful in perfecting a method of refining this oil by the copper oxide process, and patents were secured protecting it. This process was the only one ever put into use in a general way to refine this stubborn oil. The discovery of this practical process opened the way for refining Lima Oil economically on a large scale.

Meanwhile the oil had been piling up in storage tanks, as no use could be found for it except for fuel oil. To supply steel and other industries in Chicago with fuel oil, a pipe line had been laid across Indiana and tanks erected in Chicago on the lake at the foot of 100th Street. This station was called Fleming Park, taking its name from the man who owned the property on which the tanks were built. It is now a part of Calumet Park, Chicago. The location of these tanks and the pipe line terminal in Fleming Park made East Side, Chicago, a logical place for consideration for the location of a refinery. However, some East Siders had rather sensitive olfactory nerves, and turned up their probosces in disdain at the somewhat pungent odors of Lima Crude and East Side lost whatever consideration may have been given to this location by the Standard Oil Company.

Later one of these tanks in Fleming Park split from top to bottom, pouring the oil out over the ground, where it lay until it soaked away, confirming the East Side people in their decision that no refinery was needed in the East side. Had the refinery been built there the values of the Calumet region in Indiana for industrial purposes might not have been disclosed to the business world till a much later time, and the territory from the state line to Dune Park might still be a wilderness.

When the Roman Empire ruled the world it was said that all roads led to Rome. So in the days of the old Standard Oil Company all authority was derived from New York. The earliest disclosure of the plans of the New York authorities for a refinery at Whiting were made in February, 1889. At that time W. M. Irish of Olean, N. Y., and James A. Moffett of Brooklyn, N. Y., and W. P. Cowan, Superintendent of the Standard Oil Company at Cleveland, called on William Curtis, then master mechanic of the Cleveland refinery, showed him some sketches of the lands secured for the new refinery and pencil drawings of the plans of the plant, and arranged with him to make some blue prints for the future work of construction for them. In the very characteristic manner of the company at that time, the utmost secrecy was maintained.

In order to carry out this feature, Mr. Curtis made the drawings in his own home. From that time until his retirement some thirty years afterward, Mr. Curtis had an active part in the Whiting plant. When his plans were completed he was sent to Chicago to establish a purchasing department, of which Mr. Alex Marshal of New York was put in charge. This was located at 52 Pacific Avenue, and began to function during the latter part of April, 1889. Two weeks later Mr. Curtis was installed as master mechanic of the Whiting plant under W. P. Cowan. By that time every-

thing was set for the beginning of the great drive to build the largest refinery in the world.

The purchase of the land had been going on for some months. Representatives of New York, accompanied by Henry Schrage, then postmaster of Whiting and general storekeeper, visited the owners of the different little farms, buying up the acreage desired. No hard bargaining was indulged in, but each owner was bound to secrecy both as to the sale of his land and as to the purchase price. These original purchases embraced approximately 300 acres, lying in a fairly rectangular shape. A public road ran through it in a southeasterly direction, cutting it into two pieces of nearly equal size. Some of the land bordering on this road was not included in this purchase, possibly 100 acres altogether. Along this road between the two sides of the plant a little town sprung up, characteristically called Oklahoma. All this land was bought by the company a few years later, and about 100 houses were moved from there to Whiting. The road was closed and the land used for additional construction.

The first construction for the new plant was the erection of the "bunk house." These were three in number and were built by a contractor before the company began regular operations; one to house the office with drafting room above; one for a dining room with bedrooms on the second floor, and one for a commissary. For many months W. P. Cowan occupied one of these bedrooms, and here nightly held a levee of his foremen going over the day's work and laying out work for the future.

Systematic work with company forces began on May 5, 1889. On that date seven laborers under the foremanship of W. A. Barstow were put at work clearing away brush and trees. Previous to May 5, some work had been done with a man or two under Mr. Cowan's personal direction while waiting for organized work to begin. To this tiny group were added one force after another till the plant swarmed with men from one corner to another.

Meanwhile the same secrecy was maintained with which the work was inaugurated. Everything was carried on in the name of W P. Cowan. Incoming shipments of material were received in his name. Pay checks, tools and the office were identified in the same manner. No amount of questioning yielded any additional information. Even the purpose for which the plant was building was maintained a secret for a number of months.

One of the earliest undertakings was the construction of a waterworks by laying a twenty-inch line into the lake. This was done by laying the pipe over the water on rafts and then launching it into the lake. Contractors were shortly afterward secured to build a tunnel under the lake. This tunnel, five feet in diameter, was sunk seventy feet vertically and then driven under the lake for a distance of nearly a half mile, where it was connected with a crib on the bottom of the lake and marked with a buoy. It is worthy of note that the foresight in planing this tunnel was so keen that it has had capacity to supply all the increased demands for water due to the numerous enlargements of the plant and also for the town of Whiting.

Immense sewers were begun, large enough to take care of the increased demands on them. When these were begun the South and East side, of the property was largely under water. Berry Lake reached up to the East line and was connected with immense sloughs crossing the South end of the plant. Where the storage tanks were built, it was necessary to wheel sand into the water for paths and to build sand rings around the foundations of the tanks to dam back the water, so that the tanks could be built. When the tanks were put into service, a boat was used to get from one tank to another to operate valves and read gauges. After the sewers had been in operation for several months they drained off much of this surface water, and in 1891 great stretches of sloughs and parts of Berry Lake went dry. People waded into the shallow pockets of water and picked up large fish, carrying them away in bucketfuls. Thousands of these fish perished on account of this drainage of surface water.

The ridges of sand were scraped down into the low places. North of the Pennsylvania Company's track these ridges

were high enough to make a high level field, but South of these tracks large areas in the tank field were not filled up for several years. A large number of teams were hired from the Knickerbocker Ice Company for scraping and teaming. In addition many teams were purchased. Great care was exercised in the purchase of teams to secure fine draft horses. In 1891 a stable housing twenty of the company's beautiful draft horses, burned in the night and eighteen of them perished in the smoke.

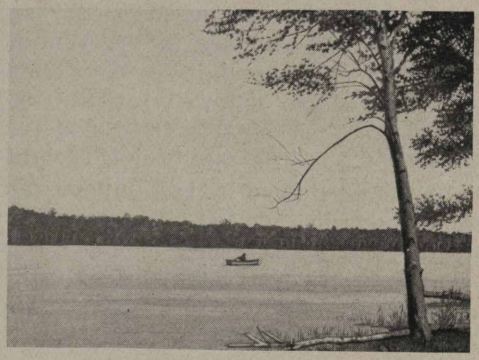
During the first few years of operation of the plant, oil was used for fuel, but with the refining of Lima Crude the oil stock diminished, the price of crude rose and coal was substituted for oil. Narrow gauge tracks with light rails were then laid to these low places, and they were filled with cinders. At the same time the loose sand on the rest of the plant was covered with cinders. While leveling down ridges, several graves were found, mute evidence of family burial grounds. These remains were always taken care of in a proper manner and transferred to other burial grounds.

The loose sand was a great burden. The leveling up process and the excavations necessary for building made walking and teaming through the sand extremely difficult, as the soft dry sand was almost fluid. "Footprints in the sands of time" were no comparison with these. Wagons were equipped with great wide tires and the trails about the plant were covered with hay or straw to keep the wheels out of the deep ruts in the sand.

Mr. Cowan, who was a short and very heavy man, found the sand very difficult. To assist him in his busy task of being everywhere at once, he was provided with a wiry Indian pony, a beautiful sturdy bay nag, named Bessie, who galloped about tirelessly with Mr. Cowan on her back. He was an enthusiast about horses and made a great pet of her. She would come anywhere at his call. After he no longer required her use, she was passed on to the general foreman of the labor department, where she served under successive foremen until old age made her useless. Fearing that she might at some time fall into the

(*Continued on Page 16*)

BERRY LAKE



Whiting, Ind., No. 1—In such wood spots as this, the early Whiting oil pioneers spent their leisure hours. Berry Lake is in the middle distance. No. 2—On the banks of the lake. Colonel Lamereaux, Fred Weller and William Curtis are shown here. No. 3—Boating on Berry Lake.

(Continued from Page 15)

hands of someone who would not treat her well, Mr. Cowan had her put to death and buried where her bones would not be disturbed.

Men were secured from every direction for the increasing demands of construction work. A large force of boiler makers was brought from Buffalo, under the direction of George Keimm, and was put at work building the tanks North of the Pennsylvania Company tracks. Others from Cleveland and elsewhere were placed at work South of these tracks on tanks and stills. With this division of men the North side of the plant become the "Buffalo Side", and the South side the "Refinery Side". Mr. Cowan always disliked this name for the North side and frowned upon it, but it proved attractive to the men and remained in general use.

With the progress of construction, other mechanics were brought in from Eastern plants and the demand for houses became acute. A special train, facetiously known as "The Hobo", was put on by the L. S. & M. S. Railway to carry workmen from Chicago points making the trip from Chicago in the morning and returning in the evening. During the day, between trains, the crew switched in the Whiting yard. This was before the days of dishonest bank robbers and the well satisfied and honest conductor of this train collected the nickel fares from his twelve carloads of patrons unadorned by bell punch, coin-box or recording device, being required only to keep the company money in one pocket and his own money in his other pockets. He was the original, natural born honest switchman.

Naturally, saloons, boarding houses and dwellings sprang up rapidly at both the East and West entrances to the plant, as well as in Oklahoma, as the demand for accommodations for working men increased. Many supposed that the prospective town would be adjacent to the East entrance at Berry Lake and there was a rush for building there. All these buildings were eventually moved away and the land vacated.

Oklahoma was a good place for "shooting scrapes". One of the most thrilling occurred when a gang of roughnecks tried to force an entrance into a saloon in order to break up the bar room fixtures. The wife of the proprietor leaned out of the second story window and shot two of the marauders through the head, killing them instantly. For this she was tried and acquitted. Gone are Oklahoma and Berry Lake, but their dance halls and gin mills, redolent with odors, will live long in the memory of the oldtimers.

With the growing demand for houses in 1889 the company laid out a little town site commonly known as "The Village", embracing the avenues: Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and the North side of 119th Street between Ohio and New York Avenues, and began the construction of cottages under charge of J. Mitchell Ritchie, on all these streets except New York Avenue. As fast as these houses were completed they were assigned to department heads, foremen, stillmen, George P. France, Superintendent, and others for whom the company deemed it important to provide houses. Sidewalks in these streets were laid with boards. The houses were supplied with water from the works' mains. No other places had running water until after Whiting was incorporated. Agreements were entered into with adjoining property owners that no saloons could be established near these houses. They, thus, became a decent and tolerable place to live and were for many years the most desirable residence properties in the town.

The building plan for residences was completed in 1891, when houses were built on New York avenue. Rentals were based on a small per cent of the cost of the properties. These houses were sold about ten years later. The occupants at that time were given the first chance to buy them. No one but an employee was allowed to be a tenant of these houses while the company owned them.

The close of the year 1889 found the entire plant covered with construction material of all kinds. Mountains of lumber, pipe, brick, boiler iron and gravel lay everywhere. Two side tracks had been laid into the plant by the L. S. & M. S. on the Buffalo side, and one on the Refinery side from the Chicago Terminal Transfer

FELLING THE BIG 'UNS WITH RED CROWN

The trucks of the Standard Oil Co., among the big timbers of Northern Michigan, again doing their meed of service to the public. The trucks furnish fuel and lubricant for the motor-driven saws. Photo supplied by Grand Rapids.

Railway, as the B. & O. C. T. road was then known. These roads made all deliveries of cars with their own engines to the point of unloading.

Various heads of mechanical departments had been brought here, mainly from other refineries, men who were experienced in their line of work. Early in the year 1889, George P. France came from Titusville, Pa., and became the plant superintendent. The heads of departments under him were: Charles Halsey, boilermaker; Richard Harris, brick mason; J. P. Freeman, carpenter; John N. Gowe, blacksmith; William H. Smith, cashier, all from Cleveland, N. Seubert of Syracuse, N. Y., pipefitter; Dan Mohnkern, common labor and teaming from Oil City, and Ed Mack, tinner of Chicago.

Temporary shops were erected on the Buffalo side along the switch tracks, tanks, stills, and permanent shops and other buildings began to take shape.

Ages do not change in a day. Yet it seemed but a day from the first breaking of ground till the new refinery began to disclose shape and purpose. The piles of lumber became scaffolding and buildings. Piles of pipe became lines for oil or water. The scattered heaps of brick became parts of useful construction. Sheets of boiler iron became huge tanks and stills, and the many hundred loads of gravel mixed with cement became solid foundations. A wonderful organization of a small force kept the orders for material flowing to the purchasing department, kept the material coming in great trains of cars; lumber for the carpenters, brick for the masons, steel plates, pipe, or other material for their varied uses, and men of all the different trades to fabricate and erect—all to bring into being a new world out of that which was without form and void. Who but Standard Oil could do a thing like that?

This is the second of a series of articles on the early days of the whiting Refinery that will appear in the Stanolind Record. The third article will follow in the September issue. The articles are copyrighted by U. G. Swartz. Reproduction is prohibited.

* * *

"What does you want to eat?" asked the old negro mammy of the traveler.

"Corn pone," said the traveler.

"I'se glad you done said corn pone," said the old mammy, "'cause dat's 'de one thing I ain't got nothin' else on hand of but."—*Clipt.*

SIOUX CITY EMPLOYEES DRESS UP

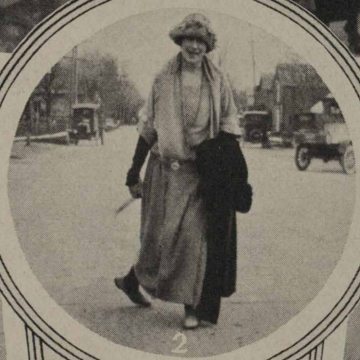
1

2

3

No. 1—When the Standard Oil Social Club of the Sioux City division gives a masquerade or any other kind of party, things hum. Here is a bird's-eye view of a recent gathering. Mildred Page as Wa ta Wa' sa (Bright Star) and Charles Von Hotten as Yenadiz'ze (Indian Dandy) won the prizes. They are in the front row. In the back row, Manager Thayer is shown. (He is wearing the horn-rimmed "cheaters." Paul Gooch, in the front row, wore a suit three and a half sizes too large for him. Next to Paul are Jack Carter, W. A. Rueschling and Chief Clerk Dyer, three clowns. No. 2—Grace Carter is a fine advertisement for Polarine and Red Crown. No. 3—Naomi Swanson, as the village cut-up, did.

SAGINAW FIELD CELEBRITIES THIS MONTH



No. 1—This photo might be called "before" It was taken as girls of the Saginaw office prepared to start on an outing to Frankenmuth. No. 2—And this one might be termed "after." The girl is Irma Kawfeldt, telephone operator, dragging home from the chicken dinner. No. 3—Herman Lang is one of the sure-fire star salesmen of the Saginaw division. Here he is shown up and after some business. No. 4—Our Saginaw correspondent has been trying to "get something" on George Hintz. Here George is shown registering 100 per cent efficiency.

WHITING WELDERS WIN PIN TROPHY

Whiting, Ind.—The S. O. A. A. Bowling League wound up another successful season with the Welding Shop the winners of the beautiful trophy donated by the Board of Directors. They were closely followed by the Laboratory and the Grease Works teams. J. Zubay of the Grease Works team won first place in the individual race by a fraction of a point over Pete Liesse of the Paraffine Works. Charles Stross had high individual game with 243 and G. Wilt of the Paraffine Works had high average for three games with 205.

Here is the champion Welders team of the S. O. A. A. Bowling League at Whiting. Left to right, the men are (standing): Mike Elo, Joe Whitey George Kirchoff, Mike Gadish and Art Samonson. (Kneeling): Captain and Manager J. Kinsock.

The final standing of the teams follows:

	Won	*Lost*	*Pct.*
Welders	54	36	600
Laboratory	50	40	556
Grease Works	48	42	533
Paraffine Works	43	47	478
Tower Stills	40	50	444
Switching Dept	35	55	389

Individual prize winners are:

	Games	*Average*
J. Zubay, G. W	90	171–60
P. Liesse, P. W	90	171–39
A. Samonson, W	84	169–33
J. Whitey, W	90	169–23
F. Banks, T. S	81	166–37
M. Gadish, W	87	166–28
C. Henrikson, L	90	165–27
Kreiger, S. D	48	164–43
W. Canner, P. W	84	164–20
F. Liesse, G. W	81	164–16

Special prize winners are:

	Team	*Pct.*
High Team Average—3 games	Welders	925
High Single Game	Welders	956
High Individual Average—3 games	Wilt	205
High Single Game	Stross	243

Participants in 45 games or more were:

	Games	*Average*
Jancosek, S. D	48	164–1
Krauel, L	90	163–74
Barsich, S. D	81	161–59
Spisak, T. S	45	161–14
Kirchoff, W	84	160–53
Elo, W	45	159
Wilt, P. W	85	159
Ovitz, L	78	159
Ted James, T. S	80	158
Ollrich, T. S	77	158
O. Canner, P. W	50	158
Radloff, P. W	46	157
C. Miller, L	83	157
Dr. Reeve, G. W	83	155
Stross, S. D	89	155
A. Pataky, G. W	87	153
Schnell, S. D	69	153
Whitmer, P. W	56	146
Brown, L	47	142

Participants in less than 45 games were:

	Games	*Average*
Bumhour, S. D	3	167
M. Pataky, G. W	42	163
Benight, W	9	163
Wilkinson, S. D	5	163
Henneysee, S. D	9	163
Sabol, S. D	21	160
P. Long, G. W	3	158
Palenchar, T. S	42	157
Winslow, P. W	32	156
Matis, T. S	19	156
Hanusin, S. D	32	156
Groat, T. S	3	154
Cole, T. S	37	152
McCarthy, L	39	151
McShane, T. S	15	150
Guyer, T. S	15	150
F. Sayne, G. W	33	146
Ehlers, S. D	24	144
Jansky, G. W	6	143
Baumel, T. S	6	143
N. Wilson, L	1	142
Kasper, W	18	140
Hanson, W	12	137
Baranoski, G. W	12	137
Vellock, S. D	4	137
Willkins, L	15	135
Dolbeer, L	4	134
Germick, P. W	3	130
Silvasi, T. S	3	130
Dostanti, T. S	12	129

* * *

THE EVIDENCE.—"Bridget, has Johnnie come home from school yet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you seen him?"

"No, sir."

"Then how do you know he's home?"

"'Cause the cat's hidden under the stove, sir."—*London Mail.*

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

1

2

3

No. 1—This photo was taken at the conclusion of a successful agents' meeting in Protection, Kan., of the Wichita field. In the photo are (left to right) O. H. Landrith, salesman at Greensburg, B. C. Frala, service station attendant at Greensburg; Loyd Imel, agent at Mullinville; E. C. King, agent at Greensburg; Roy Jones, agent at Haviland; Louis C. Roberts, Englewood; L. G. Cardy, service station attendant, at Protection; Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Moore; O. F. Becker, agent at Ashland, and J. B. Brown, agent at Wilmore. Mr. Moore is agent at Protection. No. 2—Margaret Harley, aged 6, of Kansas City, is a pupil of the Cranston School of Music and is a star tripper of the light fantastic. No. 3—Agent J. C. Onsley of Sterling, Kan., of the Wichita field, is real proud of little Evelyn Loraine Onsley, aged 6. He has a right, all who know Evelyn say.

STANDARD OILER IN DISTINGUISHED COMPANY

Saginaw.—It isn't everyone who gets his picture taken with General Pershing. However, Lieut. O. G. Richards, superintendent of warehouse of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) at Bay City, Mich., was one of the honored few. He is shown second from the left on the front row.

WHY WE WORK FOR EACH OTHER

Just suppose—

That every morning you had to go out and try to kill a rabbit or catch a fish for breakfast; and then

That you had to break up some dead branches; start a fire with flint, cook your breakfast and eat it.

Also suppose—

That if you wanted bread you had to plant grain, cultivate and harvest it, and grind it between two stones;

That when your clothes wore out you had to spin and weave cloth or catch animals and cure their skins;

That you had to build your own house and repair it, if the roof leaked;

That when you wanted to go anywhere, you had to walk, unless you were lucky enough to have tamed some kind of an animal and trained it to carry you.

If you can suppose all that—

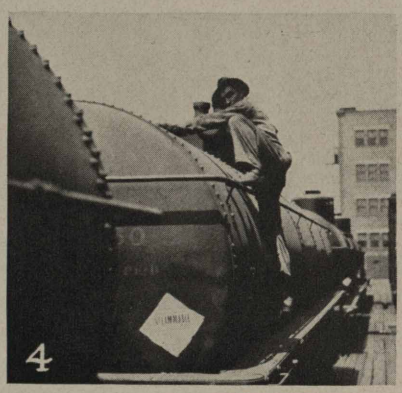
How much work do you think you could get done besides just keeping yourself from starving or freezing?

It sounds foolish, doesn't it? But that's just how we would have to live if each one of us worked for himself. It is something like the way men really did live some thousands of years ago, before they had found out how much more they could produce and how much better off they all could be through division of labor.

Division of labor means that each person in the community works mainly at one thing and shares his product with his neighbors, who in the meantime have been producing other things which he needs.

(Continued on Page 25

Safety First - THE RIGHT WAY; THE WRONG WAY



No. 1—Constant attention should be paid to the filling of the tank wagon. Danger of fire from run-overs will then be eliminated. No. 2—the wrong way is shown here. The driver should keep his eyes on his work. No. 3—The right way to ascend to the top of a tank car is shown here. No. 4—The wrong way. The more times this method is used safely, the surer of an accident later. The material for this Safety Page was supplied by F. C. Singleton, Safety Director in sales department.

WHO'S WHO AT WHITING

When, during war time, one of the press cleaners at the paraffine plant ran amuck with his cleaver and killed one watchman at the gates and injured another very badly, it was deemed advisable to put a young aggressive fighter in charge of the plant portals. Tony Caponi, a professional prizefighter, happening along at that time in quest of a job was immediately installed there at the main gate and a feeling of security again prevailed among the workers, for the aforesaid Tony, although as jovial and light hearted a chap as ever breathed, has a record in the squared circle that would send chills down the back of anyone contemplating a disturbance of the peace. With the exception of about two years Caponi has been on the plant ever since as a trusted and efficient officer.

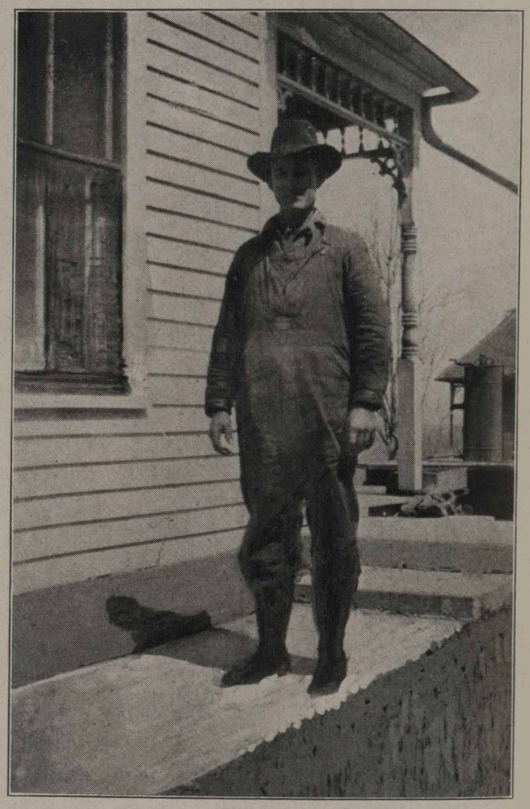
SOCO. TRUCKS ADVERTISE AUTO-RADIO SHOW

Duluth Field.—Six automobiles, trucks of ours, at Escanaba, Mich., resplendent in new paint and varnish, helped to remind the people of Escanaba of the auto-radio show that was held there. The parade was run up and down Ludington street and each car was placarded with a banner on either side calling attention to the many products that we manufacture.

S. O. EMPLOYEE HONORED

Kansas City, Mo., Field—Miss Lucille B. Bulson, department head of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), has been chosen as a delegate to represent the Missouri Federation of Business and Professional Women's clubs at their national convention July 9 to 16, in Portland, Ore. Miss Bulson is serving her second term as treasurer of the Missouri Federation, and has been a member of the board of governors of the Kansas City Business Wo men's Club since its organization.

KING OF RED CROWNERS



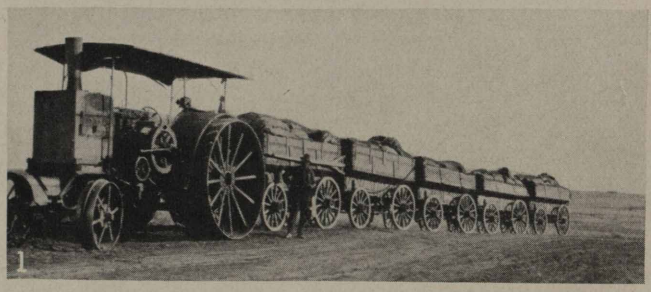
Quincy Division.—Tom Cochran, agent at Milan, Mo., won the banner for highest percentage of increase in sales of Red Crown for January, February and April in this territory. He's a real speed merchant when it comes to selling S. O. Co. products.

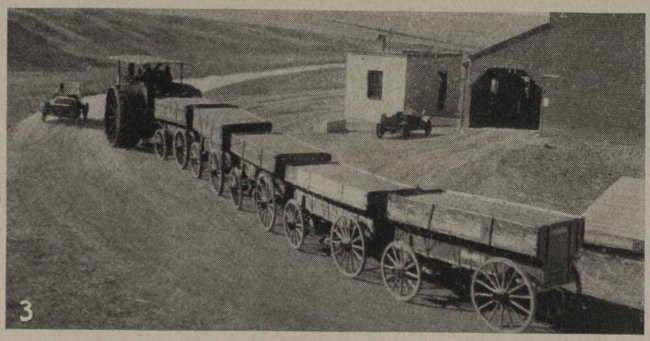
* * *

PROUD PAPA—That is a sunset my daughter painted. You know, she studied painting abroad.

GUEST—Ah! That explains it. I never saw a sunset like that in this country.—*Atlantic Reflector.*

FARMING, A LA FARGO



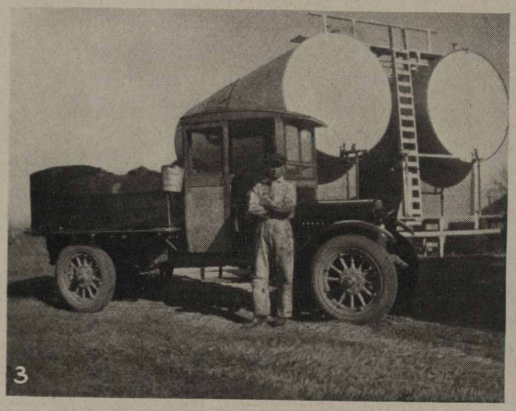


No. 1—Here Gus Nygard of Alexander, N. D., is shown hauling his potatoes to market. Standard Oil the motive power? Ask Salesman W. B. Sherman! He'll tell you it's so. No. 2—Agent John Stevenson of Flasher, N. D., has a fine record selling the full line in his territory. Many of the larger farmers in his vicinity have become 100 per cent Standard Oil through John's 24-hour-a-day service. No. 3—Gus Nylander, a large user of Standard Oil products, is shown hauling his wheat to Alexander, N. D., market.

MANKATO'S COUPON BOOK WARRIORS

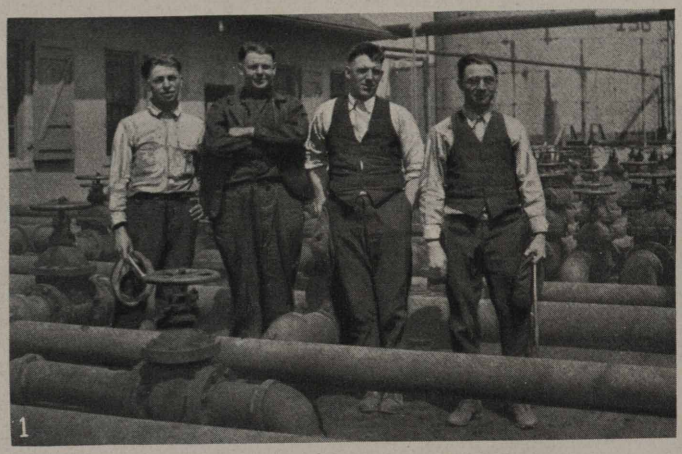
Mankato Division.—When the upstairs girls issued a challenge to the downstairs girls to engage in a coupon book selling war they started something. For two weeks the war raged and at the end, a check-up showed each side had sold 146½ ten dollar coupon books. No. 1.—The upstairs girls, left to right (standing): Audrey Wood, Grace Blackmer, Katherine Emmerick, Minnie M. Fischer (captain), Florence Vollbrecht, Jessie Lynard, Leona Halvorson, Mildred Sawyer. (Seated): Anghild Nordgren, Violet Kocj and Lavina Waknitz. No. 2.—Downstairs girls, left to right: Minda Johnson, Norine Biggins, Mary Wackwitz, Gertrude Hager, Lillian Paulson, Maude Stevens, Peggy Schaffenberg, Mabel Brown and Harriet Kircher (captain).

KANSAS CITY FIELD AT WORK AND PLAY



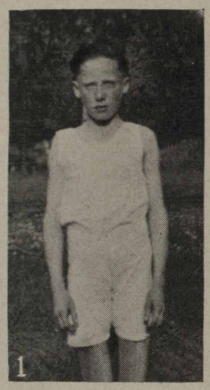
No. 1—Top row (left to right), Misses Dalton, Terry, Bechtold, Kitzing, Hirsch; lower row, Misses Hill Enright, Bulson and Wells. Could anything be finer? They are of the dictaphone department of the Kansas City office. No. 2—T. H. Coe of Sedalia is shown with his assistant, Jim Coe of the same town. No. 3—Agent R. L. Houghland of Lenexa, Kas., has no outstanding tickets. His territory shows a consistent gain of 25 per cent. No. 4—Salesman E. W. Keller and daughter is shown with an early Sunday morning catch. He says so. The big bass weighed four pounds.

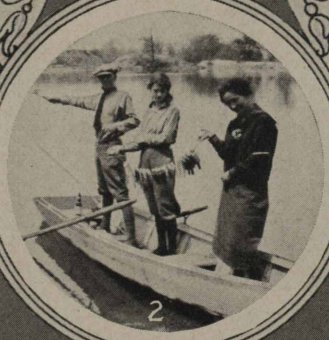
WOOD RIVER NEWS IN PICTURES

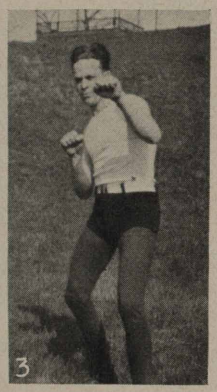


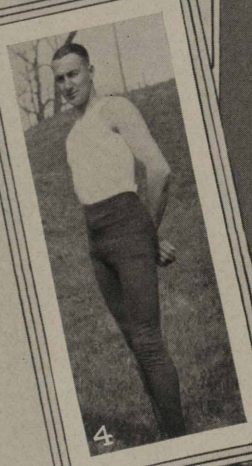
Wood River—At ease for a moment. Watch the birdie. Thanks. Left to right, they are Louis Hoffman, auto expert; Merle Manley, Stanolind reporter; Harry Harrod, city dad, and Charles Van Deusen, slide trombone artist, all of the main pump house. No. 2—Kathleen Halloran has a pair of fine supporters, Theresa Brown and Hannah Johnson, our new Stanolind reporter. No. 3—Here are some of Wood River's finest; left to right, Helen Powell, Theresa Brown, Myrtle Exton and Theresa Mooney. No. 4—This bride-and-groomy appearing couple is Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brummell.

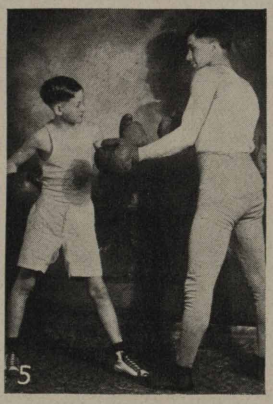
SUGAR CREEK SPORTS MEN AND WOMEN

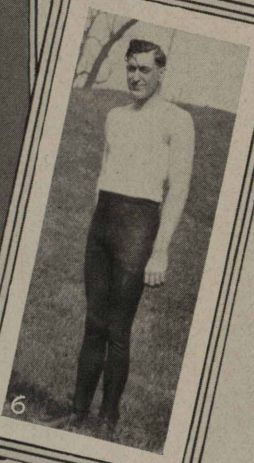












Sugar Creek—No. 1—Neil Callahan, son of James Callahan, tower stillman, who boxed Earl. No. 2—Fisherman's luck! Eddie Webb, canvas room labor foreman, who would be lucky even without the catch displayed by Mrs. Niel Erickson and Mrs. Webb. No. 3—Henry C. Coin, pressure stills fireman, who fought Tom Vining at a recent athletic show here. No. 4—Charles Taylor, paraffine pumper, who wrestled. No. 5—Earl Lynd, son of Jess Lynd, boilermaker foreman, and Tom Vining, continuous stills fireman. No. 6—James O'Hara, Jr., paraffine pumper, who boxed Frank Chandler.

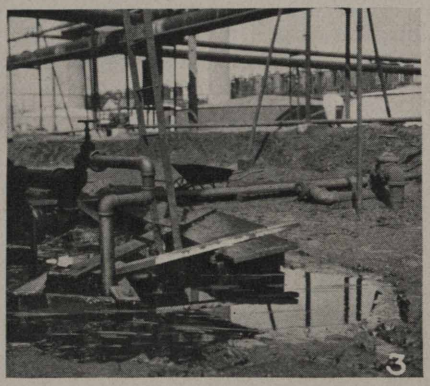
SUMMER SPORTS OF STANDARD OIL SIRENS

Whether you go North or South, East or West, Standard Oil Company (Indiana) girls are famous for their beauty. For instance, look at these here. Know any that can beat them?

Just which Standard Oil Company division has the prettiest girls is a matter of constant argument. Each field claims the credit, though all admit there are pretty girls in the others.

Whatever may be their familiarity with the use of powder puffs, et cetera, Standard Oil girls, wherever you find them, are a healthy, lively, athletic bunch, revelling in the sunshine and out-of-doors. No. 1—Girls of the can house, Whiting works, enjoying a noon hour sun bath; left to right, top row: Tillie Fauth, Mary V. Krull, Rose Gornick, Phoebe Hamlin, Mary Montich, Margaret Kasperan; center: Emma O'Donnell, Frances Dudsik; lower: Dellia O'Melley, Julia Vargo, Sophie Benko, Ruth Gilman, Mary Jarvis, Agnes Matonovichx. No. 2—The gym class of the Detroit main office girls—or rather as much of it as could muster enough pep to attend class on the hottest night so far this summer. Organized in March, the class has met every Friday evening at the Atkinson Community Center. They play indoor baseball, but, according to a workman who saw them at the gym: "You would never know it to watch it." However, they'll have a star team yet, because Detroit *never falls down*. No. 3—Five Whiting can house girls doing some bicycle stunts. No. 4—Here's something the Home Office boys have been missing—a burlesque show on the roof of 910 South Michigan, put on by our very lively traffic girls, left to right: Florence Johnston, Edith Swanson, Bernice Kinsch, Mary George, Myrtle Kelliher, Marie McCann, Collette Canty. No. 5—The charming telephone operators of the Casper refinery saying "hello" from the top of the Pathfinder: Miss Hazel Sykes, left, and Mrs. Violet Castleman, right. No. 6—The best Standard Oil baseball team in the Fargo field, left to right: Hilda Playhar, Sarah Olson, Lillian Henning, Caryl Thibideau, Agnes Kelly, Ann Zalensky, Marvyl Larson, Lenore Barrons, Mary Dunn.

Brought to Light



More workmen are injured in the United States every year from falls than from any other cause. Every refinery in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is trying in every possible manner to save workmen from falls. But sometimes someone fails to properly do the work assigned him and leaves for his fellow workman a big chance of having his name placed on our injury list. A true safety man is not only looking out for his own safety, but he thinks of the other fellow also.

No. 1—Plank out in walk, directly over steam still condenser box. Easy to slip a foot through walk into scalding water.

No. 2—Sewer left uncovered. A bad place for a man to fall into.

No. 3—Hole two feet deep filled with oil near valves that must be operated at night.

No. 4—Drain box left uncovered. Places like this are a menace to the man who must work at night.

C. W. Smith
and
L. C. Howard, *Safety Director,*
Sugar Creek, Mo.

Safety First

WHITING, IND.

Floyd Mong has taken out stock in the Employees Stock Purchasing Plan. Never before has Floyd displayed such a spirit of thrift as he has of late. It is very probable that if events move in their present direction "The Ancient Order of Good Fellows" will lose another member.

Ernie Deecken says one thing is sure, and that is he is going to be "boss!" Ernie always was admired by everyone, but truly no admiration or esteem is sufficient to bestow on one who has the courage to tackle a proposition that no man has ever yet accomplished.

The O. P. (other peoples') chewing and smoking club has taken on more new members since some of the boys have got married.

Chris Etter is the proud owner of a new Ford Coupe. Chris says it comes in mighty handy these moonlight nights.

It may seem like a strange companion but it's nevertheless true that Harry Etter's disposition and a certain stock on the New York Stock Exchange have many things in common, at least they fluctuate together. The other day Mexican Seaboard went up five points and when Harry came out to work on the 4 to 12 shift his disposition had already risen 11 points and was still climbing. Buy a newspaper on your way to work and find out what sort of humor Harry is going to be in for the day.

Bud Griffith has deferred his plans for a vacation. We understand he has not cancelled his plans entirely, but is merely waiting for a reaction in Mexican Seaboard.

Merril Adams is the proud father of a fine big baby boy. Both wife and son are getting along nicely. Congratulations to Merril.

William Watts who has been ill with an infection in his foot is reported to be slowly improving. His many friends on the Buffalo side wish him an early and complete recovery.

Dave Witmire is undecided about taking a vacation this year. His wife has been rather busy this Spring and has not had time to make up their minds.

Clean-Up Department

Bill Roehrdanz and Charles Gordon, labor foremen came very near having a fight as to who was going to work around the new construction at the Filtered Oils department. It did not take us long before we saw the reason. They are nice at that boys.

Mike Gerba of the Clean-Up department, is among our new stock subscribers.

Our long stillman, Ted James, is in dutch again. It has been reported that Pat Dowling's lost copper bracelet has been found in a hock shop.

Jack Prentice and Walter Bercaw are both building a garage. (Going at it.) Jack was telling Walter that the Hippopotamus divided by a rectangular circular would give you the right angle to cut rafters. Walter said, "Yep! That's right." Believe me those boys sure know their business.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Moore are the proud parents of a new baby boy.

Safety Smith purchased a new Ford touring. It sure looks nice and shiny; but remember the slogan, "Safety."

P. O. Vandeveer says he did no fishing during his vacation; but finally stated that he did catch one bullhead.

Drafting Room and Estimating Department

Harold Peterson and wife recently drove to Urbana in their new Willys-Knight roadster to attend the tenth reunion of his class at the University of Illinois.

Francis ("Pat") Kirn and Phil Krauel compose a formidable tennis team now battling for honors in the S. O. tournament. They promise not to turn down a single challenge after the cup is in their hands.

George Watts, Norm Ranstead and Warren Beaubien represented the Drafting Room at the Olympic Golf tournament. With this noisy (?) bunch away *we had* a peaceful time.

Ralph Gibson, wife and two sons motored from Hobart, their home, to Washington, Iowa, and Indianapolis. Aside from encountering a six mile stretch of "Gumbo" mud in Iowa, the trip was thoroughly enjoyed.

H. E. Thompson and family spent their vacation at Billings, Mont., and vicinity visiting relatives and friends. Having lived there eleven years ago, it was like going back to "old stamping grounds."

S. L. Clark and wife spent their vacation at Lake Kawaugasagee, Wis., 385 miles from Chicago. S. L. C. caught several pike, bass, dog fish and one 8-pound "Muskie" which he was obliged to return to the water account of the Wisconsin game laws regarding weight.

Alvin Rueff and wife motored in Illinois on their vacation.

Miss Vivian Gough decided lately that riding home from work is better then walking. All went well until two cars arrived one afternoon, thereupon she became very busy with typing until one car drove off. All other qualifications being equal, we would choose the one who waited longest, Vivian.

Our new estimator, Clovis E. Dyckman, gave us a surprise—he was married June 21. This is the culmination of a romance started in his home town, South Haven, which continued while classmates at the University of Michigan.

P. D. Dolbeer has resigned to go to Portland, Ore. He and his wife will motor through. As surveyor and engineer on various company projects at Whiting and away, he made many friends and acquaintances who will be interested in this news. Good luck to you, Pete.

Steam Department

Patrick Greene, fireman at No. 2 boiler house, acted as god-father for the little daughter of Dan Gallagher of the pressure stills.

Art B. Curtis of the boiler washing gang is taking a vacation of a couple of weeks visiting with friends.

Stanley Andryszek, fireman at No. 2 boiler house, is back on the job again after being laid up for some time from several broken ribs.

Mike Riwalski, coal foreman at No. 5 boiler house, is now on his vacation and his place is being filled by Tony Halic of the same house.

Arthur Freel, swing coal foreman, has moved into his new home on Calumet avenue.

Among the graduates from the Northwestern Dental College, Chicago, was William Lynch, son of Daniel Lynch, Sr., watertender at No. 2 boiler house. Dr. Lynch has been taking the examination before the Indiana State Board at Indianapolis and will open an office in Whiting.

Tim Regan, watertender at No. 7 boiler house, was in Chicago on June 17 to meet his daughter, Miss Margaret, who has been attending school at Lyons, Iowa. She will resume her studies at the fall term.

Michael F. Gruska, fireman at No. 2 boiler house, has returned to work after being away for over a month account of sickness at home.

A post card received from Wright Marshall, formerly of the boiler washing gang, states that he is working at Chestnut, Ill., and sends his best wishes to all the boys.

Miss Helen O'Donnell, daughter of Hughie O'Donnell, watertender at No. 2 boiler house, graduated and received her teacher's certificate from the Michigan State Normal School at Ypsilanti. She has accepted a school in Michigan City and will begin her duties at the Fall term.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Doran celebrated their twenty-eighth wedding anniversary on the evening of June 26 at the home of their daughter, Mrs. E. C. Buck. Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Buck at the same time celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary. Congratulations!

Mike Awornik, ash car man at No. 4 boiler house, it is reported, went to South Chicago on his last day off and bought $20 worth of young geese and chickens. He says that he intends to fatten them up for Thanksgiving and Christmas. Some feed coming, eh Mike?

John Hahn, watertender at No. 6 boiler house, started on his vacation July 1. The boys at No. 6 house say that John intends to spend his vacation on the bathing beach on the East Side studying the new styles in bathing suits. If you need any help, John, let us know!

The boys at No. 4 boiler house wish to extend their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lynch the arrival of their ten and a half pound boy.

Dan Buckley is again acting as swing watertender on the refinery side and the boys at No. 4 house say that Dan likes the job for it gives him a good chance to get acquainted.

Jake Kovacsovich is now blowing flues at No. 5 boiler house. Some years back Jake was ash car man at this house. Glad to see you back on the force again, Jake.

Mrs. C. T. McCoy and daughter of Washington, D.C., have been visiting the home of F. E. McCoy of the steam department office for the past two weeks.

P. O. Vandeveer, head of the steam department, is on his vacation and his position is being filled by A. Harmon of the same department.

Mike Sciananka, fireman at No. 5 boiler house, was off duty the other day and it is reported that he went to Crown Point. Better watch your step, Mike.

Clyde Tucker, fireman at No. 5 boiler house, is taking a few days off to visit his old home at Bloomingdale, Ill.

Mat Yokov, fireman at No. 1 boiler house, is off duty for a week. It is reported that during this period Mat will take unto himself a life partner. Congratulations.

Harry White, watertender at No. 5 boiler house, was off duty the other day and autoed to Zion City with his family and some friends.

Lawrence Long, boiler washer foreman, has gone to Bloomingdale, Ill., for a few days, and will bring back his wife who has been recuperating there since leaving the hospital.

From all reports Thurman Doman, flue blower at No. 5 boiler house, is trying to establish some record with his yellow speeder. How about it Doman?

The men in the steam department are sorry to see Dr. Reeves leaving the plant, but at the same time they wish him all the success possible in his new venture.

The drinking well at No. 5 boiler house is still out of commission and the men in that part of the plant are out of luck this hot weather. Please page the well-digger.

Don Parks and Paton Richardson, now that the bowling season is over, are directing their athletic ambitions towards throwing horse shoes and trying to make them circle the stake. Horse shoe pitchers of the plant better watch this pair for if they prove to be as good at this game as they were at bowling they might cop the big prize.

Henry Schroder, ash car man at No. 5 boiler house, says that he is figuring on taking a vacation in the near future and upon his return to work will have all kinds of news for the Stanolind Record.

Still Cleaning Department

W. J. Porter has a new two-car garage.

William Stoll spent the first part of June cruising on Lake Michigan.

A reunion of the Matthews family was held at the L. A. Matthews home in Chicago, June 4. About 100 guests from different parts of the state attended.

Herman Vater, who has traveled 50,000 miles in demonstrators, has almost bought a Buick.

Mike Semen, Frank Lauer and Martin Murzyn are back from a two weeks' vacation.

John Haan had the misfortune to lose a very valuable $3 watch.

Dave meets Turk, when William Teusen and Esmail Rifat step into the ring Labor Day—that is unless "Whitie" gets cold feet.

Acid Works

John Fennicle is out early with election predictions. Recently he attended a week-end convention of noted jurists. From all appearances Judge Sullivan hasn't a ghost of a show for reelection. All told, John's convention expenses only amounted to $45.

Bob Bonham and Ed Ehlers, the inseparable twins, are contemplating matrimony. They step out quite often together, but no one seems to know where they go. They both are addicts to all brands of hair restorers, but for some reason or other they have confused the words "externally" and "internally."

Guy Hartley has acquired another addition to his family in the form of a Ford. He can be seen any time of the day rushing madly down State street.

Dad Dyer has been playing the ponies lately. He plans on making a few more big killings and then will go to Palm Beach and meet some of those famous bathing beauties. When he mentioned bathing beauties Henry Burner and Jim Burke decided to act as his guardians.

John Shaw is riding around in an Overland.

Bob Lippe is enjoying his two weeks' vacation painting his house and doing other work which he has neglected for the past year.

Mike Salapski reported back from his vacation one day early. He became so lonesome for the place that he had to come back. Now that he is back, everything is alright.

Charley Haase plans on spending his two weeks in his cellar. He surely ought to have a pleasant vacation.

Ross Gambril gave his Buick a good try-out and motored to Danville, Ill. With the exception of a few blow-outs he reports a very fine trip.

Hugh Brown plans on taking several lessons in the manly art of self defense. Recently he has had numerous tempting offers to fight, but due to home ties he finds it rather impossible. Any time the S. O. Co. Athletic Association puts on a boxing exhibition he can be seen up in the gallery among the weaker sex explaining why the bell rings, etc.

Due to the increased amount of office work we now have with us Mr. Galbreath, recently associated with Les Stafford of the laboratory.

Dr. Myrick is back on pre-war basis, and as a result, he is off of sugar for life.

John Lukach is having his Dort overhauled for his annual trip to Hammond. He makes this his only trip for the year. Last year he had tough going through the sand and was only able to complete his trip with the assistance of John Bachi's Ford. He is taking no chances this year.

Joe Kasper has entered the real estate game. Recently he improved his home to such an extent that several tempting offers came his way. He hooked on to the last offer and sold. As a result he has been on the go night and day looking for a place to rent ever since.

Canning Department

Mike Semro ate a Radio bug the other day; now he is building a set and says it is going to be the best in the land.

Jim Baadsgaard has purchased a new Ford. He was going to buy a Fordson, but changed his mind.

Mike Jacko, the Sheik of the box factory, is making a hit with his Barney Google glasses. All the girls sure fall for him.

"Rocky" of the box factory will have to wake up the horse shoe players for they are sure dead around here.

Following are the names of the would-be sheiks of the canning department: John Clingenpeel, Mike Jacko, Fat Siske, "Shinny" and Art Pelke.

Candle Factory

A bunch of the candle factory girls appeared on a Saturday morning adorned with dust caps. And what do you think? The dust caps all covered bunches of curls done up in rags. Where's the baby doll party, girls?

Miss Julia Kitchen's marriage license notice has been published in the paper. Why don't you tell us when it is coming off, Julia?

Irene Kovacik and Joe Vraby have decided that they will both be happier if they share the rest of their troubles together. Did you set the date yet, Irene?

Since the girls of the candle factory have been playing tennis, you can hear many strange noises around. If you ask the girls why, they will tell you that it is their bones creaking. They are not limbered up yet.

The sympathy of the candle factory is extended to Helen Bakus who grieves over the loss of a sister, Miss Theresa Bakus, a former employee of the candle factory.

Immediately after Mr. Wilson's return, Oliver Canner went on his vacation. During the first week he was married and went for a short trip on his honey-moon. The rest of his vacation he spent at home. Henceforth the girls of the candle factory will have to call him Mister Canner instead of Olly.

Susan Bache decided to have chocolate milk for lunch one day. After getting it from the milkman at the gate she told the girls in the lunch room how good it was. Eleanor Baumgartener said, "Oh! does the milk man bring pop?" Mary Martich said, "No, of course not! the pop man brings the milk!"

One of the prettiest weddings of the season was that of Miss Julia Kitchen of the candle factory, when she was married to Joseph Harman at East Chicago Hungarian church. Sophie Talaby, Anna Hlebasko, Mary Seman and Elizabeth Fauth, all from the candle factory, together with Margaret Kitchen, Helen Haraida and Julia Wargo attended the bride. A wedding supper was served at 8 P. M. after which the party sat for a photograph. Mrs. Harman will return to work after a ten day vacation.

Switching Department

A. E. Chase, yard office clerk, has returned to work after several months' illness. Mr. Chase is one of Standard Oil Company's old-timers, having started to work in the laboratory in 1893.

Miss Eleanor Gough, yard office clerk, and Maurice E. Nicholas of Hammond, Ind., were quietly married on June 8 at the Sacred Heart Rectory, the Rev. N. Feldon officiating. Congratulations. Miss Gough, had everybody guessing on account of disappearing for three days. All took for granted that she had eloped and was on her honey-moon, until she came back with a very interesting story of an "auto accident," which delayed her coming back from Michigan, where she was spending the week-end.

Mrs. Steve Wargo, Jr. has returned from the Mercy Hospital, Chicago, and is getting along very nicely at her home on Atchison Avenue.

John McNeill, yard clerk foreman, moved to Hammond, Ind., where he has purchased a beautiful new home on Waltham street. Mr. McNeill is conductor of the Calumet Concert Band, and has signed contracts for concerts in Whiting Park and Crown Point for the Summer.

Norm Emerson, assistant general yardmaster, is quite an artist. His home on 120th street has a new coat of paint.

G. A. Peterson, yard office, is about to announce his engagement to a young lady of the South Shore Hospital.

Joseph Solon, general track foreman, is quite a kidder. He gets the office girls quite startled at times.

John McLean, foreman of car repairers, and D. R. Johnson, engineer, are also on the landlord list, both having purchased new homes in Hammond.

Filter Plant

Sympathy was extended to two members of the white oil department during the past month: to Mary Germick over the death of her father and to Susie Bakus whose sister also passed away.

Sincere thanks are extended to friends in the refinery and crude station for the beautiful floral offering and sympathy shown us in our recent bereavement—Mrs. Ed. H. Hurtz.

Our stenog's passion for tall and good looking Romeos was partially satisfied recently when she spied A. T. Rynalski of Casper, in the laboratory with the inspector's party. The hat helped to turn the trick, Mr. Rynalski.

Jake Nyland has a habit of roaming around the country evenings in his new coupe. So naturally one night he roamed into Hobart right into the midst of a K. K. K. meeting. After stopping and listening awhile he started home. Upon his arrival at Whiting, he discovered that he had two flat tires. How come, we wonder.

Miss Carlson, heading the office vacation list, spent part of her time at South Haven, Mich. When questioned how she liked feeding the cows and chickens, she replied she did not know as she didn't do anything. That's right, what's a vacation for, anyway?

A shadow was cast over Fred Wilhelm's vacation when on the second day off he received a telegram advising him of the death of his mother at Ottawa, Illinois.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Prof. Galloway, of the shipping department, has been awarded the "Hininger Medal" given by that office for the fastest employee of that department in putting carbon in bill-of-lading pads. When he feels good he can carbon one pad per day, providing the day is an extra long one.

Born, June 11, 1923, to Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Harris, a boy, to whom they have given the name Roscoe Conkling, Junior.

John Waller Sr. is spending his vacation in the hills (or stills) of Sugar Creek.

Bill Beatty and Fred Gore recently took their annual fishing trip to South Missouri, but on account of the high water they reported that it was impossible to get a bite and consequently they returned "fish poor."

Charles Reagan reports a new arrival at his house on June 16, 1923. Girl, seven pounds. The stogies were enjoyed by all who did not receive them.

Jim Kolar, machine shop foreman, is at present enjoying his vacation on Kentucky Point, just South and West of Sugar Creek. He says he would have gone out of town but does not like to get out of smelling distance of Sugar Creek. Louis Zamon is acting as machine shop foreman in Mr. Kolar's absence and aside from losing several pounds in weight caused by Mr. Kolar's strenuous duties, Louie says he will pull through perhaps if Kolar don't over-stay his vacation.

H. O. Eyssell is back on the job again after taking a one-week rest cure at the Eyssell-Lodge at Fairland Heights.

A bad rain and thunderstorm struck Sugar Creek, causing considerable damage throughout the plant and leaving a path of mud and trash scattered all over the yard. With the aid of Mr. Frisby's clean-up gang, the plant has been polished up again and is now ready for visitors.

Fatty Chandler, of the main pump house, is the proud possessor of a new Ford coupe and reports that aside from the springs being a little weak he is perfectly satisfied.

Al Shondell, of the paraffine works, recently gave a "stag" party at his new home on Huttig avenue. Those attending say that it was pulled off in fine shape. Some of the most distinguished guests were—Young Jimmie O'Hara (there's a good boy); Frank "Packy" Shorts (enemy of women); George Rodman (the singer); Jack Pate (the champion penny-ante player) and about fifteen or twenty others.

The Athletic Association of the Sugar Creek refinery has organized a Sunday Baseball Team composed of members of the various teams in the Refinery League. Games will be played each Sunday, either at the Standard Oil Baseball Park at Sugar Creek or away from home. Wallie Hodge has been chosen team manager and Earl J. Coxes business manager. In their first game, which was against the DeMolays of Independence, Mo., and played at the Standard Park at Sugar Creek, the S. O. A. A. Team showed excellent team work, winning the game by the score of 3 to 1. The pitching of Frank Chandler, who struck out twelve DeMolay batters and allowed only three hits, was the outstanding feature of the game. A large crowd was in attendance to help the home team win.

It begins to look like something desperate will have to be done to stop the Tower Still Team, or they will have the Refinery League pennant cinched before the season is half over. They play with "heads up," always manage to have a full team on the diamond every game, and Stafford, their leading pitcher, is enjoying one of the best seasons of his career. They have won every game they've played this season. Come on, Pipefitters, Boilermakers and Pressure Stills, let's get into the game and stop Bostian and his gang.

Alvin P. Alexander, fireman at the tube stills, recently passed the cigars. He reported the arrival of a eleven-pound boy, June 27.

The employees wish to extend their sincere sympathy to Ben F. Payne, pumper, whose wife died June 25.

Jess Reeder, extra pump house helper, was married May 31. This wedding was rumored so often that nobody would believe Jess when he passed the cigars.

Mike Hakala, blacksmith, was treated to a surprise when he went home to supper, June 11, at which time his daughter Elna presented him with a handsome son-in-law.

John Haluska, pressure still cleaner, celebrated the wedding of his daughter, June 7.

Alvis E. Smith, boilermaker helper, is sporting a new pair of glasses. He gives as his excuse that he "nearly" got a flash.

Frank Chandler, pipe helper, and "Tex" McGuire, helper at the main pump house, have organized a home run club.

J. J. Wirthman, machinist, went to the mountains while on his vacation.

Glenn Campbell had a fire which destroyed his chicken house and burned the hair off some of his fowls.

John C. Overcast, boilermaker helper, has purchased a Ford. It must be off center for he runs into all objects in or near the road.

W. Ford Bridges, car inspector helper, is building a new home.

Joe Morgan of the inspection department has decided to be a farmer and has shown his earnestness by leasing a three-acre tract.

Fred Simms, fireman, proudly announced the birth of a daughter, June 4.

Fred J. Liebach has been promoted to a second class brickmason.

George T. Stevenin says he enjoys painting better than driving a jitney.

John Burns, pipefitter, says he can't enjoy a ball game in which his department is defeated.

Andy Manuer, separator man, announced the birth of a fine daughter, June 3.

Harrison Shiffner, helper at the main pump house, and L. W. Perrigo, shift foreman, are planning a trip to the mountains during their vacation.

Mike Deghy Jr., says he will have a fine crop of grapes this year.

R. G. Cannell, engineer at the power and light plant, is driving a new Studebaker.

W. E. Christie, pressure stillman, has moved into his new home.

Thomas Hart, 12 tower stillman, has purchased a new Oldsmobile.

Ask Ed Courier, tower still helper, how he made lemonade, June 29.

John Tapko, helper at the tower stills, reports a very fine garden.

Thomas C. Vining, fireman on the continuous stills, returned to work June 28 after an injury.

Ask Charles F. Mustain, pressure still cleaner, how he got lost in Swope Park, June 17.

Ask Ralph Liggett, machinist helper, how he gets his Ford to run when climbing a hill.

Ask S. W. Henson why he doesn't play baseball.

Alvin P. Alexander, fireman at the tube stills, recently passed the cigars. He reported the arrival of an eleven pound boy, June 27.

The employees wish to extend their sincere sympathy to Ben F. Payne, pumper, whose wife died June 25.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

Can you imagine the embarrassment caused by an accident of this kind? A certain machinist helper was calmly walking to work one morning with one of the refinery girls of the inspection department, when—well, Carrol did find a place to fasten up those lavender supporters which broke loose.

Homer Ferguson, a member of the Red Crown Band, who considers himself the handsomest man in the or anization, was chaperoned by Ollie Lemond and William Woods in St. Louis recently.

Dick Gerdes, one of the band boys, says "they sure have some good red soda in St. Louis. Joe Mareing and Frank Hubbel kept the peanut vendors busy while Martin Pickaric grabbed all the pop corn and Tony Ehrhardt with Frank Head kept the "hot dog" basket near them. Rice while gazing at the buildings got lost and did not return until 3:00 A. M. Charles Van Deusen and Whitie Hannold got lost and were found on Grand avenue by two cops and escorted back to the rest of the waiting members. Chubby Arnold, the Oboe player, brought home six balloons. He says they are bigger and have more gas in them than the ones he gets at Wood River. Walter Smith, the bass violinist, was much disturbed because they wanted extra toll for the trailer which carried his instrument. Smitty said he would take it home on the Ferry rather than pay the extra toll. Tom Point says he is willing to bet they do not put up higher buildings anywhere than in St. Louis. His neck has been stiff ever since then from looking at them.

The Summer beach parties are numerous this year and very popular with the grown-ups as well as the children. Pontoon Beach, one of the popular resorts, enticed one of our still foremen, Frank McCredie, and upon seeing the cool waters, Frank made a grand rush and landed head first in the sand at the bottom of the lake. From the stars seen by him then and there, we judge he was after star fish.

Herman Schueler, Fred and parents now reside in Wood River, having bought a new home on Eighth street. Welcome to the wonderful city.

Ed Schallenberg was seen chasing his $75 Ford down Broadway. Give it better treatment, Ed, and it will not run away.

Fred Schueler will not buy that fan now. He has purchased a new Dodge and does not spend the evenings at home any more.

We wish to thank our friends for the many kindnesses shown us in our recent bereavement.—Harry Camfield, F. H. Berry and family.

Tiry Harrod is our expert Paige mechanic. Anyone wishing his services can call the refinery agitators.

Carl Fox has been appointed chief of the city fire department. Now boys, we'll see some class in this fire fighting game, as he is under the instruction of Edgar Hannold and they have their pay doubled. (Congratulations, Carl and best wishes to the men of our fire department.)

Bennie Burke is recovering nicely from an operation performed at St. Joseph's Hospital at the time this is written. The boys will be glad to see you back on the job, Ben.

Harold Vernor is laid up with a severe case of rheumatism.

They make them hard down in Missouri. Earnest Allen tells of seeing a Ford turn over on the side of an Ozark Mountain. The boys lifted the Ford, whose steering wheel was resting on the mountaineer, expecting to find a crushed and mangled form, but the man arose as soon as the boys had the Ford straightened up, jumped in and was on his way.

Gerald Griffin of the lub works has gotten into the Flivver class—and H. Weindel of the machine shop the Baby Overland gang.

The boys at the acid house attended the medicine show pretty heavy. Was it the jokes or that big blond?

Someone said "Shorty" Ceui looked like one of the original tenpin men when seen in his acid uniform. Everything but the mug of ale—what?

George Wilkins has sold his Auburn Beauty Six and is now engaged in trying to convert an old Ford truck to a Roadster. He is ablya ssisted by laughing Emmett Branson, we hope it turns out all right and Emmett does not forget how to laugh.

The many friends of William Slater and especially the pressure still boys, wish to extend their heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved wife and other members of the family. Bill will be long remembered for his kind and cheerful friendship..

Artie Swope of the crude still repair gang who is an alderman in Hartford, is in the limelight at present. Tottering under the responsibility of a solemn oath to uphold and enforce the law, Artie waited patiently for a favorable opportunity to demonstrate this newly acquired authority. He saw a big sedan coming down the State highway like it was trying to catch up with an airplane and Artie was standing in the school zone where the speed limit is ten miles an hour. Here was the place to make his first arrest—so he stepped out in the street and flagged the sedan. The driver put on more gas. Artie dodged out of the way and two girls in the back seat waved at Artie. They thought he was flirting If you want to know a real side of Artie Swope, just say to him, "Well, alderman, you're not stopping any more sedans are you?"

The epidemic of yellow tags stopped, bang up, when the first of June arrived. They were about as numerous as Golden Rods for a while.

William Halton of the refinery agitators is knocking them dead these days. Details haven't been learned yet. He holds no public office and isn't treasurer of even a Sunday school class. But, it's a Jewett sedan and a special model with wardrobe attached, a big container in the rear, presumably for refreshments.

We saw Loyal Palmer steam by in his big newly purchased phaeton. Look out Loyal—an automobile and Township gasoline get wound up in campaign material sometimes.

We were asking for news and one fellow asked us: "what for?" We replied, "the Stanolind Record!" He came back with, "are they still printing that? I never see any of them." What is the matter with the distribution committee? (This fellow must have an old grudge or be a fence jumper; because a large supply has been at all gates beginning with the April issue.)

Al Juhlin was on the first number at the skating rink the Fourth of July. Al was to ride a bicycle and race the champion skater.

Joe Vonnaman, boilermaker, better known as "Claw Hammer" is having an awful time these days.

The wife has gone to West Virginia on a visit, the duration of which has not yet been decided. Poor Joe has to get the meals, "tidy" the house, sprinkle the lawn, hoe the garden, shine the Ford and do a hundred other things besides climbing the hills of Alton by himself.

Gus Wuestenfeld, general foreman of the refinery, is always busy on the first of the month, so much so that he leaves his Ford in the garage because he is in a hurry and hasn't time to bother with it.

Harvey Pickles, helper at No. 1 pressure, has made his annual pilgrimage to Texas and claims the box of cigars the boys were so sure of getting were smoked on the train. Harvey still insists he is too young to take the responsibility of caring for a wife.

Glen McCormick and Louis Howard have been added to the office force at the main office. Welcome, boys.

Fred Owens of the main office has returned from his vacation at Valley Park and has the honor of being among the first to tell vacation stories.

Leo Berner has been taking a few days' vacation. When asked what he did, he remarked that he staid out late at night and slept all day. Now to look at Leo, you wouldn't think that of him, would you? Reason—Leo has a girl. Sympathy all seems to be with the girl when Leo takes his vacation.

Mr. McDaniels came back to his desk smiling after having a few days' vacation.

I. L. Stocker has just returned from a fishing trip but so far has not said much about the fish he caught, although much was said about the kind of weather they have up on the Illinois river.

Pontoon Beach has certainly won favor in the sight of the Wood River folks, especially the lab. girls. Myrtle and Helen keep saying, "We'll swim, we'll swim. We'll swim by golly, we'll swim." Here's hoping you do, girls, but say Myrtle, you'll have to get your feet off the bottom.

Bert Halsey wishes to announce that he is the champion egg eater of the Wood River refinery. If you don't believe this, he will meet anyone in a contest, provided Bill Witthoefft will furnish the eggs.

A year or so ago, Hugh Christy invested a dollar in a diamond mine in South America. Imagine his surprise a few weeks ago when he received a beautiful diamond ring as his share of the proceeds. Not being contented with all the happiness as his own, he wanted a certain bobbed haired girl to enjoy it also. So now the beautiful ring adorns the third finger on the left hand of Helen. As Hugh's middle name is "Speedy," we know he will not lose any time in placing a plain gold band ring on the same hand.

Intoxicated with happiness! R. C. Wilson of No. 1 crude house is passing around the cigars (we hope) and receiving the congratulations of his friends upon the arrival of a fine baby boy. Congratulations to R. C., the grandfather, John Smith, Uncle Gilbert and best wishes to the mother, from all the boys.

Our photog, Sam Williams, made a trip recently to the Carlinville mines to get some pictures of that up-to-date place. We hope to see them in an early issue of the Record. Sam states the boys at Carlinville made the visit mighty pleasant for him.

H. Schneider, rack employee, recently took unto himself a life partner, Miss Blanche Rexford of Upper Alton. We admit that we neglected to tell the world about it (through the columns of the Stanolind), we thought Harold would not be so completely recovered from the honeymoon shock to notice it. But he did and we offer our apologies and congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Schneider.

Clare Burroughs and Floyd Wallace have returned from Illinois U , where they have labored industriously gaining a portion of the education that will aid them in reaching the highest pinnacle of success.

On the evening of June 27, Ray Buck went swimming in the Mississippi River. The next morning there was fourteen feet of water in the lab. basement, backwater from the Mississippi.

Henry Schnaufer (Big Henry) is thinking of joining the merry crowd of joy riders in a Buick or Jewett. All small cars are eliminated on account of Henry's size.

The road in front of the main office has been resurfaced which adds to the joy of hundreds of autoists who pass each day and adds considerably to their speed. Now the road to the river.

Miss Ilab Hancock of the telephone exchange enjoyed a visit with the old folks at home in Jerseyville while on her vacation.

Loyd Payne said, "The girls all swarmed around me till I couldn't get away." Now they cannot catch him.

ATTENTION, EVERYBODY!

William Bear, brother of Harry Bear of Wood River, Ill., was last heard of at St. Joseph's warehouse. His brother would like very much to hear from Mr. Bear and is using these columns, through which he feels there might be a possibility of his getting some information regarding the location of his brother. As this magazine makes its rounds of circulation, there may be someone who could be of assistance in reuniting the brothers. Any information will be greatly appreciated.

CASPER, WYO.

Ed Davis, Fred Maltby, Bill Loden and F. R. Darnell, all of the refining department, have left the service of the company.

Tom Young, pressure stillman, was called to Jamestown, N. Y., on account of the serious illness of his mother.

Clarence Roff, tower stillman, announces the arrival in the family of an eight-pound girl.

Ed Sorgen, continuous still foreman, announces the arrival of an eight-pound baby girl.

Joe King and Joe Wimsatt, Jazz-bo twins, have given up trying to find wives. If these birds would grow hair on their heads, they might have a chance.

Wanted, a wife. Must not weigh less than 300 lbs., have red hair, eat limberger cheese and not snore in her sleep. Enquire of George Leiman, continuous still fireman.

A. Hughes has issued a challenge to one and all to a game of marbles to be played on a Sunday morning between the hours of six and seven. All tennis players are included. See Major Bass, Hughes' manager, for open dates.

Mr. Udick was noticed to be very sleepy one day last week. What seems to be the trouble, Myron, do you not sleep well at night? (Note) Myron is the proud father of a three months' old baby boy.

Roger Crawford, of the shipping department, received a hurried call from El Paso, Texas, some few days ago. The last that was heard from there was that he was slowly digging out from under a shower of shoes and tin cans. But very fortunately he has an assistant to help him. With best wishes

to Mr. and Mrs. Crawford from the shipping department and neighbors.

Doc Dougherty of plant No. 3 is now being called Paul Revere the second. It is a rumor around the plant that he quietly stole out at midnight one night last week and enjoyed a horseback ride. No doubt it is true as he complained about being very much tired one morning about the time it was supposed to have happened.

Mr. Hushon, of the boiler house department, has just purchased a new lizzy coupe. He is now going around with a smile and keeps saying "Oh, boy, won't we have fun."

Billy Weidner, the tank farm gauger, reports the rabbit season on the tank farm was very poor this season. We all sympathize with you, Billy.

Mr. Bass seems to enjoy a bottle of milk in the mornings, or maybe we have him wrong. As you all know he is a star tennis player, so maybe he is in training for the international games which are to be played in Casper this Summer. We all wish you luck, Major.

Dr. S. H. Diggs is now a permanent fixture in Casper. We are thankful to the powers that be for having sent us a man who knows "his stuff." As director of research at our refinery, we expect to do all that we can to help Dr. Diggs make this department a success.

Mrs. Beard and Mrs. Boyd have both left for an extended visit to far eastern points. We do not know how Messrs. Beard and Boyd will make it but presume it will be a h—l of a Summer for them. (Take it as you see fit.)

Maurice Post, of the main office, plant No. 1 was selected to act as mayor of Casper by the Boy Scouts during the three-hour reign of the Boy Scouts on June 27, 1923. Harry Astin, messenger at plant No. 3, was the managing editor of the Boy Scout edition of the Casper Herald issued that day. We'll say that was some edition, larger than any edition ever gotten out by any Chicago office.

GREYBULL, WYO.

Fred Lockard spent a week in Casper recently visiting friends. There is a report making the rounds that Fred purchased the Fire department while in Casper, but has not taken possession to date.

E. C. Starks is sporting a new Buick Six. We would have reported this earlier only for the fact that the car shone so much, we could not see the name plate on it.

J. E. Robertson and Charles Spence were fishing on White Creek recently and report a nice catch of trout.

Mrs. H. M. Lockard and children left June 2 for a visit with relatives in New Castle, Pa. That's why Mr. Lockard looks so slender lately, he's batching.

G. L. Shepardson and G. C. Martin went hiking in Paint Rock Canyon recently. They thought they were going fishing.

Reports from Thermopolis state that B. I. Perkins, who is taking treatments there, is getting along nicely.

Mr. Stevenson, the welder, made a flying visit to Casper recently and reports the old town very lively.

W. I. Baker is going to Basin quite often lately. What's the big idea, Baker?

Tom Patterson needs some condolence, you see she won't be back till school starts again. The boy sure looks dumpy.

Oh, boy! The cake eaters and sheiks better step lively and look sharp now since W. S. Nix has returned. He has all the late jazz down pat.

Andy Hurst is in need of some eight-ounce duck guaranteed not to tear. The last he had blew up.

Ed. Gutberlet, of the laboratory, purchased a new ice cream freezer from M. W. Two-quart, guaranteed not to rust, price $1.00. No chance to borrow this.

Someone told Fred Davis, stillman of No. 1 battery, that two could live as cheaply as one and he believed it. Now, he is gunning for that same guy.

John Watson is spending a few days in Thermopolis taking the baths.

Claude Derby is riding in a new Gardiner. He certainly will make life miserable for the fishes now that he is sure of getting there.

I. L. Stephen, who recently went to the hospital for an operation for hernia, is getting along nicely and will soon be back on the job.

Greybull is beginning to put on the Big Town stuff with bootleggers and shooting scrapes. The past ten days have made the old timers feel at home.

J. B. O'Brien has been on the sick list this week, he says he will be on the job real soon.

"Dad" Gregg, front gate watchman, has a new Durant Sport.

No need for Rudolph Valentino to stop in Greybull, Bobbie Palmer has him outclassed from A to Z.

The office boys reared into Dockery's pipe fitters for a game of ball. The pipe fitters never weakened and dusted the "Immaculates" off, 3 to 4. There's a wicked comeback being framed, and we are all looking for a real good game.

G. W. Snyder, assistant director of Industrial Relations, Greybull plants, and the Hank O'Day of the Sage Brush League, had urgent business at Lusk, Wyo., just at the time Greybull was to play a return game with the Powell Wild Cats. Some have insinuated that the Lusk business was an alibi, but we don't think so. Maybe George had to be away.

Roy Hunsberger ventured away from the ball nine while the boys were at Laurel, Mont. He came back to town cut and slashed, said he had been sorting catamounts. We presume he was as he was just scratched—no bruises.

Henry Aebischer says he always waits to go fishing after Oscar Gardiner has been out, because then the fish think they can't get caught.

It sure makes "Shot" Smith mad to have McCune call him dad.

Bill Stricker has the Basin Fever again. Better be careful, Bill.

"Hank" Goad has reformed lately, but he is still classed with the best of promoters.

We don't hear very much from the boilermakers since the office boys trimmed them in a recent ball game, 15 to 5.

LARAMIE, WYO.

William Isberg, ambitious worker of the Laramie Plant, captured a wild coyote and brought the ferocious beast to work with him, more for a bodyguard than anything else. We wish him great success as an animal tamer.

Phil Ward finally came to the conclusion of buying a "Henry" and a home. Now he's happy and contented.

Herman Grosse, the office janitor, dropped his watch not long ago and as a result it went to the jewelry shop. When someone asked him what was wrong with his watch, he said he thought he broke a piston ring.

H. W. Eberstein, of the Industrial Relations department of Casper, spent a few days at the Laramie plant.

D. E. Park, who was a boiler skinner, has been promoted to the river pump house, and Lindberg of the labor gang took his place.

"Curve Cut" Searle, of the machine department, spent a few days in Denver where he took his wife to be operated upon.

Billie Walker, stillman of plant No. 2, just returned from Salt Lake, where he spent his vacation. He says it is a good town for those who are lonesome.

Dick Williams, clerk in the office force, took a little trip to the Snowy Range, where he spent some time in crawling over snowdrifts and catching "Razor-back" trout.

Eggo Dyken, a pioneer of the West and noble clean-up man of the Standard Oil Company (Ind.) puts in much time at the City Park where he watches the young females romp and play.

Emmet Dodge, pumper at the river pump house, has resigned his position and is now sailing westward to the city of the Golden Sunset.

We, the employees of the Laramie Refinery, have in our midst a man of sterling worth, one to be proud of; a person who thinks always of others before himself; even to animals. Witness this fact: Not long ago, on May 25, this heroic person was ambling blithely along the banks of the Laramie river, when loud and strenuous cries for help were heard. "Immediate action" is this man's middle name, so in he dives clothes and all and after much struggling against the current and deep water—note current is about 2 miles per hour and depth about 8 inches—he succeeded in bringing to shore the almost lifeless body of a headless wooden duck. Such heroism is seldom heard of in these parts. Such a man is to be highly complimented! So—to you, H. A. Hanson, we extend through these columns our sincere appreciation of your most heroic deed.

Roy Stewart, foreman of the machine shop, went fishing but spent the day and night in digging his car out of the creek.

H. E. Bessey has been off for several days on account of fallen arches and inflammatory rheumatism.

J. L. Esterbrook, of plant No. 1, is taking his long looked for vacation and intends to break in his new Overland by driving to Missouri and Illinois.

J. Green, gang pusher on plant No. 1, has been promoted to still fireman and Smith and Cornish have been advanced to still cleaning.

Many of the boys have been going fishing at different times throughout the season, but we notice that they bring back mosquito bites only.

A. W. McAlister is just as happy as when he was presented with the big boy, as he now has his car painted up and it looks like a new boat.

Charles Hoffman, a stillman on plant No. 2, has been on a vacation for some time but we know not where he went or what he did. It looks somewhat mysterious.

"V" Knight reports that his wife came home and he once more has the privilege of filling up on good things to eat. If you don't believe it just take a look at him.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

Misses Elizabeth M. Harkins and Edith B. Ambrose, Correspondents

Mr. and Mrs. John Wylder are mourning the loss of their little daughter, Ethel May. Mr. and Mrs. Wylder were former Greenfield residents but now living in Nilwood. Mr. Wylder is employed at Schoper Mine No. 2.

Clay Stone, blacksmith at Mine No. 1, is driving a new Ford car.

William Dillard, who has been driving the large truck for the Sales department, has recently been checked in as salesman at the new S. S., Karl M. Kasten having severed his services with the company.

E. R. Baker, chief engineer, power house, Schoper, was called to Bridgeport, Ia., recently to attend the funeral of a niece.

Mrs. Regina Formea is the proud owner of a beautiful Willys-Knight car. Mr. Formea is employed at Mine No. 2.

C. W. Clark, assistant general manager, in company with a number of "expert golf players" motored to Springfield and played Golf at Bunn Park.

C. T. Bergeson, who has been auditing in the coal mining department, has returned to Chicago office.

Mr. and Mrs. William Saville and little son, Melvin Curtis, were in Riverton, their former home, June 10, attending a family reunion.

Since the opening of the fishing season, the coal mining department has been trying to obtain the grant of an appropriation. The purpose being to buy an invalid chair so that "Blackie" can go along.

Miss Elizabeth M. Harkins, stenographer, spent the week end in Springfield, visiting relatives and friends.

C. W. Clark, assistant general manager, recently made a business trip to Chicago.

Allen Pierce, high school graduate, is employed at our mine No. 1 during the Summer vacation.

Willard Clark, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Clark, is a full fledged salesman and now selling "Buicks."

J. R. Raab, pay roll clerk, Mine No. 2, is away from his duties at the general office, having been called to Chicago to be with his wife, who was visiting at the home of her parents when she became quite ill. The office force join with Mr. Raab in hopes that his wife will soon be restored to health again.

Oren and Charles Rice, former employees at mine No. 2, are making an auto trip to Phoenix, Ariz., accompanied by Miss Edith Rice and brother, Dick Rice, where the latter will join their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Rice, former residents of this city.

C. W. Clark received a telegram June 14 announcing the death of Mrs. Clark's brother, Clarence Smith, of Los Angeles, Calif. We extend sympathy.

Mrs. T. W. Starbuck recently entertained the Bible Class of the Methodist Church.

James and Mike Delaney were surprised by a recent visit of their cousin, James Delaney, of Pennyslvania, who, if he secures employment, will reside here.

John Gempp, employed at mine No. 2, is now driving a new Ford sedan.

William Dunn Sr., father of John Dunn, top foreman, Mine No. 2, died at his home on South Oak street, June 18, at the age of 90 years. We extend our sympathy.

William Hicks, former employee, is now working at the general office.

Orin I. Lair, employee at mine No. 2, departed Sunday evening for Chicago where he has accepted a position with Swift & Co.

John Julius and Petronilla Puleikis were united in marriage at St. Joseph's Church, Monday morning, June 18. After the ceremony the party drove about town in decorated cars, later going to the newly furnished home which the groom had prepared for his bride in Standard Addition, where a sumptuous wedding breakfast was served. The groom is employed at Schoper Mine.

During the past year, a dozen or more Japanese engineers have visited the mines of the Standard Oil Company for the purpose of inspecting the machinery down in the mines. Recently three highly educated Japanese came to town, accompanied by Mike Mitchell of the Sullivan Machinery Company, St. Louis, and visited the big Schoper Mine.

William Chilton has purchased a Studebaker Six, and has been building a new garage for same, after working hours.

Ellis Reach has turned in his Dodge car for a Willys-Knight. Mr. Reach is employed at our mine No. 2.

Dave Thomas, enployee at mine No. 1, and Miss Mabel Rhoades were quietly married at Edwardsville, June 26. The bride has been employed as a clerk in the store of P. H. Shuttleworth for the past two years. Their many friends wish them much happiness.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

General Manager's Office

The other day Mr. Gately came down to the office, all flustrated. He is now the proud father of a baby girl. Congratulations!

C. A. Jackson is to be congratulated. He thought his three daughters never would have a baby brother. One was born, July 1.

Old bashful Louie Schallerer completely fooled us when he got married during his vacation. We'd have bet our hat he never had the nerve to propose to a girl, or did he?

Ed Bobleter just got back from his vacation at Dubuque, Iowa, and announces that the crops and the scenery are both O. K.

We're glad to see Miss Pierson back to the office after an absence of a few days nursing her mother, who is very ill.

Ask Mr. Becker what he does with those hams he takes up to Diamond Lake every week-end.

Continued from last issue: We're hoping that the cat Frank J. Carr lost recently, won't behave towards its new owner the way it did with its last. On public conveyances, especially.

The other night some prowlers helped themselves to Mr. Essery's baby Lincoln. Too bad, especially now that the Summer is here.

Arthur Frederickson, our titian haired mail clerk, now has a harem all of his own on the ninth floor, where they have been making stencils. Art, be careful.

Miss Pauline Eisenstein came down to work the other morning all excited. No wonder; she was presented with a beautiful sparkler and it took him until 4 A. M. to give it to her. We are now wondering when the wedding will be.

Al, the great, our errand boy sheik, sure has his worries. Only the other day, some guy promised to dislocate certain parts of his anatomy. As a consequence, Al has his forehead all scratched up, and we are wondering what the other fellow looks like.

Our Miss Foote is well aware of the fact that this is Summer and her vacation is near. She has just purchased material for her sixth dress, all beauties, too. At times she is her own dressmaker. Better hang out a sign, Miss Foote—your're losing money.

Mr. Gately had just purchased a new straw hat. One windy morning as he walked proudly down the street (oh yes, the reason for his proudness is a brand new baby girl) a hungry horse saw his hat blowing down the street and parked on top of it. Donations are now in order as poor Gately cannot afford to buy both baby shoes and straw hats.

Mary George now spends most of her lunch hour feeding the pigeons on the window sill, and the reason for this is that there is a nice blond boy across the street who makes eyes at her. Be careful, Mary, as Jimmy may get jealous.

The general manager's department are very sorry for the grief that has come to Mr. Longhenry in the death of his father.

Traffic Department

Somehow Miss Cornils just beams when she talks to a certain party over the phone. I'm afraid she's keeping something away from us.

Gertrude Potter still seems to be in love with her husband. Can you imagine anyone so old-fashioned?

Ernie Stranger is said to be "vacationing." We think "honeymooning" is the word.

Miss Larson has the idea of "How to save money," girls. Have your boy friend pay for your lunch.

Say—did you see that cute mustache George Savageau is cultivating? We believe it was Miss Shea's suggestion, because she's tickled most to death.

We understand Miss Kelliher and Walter Hartley are getting quite chummy, now. Oh! yes—they are even having their pictures taken together.

Jack Schaffer claims he's not married, but how do we know? Well—anyway, he's a lucky fellow.

Edith Swanson just loves to wheel baby-carriages.

Have you noticed the improvement (?) in C. H. Hansen's method of playing Five Hundred? He has been taking lessons from "Captain" Jawn Smith.

Now that R. C. Lewis has purchased a real car, he can again take his mother-in-law out for a ride. (He still has the flivver—nobody would take it.)

Fifth Floor

Ask Rudolph Thorstenson of the fifth floor, who won the cigars at the spring golf tournament, then run.

John ("Hoosier") Gates, came in from North Liberty, Ind., to play golf with us, by heck! John calculates to be in the fall tournament, we reckon, if chores ain't too pressin'.

Walter Bahn of the equipment department traveled East, on the evening of July 2, and was assisted on his way by several of the boys of the fifth floor.

Are you acquainted with Johnny Jordon, the soup sandwich inhaler of the fifth floor? You should know John as he sings in noon hour sextette. Nuff sed!

Have you seen Ida Wolff, the fifth floor comptometer queen, since her hair has been bobbed? Well, you ought to see her with her glasses off. No wonder the street car conductors forget to ring up the fares on Roosevelt Road.

Sixth Floor

"Doc" Coulter is back with us for the Summer. He knows where to find prospective patients. We understand he intends to specialize in phrenology.

Austin Smith is trying to convince folks that he is a regular highbrow. Notice the windshields on his beak.

Joe Valentine is going to Corry, Mich., on his honeymoon. Of course, Ann might change her mind.

Notice the frequency of the wrecks on the Rock Island railroad since Skorcz left them? He says so himself. By the way, who is the lady that he meets every noon and takes to lunch? Lucky lady, free lunch every day.

Joe Sohurek is complaining about the high cost of automobile repairs. It cost him $15 to get a new cover for his rear seat.

Montclare is growing larger every day, in every way. We have one booster in the cost department.

Ernie Vollriede was taking down the storm doors. It was about 90 degrees in the shade at the time, when the porch all of a sudden came up and hit him. He was off the job for a week, and the storm doors are still up.

Ben Wolfe sure hates to get his feet wet. He never cares if it rains or snows or if he has an umbrella or not, so long as he has his rubbers. We understand he also spends quite a bit of his time in the "Bug-House" at Riverview, when he can get a free ticket.

Miss Theisen says she had a very enjoyable trip to the East, but there is no place like Chicago.

When not working overtime, Howard Heimerdinger acts as a caddie on the Jackson Park links.

Cooperage Department

A. H. Oldenburg is now the proud daddy of a nine-pound boy. We all join in extending congratulations.

Miss Nelson has just returned from her vacation in the Cubs' park. All the latest dope, boys, about any of the players, color of eyes, hair, first names, weights, batting averages, kind of gum chewed, married or single, etc. etc.

Two of our girls were observed looking in the window of a furrier during the recent hot spell. One said, "Gee. That is a nice Summer fur there—only $68.90. I sure would like to have it for this Summer, but I'm afraid it would be too heavy for winter wear."

Tax and Auditing Department

Ogden Palmquist of the auditing department has left the company to take a position with more money. Must be going to join the ranks of the bootleggers.

Speaking of sheiks, ever notice the bunch the tax department boasts of? Any color hair you like girls.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION
F. F. Wente, Correspondent

Fred Cassel and his pal came very near being left in a watery grave a couple of weeks ago. While out canoeing on a week end at Miller, Ind., their canoe was upset and after drifting out into the lake for two and one-half hours, they were picked up by a tug. Fritz said when he woke up he was being wrapped in blankets by a pretty nurse. I suppose they will try it all over again next week.

We received word from Arch Cameron at Minneapolis, saying he had been out fishing and landed ninety fish. Of course, we don't doubt his word, but we would at least like to see a picture of the fish.

The old-timers played the Polarines at Independence Park Saturday, June 30, which resulted with a score of 5 to 15 in favor of the Polarines. As soon as the old-timers felt themselves slipping they sent in an S. O. S. and in response C. F. Hatmaker reported for duty, but it was too late for him to save the day.

W. N. Scharff, one of our ambitious young salesmen, was married in the last week in June. As we have been unable to even as much as get a look at him since the fatal day, we will have to extend our congratulations through the news column.

S. F. Martin, formerly lubricating salesman, has been transferred to the main office, taking charge of all the business with the resellers.

We are very glad to report that Chester Fredricksen is back on the job again after being in the hospital for several weeks.

P. A. Smith, agent at Fourteenth street, has just recently returned from a trip to California. Mrs. Smith spent several weeks in California and Phil went down to bring her back. He reports that their trip was a very nice one.

Since the golf tournament a few of our boys are unable to close their vests.

During the past months Salesmen E. R. Cunningham and George Schrader have conducted over 500 mileage tests against competitive gasoline and in each case Red Crown has proven to be the superior motor fuel. The result of these tests is very valuable to salesmen in securing new business.

The Polarine Baseball team is scheduled to play a game every Saturday for the season. If you want to see some real baseball games, follow the team. The boys will appreciate your support, so come out and give them some real backing.

DAVENPORT, IOWA
M. Clark, Correspondent

Curley Cranz, our own Rodolf, had better be careful, there's a price on his head. That "young feller" has got to learn that there is one thing he can't get away with around here, and that is "stealing our girls." It wouldn't be so bad if he would only play fair, but imagine, forcing those poor girls to eat sand and making them believe it was ice-cream. What became of the dollar, is the mystery of the moment.

Ben Wells is now a proud papa. Cigars and Hersheys. We're sure that all this candy is going to ruin our complexions, but what is a poor girl going to do, she can't refuse it.

The marcelle wave of former note is back with us again. Like Al West it comes and goes.

Love at 5 P. M. in a Ford with Joe must be thrilling. How about it Harriet?

The lastest news. Hazel Sutherland is going to have her hair cut, and oh, lady! a la King Tut. May, you're next.

"The most popular girl" (according to a recent Stanolind Record) in our office has left us. Girls as loyal as Leona are scarce, we hate to see her go. We hope she enjoys her Summer of leisure.

Iva Berg was seen at Poppy Gardens with the most handsome man. We asked her the next day who the "sheik" was and she told us he was her cousin. What a come-down.

Gertrude spent her vacation in Chicago. What's the meaning of all her letters from the "Windy City?"

Olive Dawson, don't you know that the girls around here are only allowed to have three men call for them in cars in a week? We don't believe in girls being so popular.

Laura sure heads the bill when it comes to "puttin' on the dog." Oh boy, if we all could only wear our clothes like she does, this office would be a fashion show.

Fay, the latest addition to the stenographic department, was heard to remark, "Oh, gee, is Glen Slater married?"

Fuzzy Welzenbach is now holding down the job of pay roll clerk. The wrinkles of care are already beginning to appear on his heretofore unworried countenance.

For the good of the company, we think people ought to quit giving Red Roland lifts. A little walking wouldn't hurt his manly figure.

Elva Bachus Estes, most popular stenographer ever, quite stunned the whole force when she announced her marriage. To think, that she had been married almost two whole months and we didn't know a thing about it.

Dorothy Burton certainly looks good in her new dress with silver spots and all the lace. Don't you think she has the cutest laugh?

Margaret Fay told Pete the other day that she was going on a vacation pretty soon. He asked her, "Who with?" She only blushed.

CEDAR RAPIDS

A son, Victor Arthur, came to stay at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Sayer on June 15. Mr. Sayer is station examiner in the Cedar Rapids district. G. T. Wiemold, auditor in the Dubuque Field, spent a few days in Cedar Rapids this week

L. Reeves, former salesman in the Vinton field, was recently installed as agent at Cedar Rapids. We welcome Mr. Reeves to our midst. Harry Henkle, former service station attendant at Vinton, is now salesman in the Vinton territory. Carl I. Bostrom is the new attendant.

J. R. Coryn, salesman, has been transferred to another field and A. E. Dawson replaces him in the Cedar Rapids district.

Louis Bell, former agent at North English, resigned, and Carl C. Detrick was checked in as new agent.

Our new service station at 1904 Mt. Vernon Ave. has been opened with W. T. Hodges in charge.

Tim Hussey, mechanic, and Frank Ammons, tank truck driver, went fishing last Saturday night and some of the stories they told Monday were some "fish stories."

When it comes to wearing bright colors, Billie Smith, one of the city tank wagon drivers, wins the prize. Last week he came down with a bright red cap and he claims business has increased a great deal since he got that cap.

Julian Davis is now performing his duties in the warehouse basement. He says he goes from morning till night filling barrels of Polarine, but we notice he had time to do a little painting. Now, everything in the basement is painted blue.

OTTUMWA

Wise Sayings:

Who are all these birds? We are Government men, says Bob Smith. Yes, puts in Roy Marinelli, we have six governors with us. You will all be interested in knowing how Squad No. 1, which constitues the Ottumwa district, keep in first place. We are following the suggestion made by Bob Smith, whose home town is Keosauqua, Iowa. It is this: When we reach a town we immediately get busy and have all the farmers come to town, at which time we get their orders and the desired information about the New Route System.

Sad news! George Bradley, salesman at Grinnell, has just been informed that he will have a governor put on his car. Not so much dust now George.

J. F. Ireland and family, H. H. Klinck and family and Mr. Hyde had a very enjoyable picnic at Anderson's Park near Keosauqua, recently.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bequeaith, agent salesman at Douds, Iowa, who had the great misfortune of losing their son on June 14.

Attention the rest of the Go-Getters in Ottumwa district. I am advising you at this time that you will surely have to be on the look-out for our Agent Salesman Earnie Junkins at Bloomfield and that Whirl Wind father of his, George Junkins, because they are surely stepping on the juice and getting the business. For further information, please refer to figures, as they don't lie. (This is from District Superintendent Hyde.)

K. L. Brown, agent salesman at Milton, Iowa, and Mr. Brown recently returned from the National convention of Shriners at Washington, D. C. They report a very good time.

How is this for Polarine Sales? Mr. Edwards and Mr. Plumm, attendants at S. S. 8, Grinnell, Iowa, sold 1,178 gallons of Polarine in seven weeks of the two month campaign. Can anyone beat that? If you can, please get in touch with these gentlemen.

We are pleased to make worthy mention of the good 029 reports coming into the Ottumwa office from Agent Instructor O. C. Lines. Mr. Lines has been following up the weaker points in the district. Keep up the good work, O. C.

Attention the rest of you A stations in the Davenport division:

What's the matter, can't you write? If you can't, our radio is working. We want news.

DECATUR, ILL.

W. A. Brown, Correspondent

J. L. Cashen of this office was married, June 26, to Miss Aline McClean of Morrisonville. They will now make their home in Decatur. Our best wishes, Cashen, to you and your bride.

It is too bad J. F. Ferguson hasn't got the Decatur territory as it would make things more convenient for him and Pearl Phillips.

Anyone wanting information as to how to pull a hair out of someone's head without their feeling it, please ask Cecil Hiser as he seems to be an authority along that line when it comes to "knowing how" it's done.

The month of June is a record breaker when it comes to weddings.

On Saturday, June 23, Irving Telling and Miss Evelyn Riggs were married at the bride's home. Mr. Telling is employed as a motor mechanic, and, after a short leave of absence, is back on the job. Congratulations, Irving, and best wishes for the future.

But June isn't the only month for weddings. Miss Helen Powers and Robert Bess were married May 23. Miss Powersi s employed as comptometer operator. Helen says cooking is a snap, all you have to do is follow directions in the cook book, but our sympathies go to Mr. Bess.

W. J. Wrona, former district superintendent in the Alton district, has resigned his position with this company. We regret very much to lose him as he was a good salesman, and a fine gentleman. Good luck to you, Mr. Wrona, wherever you may go.

E. L. Kachelhoffer's District

W. A. Cope, former principal of the Freeburg, Ill., high school, has joined our sales force.

H. L. Porter, former assistant principal of the high school at Edwardsville, Ill., has also joined our sales force.

While the squad was having supper at Red Bud one evening the waitress picked out all the school teachers in the crowd, including Harvey Veit.

Salesman Gorla came to a hotel with the soil of several farms on his shoes. The report got around that he walked a mile in yellow clay to get a farmer to pull his car out of the mud.

Salesmen Able and Davies were out on squad duty one week. White and Able are good singers and the squad had a little entertainment.

On Sunday, June 24, the employees of the East St. Louis, Belleville, Granite City and Freeburg stations, accompanied by their families and friends gathered at the East St. Louis plant bright and early and sallied forth in gayly decorated trucks and machines to Heiligenstein Park, located at the outskirts of Freeburg, Ill., the occasion being the much talked of and well planned picnic.

The main feature of the afternoon was the ball game between the warehousemen and drivers, the drivers winning with a score of 11 to 9. There were also several heated races, the main one being between C. E. Rode and F. J. Able. Maybe you think Rode can't run! Well, he would have won had he not tangled his feet together somehow and rooted in the cinders head first.

E. V. Kendall's District

Our agent, J. H. Adams, of Cerro Gordo, Ill., and Miss Amy J. Tisch of St. Elmo, were married June 23 at the parsonage of the First Methodist Church. Our best wishes are extended to Mr. Adams and his bride.

Howard Price, agent at Strasburg, has been transferred to the position of agent at Hillsboro. Hillsboro is a two-truck station and offers a much bigger opportunity for Mr. Price. We all wish Howard the best of luck in his new position. His successor at Strasburg is Mr. Ulmer, who is a local man, will continue the good work, we are sure.

George W. Miller of Mattoon has resigned his position as agent to take up other work.

New S. S. No. 50 at Mattoon, Ill., was opened for business June 25, with Paul Cramer as attendant. Mr. Law and Mr. Hapney had better watch out. Paul will give you a good race.

John Anderson, agent at Charleston, is the lucky one for the Polarine and Specialty campaign just closed. He was presented with a fine bill folder, with his name engraved on same, by Assistant Manager J. H. Budde. The management wishes further to congratulate Mr. Anderson on the success he had in selling Polarine Oil.

C. Chambers, our Morrisonville agent, has resigned his position to take up other work. Before resigning, however, he managed to win the $5 prize offered by Mr. Kendall for having sold the most Polarine Oil and speciality products in the old territory formerly covered by Mr. Kendall as salesman. Mr. Chambers' successor is Edward Curry, former driver at Mattoon. Morrisonville is a two-truck station now, the second truck being operated by Clet Marshall.

There was a $1.50 necktie prize offered by Mr. Kendall to the first salesman in his squad to fill two 029 reports. When this information was given out, Salesman Schadow was not satisfied with two reports and came in the first day with three 029 reports filled. Therefore, we take off our hat to Friend John and award him the fine necktie.

Salesman H. L. Broyles invites the management to inspect S. S. No. 21 at Taylorville. He believes that he has one of the nicest service stations in the Decatur division.

Time—Any old hour. Place—Office of Justice of the Peace, Decatur. Persons—E. V. Kendall, district superintendent, Decatur, Policeman, Justice of the Peace. The followng conversation takes place:

J. P.—"Officer, what is the charge?"

Officer—"Speeding, your Honor."

J. P. to Kendall—"What have you to say?"

Kendall—"I was only driving a Ford, Judge, and you know it's impossible."

J. P.—"No use, I've heard it before. $21.40, please. Next."

Too bad, Kendall. Next time go to Danville. It only costs $7.50 there. If you don't believe it ask Eastham. He knows.

D. H. Fitzsimmons' District

Nothing ever happened in Fitz's district.

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

Miss Margaret Murray is spending her vacation at her old home in Dubuque. Miss Murray says the Mississippi river is larger than the Des Moines, but that is hard to believe.

William Kern, assistant chief clerk, is walking now as he drove his car into an electrolier in the Capital extension, wrecking his car and the lamppost. He says the street is 200 feet wide there but that it was too narrow.

Mr. Beaman, chief clerk, was riding with Mr. Kern at the time and says never again for him.

Lester Hall, formerly in charge of the mailing room, is now in charge of the iron barrel department. Hunt 'em up, Les.

DeWayne Dufur succeeded Mr. Hall in the mailing room.

Art Peters of the sales department has at last announced his marriage to Miss Doris Brown. The cigars were fine.

Norman Running, office boy sheik, sure sports the passionate hosiery. What's the big idea, Rudolph?

Ray Norton, equipment clerk, has returned from a pleasant vacation spent in Chicago.

J. G. Lannin of the home office was a welcome visitor recently. Come often, Mr. Lannin.

H. E. Jackson, former Des Moines office employee, and now cashier of the First National Bank at Rippey, was a welcome visitor recently.

The Red Crown Club gave a picnic on June 23 and everyone reports having a fine time. The afternoon was spent at the Franklin Beach and lunch was served at Union Park. The Peerless Quartette favored with a selection of songs and after lunch games and races were held.

F. F. Engle District

The sympathy of the entire field is extended to Bert Foreman, agent at Marathon, Iowa, who recently lost his mother by death.

F. M. Gray District

L. F. Pederson, former agent at Mason City, has been transferred to salesman in the Knoxville territory. Go to it, Pete.

H. E. Hansen District

There is certainly something wrong with District Superintendent Hansen's field, as there have been no picnics, parties, marriages, births, deaths, athletic events or anything that would be of interest to the Record. Better wake them up, Mr. Hansen.

G. B. Heatherington District

William Westlake succeeds Harold Sundstrom as assistant attendant at our Corning, Iowa, S.S. No.40.

Jordan Clapper, formerly attendant at our Greenfield S. S. No. 41, has been transferred to the Creston "A" Station office, to take the place made vacant by the resignation of E. L. C. Haisch, who has recently moved to Danville, N. Y. We wish Mr. Clapper much success in his new position.

Paul D. Richardson is our new attendant at Greenfield S. S. No. 41 and W. B. Kerr is the assistant.

E. F. Sandahl has been promoted from assistant attendant at our Chariton S. S. to attendant at Centerville S. S. No. 92.

J. J. Leu, Jr., district superintendent of the Creston District, has been transferred to a similar position at Ft. Dodge, Iowa, All members of the Creston District join unanimously in wishing him the utmost in success in his new territory.

George B. Heatherington, who is well known in the Creston District, succeeds Mr. Leu, in the Creston District, and all members of the Creston District are promising Mr. Heatherington their best efforts to keep Creston Field in the position which they now occupy.

E. J. Noonan, has succeeded George B. Heatherington as salesman out of Creston, Iowa. Mr. Noonan was formerly specialty salesman out of Des Moines.

Cleo. B. Tripp is our new assistant attendant at Leon S. S. No. 86, succeeding L. L. Coverdell, who recently resigned.

A. N. Pierson, agent at Creston "A" station, is wearing a smile from ear to ear and stepping around in his "Sunday Best" and when his friends ask "What's up Al?" he passes the cigars with the remark, "It's a boy." He has promised to get a picture for the Stanolind Record soon.

The following sign was found on the streets of one of our small towns, "No Hunting on Main Street."

P. H. Headley District

Mr. Meyers, who was formerly our agent at Blairsburg, has accepted the position as agent at Ackley. We are very sorry to lose Mr. Stenmeier, but we know he will appreciate a three months' vacation, which he expects to take, visiting lakes in northern Minnesota.

Mr. Rogers, our new S. S. attendant at Toledo, is getting along nicely.

The fourth service station is soon to be completed on the south side of Marshalltown. The residents of that part of the city will be able to secure their gasoline from now on without going to the main part of the city.

L. C. Pim, who has been in the Marshalltown S. S. No. 324 for the past three years, has been transferred to the warehouse.

G. A. Moseley, our Boone salesman, recently put in a week on squad work in Mr. Winn's field. Mr. Moseley said the work was fine, but it will be necessary for him to put on a suit of cover-alls with more pockets and made out of cloth that barb wire will not tear.

District Superintendent Headley met with all agents and S. S. attendants in Mr. Hemness' field on June 20, and after the general business conditions were discussed they spent some time enjoying refreshments and cigars.

Mr. Patterson is our new agent at Steamboat Rock. We are expecting some fine results from that end of the field from now on.

S. S. No. 2, at Marshalltown, has been rebuilt and is now one of the best looking stations we have in Marshalltown. Mr. Gossard, the attendant in charge, is very proud of the station.

DETROIT, MICH.

Vance Woodcox, Correspondent

Our friends, William Gatlin, superintendent at Clay Avenue, James Ritchie, agent at Royal Oak, and Leo Anteau, "Cupie," have promised us a picture for the next Stanolind Record. They endeavored to have this picture for this issue but as yet have not located a photographer who will promise to get all three on the same picture.

Nichols our jovial auditor on a recent trip to Jackson was persuaded to enter the vaudeville profession, but advises us that once is a plenty as the act presented at Hague was anything but successful. Nick is convinced that acting is entirely out of his line.

Walter Etzler is now sporting a new Essex Special which in our estimation is filling the bill as a Standard Oil taxicab, and from reports reaching the editor it is also doing a little speed racing on the side. We know that on one occasion it covered a distance of twenty-five miles from Fenton to Pontiac in eighteen minutes. To verify this report ask Miss Winona Hummer.

Scotty Weaver, service station attendant at Wyandotte, has recently added another member to the Standard Oil family by capturing Miss Dora LaBau as a June bride.

Sid Faulkner, our popular country general salesman, has added to his list of accomplishments by surviving a serious case of whooping cough. If Sid was a little older we might think he had entered his second childhood.

Reports indicate that Dick Giff, our agent at Utica, is again out of his semi-annual quarantine. Dick and his family have sure had their share of sickness during the past couple of years.

Climbing barbed wire fences in order to sell five gallons of Eureka Harness is not recommended during the Summer months, at least Dusty Rhodes, our country general salesman, says it is mighty uncomfortable to be compelled to wear your winter overcoat in the middle of June after pulling a stunt such as this.

Tom Mendenhall, truck driver for S. S. department, Clay avenue, who was operated on for appendicitis, has recovered nicely. Good luck, Tom. Your truck is still on hand.

Double luck visited Mr. and Mrs. Green recently in the form of twins. Congratulations have been reaching Jim Green of the S. S. department and V. V. Green, also of the S. S. department, but according to the latest reports received by the editor the Green in question is our lucky tank wagon driver at Clay Avenue.

So many inquiries have reached this office as to whether or not Mr. Rudolph Valentino has been employed as a S. S. attendant at Theodore and John R. streets that we take this means of advising the curious ones that although at first glance this would seem quite true, it is a mistake as the man in question, Robert F. Burns, is by no means a sheik having declined on several occasions to enter the theatrical profession.

Anyone desiring a perfectly peaceful Airdale pup kindly apply to V. V. Green. Popular request of the neighborhood has made this item necessary.

Jerry Newton former country general salesman at Hillsdale has celebrated his return to the city sales force by being the proud father of a baby girl.

Jack Keefe, the popular White Sox pitcher, has an ardent admirer in the S. S. force in the form of Keefe Smith who has been waiting anxiously for the White Sox to play in Detroit in order to see Jack pitch.

It is unnecessary now for Standard Oil employees to visit Navin Field to see the Tigers play since Jim Ritchie and his Royal Oak baseball team have entered the field. We understand the first game was anything but successful since Franklin, their opponent ran them ragged. Ray Potter, their first baseman, holds down his job not because he can play baseball but because of his height. He can reach anything that is thrown within a radius of twenty feet from first base. Tickets for the next game can be secured by applying at the Royal Oak office.

Lee Hendricks, our young agent at Novi, has retired from the bachelor ranks under date of June 16.

Oscar Paige is back among his friends in Romeo after a very unpleasant trip to the Mt. Clemens hospital. He was operated on Saturday, June 16. Latest reports say that Oscar is recovering in nice shape.

Will someone kindly give us the recipe for the exceptional amount of pep displayed by Doc Holland on his trips into the office at Friday morning garage meetings.

Edgar Brown, former clerk of the court for the accident trial board at Detroit, has been the proud possessor of a Safety First Pin and the other day when we missed seeing him wear it we enquired the reason and he answered: "I cawn't wear it until next Fall when I put on my waistcoat again." One guess as to his nationality'

We all unite in sympathy for Miss Magdalene Baier of the transophone department in the death of her father, May 27.

Walter Etzler, chauffeur for Mr. Galbreath, is always running down the stairs at the risk of ruining his anatomy and in spite of all the warnings of the girls he still persists. At the time of his last narrow escape, Frances Votrobeck in the accident department calmly informed him that some day he would break his nose and that he could get only $200 from the compensation board for a nose.

On November 12, 1922, Salesman Ray Lawton took a future order on Sam Curran, grocer, of Howell for 20 pounds of Parowax to be delivered in May, 1923. Mr. Curran died on January 15, 1923, but true to form the Parowax arrived in Howell in May. In June the station examiner covering Howell attempted to find Mr. Curran in an effort to collect for the Parowax the money which was past due. How about the Detroit office "Follow Up?"

S. S. Attendant Kendall of No. 151, Howell, is the proud father of a bouncing baby boy.

Art Bailey enjoyed a pleasant two weeks' sojourn at his cottage at Lake Orion.

Agent Barbour at Fenton has just completed remodelling his fine cottage at Long Lake.

Reg. Smith, our agent at New Hudson, gave up his position on July 1. Mr Smith has been ill during the past few months. We all wish him a speedy convalescence and good luck in all future endeavors.

Tom Deveraux, S. S. attendant at No. 151, Howell, makes many trips to the "Ruff & Ready" cottage at Island Lake.

We are glad to learn that Sam Gimilick has been successful in his suit against the House of David for back wages as night watchman. Sam said he didn't care for the money provided he could retain his memory. Sam is quite popular with the young ladies, who seek his advice constantly.

Agent Hartman of Brighton and Salesman Jimmy Johnson are the pool sharks of Brighton. If there were four more pockets Jimmy would win the brown derby. As it is it's a close race between them.

Doc Gehrken: "Why have you always been called Dusty Rhodes?"

D. R.: "Ain't I allus dry?"

Recent additions to the city specialty force are John Hannon and L. H. McKain, formerly S. S. attendants.

Our amateur actor, Charles Rapp, of the garage sales department (no relation to Virginia) was married on July 10 to Miss Helen Erdody. We all wish Charles the best of luck in his latest adventure.

DULUTH, MINN.

S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

A. B. Hutchinson of the purchasing department has been on sick leave for a few days on account of boils. Maybe it's from cranking the lizzie, Hutch.

Howard Stockstad is now at the commission station at Woodland, and is sure doing fine.

Tommy Murphy, who is at the S. S. at 6th avenue East, and Fourth street, will be captain of the Superior Normal School football team next year.

Gust Forsell is a new attendant at S. S. No. 1. He was formerly with the General Cigar Company. We hope you'll like the S. O. crowd, Gust.

Gerard Lynch, who was for a time attending school, is again with us and working at S. S. No. 315.

Talking about safety slogans, the Northwestern Bell Telephone chalked this one up as their slogan: "Going too fast has resulted in many a slow ride. Taking the other fellows' dust is better than to dust returneth. Watch your step on it."

The correspondent at the Soo station writes that R. Travers received a discolored eye, and that he claims he got it from playing elephant. What does he mean, somebody hit him with a trunk?

The "Queerless Quartet" have been restrained from practicing during the noon hour. Thank goodness for that.

SUPERIOR, WIS.

Baseball is now in full swing and the Superior SOCO Giants have again organized and have been practicing steadily. The same team that defeated the Soo Line Railroad team last year so badly will again take the field this season. Al Fiola will do the heaving and "Fat" Ostlund the receiving.

Tony Gotsky, our warehouse man, has been wearing a big broad smile lately. It's a big bouncing baby girl. That'll cost you a nice fat cigar, Tony. Thanks.

Mr. Mountford, our superintendent, recently visited the Twin Cities. He reports a wonderful all around trip and experienced no trouble whatever.

Anybody need a haircut? If so we have an expert in the person of Charles Fradenburg, haircutter extraordinary, who does the work for the employees noon hours, gratis.

Tom O'Brien, who has been convalescing from a bad attack of pnuemonia, has left our service for the time being. He has gone to a sanitarium at Bayfield, Wis., for a rest. We hope you will recuperate rapidly, Tommy, and again be with us soon.

On June 28, members of the R. & M. department had their initiations in the form of a picnic at the lakeside at Lester Park. Hot dogs, buns, dill pickles and pie a la mode flew thick and fast at that mealtime and every body seemed to have the appetite of an elephant (excuse, please). After lunch various games were played, and from the singing and music from the ukes, one would think that a band of Hawaiians had encamped. Everything from a Swedish polka to a tango was furnished

by the troupe. Those who were in attendance were, Myrtle Lyndstrom, Norman Patterson, Madeline McClelland and Lillian Bergstrom of the fair sex and John McCabe, Ralph Knowlton, Olaf Sorenson and John Fischmann of the opposition. Everybody voted one grand evening that night.

On Saturday afternoon, our bunch of fearless girls boarded the Ford sedan driven by Miss Eleanore Johnson and started out on a two days' journey, to cover the Iron Range and points to the south, including Grand Rapids. Those who followed the able hand of Miss Johsnon that day were, Olive Pugh, Esthyre Pomroy, Phrona Currier and Ann Eynott.

We report the following additions to our family for this month: Miss R. Johanson, transcribing room, and Lloyd Haugen, who comes to us with S. S. experience. We want to extend our hand to you both and hope that you will like our big family exceedingly well.

There must be a lot of fun in rowing, from the work that Ralph Knowltong puts into it. If getting sun blisters as big as one's fist and being in an inferno all day long from sun burn is enjoyment, then stoking coal in some of our boats must be a regular party. How about it, Ralph?

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. McBrian, Correspondent

They can't change the styles so fast but what W. E. McPhillips of the Market Place service station in Evansville cannot keep up with them. Red and blue shoes had not been in the stores two days until "Mc" came to work sporting a pair of the brilliant opposite to green. McPhillips says he can wear anything that the stores will handle.

Assistant Chief Clerk W. S. Bailey admitted that he "had more fun than a peck of monkeys" in the lunchroom across the street the other day after the gang had coaxed him onto the dance floor. It was a warm day and in a short while Mr. Bailey's coat came off, to be followed in a few minutes by the vest and shortly afterwards the collar and tie. Possibly it was a good thing that the dance ended at that time.

The Evansville office has a budding inventor in the office in the personage of Jim Miller of the city and general ledgers. Jim brought the model for a locomotive to the office the other day and the fact that it would still run after all the curious ones had inspected it leads us to the belief that it must be sound in construction.

Baseball certainly lost a coming star when Jack Dougherty gave up the game just so that he could be more often in the presence of our own Anna. Now we see him bringing her to work quite frequently, but inasmuch as he evidently sees her again that evening we have been unable as yet to figure out a reason for all the demonstration evidenced by the two at parting. Serious, Anna?

Joe Berridge became almost purple in the face the other day trying to make whom he thought was Mr. Wills understand over long distance just what Joe was talking about. When Joe was just about consumed with impatience at the man's evident "dumbness," he discovered that he was talking to an utter stranger.

Lois Powers and a girl friend must have had something on their minds the other evening when they boarded a Washington avenue street car instead of the Walnut street car which would have taken them to their home. Between them they had four cents more than enough to get back home on. Maybe they just wanted the ride.

Friends of Dave Bulliner were all sorry to hear of the death of Dave's brother, Fred, while working in the mines. Fred was a former employee of the company.

Gossip has brought to the attention of the correspondent the information that Alfred Keerl has gotten into the habit of waiting on the front porch of his home until Helen Bowles comes by so that he can walk with her to work. The correspondent has queried both the young people and they both deny very vigorously that such is the case.

Maybe it was a good thing for Schnabel that he could tell the judge that he had just been married after he was brought up before the court for the fifth time on charges of violating traffic ordinances.

The first thing we knew about Billy Ralston's marriage was when he passed around a box of cigars. One bit of real advice which we can give Billy is that in all things he should always look up to his wife.

The entire office force is now watching for some of the girls to appear at their desks with the Polarine Triangle as the motif for their earrings, especially since Mary Lou Ainsworth got the jump on them with the Red Crown earrings which she displayed the other day. Maybe they are not true Red Crowns but they are so near it that everyone thinks they are.

Sam Bumpus recently won a promotion to the agency at Thompsonville, Ill., to which point he was transferred from tank wagon driver at West Frankfort.

Lonnie Brown's gift of selling specialities won him the new position of speciality and rural trade correspondent.

The correspondent can truthfully testify that the instructions issued from the Evansville office regarding keeping motors and cars clean are followed by those who issue them, for he happened to go past Manager W. J. Lang's house recently and saw him vigorously polishing his car, which to casual glance could not show a speck of dust.

FARGO, N. D.
M. L. Rufer, Correspondent

Copy received too late for publication.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
K. C. Clapp, Correspondent

Garfield Lindquist, who has just graduated from Arcadia highschool is assisting his father, Axel Lindquist, who is agent at both Arcadia and Onekama. Axel says, "Watch the Mica sales from now on!"

Dad Winslow said something insinuating to a horse outside of Mendon. Anyway the nag resented it to the extent of whinnying a snappy comeback at Dad.

"Spark Plug" Holmberg who, according to his own statement, "comes clean from Cadillac" is fast becoming the Babe Ruth of the indoor diamond o'noons. He also is a bear on the bases—that is, he hugs 'em closely.

Howard Menold, 4-year-old son of S. C. Menold, agent at Thompsonville, says he is in a hurry to grow up so that he can help his dad in the "oily business." It's a great life, Howard—"Oily to bed and oily to rise," etc.

Small wonder that the Ediphone room has been crowded of late. Eddie Venema was even apprehended trying to read the hieroglyphics on Blanche Warren's new "King Tut" waist or smock or shirt or whatever you want to call it. Eddie has a sharp eye for figgers.

How's this for a baseball record? SOCO 14, American Box Board Co. 3; SOCO 12, Millmen's Union 10; SOCO 17, Grandville-Jenisons 6; SOCO 17, W. Leonard Merchants 3; SOCO 4, Roosevelt Parks 3; *SOCO 3, Allegan 6; SOCO 6, Nunica 3; SOCO 14, Kent City 0; SOCO 6, Holland 11; SOCO 7, Rockford 2; SOCO 4, Coral 2 and SOCO 8, Greenville 10.

As we go to press, the SOCO baseball team of Grand Rapids is ready to enter the state championship tournament, being pitted against the West Leonard Merchants, a team they have defeated once this year, for the first round of play. We hereby challenge any Standard Oil Co. team in the Middle West for a game on their own stamping ground.

Lee Carpenter, the office Valentino, wants to know if we can run an ad for him in the Stanolind Record. You see, he wants to buy a second-hand dressing table because he finds there isn't enough room on his desk for lip sticks, eyebrow pencils, hair groom (or is it Polarine cup grease?).

Johnny Mieras is having some tough luck with his Ford springs. June and the moonlight and romance n'everything, although they lie smooth upon the heart, don't make the bumps any softer, and Johnny should keep on the cement.

"Andy" Anderson, district superintendent, is still wearing his last season's straw skimmer, and we hear repeated rumors that he lost a bet to Hoyt Potter on the sales of Red Crown. Ben Bishop is seen beneath a new Kelly and we're wondering if Andy bet with Ben, too.

Joey Morrison, noting the hungry looks in the eyes of the office gang along about 3 o'clock every afternoon has come to the rescue by establishing a canteen wherein he holds sway as sole proprietor and vendor of a stock of candy and cigaretts. Joey is unpopular only when he's out of stock.

Seems to us that every night is often enough, but Peggy Carr, vitriolic steno. for the advertsiing and service station departments, needs must see her Sheik every noon. Sometimes he comes to meet her afoot, sometimes in an automobile and sometimes in an Essex.

Ethel Theissen in the marketing department and Thelma Pratt in the iron barrel department are the most recent arrivals. Don't know who hires these employees, but whoever does is imbued with an eye for pulchritude.

Terry's coupe, which he calls the "trial horse," is equipped with so many accessories that garage men complain of being unable to find the engine.

Frederick O'Donnell, Jr., son of Fred O'Donnell, agent at Marion, has just finished school and is going to give his dad a merry run in the sales of Polarine and Red Crown.

Albert Witkop, Ted Wright, Oscar Johnson and Roy Groesser, S. S. attendants at Traverse City, challenge the field for garden-like service stations.

Roy ("Sag") Radke is the most recent victim to Joey Pettit's skill at odd-ball. Roy's chewing his knuckles at noon until payday.

Lambert Maring has been appointed agent at Muskegon, Leslie Leaf succeeds him as Muskegon city salesman. The new position of tank wagon superintendent has been filled by J. Press, former rural tank wagon driver.

L. Kerwin of the Auditing department assumed the responsibilities af a benedict June 30.

Homer Daane, genial salesman at Greenville, doesn't dare appear on Greenville streets in the daylight since the SOCO team from Grand Rapids was defeated there June 24.

*Last year's state semi-pro champs. Runner-up to 1922 state championship.

HURON, S. D.
M. O. Kenner, Correspondent

Miss Tormey, stenographer, spent the Fourth of July in Aberdeen.

Frank Dwyer has been added to our sales force taking over Pat Ryan's territory, Pat going to the Black Hills district, with headquarters at Rapid City.

O. E. Olson, sales promoter, is at present supplying on Croft's territory, Croft having left the service of the company.

The following salesmen are to be mentioned as the Mica Kings for the showing that they made for the One Week Twilight Mica Drive: Messrs Hanson, Whitman, Ryan, Stephens, Cook, Flannery, McGill, S. H. Lang and Stedman.

We would suggest to the Safety First department that George Campbell close the drawers of his filing cabinets and desk so that everybody would not skin their shins.

Miss Dorothy Lawrence is spending her two weeks' vacation out in the Black Hills.

Willard Christenson has returned from two weeks encampment at Pierre, where he enjoyed two weeks of real military life.

Mr. Gillerman, cashier's department was to leave the service of the company shortly after the final reports for June were completed.

Our agent at Scenic the other day told us a good one on District Superintendent Perkins and Salesman Burke. He stated that they left Manderson one afternoon for Scenic and instead of arriving at Scenic they arrived late that night again at Manderson.

Miss Ada Grewe, our genial telephone operator, spent a few days in Webster, S. D., undergoing throat treatments at the Webster Hospital. We hope the benefits derived prove to be permanent. P. S. So does Dickey, our extra telephone operator.

Messrs. Kenner, Shields, Dickey, Lutgen, Smith and Nayes attended the South Dakota State Legion Convention last week at Madison. When asked for a report they stated in unison, "Well there was a dance."

We notice that Chauncey Smith was at Madison attending the Legion celebration with his grandmother.

We know that the office will be in much better shape as soon as the cashier's and the general clerks' wives return.

Last Sunday Oscar Rundquist went out to Cavour Lake to swim. Having waded out a short distance from shore he got stuck in the mud and before the rest of the party were able to rescue him from his predicament he became bady sunburned. Poor Oscar.

We hear that June 30, M. H. DeVinney, our general ledger clerk, and Crystal Smith, biller, took the fatal leap in matrimony. By the time this issue of the Record is published they will be at home at Tenth Street, having rented the house until recently occupied by our salesman, Mr. Ryan.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

To acknowledge an oversight, the once well-known Miss Libbie Lee Turner is now greeted as Mrs. Cleaman Diehm.

Fred Hamilton, lub. correspondent, succeeds Robert Carlisle deceased.

Eddie Eich, record department, has joined the benedicts. His new boss was the former Miss Mary Baden. 'Spect Eddie will be much tamer from here on out.

There was a long remembered agents' meeting at Muncie, recently. District "Soup" Glen Whitesell stumbled into the limelight by parking his coupe for five hours in a "thirty minute" zone. Sales Manager Craig's eloquence as directed to the judge saved Glen from a jail visit.

Salesman L. J. Swank announces the arrival of seven pound thirteen ounce Harold Lester.

A new S. S. has been opened at Covington, Ind., with F. B. Myers at the plate and A. L. Clawson, batter up.

Getting tied-up is a near fever in the trade record department. Leonard Fields is another victim to the "wiles", Cheerful Nicholson changing her name in this case.

The girls of the office threw a birthday party at noon, June 29. Miss Elizabeth O'Brien was the reason for the spread which included a cake adorned with forty-two candles, at least that number showed on the requisition sent to the candle guardian, Frank Woods. Miss O'Brien desires to announce to her many well wishers that she does not intend to have any more birthdays.

Cellar gossip. Al Shotwell and Pete Lichtsinn went down to Seymour to spend Sunday and see a couple of girls. Pete says Al took along four extra shirts and six collars. Pete also says Al was so busy changing shirts, that he (Pete) had to take Al's girl home.

At this writing, Assistant Manager P. A. Serrin is in very bad health and has been taking a rest at Martinsville, Ind. Latest reports have not been very encouraging and he surely has the folks around the office wishing him better breaks.

Just a few new faces in the way of an introduction, we hope they will get the habit early of sending this column some news: Miss Loretta Spears, clerk; R. H. Benjamin, sales writer; H. G. Williams, check clerk; Myrtle Schoenerman, check clerk; M. W. Hobbs, sales writer; George R. Abraham and R. E. Zaiser, office boys; A. L. La Rock, M. T. driver; A. F. Heatheo, pipe fitter; Glen Andrews, mechanics helper; J. L. Cox, painter; S. D. Chapman, stockkeeper; J. F. White, M. T. driver; Joseph E. Herbick, mechanic; R. A. Dressler, painter; I. V. Carrington, pipe fitter; C. M. Taylor, G. J. Redenbaugh, P. H. Schreckengost, C. C. Knopp, S. H. Smith, L. D. Bramblett, S. O. Snyder, B. G. Keene, Harry Lawrenz, C. King and E. W. Capper, S. S. attendants; C. W. Eurton, T. R. Boring, H. T. McCoy, K. F. Casady, D. G. Magaw, R. M. Higgins, L. J. Blackmore and W. A. Brewer, salesmen, also—

Anderson—S. E. Hughes, S. S. attendant; A. F. Bowers, M. T. driver; C. H. Snyder, utility S. S.

Aurora—F. F. Henschen, Carl Welch and G. A. Ruble, M. T. drivers.

Bloomington—P. D. Hudson, Ivan Shake, Claude Dushman and Orville Brown, M. T. drivers; Delbert Knight, S. S. attendant.

Clinton—H. L. Taylor and Roscoe Call, M. T. drivers; H. S. Martin, S. S. attendant.

Connersville—C. W. Wiese, M. T. driver.

Crawfordsville—Thomas S. Brown, M. T. driver.

Muncie—C. S. Puckett, M. T. driver; William H. Lewis, S. S. attendant.

Richmond—H. B. Shank, M. T. driver; E. W. Stout, S. S. attendant; L. V. S. Harper formerly a S. S. attendant has been transferred to clerk at the plant.

Shelbyville—C. E. Monfort, M. T. driver.

Terre Haute—Roy C. Hay, M. T. driver; Perle D. Wolfe and Hubert Bond, S. S. attendants; O. C. Lunford, clerk.

Winchester—M. E. Hinshaw, S. S. attendant.

Martinsville—Earl R. Pearcy, S. S. attendant.

How is this for being in a hurry for a shipment? An order received from an A station had the following notation, "To be shipped at once or sooner."

John Smith and his carmine Durant is not making a hit with the girls of the office, but the youngsters in the neighborhood, who will not let a speck of dust light on the special without playing a "Gold Dust Twins" role.

If "Peanuts" Butler's route keeps on picking up, he will have to borrow Charlie Friend's Packard to help out on heavy days.

It is impossible to determine which of the local service stations are setting the pace in dolling up. It must mean that William Moseley and Willard Glick must step some at their new S. S. 66 in the suburbs across the Wabash.

Charles Lane, our warehouse "soup," was trucking around a fourth dimension smile because he had become a grandpap. Ike, as he is better known, is taking hold of his work nicely and, no doubt, after a little more experience, will be fully acquainted with his duties. He has only seen twenty-five years of service and too much should not be expected from him at this early date.

The quickest way to the hospital—ask Bob Hanrahan if he wants his fortune told.

Albert Payne is now listed among those who catch their fish weeks before wetting their lines. He took the trip but hasn't mentioned anything about fish since.

We hear from reliable sources that Specialty Salesman J. L. Dawson is the champion barnyard golfer of his neighborhood.

Fred Carmichael, S. S. 23, was somewhat disconcerted the other day when he went to wash his hands, he got an electric shock that slammed him up against the door. Fred will not wash his hands until the station is re-wired.

We have just learned of the death of Bobbie Lee's father and extend sympathy from one and all.

SHELBYVILLE

Ring the bell loud and long! Shelbyville is in with some news! Listen to this. "Dear Sir—Hello folks, we are taking our quill in hand to scratch a few lines to help fill space and let you know that Shelbyville is not buried so deep as old King Tut—as he can't talk back and we can. Let us introduce our new driver, Chester Monfort, who is a disciple of the full line. Here is a dinger, Stake Truck Driver Mohr asked Agent Fettig for a two weeks' vacation to go to Black Hawk to help his wife seed strawberries and hull cherries. We ain't saying where Fettig told him to go. Fettig and Eads went out to the country the other day and ran into a ladies' aid dinner. The ladies will not be giving any more dinners, for these two birds wrecked the table and then had nerve to ask the cooks for a mess of smoked sausage to take home for supper.

"H. D. Hupp, driver of 11154, is selling some Polarine these days and is thinking about putting on a trailer. Capitalist Rafferty, city driver, is now equipped with a new set of false teeth so he can bite off more new business. Spare times, he is down at the office wearing out some perfectly helpless lead pencils figuring on his stock dividends. My name is Parsley, R. W., I put a "zip" to soups, salads and chicken potpie and maybe to the Indian-

apolis column in the Stanolind Record and may keep it up if the boys down here don't 'get' me."

CLINTON

We understand perfectly why Ernie Davis tried to get away with an iron half-barrel of Polarine, but he ought to have waited until he got the flivver. Davis lost this "half" from his truck on the way to complete a B station delivery and J. H. Bennett drove by and picked up the package. Ernie spent a bad half day worrying over the loss and started to go down in his jeans for the price, so the boys around the plant let him in on the good luck.

Cox, over at Terre Haute, thought he would pull a joke on the Clinton station, so he called up one morning before 6 A. M. and asked them to change an order that was to be delivered that day. Mose Moore, the Clinton agent, was all set for the jokester for he whispered back over the wire: "Say, what do you mean calling up here in the afternoon, that order left here early this morning." And the funny part, it had.

With all due apologies to Rocky Mountains, Glacier Park and other press agents, come to the Pine Ridge Mountains of Indiana, to spend your vacation. The most skeptical have been convinced, why not you?

BLOOMINGTON

L. L. Flenner has been having much success with Semdac among the housekeepers in his route.

O. F. Wakefield has been transferred from M. T. driver to warehouseman with an increase in the family—a ten pound boy.

Agent Voss Cox strayed from the straight and narrow path of selling SOCO products to that of Sherlock Holmes. Voss was the possessor of a five-pound cracker-sack full of "nickel" cigars and they disappeared. He third degree-ed each tank wagon man and no smokes. In the meantime, the mystery deepens.

JOLIET, ILL.

C. H. Kniep (field) and Miss Evelyn Reece (office), Correspondents

B. R. Nutt, our new agent at Peotone, claims that his station is the best kept up in the whole Joliet field. How about it?

Roy Mann, formerly S. S. attendant at No. 42, Elgin, has been transferred to waerhouseman at that station.

We wish to congratulate Harold McCartney, motor tankwagon driver at DeKalb, Ill., who was married on June 6. Who was the lucky lady? Pictures please.

George LaVanway, formerly agent at Ottawa, has been transferred to Rockford. Ottawa's loss is Rockford's gain. We know that Mr. LaVanway will be greatly missed at Ottawa and we are wishing D. E. Haley, temporary agent at Ottawa, all the success in the world.

R. G. Vonderheide, formerly tankwagon driver at DeKalb, has been made temporary agent at Shabbona.

Ralph Blair is a new addition to the force as agent at German Valley.

Congratulations are in order for Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Lindenney at Mendota. Papa Lindenney is very proud of his ten-pound boy. Happy days and sleepless nights, Lindy.

Handsome Henry Turkheim, who hails from Chicago, is second shiftman at S. S. No. 301, Mendota. We have been furnished with a description of Henry—in case he gets lost in Mendota. Don't crowd, girls, he's married.

A. G. Stratton is sporting a new coat of paint, wrapped around the outside of a 1903 model Buick touring car.

W. J. Maher, attendant at Mendota S. S. has an idea that he won't be talked about. He has also invested in an Overland.

Del. Herbert, Mendota driver, complains of the days being too long and the nights too short. What's wrong, Del?

Alex O'Connor is the new S. S. attendant at No. 42, Kankakee, Ill.

George Popp, why all the new clothes? Because you're up-town now?

Isn't it shocking? Did you hear about Harry Donaldson being pinched for speeding?

We are sorry to hear of the accident Eddie Cordon had recently, near Starved Rock, and would suggest that he watch the road a little more closely in the future, as he hasn't eyes in the back of his head.

Mr. and Mrs. Bogardus of Chicago spent Sunday recently in Elgin, visiting their son, H. H. Bogardus, our agent at that point.

J. L. Weeks is our new agent at Leland, successor to T. E. Larson.

C. O. Samuelson is now attendant at S. S. No. 305, Sandwich, Ill.

David Florey has recently been appointed to agency at Triumph, succeeding G. F. Potter.

R. S. Buzard is a new salesman on the force and has taken over P. H. Sanno's territory. G. B. Glenn has taken over H. J. Hendricks' territory.

The new agent at Sugar Grove is Elmer Myers, successor to E. L. Roades.

Wilber Hobson had a streak of hard luck recently. First he broke a spring, and we think that while he was trying to make up a good excuse he went to sleep in his cap and someone stole his 090 book. How about it, Hob?

S. S. No. 10, Kankakee, Ill., looks like a floral shop. It surely is a beauty spot.

Again our star tankwagon driver, Mr. Odette, figured he would win the Star Car, at a local carnival, but instead he won the Star Bacon.

Walter Rent, you know what they say about the best man. Does this apply to you.

By the way, Kankakee has a Finol Find, in the person of Fred Hertz, attendant at S. S. No. 1.

Office News

We wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Otis on the loss of their little daughter June, recently.

John Winke and George Daab are new members of the force at Joilet, Ill.

John Davis has been transferred from the check department to the sales; Oscar Horn, from equipment department to check department, and Ollie Munson from the record department to the equipment, taking Helen Rimke's place. Have you noticed that Miss Rimke (Helen) is now smiling again? She's back in the dictaphone department.

We wish to congratulate Leo Pesevento upon the arrival of little Margaret. Thanks for the candy and cigars.

R. A. Patterson, formerly attendant at S. S. No. 13, Joliet, has been transferred to the record department in the office.

We know now why Roy White seems so interested in Stillmans. One day in front of the office, a certain blonde young lady—we won't tell the rest of it. Ask him.

H. J. Schuck, one of our Rockford salesman. has been married to Miss Helen Hart of Joliet, We extend our congratulations. They will reside in Rockford.

Art Anderson is a new member of the credit department.

Mr. Baker, new in the stock department, hails from Tulsa, Okla., we are informed.

It would seem to us that Frances Smith and Harry Kaufman are quite chummy these days.

Dan Daley, recently of the sales department, has given up his position and is now head of a department at Beache's Store. Good luck to you Dan.

Miss Lucille Comerford is a new member of the record department.

Patricia Morrissey is now Mr. Monson's stenographer.

We wish to extend our sympathies to George Johnson whose father passed away recently.

The office received a visit recently from A. A. Kirn, chief clerk of the Detroit office. Call again, Mr. Kirn.

The baseball team is progressing rapidly. The Big Leagues have nothing on us. We play the Peoria division on July 8.

This is what I promised you, Harry. Listen girls. This *is* news: "We see very little of Harry Kaufman these days. Of course, we know that he belongs to the Joliet office, but the *bert* half of Harry belongs to Mendota until the time comes when she finishes college and they settle down somewhere else." Look pleasant, Harry.

KANSAS CITY, MO.
W. F. McGarry, Correspondent

Keen rivalry exists between the sales force and the office in their baseball games. The standing to date is two games to one in favor of the office. We are looking forward to the next clash. The office team played the Englewood team the other night, but were beaten. However, they were minus two of their star players in Ray Martin and Lonnie Williams who are from Englewood and insist on playing for the Home Town.

We have it on good authority that a certain young lady was marooned on the way home from Lees Summit not long ago, with several others of a jolly party; and made the best of it by walking home. Very tiring on the feet, besides losing a lot of sleep isn't it?

We were glad to hear of the recent marriage of one of our former popular young ladies. Miss Helen Kruse.

Joe Wasson, popular young man of the sales manager's department, has signed up for life. The wedding, which was a quiet one, took place on June 24. We all wish the happy pair long life and happiness. Also hope that this event will not eliminate Joe from the national pastime, as he is the playing manager of the Lions, office baseball team.

We hear a lot about Danny Davison and Miss Hirsch. It is to the effect that they are seen quite frequently in each other's company.

We wonder what a certain party will do when Carl Sapper goes to camp. By the time this Record comes out he will be back again and we can answer this question.

We wonder if Walter Knook of the Stock department ever found that difference finder. We hear he used to have charge of the gun reports at camp.

A. H. Worrall announces the arrival of a new Standard Oil salesman at his house. Congratulations, Bert! send us his picture and name for Stanolind Record. Get him started right.

Dave Stanford has been promoted to the sales force from service station. We are predicting some heavy sales from the territory Dave covers.

Claude Cochran of the sales department has assumed new duties in the office. We are glad to have him with us, helping to make two more sales grow where one grew before. That is our motto for 1923.

W. L. Murray is now covering the Burlington territory. Watch Bill take 'em on high. We're for you, Bill and believe you will show a big gain by the end of the year.

Jack Shearer, salesman in Kansas City, has bought a home at Merriam, out where he can raise chickens. He assures us that everything is better there than in the city, even his appetite.

Silas Brownfield was recently checked in at Blackburn as B station agent. He was formerly employed as driver at Boonville. He is taking hold at Blackburn like a veteran.

Forest Taylor, B station agent at Chilhowee, and his father work together and they make "some team." Teamwork will put it over. These gentlemen are well liked by the entire community in which they work.

O. A. Hane is the new agent at Blue Mound, Kas. Welcome to the Standard Oil family, Mr. Hane. We are looking forward to a big year at Blue Mound, now.

T. H. Lauck is now agent at Mound City, Kas. Also, we expect a great year at Mound City. The Mounds have it.

C. J. Pierce is now covering the Independence, Kas., territory. He follows Joe Sullivan who has been transferred to smokestack business. Both these men are live wires, and are going strong.

W. L. McPherson is now at S. S. No. 6, Lawrence, Kas. Welcome Mr. Mc. Great Company, isn't it?

V. L. King is now agent at Savonburg, Kas. Welcome Mr. King. Let's go for more Red Crown and Polarine and the full line.

Bob Greenleaf was seen leaving a bouquet of fancy flowers at the switchboard not long ago. Who were they for, Bob?

W. C. Glass has been assigned to special work and is taking care of the Prairie Pipe Line business all over the field. Congratulations, W. C. His place has been taken by J. M. Sullivan.

T. A. Blake is now covering the territory formerly covered by L. S. Farris who has taken up service station work. Watch this bird go.

Glad to see George Hart back on the job, after a siege of the mumps. Should have had them when you were a kid, George.

Roy Curnutt has no news to report from his service stations, but has this to say—that he has the most wonderful personnel at his stations of any division in the S. O. Co. Ind. Quite chesty; but he really believes it—and we are willing to side in with him.

Johnny Reid was in the office today preparing for a short vacation, his first in twenty-three years. All know Johnny as he is a veteran tank wagon driver, now working at 13th and Baltimore service station. Hope you enjoy yourself, Johnny.

New employees—Miss Mitchell in the credit department, and Miss Radford, stenographer for J. H. Hefty, superintendent of District No. 2.

At this writing we are going into a terrible battle on Polarine—the Tigers and Jayhawkers. We have it on good authority that this will be the greatest battle over staged in the Standard Oil history. Several well known department heads are afraid to take sides and have declared themselves

neutral. However, the writer positively believes that the Tigers will win.

Joe Moore, formerly of the order desk, was a visitor to the office today. We were glad to see this congenial fellow.

LA CROSSE, WIS.
Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

A meeting of the district superintendents was held at La Crosse recently.

Leslie J. Plenke is the new attendant at S. S. No. 306, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

N. R. Grimshaw, assistant general manager of the Northern Division, recently visited the La Crosse office.

Arthur J. French succeeds Walter C. Scharnweber as agent at Hammond, Minn.

Kenneth M. Lloyd succeeds T. R. Knight as S. S. attendent at Sparta, Wis. Mr. Knight has been transferred to general salesman.

Ellen Wood has been in the pink of condition since Sunday. Her neck and shoulders tell the story of exposure and suffering. Did we hear you say Winona, Ellen?

Roland C. Snyder has been employed as additional S. S. attendant at Menomonie, Wis.

Has any one seen Art's car?

Rudie is playing first fiddle for the matinee and second fiddle for the evening performance.

E. A. Prosser and D. Van Sickle from the S. O. Co. at Winona attended the picnic given by the La Crosse office.

Herbert H. Nietz is relief man at S. S. No. 6 and 12 at Rochester, Minn.

F. W. Towne, salesman, has been transferred to agent instructor.

LaCrosse division boasts of what it believes is the newest, a "Honey Man" at $1.00 per jar. Ask Schrieber.

Lucille Frizzell went an' done it. Done what? Got married. Lucille of the dictaphone staff at the La Crosse office and Dr. D. Young of Onalaska took the eternal vows June 9 at Onalaska. Congratulations. Dr. and Mrs. Young.

Our Safety man, Even Evenson, tells us of various "Safety" ways. One is "Don't loiter on the street at 11:00 P. M. especially when you are wearing grey pants and the cops are looking for a window peeper of that description." Did you know the cop, Even?

We are very glad to welcome Al Dates into the office.

J. E. Monegan, assistant manager, was called to his home in Missouri on account of the death of his mother. The entire La Crosse Division extends its deepest sympathy.

A picnic was held at the home of Dr. Young at Onalaska, by the girls of the S. O. Co., office in honor of Mrs. Young, a bride of the week. They had lots of good eats and a very enjoyable time.

S. S. Attendant La Verne Bigelow at Tomah, Wis., decided that two could live as cheaply as one, so he took unto himself a bride. La Verne was married June 9 to Miss Helen Freemore, instructor of music at Tomah.

You know Helen Gassert, when one goes canoeing these dark nights, one will catch cold. What's the matter Leona, did you have a coat (?) around you?

The annual picnic of the Standard Oil Company was held June 10 at Oehler's Cave. Every one packed their own baskets and ice cream, coffee, peanuts and pop was served by the Social Club. Races of all descriptions, ball game, tug of war and dancing kept the crowd busy most of the day. The tug of war was between Winona and La Crosse but La Crosse came out ahead. Cigars and candy were passed by H. E. Bruce, manager. Although the day was cold an' dark an' dreary, everyone had a wonderful time.

D. Guentz, salesman, attended the picnic held at Oehler's Cave.

Leo G. Clancey has been employed as additional S. S. attendant at Eau Claire Wis.

Ernest Skaff and Leonard Skinner are the two new office boys. Leonard will be remembered as the sub-halfback on the high school football team.

V. A. Julian succeeds N. C. Robinson as agent at Brownsdale, Minn.

Two agents' meetings have been held within the last two weeks, one at Sparta, Wis., and the other at Preston, Minn.

C. C. Slater has been put on as general salesman on the territory formerly covered by E. T. Shea who has been transferred to the Austin territory.

Marshfield reports: "No water available for washing trucks by use of spray or hose." We'll say prohibition has certainly gone into effect at Marshfield.

Mr. Esse is back on the old job as agent at Austin, Minn.

We wish to congratulate G. Leonard, who informs us that a young lady has come to their home to make a lifelong visit. We think, Mr. Leonard, that girls are far superior to boys.

A gentleman wishing to see the advertising manager was ushered to William Trapp's desk.

Gentleman, "Are you the advertising manager?"

Bill, "No, I'm just the guy that sends it out." I wouldn't take the "responsible" either, Bill.

Has anyone seen Mr. Monegan? Yes, that's him in his new show case.

We are very glad to welcome Mrs. Bruce and family at La Crosse, and hope that they will like their new home.

Mrs. J. E. Monegan and son, Woodside, are visiting at their former home in Missouri.

MANKATO, MINN.
W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

Mankato people were pleased to receive an announcement of the marriage of Frances Holland and Oliver Olson, both of whom were formerly employed in the Mankato offices. Oliver was transferred to the Minneapolis Division this Spring and it was suspected at that time that the transfer was made because Miss Holland had resigned her position as comptometer operator in the Mankato office and moved to Minneapolis. Mr. Olson is now in the credit department of the Minneapolis offices.

Several friends of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Jensen surprised Mr. Jensen by appearing at the Jensen home for dinner recently, the occasion being the fourth wedding anniversary of this popular couple. Mrs. Jensen had arranged the surprise, every detail of which was carried off with precision, so that Mr. Jensen was completely flustered. The fact of the matter is, we have a sneaking suspicion that Carle, who is our assistant chief clerk, had completely forgotten about his wedding anniversary and thus was doubly surprised.

Mankato Standard Oil Company people were much in evidence at the Mankato-Albert Lea ball game at Albert Lea on June 24. Among those who made the trip via automobile were Mr. and Mrs. G. A. White, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Humm, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lynard, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Nuebel, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Weber, F. McK. Blough and

S. F. Armstrong. Partisanship was vociferously displayed, Albert Lea being ably backed by Salesman F. M. Luff, who with a contingent of Albert Lea fans, proceeded to heat the atmosphere for the Mankato Red Crowners. In spite of the fact that Albert Lea won the game, they all had a lot of fun and real sport.

C. H. Sorteberg has been assigned to special work and is now stumping the Mankato Division in the "Mica Massage" campaign. Mr. Sorteberg's slogan is "Sell 'em a Barrel" and his motto is "Every Post a Sale." C. H. was at one time a salesman for a hog oiler concern and is earnestly enthusiastic over the "Mica Masssage" proposition as he realizes the immense superiority of the Mica method over any other hog greasing or oiling device.

Washington Park in Mankato is a romantic spot, that is, we now think of it as such since seeing Mildred Sawyer there of a moonlight evening—not alone.

George Cox, filing clerk, went Romeo-ing on a Sunday afternoon in June. With a phonograph, a Ford, and a Juliet did he drape the scenery at Minneopa State Park.

The girls of the downstairs office picnicked at Minneopa State Park, recently. Particulars are lacking as this picnic was not held in celebration of any particular occasion and darkness set in so that picture taking was out of the question. We have heard whispers since the picnic, however, that Naurine Biggins "out-duncaned" Isadora Duncan in aesthetic dancing performing on the emerald globe to the music of the katydids and tree toads.

Mr. Grimshaw was a visitor in Mankato on June 8.

The girls of the Mankato offices had a party for Florence Vollbrecht who was a June bride. Miss Vollbrecht was presented with a beautiful flower bowl and we hear that "lovely time was had."

Many of the Mankato Red Crown kittenball stars have signed up with the West Side team for this season because no team was organized at the office. It seemed strange, at that, to go out to the grounds and see Bud McCarl swinging his south-side arm, while Johnson and Anderson were cavorting in the field without the usual emplem on their manly bosoms. Which all goes to prove that we should have a team in the league.

A. I. Johnson, our agent at Worthington, was not content with grabbing first place in all the sales campaigns during the first four months but also had to annex the Semdac honors in the May campaign.

Clarence Humm and Jack Krier went fishing on Decoration Day. They got back.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Anderson announce the birth of a daughter, Geraldine May, on May 23. Alfred is our agent at Glenville.

J. J. Meyer and Frank Brown went to the North country on a fishing trip over Decoration Day and came back with a nice string of pike. The fish aren't built fast enough to get out of this pair's way.

When District Superintendent B. E. Berry called his sales force together, Mrs. Berry provided a sumptuous 6 o'clock dinner for the guests at the Berry home in Windom. Anyone who has partaken of chicken a la Southern Minnesota needs no words to describe the epicurean delights of this repast. Mrs. Berry was assisted by Mrs. B. I. Evans whose main duty seemed to be to see that Bert got enough to eat. He did.

Wendell Wells, stock clerk, surprised even his most intimate friends when he sent cigars and candy to the office on June 25 together with the announcement that he was married on June 23 to Miss Katherine Exner of Mankato. The stock department now, with one lonely exception, consists of benedicts, who state that Goehring may be a victim of 1924 leap year.

G. A. White, sales manager, startled the natives when he appeared on the Mankato roller skating rink and with Mrs. White proceeded to do the Dutch Roll and various other fancy contortions familiar to the roller skating tribe. Mr. White appeared at the office the next day but it was particularly noticeable that his foot action was somewhat delicate, so as to speak.

The Petroleum Education Club continues to flourish. The full membership of twnety-five has now been reached and a waiting list has been established from which new members will be selected in rotation. At the meeting of June 11, C. J. Humm read a paper on "Paraffine Wax and its Uses." Mr. Humm dwelt largely on the manufacturing process used in obtaining the various grades of wax, while E. Green, in leading the discussion, spoke of the various commercial uses of paraffine waxes. The meeting was instructive and interesting especially during the open forum when many points were brought out regarding the uses of various waxes. At this meeting it was voted to make the membership of the Club unlimited. This was decided on account of the many applications for membership which have been received from fellow employes. At the meeting of June 25, E. L. Osten spoke on the "Methods of Analysis of Petroleum Products." Mr. Osten demonstrated a gasoline distillation test and, by picture and diagram, illustrated various methods of testing the various petroleum products. Mr. Osten's talk was followed with a great deal of interest by the large attendance and the discussion and questions brought the meeting up to the seven-thirty closing hour.

The July meetings of the Petroleum Educational Club were to consist of a talk on "Transportation" by F. C. Brown on July 9, and on "Refineries, Types, Locations, Ownership, etc." by R. W. Pinney on July 30.

FAIRMONT

One of the night patrolmen at Fairmont called up Fred Gust, agent, and asked if A. C. Heller worked a double shift. Fred didn't get the point until, after investigation, it was found that A. C. was wont to call upon a young lady who lived near his service station and that it was necessary to pass the station on his way home.

Here are some of the characteristic remarks of Farimont S. O. People:

Perry Harley—truck salesman: "You'll get the best results by using Red Crown."

J. A. Johnson—truck salesman: "Mr. Bloomin' Alarm Clock didn't work this morning."

U. R. Diehl—truck salesman: "That truck wouldn't pull the hat off your head."

Fred Gust, agent: "Hello, Steve!"

A. C. Heller, S. S. attendant: "I've got an idea that beats that all to the deuce."

H. B. Ray, salesman: "Now here's the proposition."

Eugene Whitney, S. S. attendant: "Did you ever meet my Buddy?"

FARIBAULT NOTES

E. C. Soucy, attendant at S. S. No. 10, says that Whitney of Fairmont is taking in a lot of territory when he lays claim to the most beautiful station in the world. Soucy wants to have a jury of disinter-

ested judges pass a verdict on these stations. Meanwhile we're neutral.

Warehouse Foreman Walt Dilly and S. S. Attendant Soucy spent a recent Sunday at the Owatonna Mineral Springs. (This is a beautiful spot and pictures would be very acceptable.)

Fred Mullenberg has been transferred from the S. S. department to truck salesman in the Faribault field. Fred has hosts of friends on the rural routes who will be glad to see him on the green truck.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Miss Marie J. Zacha, Correspondent

Poor little Danny Cupid has indeed been taxed to the limit by members of the S. O. Co. here. Now, there's Pearl Lett, in charge of the dictaphone room. When young ladies go to Green Bay to attend a Commencement, there's no telling what it's going to a commencement of. At any rate, Pearl came out a winner, her left ring finger beautifully adorned. We offer our sincere congratulations, Pearl.

Gert Fiedler has good taste in the choice of candy and cigars, which we certainly enjoyed. To her also are extended our best congrats, for on June 25 she became the wife of Earl Minster, formerly of the saleswriting department. Good luck to you, "Mrs. John."

Neither will the proverbial holly have occasion to harbor on the doorstep of erstwhile Marion Howe. Pa Howe really didn't lose a daughter but gained a son when Marion said, "I do," taking Jack Trotter, formerly of the saleswriting department, as her lawfully wedded husband. Our most cordial congratulations and well wishes are with you, Mrs. Trotter.

"Well, I'm not making a mistake" (and I don't mean maybe) so goes the tale of V. J. Ryan, stock department, who is one of the latest victims of the charms of one of the fairer sex in the office. Miss Mame Franz is the young lady wearing the "dimund" and judging from her smile, she doesn't figure she made a mistake. You have our congratulations, the both of you.

Jim Foley, agent at Campbellsport, went fishing. He's been troubled with the bites ever since—mosquito bites.

What's that we hear about Mr. Sturhahn reclining in upholstered furniture?

We enjoyed a prolonged visit by L. Pratt of Chicago.

It was with keen regret we heard of the death of Ralph Possel's father. We extend our heartfelt sympathy, Ralph.

Billy Kolka separated himself from some long green and purchased a Hupmobile with all its accessories.

By the way, the laurels for the champion gaboon upsetter still rest upon the cranium of our well known Doc Reis of the North Woods. While the quota really is two spills per month, we regret this item went to print previous to the full allotment having been reached. Incidentally, Ed Norris is a keen competitor. He can't be convinced that these dishes won't accommodate two tens.

We have now discovered why that everlasting smile of Gust Hernke's has grown bigger. Mr. and Mrs. Hernke were blessed with the arrival of an eight-pound boy. Gust expects to put on an additional truck in a couple of years. This proud papa is agent at Hilbert, Wis.

Has anybody noticed just why Happy Jess Mortimer, agent at Chilton, is working so diligently these days? We fear Jess will not be a bachelor very long.

If you should perchance meet Station Examiner Gregory emerging from a hotel or restaurant with his eyes inflamed, it's just because he had some hot noodle soup. Somehow or other, Greg has the knack of making those noodles snap like the crack of a whip.

Marge Poss, what's the secret of the daisies on your desk?

We're glad to again have School Marm Cecil Wilkins with us for a short period.

When salesman P. N. Herr stops his car on a side road, there's nothing serious. It means that a bumblebee is being fanned out.

Jud Kemmer, who has been working in the Milwaukee office, has been transferred back to the Wyoming field. Success to you, Jud.

R. A. Yont has a very keen sense of smell or he is taking a correspondence course in "How to Enforce Prohibition." Tell the boys of the "find," Ral. We thought people used that stuff in auto radiators.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
G. E. Anderson, Correspondent

June 1 was the beginning of a new fiscal year for the Red Crown Social Club and a meeting was held closing the previous year's business and for electing new officers for the ensuing year.

Harold T. Christensen was elected president, Charles W. Wolfgang, vice-president, and Merrill Ofstun, secretary and treasurer.

The year just past has been a good one for the club and many enjoyable events have taken place that have helped to bind the relations of Standard Oil Company employees in closer friendship, and the retiring officers, Hugh Moshier, president; Miss Rhoda Halverson, vice-president and Miss McCarthy, secretary and treasurer, are to be congratulated and thanked for the work and effort they have put forth.

Besides being a fisherman, Salesman W. C. Patton is somewhat of a song writer. Ask him to sing his latest parody on "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles."

It seems that the Minneapolis Division has a goodly number of disciples of Isaac Walton, and Sundays are mostly spent at the various lakes accommodating the finny tribe. Whether Messrs. Vincent, Hanson, Wolfgang and Jaeger got any fish is still a mystery, but nevertheless they went fishing. Wolfgang furnished his Chevrolet, and did the cooking, Jaeger furnished the lake while Vincent and Hanson supplied the entertainment and appetites. Jaeger lost his grip, Wolfgang fished bull heads, skinned and cooked them and woke the rest of the crew at 2:00 A. M. for breakfast.

Salesman C. A. Riebe has a new thrill as the following reprint from the Minneapolis Tribune shows:

"Honeymooners Speed up to 38 Miles per; Judge Fines 'em $10."

"C. A. Riebe, 2311 Bryant avenue, Minneapolis, and his wife started their married life at high speed."

Jake Witte, tank wagon driver, proudly announces the arrival of a nine-pound baby girl at his home.

The stork visited the home of A. W. Fox, agent at Albany, Minn., and left a girl.

The stork also visited the home of Mrs. and Mr. Charles Young, agent at Holdingford, Minn., and left a boy.

Elwin Borden, agent at Buffalo Lake, feeds 300 hogs and raises mallard ducks. Elwin hires a man to look after his barns while he sells Standard Oil. A thrifty person, this man, Borden.

Every time Klebba goes to LaFayette, Larson is out in the country. Atta boy Lars, there's where the dividends are made.

Bill Schnabel, agent at Hopkins, says if he can ever get all his children together at one time he'll have a picture for us. Call a convention, Bill.

We beg to announce that G. A. stands for Gustavus Adolphus Syverson, Gustavus means "work" in Swedish.

Bernard Dick, Agent at Albertville, Minn., was married June 19 to a Minneapolis girl. You gotta come to Minneapolis for the good ones.

George Bryant, agent at Monticello, Minn., wants someone to send his son a cap "what has no printing or nothing standing on it."

Harry Welker, agent at Loretto, Minn., purchased an International Red Baby. Harry's going some.

O. A. Lobert, who was one of our star agents, recently was promoted to agent instructor. Good luck, Oscar.

A certain young lady bookkeeper in a garage was instrumental in securing a garage account for Agent Bill Weiss and Salesman Walt Eckman. It pays to be handsome.

Fred Hoppe, agent at Holloway, reports that while delivering one day he killed three rabbits, two snakes and one barking dog with his truck.

Ed. Moe, agent at Dawson, is young and handsome and, Ed, we don't see how she can resist your winning ways much longer.

Harry Snyder, agent at Benson, has five fine children, three are girls, so Harry says he has only two future S. O. Co. agents.

Pat. Persen, agent at Willmar, wants to inform the Stanolind Record readers that he continues to be the champion Semdac agent of the Minneapolis division.

Pete Johnson, agent at New London, proved himself to be a fine athlete at the Water Sports Carnival. We understand he drove a street sprinkler around the Fair Grounds.

Chris Eul, S. S. attendant, is receiving compliments from customers on the fine condition of his service station.

Arnold Hawkinson, salesman, was recently married, and Arnold has a nice little bungalow all fixed up in Granite Falls. We extend our best wishes.

William Spalinger, agent at Clinton, has one of the cleanest looking B stations in the division.

W. L. Gray, agent at Cottonwood, has never furnished us the photo he promised. Mr. Gray has been with the S. O. Co. over twenty-three years.

Phil Prodoehl, agent at Renville, last year was in a Fourth of July parade. He was a prize winner. Phil believes he can accomplish the same result this year.

George Monk, agent at Royalton, successor to S. Dahlquist, never realized how many commercial relatives he has until he joined the Standard Oil family.

Byron H. Keene has been checked in as agent at Hastings, succeeding Henry Gorgus, resigned.

Frank Olson has been appointed agent at Hudson, Wis. Frank has a reputation for being a real hustler and he is going after the business. We welcome you as a member of the Standard Oil family.

Joe Early, our agent at New Richmond, Wis., certainly lives up to his name. A phone call at 6:30 o'clock one morning found him already at work on a farm route. He had left home at 5:00 A. M. Go to it, Joe, the early bird catches the worm.

C. G. Williams, tank wagon driver, has been promoted to agent instructor.

Cigars were passed around at our Hastings S. S., recently, the reason being that Attendant James Dunn took unto himself a bride. Congratulations, Jimmie.

George A. Duncan, salesman, is always in a hurry to get back to St. Cloud after visiting the main office. We are wondering who the reason might be. George insists it's business but we have an idea it might be—Oh, well, wait and see.

E. Lundquist, car inspector at the garage, looks 'em over pretty carefully.

For Sale: Due to urgent business requiring my undivided attention, I will sell one piccolo in good working order.—Geo. F. Kemme.

Arch Cameron has an interesting story to tell his close friends about being out of Red Crown on Memorial drive. Details are lacking.

E. F. Sheley after twenty-two years of selling Standard Oil Products has retired from the service, on an annuity. We regret the loss of daily contact with Mr. Sheley who has always been a loyal booster and a faithful employee. On the occasion of his retirement the Stanolind Sales Club adopted a resolution expressing its sentiments and presented him with a handsome gold watch and chain as a token of the esteem his fellow workers hold for him. The Stanolind Record joins in wishing Mr. Sheley every happiness during his many remaining years.

Attendant Frank Stutsman of S. S. No. 84, was recently presented with a full grown pike, which was going to take the leading part in a good old-fashioned fish dinner. When he went to get said pike, however, it had vanished completely. Frank says he can never forgive the one who took his fish.

George Day, lubricating correspondent, has taken up art. George draws a mean profile, though his specialty is racing automobiles.

PEORIA, ILL.

P. A. Johnston, Correspondent

Overheard:

P. B. B.—"Irene, comb my hair, too."

Irene—"You haven't any."

P. B. B.—"I have too." (Correct—"two")

Sure is tough, when you're chasing for a train on Saturday afternoon, with eight minutes margin, and some S. O. Co. employee happens along in his car—and picks you up. Ask Zill—she knows. How about it, Stone?

Have you seen Miss Buchele's latest dress? To our barbaric eye, it resembles either a barber pole, a circus tent, or an awning. We're not sure which. It sure is cool, anyway.

Elmer said, "Don't get funny." And after that—?

Story reaches us to the effect that the manager tipped his hat to the snake charmer in the parade on the 25th. This on authority of Mr. Phillips.

Joe Wombacher, Peoria warehouse, is still beaming over the arrival of a husky youngster at his domicile June 24. 'Attaboy, Joe.

Circus clown to Bernice: "Oh, wait till you see our fat lady!"

Linneman bought a Reo. That's what he said, but after viewing the bus, we think someone sold it to him. John began well. Backed into a telephone pole.

Our old friend Jane Higgins called on us June 16. Bobbed hair, rosy cheeks, same pep, she's a great girl.

Ed Brennan was a slow starter with the ladies, but now—watch him! They even go in and sit at his desk. Ask Nellie Redfern.

"Charlie Dressen" is irrepressible. He sat in the paint recently.

Ask Miss Pritchard about "Eddie" bringing her and Miss Conlon home after returning from Bloomington.

One evening recently a party of S. O. Co. young people including Mabel Gorsline, Nellie Redfern, Ralph Waugh and Frank Lindenfelser, motored to Mackinaw Valley Park. The evening was spent in dancing. Mr. Waugh and Miss Gorsline thrilled the crowd with their latest steps. The merrymakers returned at a late hour.

Misfortune came to our ball tossers during the past month. After successfully routing the Morgan Paints and Peoria Caskets, the State Hospital game slipped away in the ninth inning, and on June 16 we took a 12-3 beating from our bitter enemies, the Barrett Company. As the result of these reverses the Red Crowns rest in third place in the pennant scramble. Weak pitching has been the main cause of the defeats, Fuchs' accident having been a terrible blow. Redeeming features have been Heimeschoff's catching, and the work of the infield. Westphal, Quick and Traeger, with Manager McCready on first, make a sweet combination, while the tall boy behind the bat is looking better every game. Fuchs will be back in a few more weeks, and then—look out!

The first interdivision athletic event in local Standard Oil history was to be held on July 8, when the Peoria Red Crowns and the ball tossers of Joliet division met at Hick's Park, Spring Valley, Ill. The spot selected for this big attraction is ideal, being half way between both branches, and easily accessible by motor over concrete highways. Plans look to the biggest Company gathering in years. All that remains to make the day a perfect one is for the Red Crowns to lambast the stuffing out of the crew from Joliet. Here's hoping.

Central District

On June 23 twin boys arrived at the home of late Agent Tyler of Pekin, whose sudden death we recorded in our last issue.

Eastern District

Bloomington. Stony silence again. Fine gang. We're off you, boys.

"Old Faithful" Brown at Rantoul still chortles over the quantities of S. O. Co. products poured into the government avaiation field at Rantoul. 'Sfine, old man. Keep adding to it.

Brown reports Salesman Hal Davis as swanking around in a new Ford coupe, all dolled up in a palm beach suit, straw hat—M-M-M-M-M. Sweet enough to kiss.

Superintendent Ritchey of the Central district entertained P. W. Adams and P. A. Johnston, Peoria office one Sunday recently with a delightful motor ride to Bloomington, the attraction being the Peoria-Bloomington double header booked for that date. Quite a delegation of Standard Oilers was present despite leaky skies.

Southern District

The following are additions to Springfield service station force: G. C. Giger, B. H. Juhl and J. Allen White. Welcome, boys, and good luck.

Joe Shea has deserted the Springfield warehouse, heading out Hollywood way. Now when we take in the movies we'll know who helped assemble some of the "props." The boys intended to make Joe a present of a genuine Ingersoll, but the durn thing got to running again.

"Heavy" Smith wrote a few letters while in Peoria office recently. He bumped the mimeograph.

Happy Mohan, hustling Dawson representative, paid Springfield a visit the other day. Hap is always welcome, although it's hard on the dividends to have so energetic an agent off this field.

Britt, telling about the cleanup squad: "I walked out to the field, and the farmer was on one of those mussers-up that they muss up the corn with, you know." Some new machine, we suppose, invented since we rode the cultivator.

No news from Rochester. Rule is out all our waking hours, and we don't sleep much.

Don't forget to send us a ticket to that excursion, Charlie.

Western District

Agent Johnson of Woodhull, in his spare moments is a staunch upholder of the law. Wears a star 'neverything. But he tackled the wrong birds when he undertook to tell two hard boiled Company employees where to park, at that dance, not so long ago.

Frank Pye resigns as correspondent for the Record in the Western district. Says he can't get any news hounds to work, and has worn himself out trying. Jack Briggs was his only help, and with Jack joining the "Sons of Rest" the case is hopeless. How about it, Awerkamp?

The Hotel Custer at Galesburg found its reputation for hospitality endangered recently when Sales Manager Wenger and Major Parker arrived—and the former found his couch several cubits too scanty. No other bed of proper dimensions was available but one, and that already occupied by one Lynn Taylor. He wasn't occupying it five minutes after our sales manager read his name.

TERRE HAUTE

Special by "leased wire." "Our agent, C. B. Cox, seems to think the traffic policeman at Sixth and Wabash has it in for him, but the office force wonders (secretly) if C. B. will ever become accustomed to Wabash avenue traffic regulations.

"Dutch" Schauber and "Chuck" Ramsdell thought Christmas had slipped up on the calendar, for the other day a new lawn mower and Polarine box arrived on the same freight.

Arlie Colglazier bought a second-hand car some time ago, thinking it was a late model. He has just discovered that Rip Van Winkle used this same "boat" in keeping that appointment to shoot a bowling match with Hen Hudson.

Perle Miller, also known as our "minute-man" city driver, has annexed a reputation as a super-early-bird at this station.

With the road oil season on, Labuous Houchin and Fritz Leucht are getting a workout. Both agree that s shower of No. 4 would relieve the tension some for them.

Now, be it generally known that Terre Haute has forty-one employees, all of the sterner sex. Isn't it most likely that there will be an epidemic of requests for transfers? Don't crowd, girls, only six of them are eligible and one of them, Doc Clifton, has already been spoken for.

QUINCY, ILL.

Henry B. Hardy, Correspondent

June was a very eventful month for some of our tribe in the Quincy office. On the ninth Art Hoar and Laura Beckman ventured forth on the much maligned sea, spending their first week in Kansas City, Mo. They are now at home in a pretty apartment at 828½ South Fifth street. Art is our red-topped equipment man and Laura was formerly also of the equipment department, so naturally they have a well equipped home.

Oscar Vandenbloom, garage foreman, took the fatal step on June 12, becoming the husband of Leona Schmelzle at a pretty church wedding. They are living with his folks until they can locate a suitable home of their own.

June 19 was another happy day. At 8 A. M. a beautiful church wedding was held for the particular benefit of John B. O'Donnell and Gertrude Moller. John is our snappy lubricating correspondent and, to quote from the Whig-Journal, "a promising young business man." (No need to become embarrassed, John,—we've never yet read a wedding story where the groom was other than a promising young man.) John and his bride have a cozy home at 620½ North Sixth street.

At high noon of the same day, Gertrude Schwartzburg, formerly pay-roll clerk and chief clerk's stenographer, became the bride of Edgar Heidbreder, leaving at once for Niagara Falls and other eastern beauty spots. They will make their home for the present at 500½ South Eighth street.

We certainly enjoyed all of the candy and cigars and we wish the happy couples a joyous voyage through life.

After "coughing up" several times in quick succession for wedding presents, George Sohm, was heard to mutter, "If I had my way they would hire only married men."

More wedding bells. On June 25, Helen Hall, for several years in charge of the check department, became the bride of H. A. Bruenjes. They were married in Denver, Col., where Helen had spent a prolonged vacation since leaving us, but will make their home in Quincy. Mr. Bruenjes is the secretary-treasurer of the Morris Adler Company

Edith Graham, head of the saleswriters department, has never felt the same since her old pal Helen left and now that Helen is married this office is becoming simply unbearable to her, so she is leaving also. In partnership with her sister Nell, she will operate a millinery and art store at Maryville, Mo. Here's wishing you luck, Edith.

ATTENTION, GREYBULL

We're sorry we kept you in suspense so long. Our honorable Assistant Chief Clerk Dean Thomas admits having been called "Slats" in his sprouting days, but says he hardly recognized his old friend "Fitter" under the dignified name of George. Sometime when George is feeling real amiable ask him why the boys in Quincy used to call him "Fitter" and "Six-bits."

Manager A. L. Martin and family are comfortably settled in their new home at 1615 York street.

We are enjoying a visit from Ralph Reed. Ralph was at one time chief clerk here and has many friends in the office who are glad to have him around.

Florence Hughes and Margaret Ernst had a pair of wonderful vacations but, to their sorrow, both returned single. Margaret had one grand time in Chicago but frankly admits that Chinese restaurants and late hours do not agree with her very well.

Janie Donald of the check department spent her vacation down on a big farm near Green City, Mo. Janie says she wore overalls, rode horseback and behaved like a farmerette generally. Too bad our photog didn't accompany her.

Our men in the field were so busy trying to make a "homer" in John's baseball game they altogether forgot the Record this month. For shame, fellows.

Harry Loftis, formerly credit man of the Wichita office, now a patient at Hill Crest Sanitarium here, is improving steadily and hopes to be back among the big family soon. We hope so, too, Harry.

Believe it or not, we have it on good authority that Salesman R. L. Wilson attended church at least once this year.

Mrs. Mabel Fawcett Saxton and Ruby Skinner have joined our forces as billing clerks.

July 21 was the date set for our big picnic this Summer.

Everyone is waiting for the grand parade of Boger and his straw hat, floating with the current of the old Mississippi.

Anybody know what became of our agents and salesmen?

SAGINAW, MICH.

S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

Clifford Friers took a tip from Allan Jackson in regard to learning more about the airplane and has acquired joint ownership of one. We hope he doesn't do an "Anvil Flop" or drag an anchor on our cranium.

H. E. Zuber shook off the landlord and now collects his own rent, having purchased his own home very recently.

A few mysteries that ain't been solved.

How many half days Carl Buchbinder has coming on his vacation.

Why they should charge Louis Reip admission the the ballgame.

Why some one don't get a lucky number in the baseball pool of Edward Barrenschere's.

Miss Blondheim created quite a sensation a few A. M.'s ago when she made her debut attired in a gown that was devoid of sleeves. As she passed along the street the blind men opened their eyes and hocked their violins.

Irwin Richards would like to rent a track suit for his marathon act from Franklin street to Washington avenue which course has a handicap in the middle of the block in the nature of a rigid stairway of 98 degrees. When he gets a little more proficient he expects to take a job herding a bunch of canaries.

The many friends of L. E. Patterson will be pleased to learn of his marriage to Miss Catherine Ritchie of Saginaw. The wedding took place in their new home, June 23. Members of the office presented them with a beautiful electric percolator and service of loving cup design. Thanks for the candy and cigars, Pat, and all good wishes for future years.

W. H. Wills has replaced M. E. Hunt as agent at Capac. Mr. Hunt, however, still retains his agency at Emmett.

Bob Zahn and Elmer Kressley have heretofore been conspicuous by their absence from these columns but have earned their place in the limelight. On a recent visit to Flint they parked their cars upon the sidewalk. No, we mean on top a "no parking" sign and were obliged to "hock" themselves out of the "pie house." Many a burglar has had less nerve.

L. M. Howell, agent at Ashley, was a caller on our office, June 26.

We understand that the stork left a little boy in care of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Sonnenberg, Saginaw. E. J. is attendant at S. S. No. 4.

Major Hoople has developed a crimson glow to his pie detector that pales a peony's brilliance into a pastel shade. It looks like a joke on Volstead.

Several inquiries have been received from the readers as to who is "Fitz" which appears so much in these columns. Ask anyone in the Northern

division and they will tell you with pride that he is a bachelor who has had the courage to go blind to the vampires and stone deaf to sirens.

Mrs. Charles Guntrum of Baltimore, Md., who is none other than our own Hazel Wardell formerly of the check department, has returned to Saginaw and we are pleased to say that she is with us again.

Clayton Nienstedt of Minden City has been appointed as rural salesman and he is surely showing his colors.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Kline, an eleven-pound boy. John is our heavy at S. S. No. 1, Saginaw.

The S. S. department and the boys at S. S. No. 301 are going to miss Paul Edgar, but we feel that our loss is Manager Keating's gain so we will grin and bear it. We wish you all the luck in the work, Paul.

Jack Stalker tried a new job as relay man, working at various S. S. in the field but a certain young lady made such a protest that we had to bring him back to S. S. No. 301. Tough luck, Jack, but you should not be so popular with the ladies.

Our latest addition to the S. S. personnel is Harry Fox, of Hemlock, who started at S. S. No. 4 June 1. Harry was formerly a school dad so he should be a bearcat on ethics.

The next time Louis Reip goes to a ball game he will have his "Hen's Nest" equipped with an elastic under his chin making him look like he was hanging from a "gallows." He should either buy a box seat or else stay out of the boxes. Wonder if he thinks the cops are there just to watch the game.

The office Brussels is out to the cleaners so we don't expect to be on the "Carpet" for at least two weeks.

Carl Bookbinder shipped some of his homing pigeons to Chesaning a short time ago and, while the original basket contained twenty-five birds, only eighteen received their goodnight kiss from their "Papa" that night. However one of our salesmen reports that he saw seven doves walking toward Saginaw. Carl says, "They've got to kiss papa every night."

D. H. Ferriby seems to be in great demand for his excellent brand of presentation speeches. "You tell 'em, D. H."

Herman Lang involuntarily played host at a peanut shindig at the baseball park very recently. "Aren't mad have you, Herman?"

If you like variety, picture Claud Avery, weighing 75 pounds trying to shove Agent Hartman, weighing over 275 pounds over on his own side of the tank wagon seat.

W. C. Rugenstein, formerly of Lansing, has assumed the duties of ledgerman in that capacity vacated by Mr. Mathews who is now in the Safety department.

L. E. Patterson entertained the Saginaw S. S. boys at his new home, an informal prenuptial affair?

Stanley Lawler hurdled three railroad tracks in one block and was met at the office door by a representative of the Safety First department with a pencil and a pledge card.

James B. Rust, salesman, was married to Miss Clara Arndt on June 23. We all wish them a box seat on the top of the world.

Howard Harrington, tank wagon superintendent, Flint, whose hours of duty are self imposed from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. wants to know where he can get a second-hand grindstone to sharpen plowshares during his spare time.

Steve Wickham, our former lubricating correspondent, has resigned his position and is now residing in Cleveland.

Gene Monaghan took his annual pilgrimage to Burleson's, Grand Rapids.

Dudley Jones, of the stock department, officiated at Owosso while Clerk R. J. Schafer took his annual vacation at Frankfort, Mich.

Chief Petoskey, S. S. attendant, says that humid spell we had in June came very near putting him on the warpath.

Surpassed only by the bewhiskered fat lady with a green Adam's apple and foot rules for feet, Ted Mayville proved a great attraction at the Elk's carnival, with his kennel of "hot dogs and their mustard baths."

James Willum Phillion, cashier at Saginaw warehouse, has cultivated a moustache of the walrus type which had the effect of converting the aforementioned gentleman from a sheik into an Uncle Tom's Cabin Show Villun.

Someone wants to know if Marie Reamer likes Jackson. It's a nice place.

A few weeks ago one of the generals went fishing up north and returned with a frown and two cans of salmon. That guy couldn't catch goldfish with a croquet mallet.

PORT HURON, MICH.

All stockholders will be glad to know that Fred Elliott has a new Olds. Fred likes to go big car riding, he drives our S. S. tank wagon.

Bill Morrison mowed the lawn at the plant three times and the circus grounds twice during dandelion week.

Joe Beatty has overhauled and redecorated his Ford sedan. Joe says there are days when he imagines it runs better than it used to.

Leslie Patterson and his new bride passed through Port Huron on their honeymoon.

BAY CITY, MICH.

A. H. Adams, S. S. collector, pulled a complete surprise when he was married on May 26 to Miss Bina Mae Richards. We extend to the happy couple our best wishes for a long and prosperous life of unity.

From May 15 to June 14 we staged a Polarine campaign between the Polarine Mediums and the Heavies and due to the extremely hot weather the Mediums beat the heavies by a large barrel of sixty-two gallons, so according to the blue print the heavies dined the winners at the Boy Scout Cabin on the Kawkawlin from 4:30 P. M. till way late. There were twenty-five members who wore the napkins. Mr. Lilly, chief clerk, and L. C. Creip, S. S. superintendent of Saginaw, were there as guests of honor. Ollie Richards and Bill Richter fried the fish and concocted the goulash while Lee Welsh gave the potatoes the once over and colored the coffee. After everyone had indulged to their full capacity and a fifteen percent overload, Frank Church gave us a dissertation on fish from the time they swam from the Garden of Eden until they stopped on the table on which he had parked his foot. Indoor baseball was played and Ollie Richards as usual played a game that took all the sweepstakes. Henry Bosley sang a song entitled, "What is so rare as a boarding house pork chop."

Edward G. Metevia, our S. S. attendant at No. 7, reports the arrival of a nine-pound baby girl on March 22. Sorry Ed that we didn't get this item in before she grew up.

A few mornings ago one of our fellow workers nonchalantly dropped in to S. S. No. 7 and behold, he saw our masculine beauty A. J. Neering.

CHEYBOYGAN, MICH.

W. A. Peppler, who has had charge of the office end of the Cheboygan station for the past six years, has tendered his resignation. Here's good luck to you, Walter.

With the resignation of Mr. Peppler, Bill Schmidt will be promoted to the desk and have charge of the Cheboygan plant and the drivers operating under same.

Ed Morrow, who has been with this organization since February last, has struck his stride as a Semdac salesman and we will back him against any A station rural driver in the Saginaw division.

Ben McClelland is the champion fisherman and deer hunter of the Cheboygan S. O. Co. crowd.

Mr. Fitzpatrick was with us for four days during June.

Tom MacCormick has been engaged as attendant at S. S. No. 12 and seems to be making good. Tom has made a great many friends since his entrance with the Standard Oil Company and his sales on Polarine have been noticeable.

Reg. Adams, who has been in charge of S. S. No. 12 since its opening, has decided to take an auto trip to Florida next Fall.

Roy Stokan, B agent at Indian River, has pitched his tent at the State Park at that place and has the family there for the Summer.

Your correspondent was in Grand Rapids at the time it was necessary to get material ready for the previous issue of the Record and failed to have the necessary "papers" as the villain in the show says, until after the dead line was crossed.

Bill Schmidt has found it necessary to move into another residence in order to keep harmony in the family. Bill says he don't like the place and he'll be darned if he likes the location, but as long as "friend wife" does he can't see what he can do about it.

We were at the Michigan Central depot the other morning and saw a type C-O Fairbanks Morse Semi-Deisel engine being unloaded which will be installed in one of the fish boats at this port. That means that we will have a little business in the engine distillate line before long.

If any of the "boys" or young ladies in other fields or in the Saginaw field, are figuring upon taking a vacation this Summer, we would suggest that they plan their trip so as to take in the beauties of this locality.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Stewart Chaffin, Correspondent

When it comes to making out neat reports, the girls in the St. Joseph office have nothing on Miss Pearl Brown, secretary for Col. "Babe" Hotchkiss, our Atwood, Kan., agent.

Salesman Waddill says that he is contented to stay in Western Kansas as long as the company will agree to headquarter him in a town where his wife can have the accommodation of bathtub, Baptist church, grocery store and Ladies' Aid Society.

What it takes to sell 110-gallon drums, Sherm Peters, agent at Kanorado, has, and the chances are our shipping department will have to furnish this package to him in carload lots if he keeps on the way he has started.

Bob Johnston, agent at Colby, Kas., was promoted to salesman on the Phillipsburg, Kas., territory. Bob made a good showing at Colby and will do the same on his new territory.

The boys in the Western district will behave, now. The superintendent, E. J. O'Neil, is six feet three inches tall and weighs 250 pounds.

Bert Morissey, service station attendant at Colby, attended the Norton Roundup.

Agent O'Dell at Goodland reports a good business. O'Dell gets there!

Gus Anderson is our new tank truck salesman at Colby. Gus is there when it comes to selling the trade.

Agent Peters of Kanorado went to Denver on business last week.

Two trucks are going at Brewster. Agent Shirley is getting the business.

Clay Waddill, salesman at McDonald, couldn't get any place last month on account of floods, the roads being washed out.

Doyle Crawford is our new agent at Rexford. He is going good. Doyle was formerly a driver at Colby.

Station Instructor Fowler has two of the best dogs in Kansas. Ask Judge how they fight.

Ray Clark, agent at St. Francis, is sporting a new Dodge truck.

Albert Vohs, agent at McDonald, Kas., has a new International Speed Wagon.

Charley Philbrick, agent at Bird City, is a bachelor these days. Mrs. Philbrick and children are visiting in central Kansas.

J. H. Manning, agent at Herndon, has been accused of filling the farmers' churns and chicken troughs in order to make his quota last month.

O'Neil and his gang of "Potlickers" have the streets in western Kansas well lighted with T-65's. It is unnecessary to have "White Ways" in this country. They have "Red Crown Ways."

Bill Arensberg's "Foreign Representative" of Goodland, Kas., has installed a radio. News by mail is stale by the time it reaches here, hence the radio. Bill says he goes to church in Chicago via Radio. This news will be appreciated by all.

Dan Crawford, tank wagon salesman at Atchison, bought a cow for $35 worth of Perfection and Red Crown Gasoline. Then he bought a farm and is selling milk to all the SOCO employees to pay for the farm.

George W. Bedford, former agent at Chillicothe, Mo., has succeeded R. A. Cooksey as salesman on the Trenton territory. George has traveled right along, being successively agent, agent instructor, S. S. attendant and salesman.

Assistant Manager Orr spent two weeks out in the western part of the territory and reports everything flourishing.

George Shapherd, agent at Gilman City, Mo., has acquired the popular complaint known as "Ford Fracture." He was enthusiastically cranking his truck recently and overlooked some of the Safety First rules, and is now paying the penalty by carrying his arm in a sling.

Bill Arensberg writes as follows:

"I got a catch in my *back* early yesterday and can't get it out. I am doing all I can to relieve it so I can get *back* out to work." Since the above, Mr. Arensberg sustained a broken jaw. Between a lame back and a broken jaw, Bill is pretty badly crippled.

Office Notes

Al Walters says his next car will be a high powered one. But he can't make up his mind whether it will be a Star or a Chevrolet. Maybe we can help you out, Al.

George Ziemendorff's flivver kicked him the other day and broke his arm in two places. George, when you feed her Red Crown Gasoline, you have to expect a good kick, so look out the next time.

We are all wondering what is happening to Ick Bowen. He is getting as thin as a rail. We hope after he goes to house-keeping he will regain his weight.

Gertie, why didn't you bob your pretty locks? Did "someone" object? How about it, Harper?

Anyone wishing to become an acrobat should consult Heinie Leak as he has already demonstrated his ability along this line.

Dorothy Cavey was pleasantly surprised by the SOCO girls at her home, June 19, the occasion being her (?) birthday. From the looks of the gifts, Dorothy may be going to housekeeping soon. We are for you, D. C.

If it were not for "Shorty" Morts, our legal department would have very little work to do. Better carry a horseshoe, Shorty.

John Smeya is a new clerk in the equipment department. We are glad to have you with us, John.

We didn't know the Standard was selling a new product until one morning our Irish Burke of the marketing department came in and asked the price department for a quotation on "Michael" Axle Grease.

Teaf told someone, and that party told someone else, and he told someone else, and she told him and he told me, and I'm passing it on in black and white—Sh!—but we've figured out exactly why Teaf always contributes so freely to anything that comes along. About the time this goes to press, Teaf will not be in a position to contribute to everything, but we'll all have a chance to do it for him. What we would like to know is, do they use floor lamps in Savannah, or shall we go ahead and get something he can use in St. Joseph?

Since we have purchased a new Victrola, dancing will become popular at the office. Anyone wishing to take lessons, please write or apply in person, to Fred Batcher.

As Rose says, "Ain't that Victrola good-looking?"

It is with deep regret that George Ziemmendorff is to leave us, but we wish him very much success in Fording in the southwest.

Harold Moore, former "hostler" at the Burlington Roundhouse, is an ambitious lad. He started in with us as office boy.

Assistant General Manager H. A. Lewis comes frequently. He is always a welcome visitor and feels at home, for he is a native Missourian, and was located many years at Kansas City. Although he is loyal to his old home town, he has begun to feel, he says, that St. Joseph is a close second.

Mr. Coldsnow and his perfumed handkerchief have arrived. Grace has now been seen to pluck pansies and dream.

What is the matter with some of the district superintendents and salesmen when it comes to sending in news items? Do you delinquent gentlemen take any pride in giving publicity to your respective territories? There is always something interesting occurring and we are sure that anyone is interested if they can only be brought to realize that the Stanolind Record is a splendid medium to circulate in our big family.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Miss Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

A new order has been formed under the name of "The Modern and Efficient Order of Gate Openers, composed of Moehsmer, Bohlson and Townsend. District Superintendent DesJardins should be in this, but so far no one has ever seen him open a gate. He drives a mean Ford, talks a wicked line, but somehow or other lacks gate opening ability. Let's go, Des.

The Kirkwood force has increased. Henry Schook now drives the White Truck bequeathed by Walter Kieffer, who is driving a brand new Dorris. Eberybody is happy! How about it, boys?

Frank Murphy and his Dorris got all mixed up in the scenery around Dittmer in Jefferson County. He spent the night listening to the pearly brook flowing around and over the four wheels. Five farmers and a team got him out in the morning. Frank is very fond of talking all this over. Ask him, and increase your repertoire of cuss words.

Friends of R. C. Hammond will be pleasantly surprised to learn of his wedding to Miss Jewel Whittinghill, which took place in June.

On Mr. Skinner's last visit to the Picher field, it is reported he went to sleep and was put off of the interurban car at Tar River and had to get a taxi to the Picher plant, said taxi costing Mr. Skinner $5. In the future we think he will be awake while in that field.

On the night of June 15, Mr. Rassmussen was arrested in Joplin for sleeping on the streets.

Beginning June 27, the Springfield force started a series of educational lectures on the products of the Standard Oil Company, given by different members of the Springfield plant.

Walter Mallory and John Chittim have both blossomed out in new "See-sucker" suits which resemble the raiment of some Springfield barbers. All that is lacking at the Springfield plant is the striped pole.

Sunday, July 15, the Springfield employees gave a picnic, the only thing being barred was a necktie.

Bert Gouge has recently recovered from a week's illness. However, he seems to have lost no surplus flesh.

Mr. Fitzgerald spent a great day recently fishing at Rockaway. He says it took three men and a boy to carry their fish back and they were all bass. Sounds fishy, doesn't it?

"Slim" Prater, formerly construction man for the Standard Oil Company, is now replacing H. M. Sharp on the warehouse tanks.

Alton Fox, stock clerk, recently lost his pay check. Where did you lose it, Alton?

The favorite expression of the Springfield office force is "Ask me and see."

J. Perry Beals took his girl swimming the other night. She is now suffering from poision ivy on her neck and arms. We are wondering how Perry got poison ivy on his arms. How about it Perry?

"Big" Estes, head mechanic of the Springfield plant, has been hard to get along with for the last few days. Someone stole three wire wheels and tires off his Hudson Supersix. If the thief should ever show his face around here, we fear for his life, for Virgil is making terrible threats.

We recently received an order from T. W. Instructor B. A. Gouge for two barrels of radiator cooling oil. We are wondering if Bert was in desert territory when he made the order.

Joe Lanigan is still chasing tank wagons. Go to it, Joe. You'll catch 'em.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Miss Claire E. Donegan, Correspondent

B. F. Webster, our Safety First man, says he's strong for swimming, although the water is usually so shallow he has an awful time trying to get wet.

We were all grieved to hear of the sudden death of Mrs. Morrison, mother of Edna Morrison, formerly of the office. Our sincere sympathy is extended.

Marie Tinder was suddenly called to Pittsburg, Kas., owing to the serious illness of her mother.

A few of the girls are wondering how Earl Jacquot likes the walk to upper court and why he so often misses the last car coming back. Perhaps Naomi Swanson might tell us.

A few of the recent changes in the office are as follows: Herman Ellerbush, Ben Werner and Helen Cain, resigned. Charles Von Hotten now takes charge of the records, Kathryn Barnable, cartage clerk, and Jeanette Harrington and Virgil Link, sales writers.

And still they're bobbing them! Mildred Page and Virgil Link's pretty locks were the latest victims.

Trafficman Willoughby is now in line. He drives back and forth to work in his own Ford coupe.

Jeanette Harrington has a way of her own when it comes to vampin' 'em. Takes the car out for a spin. Car stops, good looking fellow offers his assistance,—and a "U Tell 'em, Jeanette."

Joe Cutler and Herman Nelson do enjoy those rides home with Assistant Chief Clerk Peterson. All but egg nights. It seems sometimes Pete takes home a dozen fresh eggs which one of the fellows must hold. It seems Pete is a pretty fast driver and Joe doesn't like to take any chances, so he cleverly helps Herman into the front seat handing over the eggs. Whadoyousay, Joe?

The city treasurer of Hinton, we understand, is $3 ahead since Equipment Superintendent Zimmerman went through. Bill says he was going at the rate of 3 miles an hour, huh?

About thirty members of Pleasure Bent Club assembled at McCook Lake and put up a new club house which will soon be completed and ready for the opening blow-out. It's a great place for bathing, and whadabout a reel SOCO picnic, pictures and everything?

P. M. Marsh was heavily fined for not showing up to help build the club house. Served him right. Should have fined him for missing such a good swim even though he didn't work.

Ernie Compton has a perfectly good row boat at McCook, but like some of the good land sold in Florida it's about 20 feet under water.

Any one wishing to trade his Ford for a Cadillac, see Jack Hutchings.

A certain party finds it necessary to repair the sink every time Mrs. Cowles bakes blueberry pie. Don't blame you a bit, Duncan, some blue berry pie, we'll say.

Tank Wagon Driver Phillips reports some good catches in the Sioux. We'll take your word for it Phillips, but we'd like to see the fish.

We are glad to welcome George Gunther of Minneapolis who recently joined our force.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

George Schultz, new salesman at Sioux Falls, is making friends rapidly.

W. E. Dagger, formerly tank wagon driver at Cherokee, Iowa, has succeeded Pete Halvorson as drayman at Sioux Falls.

Ted Hokenstad, S. S. attendant has a half interest in a new Ford roadster. We wonder who has the other half interest, Ted?

Andy Bott, attendant at S. S. No. 20 just returned from a trip to his old home at La Crosse, Wis. While there he attended the Standard Oil Company's picnic at Oshler's Cave.

District Superintendent Wirsing is now sitting pretty in a new Chev. coupe.

Field

Salesman Evans has been hitting the nail on Mica sales and not at all backward at making a challenge of 100 barrels in thirty days. Tom says, it's a pleasure to see a bunch of hogs gather around a Mica Post to the tune of "I Need Thee Every Hour."

William Gibbs, S. O. agent at Larchwood, and Miss Elsie LaBeck were recently married. Congratulations and best wishes for both.

Bill Gibson, Larchwood agent, has Dan Webster beat when it comes to definitions. Bill says the Anti-discrimination law is a law passed by the Standard Oil Company and is as follows: "No agent shall call on a farmer while on his route and deliver him S. O. products without calling on the other farmers in the neighborhood and giving them the same chance to enjoy the use of S. O. products regardless of the amount of storage they have.

It shall be the duty of all S. O. agents to see that all people in their community receive the same service." U SAID IT, BILL.

Salesman Willis of the Rosebud territory tells us that the rains up there have been more incessant than in a good many years.

Roorda Strait has succeeded S. A. Pease as agent at Bonesteel. Rorrda says Pease set a hard pace which combined with the rains and road conditions makes it tough sledding. However, he is making good.

G. G. Scholl, agent at Gregory, and E. G. Gagnon, agent at Colome, are both as proud as little boys with new red topped boots. Mr. Baker just completed new outside loading at their stations giving them a fresh coat of paint. The boys were going good without these improvements so watch out for them now.

L. L. Louden, agent at Herrick, resigned and Arnold Kibber was installed. Arnold is new at the oil business, but says he'll get his share of business on Red Crown Gasoline.

C. L. Kidlwell of S. S. No. 19, Winner, known to the boys as Kid, never allows a car to come to a full stop until he has the radiator filled, and by the time the driver is out of the car Kid is right on hand with Red Crown Gasoline.

Station Examiner L. C. Abrahamson of Sioux City spent several days auditing along the Winner line and says he is beginning to like the Rosebud country.

W. W. Baker, construction man, from Sioux City, who has been working the Winner line, and Salesman Willis are standing up to eat now. Eighteen miles on a solid tired truck is the answer.

Salesman Carson is a firm believer in the Mica Post. He and Agent Smith, of Missouri Valley, installed one for a farmer having about 200 hogs, and somehow or other Kit got so much Mica on his trousers that one of the Duro Reds took him for a Mica Post. Do they like it? Ask Kit.

Roy Oakes, station agent booster, has been working the past few weeks in the Logan field, thereby causing several of the young ladies to sit up and take notice.

Agent Gunsolley and two helpers just moved from Mondamin to Logan to take over the bulk station. Gunsolley says it won't be long now until he has two truck drivers of his own.

Salesman Landeck of the Wagner territory was in shaking hands with old friends. Irv says as soon as he gets acquainted and things going his way, he'll have some news items that will really look good in print.

SOUTH BEND, IND.
J. G. Wright, Correspondent

Miss Laura Krueger of the South Bend office has resigned, after being with us about four years; she is leaving in search of better health. The best wishes of our entire office go with her.

John Shea, former office boy, has been promoted to the position of assistant in the traffic department.

Agent D. H. Neff, Tankwagon Drivers R. H. Holden and Don Decker of Goshen, Ind., went fishing some time ago. There must be a large number of fish left in the lake as they didn't take any away.

H. C. Meyers, former tankwagon driver at Elkhart, Ind., has been appointed S. S. attendant at No. 55.

W. Mast, warehouseman at Elkhart, Ind., has been promoted to the construction department, as pump mechanic.

F. A. Shenefeld, clerk at Elkhart, Ind., who has been suffering for some time with rheumatism, has gone to Benton Harbor, Mich., to take treatment in hopes of relief.

Chief Clerk J. J. Marcus will undoubtedly be hard to find in the future as he has recently purchased a new Jewett Sport Model.

W. D. Bannister, district superintendent, is a native of Chicago, and seemed to have a tendency to slip back quite frequently. He finally disappeared for about a month and while away took the fatal plunge, and, has forsaken his single blessedness for a wife. We wish them health, happiness and prosperity.

Lyman Harris, one of our energetic general salesmen, down in the Kankakee Marsh, has been promoted to the position of garage salesman in the Northwest district.

D. B. DeLancy, clerk at LaFayette, Ind., is all smiles. Cause? An eight pound girl.

D. L. Braden, agent at Shelby, Ind., has been promoted to the position of general salesman. The way he started out we feel confident things will hum over there.

Mr. Butler, safety engineer from the home office, spent the week of June 25 in South Bend.

Our most heartfelt sympathy is extended to E. H. Beach, S. S. Superintendent, who is hardly able to navigate owing to falling arches.

W. J. Kuhnle, formerly general salesman, has been appointed agent at Logansport, Ind., succeeding R. B. Michaels, who has been appointed general salesman around Wabash, Ind.

W. K. Hosford, sub-station examiner, came around one Monday morning with a box of cigars and a broad smile. When asked to explain, he said he was now a married man. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Hosford the greatest possible happiness in the future.

WICHITA, KAS.
H. E. Faulkner, Correspondent

The Wichita office was adjourned on Saturday, June 9, until Monday morning, as a result of flood waters, which inundated the larger part of the city. There were 3,000 telephones out of commission in Wichita, four feet of water in the business district. However, Wichita is again on its feet and is the greatest little city in the Southwest.

Mr. Frank Wissman, agent at Albert, Kas., and Mrs. Wissman, announce the birth of a seven-pound baby girl at their home, whom they have named Geraldine Johanna. Accept our congratulations.

Although the temperature registered around the hundred mark, Sunday, June 24, it did not prevent Mr. Postlewaite, our assistant chief clerk, from teeing-off on the Crestview Country Club course. Finishing up on the first nine holes with a forty-nine, isn't so bad, but when he has competition furnished by Ralph Reed from the Chicago office, and Chief Clerk Kenney, it doesn't sound so well. In an effort to get our Assistant Manager Van Horne on the course, he emphatically refused, saying, "No, when I get that old—well, I will."

Ralph D. Nixon, formerly with American Tractor & Foundry Company, has accepted a position in equipment department, assuming the duties of Clarence Dull, who is going to El Dorado, Kas.

Charles Houghton, formerly head of stationery department, has been promoted to head of construction department.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Kuhn motored to Hutchinson, Kas., to hear the address of President Harding. They were accompanied by Nelson Neville, Oliver Branson, both of the record department, and Miss Leitha Moddrell and Juanita Maxwell. They met with the usual misfortune (engine trouble) and failed to arrive in Hutchinson until after the speech was over.

The old saying that a girl is always hungry was upheld on the morning of June 25, when Marie Martindale swallowed a pin. Fellow workers, in order to prevent any further eating of raw materials and to cut down our stationery expense, have lately been inviting her to breakfast.

Robert Rassmasson, of the credit department, was married to Miss Jean Long on June 23. We wish to extend our congratulations and trust that everything which goes with married life will be O. K. in their home at 410 South Holyoke.

AN ATTRACTIVE SIGN

Sioux City Division.—If Miss Helen Cain of the Sioux City office was behind every sign the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) puts out, police reserves would be required to handle the crowds that would read—or at least stand in front of the signs looking.

* * *

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Northern Division
AMOS BALL, Central Division

H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
C. F. HATMAKER, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
JOHN H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
R. H. THOMAS, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
C. H. WAGNER, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
P. A. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
C. C. LAKIN, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Asst. Mgr.* (Operation)
H. J. BEMIS, *Asst. Mgr.* (Sales)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
E. N. SHALLENBERGER, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
H. H. KEATING, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
R. S. ORR, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
C. R. EWING, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
E. P. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAS.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

A Shirt Sleeved Organization

THE world has no place for the shirk. This is the age of workers; of men who are able to do their part in performing the world's work, earnestly, efficiently, and with unbounded enthusiasm.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is an organization of 27,000 workers—a shirt sleeved organization—from the top to the bottom.

In this Company aristocracy is unknown. Instead there exists the true type of industrial democracy.

The department head and the employee work in full sympathy and understanding, shoulder to shoulder, for the common good. The office boy of today is the chief clerk of tomorrow; the district manager of today is the general manager of tomorrow.

On the Board of Directors of this Company is one man who started as a common laborer and truck driver; another who began as a mechanic's helper; two who started as office boys, and another who began as timekeeper—in fact, every man on the Board began in a comparatively humble capacity and earned his place by hard work and sheer ability.

There are thousands of men and boys in the ranks of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana)—encouraged and enthused by the inspiration of the "open road to the top"—who are fitting themselves for places on the Board of Directors.

It is this spirit of enthusiastic earnestness, in the mind and heart of every employee of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), which enables this Company to render such superior service to the thirty million people of the Middle West.

It is this superior service that has made the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) one of the great industrial organizations of the world.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 4 SEPTEMBER 1923 No. 11

JOHN D. CLARK

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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STANOLIND
RECORD
Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
C. V. JULIAN, *Editor*
Publication Office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 4 SEPTEMBER No. 11

WHITING FOREMAN'S CLUB PICNIC GREAT SUCCESS

Second Annual Get-together Meeting Held on Ideal Day; Athletic Events Prove Mirth Provokers; Lightning Renowns Defeat Polarine Speeders at Baseball, 11 to 6

The Second Annual Picnic of the Whiting Works Foreman's Fellowship Club was held at Spring Hill Grove, St. John, Indiana, on Sunday, July 22. The day was ideal for the biggest event on the Club's calendar. It was a real bang-up affair. And, say, that's putting it mildly. Do you want to hear about it?

Let's go—and that's how it started from Pennsylvania Avenue alongside of the Owls Club about 10:30 a. m. The parade of autos led by the S. O. Co. Band on a large truck made the twenty-two miles in about twenty-five per—everybody in line and no mishaps. Immediately upon arrival the tables were laden with goodies and the crowd proceeded to eat and right there and then you could pick out some of the sure losers in the races that were to follow.

The band called the bunch to the dancing pavilion by playing a tune that decried the shortage of bananas. A few dance numbers and Don Daegling as Road Oil Stanoleno with his fair partner, Miss Margaret Hay, as Margerino Hubnuts, pulled a "Shriek Dance." In Spanish costumes they gave us a performance that was the acme of perfection in grace and poise. A concert number or two and the prize waltz was on. When the floor was cleared Tom O'Hara and Miss White were found to have been selected winners by the judges, from a field of forty couples. So many good dancers made it difficult for the judges to reach an agreement. Some of the dancers thought it was a marathon.

At 3:30, the athletic events were staged with an unusual number of entrants in each contest. The centipede race and the husband and wife race seemed to score best. The events, winners and prizes follow:

Bag Race
P. O. Vandeveer.....Eversharp Pencil
Centipede Race
Vandeveer, Kinsock, Spors and Bacon.....Box of Cigars
Egg Race (Girls)
Daisy Koslasky.....Handkerchiefs
Egg Race (Boys)
Bob Stoop.....Penknife
Shoe Race (Girls)
Daisy Koslasky.....Toilet Water
Shoe Race (Boys)
Bob Stoop.....Belt
50 Yard Dash (Men)
G. Girard.....Necktie
25 Yard Dash (Women)
Mrs. Koslasky.....Aluminum Kettle
50 Yard Dash (Boys)
Mike Ference.....Baseball
25 Yard Dash (Girls)
Elsie Boness.....Candy
Husband and Wife Race
Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bercaw...Water Pitcher

The ball game between the process department's foremen as Lightning Renowns and the mechanical department's foremen as Polarine Speedsters resulted in a victory for the former by 11 to 6. Jim Burton pitched a steady game for the winners. Oscar Bransky (yes, that's "Doc") excelled for them in fielding and batting. Why, honestly, that fellow covered the hot corner like a big leaguer. Umpire, M. D. Henrikson: Scorer, R. T. Myrick.

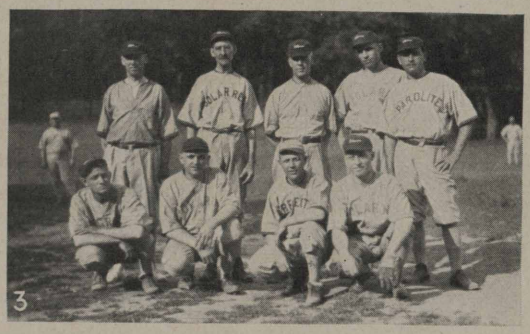
Once more the crowd of 400 or more put on the feed bag, finished up on the chicken backs and other remnants of dinner and left for home.

(*Pictures on Pages 2 and 3*)

HIGHLIGHTS OF WHITING FOREMEN'S PICNIC

No. 1—P. D. Bacon proved himself a hero in the Bag Race at the Whiting Works Foreman's Fellowship Club Picnic at Spring Hill Grove, St. John, Ind., when in his attempts to win he ruined a new pair of trousers. Anyway, he lost. No. 2—Margaret Hay and Donald T. Daegling strutted about as Margerino Hubnuts and Road Oil Stanoleno. They did a Shriek Dance. No. 3—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bercaw showed they could run in double harness and win in this Married Couples Race. The winning duo are the second couple from the left.

DIAMOND DUST AT FOREMEN'S PICNIC



No. 1—A flock of rooters. No. 2—The winners ought to be placed first, so here, ladies and gentlemen, are the Lightning Renowns who had nine scalps at the end of the combat at the Whiting Foreman's Club Picnic. Left to right, top row, they are: Harmon, Daegling, Eaton, Nielson, Keefe, Moffett. First row, Rolf, Kinsock, Naef, Ehlers and Koch. No. 3—The losers. Left to right, top row, the Polarine Speedsters are: Melvin, Miller, Walker, Bercaw, Bransky. First row, Girard, Ehlert, Burton and Paskwietz.

FARGO HITS THE BALL BOTH AT WORK AND PLAY

Fargo Division.—Here is the Standard Oil Company baseball team, the Red Crowns, at Fargo. The men are all speed merchants. Left to right, they are, Manager Kincaid, Jesten, Scott, Brewster, Umdahl, Shanks, Martinson, Lunde, Wheeler, Lee, Cook, Ploof, and Pete McArthur, umps. Despite Pete's title, he looks able to take care of himself.

REPORTER A BRIDE

Wood River, Ill.—One of our former laboratory girls and Stanolind Record correspondent, Miss Theresa Mooney, was a lovely bride in her pretty gown of white canton crepe, wearing a tulle veil held in place with a coronet of orange blossoms and a corsage of white bride's roses. She became the bride of William Kienstra. In the photo are (left to right), standing: Dorothy McNally, usher; William Kienstra, bridegroom; Miss Marguerite Brynes of Mapplewood, Mo., bridesmaid; Gregory Mooney, groomsman; Miss Katherine Beach, usher; Front row: Marjorie Lee Mooney, flower girl; Theresa Mooney, bride; and Grace Kienstra, flower girl.

CASPER BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

The Standard Shiftmen's Benefit Association of Casper Refinery had a balance of $8,857.74 on July 12, 1923, according to the report of D. M. Lobdell, secretary.

The report shows $8,619.20 on hand June 12, to which was added $702.80 on collections to July 12 and $.03 on odd change on check. From the total $9,322.00 was disbursed $464.29, leaving a total of $8,857.74. There are 661 members on the books.

J. E. Frisby and J. D. Critchfield in an affidavit said, "We have examined the Shiftmen's Benefit Association books this 14th day of July, 1923, and found the same to be correct. It is the intention of the Board of Trustees to have the books audited once a month."

Over the River Club

D. M. Lobdell, secretary, makes note: "At present we have 417 members in the "Over the River Club." This club closes when the membership reaches 600, at which time receipts will be issued."

CLAIMANT TO S. S. BEAUTY HONORS

Milwaukee Division.—Mankato field started something when it claimed the "most beautiful service station in the world" at Fairmont, Minn. In the August issue of the Stanolind Record, Minneapolis field claimed the honors for its station at Redwood Falls. Now, Appleton, of the Milwaukee division, is challenging Mankato's claim. The photo shows No. 15 at Appleton, Wis.

WHITING DIRTY FACES

The Whiting Mutual Benefit Association hnd a balance of $20,827.89 on July 1, 1923, according to the report of Secretary W. O. Walker.

The balance was invested as follows:

Liberty Bonds	$ 4,000.00
Hammond City Bonds	14,771.02
Savings Account—Bank of Whiting.	1,646.26
Checking Account	410.61

There are 1,297 members in good standing.

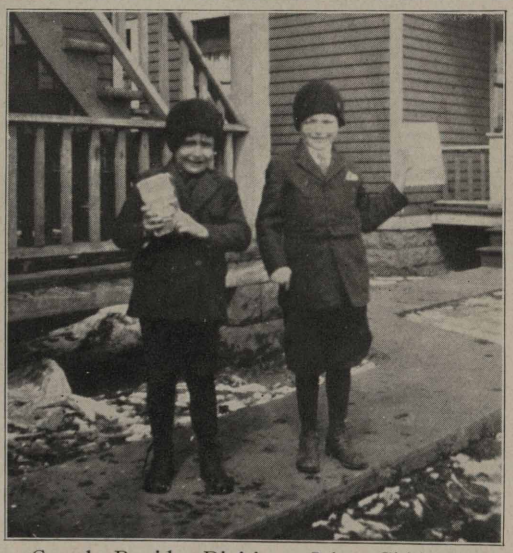
ANNUITANTS DIE

The deaths of two annuitants have been reported by E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and vice-president of the company. They are:

Philipp Lepine of St. John, Ind., died July 11.

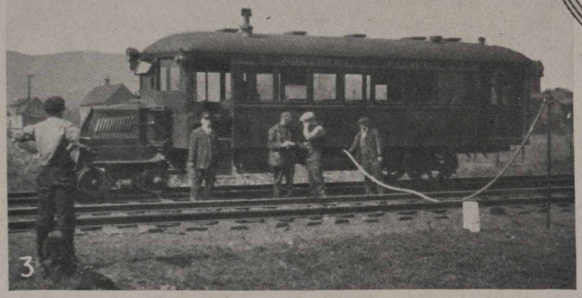
Thomas G. Bedford, 150 Blackhawk street, Aurora, Ill., died May 15.

S. O. CO. HUSTLERS



Grand Rapids Division.—John Chidester of Muskegon has a pair of live wires to help him distribute Standard Oil Company (Indiana) advertising in his two sons, Lyle (left) and Earl. Mr. Chidester has been a S. O. Co. employee for thirteen years and says he hopes his sons will also enter the work later.

DULUTH FIELD IN PICTURES



No. 1—Here is the good ship Train No. 2 of Duluth as it set sail for St. Ignace, Mich. The photo was taken near Soo Junction. No. 2—Duluth Field is proud of this heavy-weight truck. It is a seven ton "Mack Bulldog" with 2,500 gallon capacity. No. 3—Red Crown is the motive power of this Northern Pacific railroad passenger car. Each morning and night the car is fueled with 20 gallons. The car runs between Duluth and Superior, and Duluth and Fond du Lac. No. 4—Bobby Anderson, son of Salesman Henry Anderson of Marquette, is a fine example that Duluth is not "all business" He won a prize at a clinic in his own home town.

JOHN D. CLARK SEES OPPORTUNITIES FOR MIDWEST MEN

Vice-President Delivers Greeting to Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Employees from Workers of Midwest Company; Asks New-Comers to Force Adoption of Wyoming's Battle-Cry, "Powder River! Let's Go!" as S. O. Co. Slogan

By JOHN D. CLARK

Vice-President and Assistant to Chairman of Board of Directors of Standard Oil Company (Indiana)

Perhaps I may assume to speak for the many hundred Midwest men who have gravitated into the Standard Oil organization, and to deliver a greeting from them to their new associates. We have come from a young company, with the virility and aggressiveness and alertness of youth, and we find that youth has no monoply of alertness and virility and aggressiveness.

In the man the most indomitable spirit must yield to mere age, but in the corporate organization the years need not chasten the spirit, and in the Standard Oil Company we have found a courage and vision and forcefulness which we had hardly believed could exist elsewhere than in our western mountains, and least of all in what we had looked upon as an ancient organization. You speak our language, you travel our paths, you feel our emotions, and we like you.

And to you one-time Midwesterners let me say this word: We may well feel proud of the part we played in the upbuilding of one of the great industrial organizations of America, and speak affectionately of the "good old days." That was a great enterprise in which we shared and no one of us will feel disloyal to new duties when we boast of Midwest achievements. But nowhere in our environment is there cause for regret that the old days have passed. We belong to a spendid organization of men who do things, an organization which has travelled fast and which is bound to go far in the future, and in the near future, because it operates in an industry which is expanding above any in the land.

In this new advance we from the Midwest will have our individual opportunities. All now know the determined policy of the management of this company to pry open the door of opportunity to every employee; I now wish to assure you of the Midwest that exactly the same degree of consideration is given to you as is given to the men who have been in the service of this company for thirty years, and that your earnest effort and devoted loyalty will gain for you that advance in the organization of which you have seen so many notable examples.

I have said your opportunities are equal. Let us make them superior. Let us show that there is an added zest drawn from our western air. The Standard Oil Company needs a slogan. Let us new-comers step out and force the adoption of our Wyoming battle-cry:

"Powder River! Let's go!"

ANNUITANTS

Three more veteran employees have been placed on the annuity payroll, according to an announcement by E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and vice-president of the company. They are:

James H. Judd, 20 Sixth avenue, N. W., Minot, N. D.; formerly agent with Sales Department division; with company 26 years.

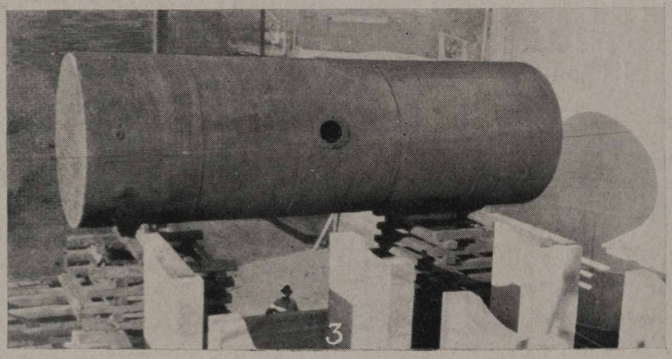
W. L. Butler, 805 South Humphrey avenue, Oak Park, Ill.; formerly chief clerk in Manufacturing Department, Chicago; with company 27 years, 7 months.

Albert Telmos, 419 Seventeenth street, Saginaw, Mich.; formerly cooper and engineer in Sales Department; with company 32 years, 8 months.

* * *

Make Your Stock Pay Dividends

SNAPPED IN DAVENPORT FIELD



No. 1—Vivian Dodds and Viola Reb of the Davenport office got a touch of Spring fever the other day and hiked to the babbling brook where they took off their shoes and stockings. Our fotog was on the job. No. 2—It's not the easiest thing in the world to move a tank like this one and set it up. Traffic was halted when the ten-ton tank crossed streets. No. 3—The tank is shown ready to be put in place.

SOME EARLY DAYS OF WHITING, PART THREE

Achievements of Whiting Works Pioneers and Building of Oil Refinery are Told; Heroism of Men in Face of Poison Gas from Stills Pointed Out; Work of W. P. Cowan and James A. Moffett

By U. G. SWARTZ

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The Winter of 1889-90 was a mild and open one. The work of building the large refinery at Whiting which had begun so bravely in May, 1889, and had been crowded forward so rapidly during the same Summer, suffered little interruption on account of Winter weather. By the Spring of 1890 the new plant had grown so that it began to present the appearance of a real refinery.

Little less than thirty-five years have passed since this enterprise was begun, a generation of time, but the records show that more than a score of men who began work for the Company at that time have a continuous record of employment covering all the years since. Truly, a lifetime spent in the service of the Company. Their names deserve a place in this record. They are:

W. E. Warwick	Chicago Office
W. S. Newell	Chicago Office
Herman Gehrke	Whiting Plant
Mike Tomko	Whiting Plant
Pat Crotty	Whiting Plant
Miles Goldrick	Whiting Plant
Wm. Stover	Whiting Plant
Jacob Cannells	Whiting Plant
Chas. Thompson	Whiting Plant
J. F. Eaton	Whiting Plant
P. J. Gallagher	Whiting Plant
Pat Giblan	Whiting Plant
Henry Holtz	Whiting Plant
Dennis McGroarty	Whiting Plant
Steve Ryan	Whiting Plant
Henry Wuestenfeld	Whiting Plant
John Schelling	Whiting Plant
T. S. Boyle	Whiting Plant
Ben Imler	Whiting Plant
Wm. Brown	Whiting Plant
E. O'Hara (retired during present year)	Whiting Plant
C. B. Manbeck	Wood River Plant

About October, 1889, the name of the Standard Oil Company was put into use and that of W. P. Cowan, under whose name the construction had been carried from the beginning, was discontinued, the new plant taking its proper place in the industrial world.

With the approach of the Summer of 1890, manufacturing men began to arrive. W. M. Burton came to take charge of the laboratory and inspection department; W. S. Rheem to assume charge of the refined oil department; F. W. Weller, the naphtha department; Beaumont Parks to take charge of the Buffalo side. Stillmen and other refinery men came with them. These men, while waiting for their regular work to mature, were put at work supervising various kinds of other work as sub-foremen, time-keepers and the like, assisting in dressing the plant for manufacturing activity.

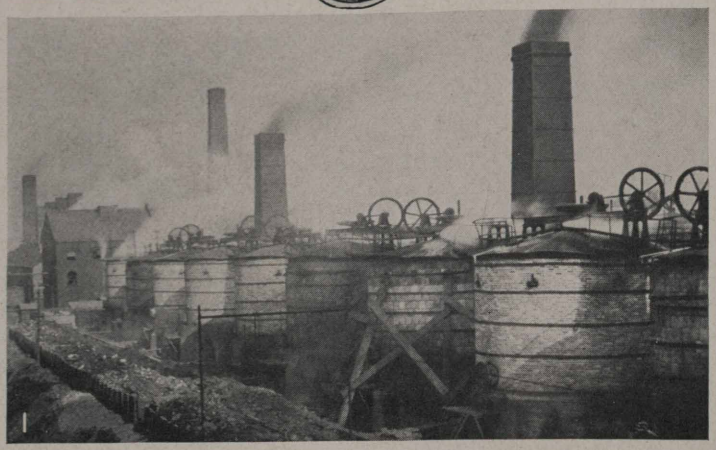
The little farm houses which had been the homes of the families from whom the farms had been bought, were converted into offices. The largest one, near the mill house gate, housed the superintendent's office on the first floor. The second floor Dr. Burton transformed into a laboratory and inspection rooms. This was the home of the laboratory until the first unit of the present laboratory was built in 1895. The permanent mechanical shops built on the North shore of Berry Lake took up the work begun in the temporary shops. Permanent boiler houses were put into service replacing the temporary ones.

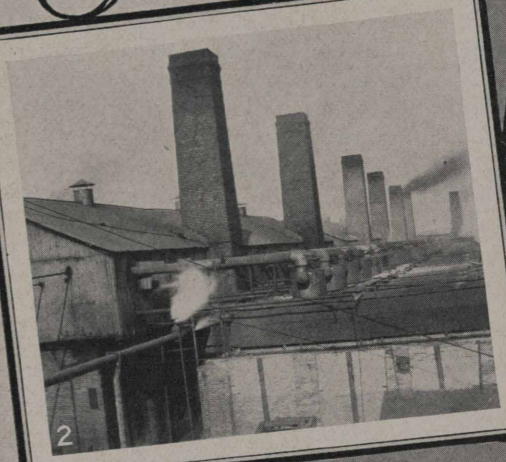
The completion of the Company cottages made it possible for many families to be brought here and to live under satisfactory conditions. The houses which had sprung up in other parts of the town where there was no running water, sewers or side-walks did not appeal to those who had been used to living in a comfortable way. Outside of the restricted districts saloons crowded in everywhere and amongst them families and men of foreign birth and alien tongue.

The Company houses appealed to all and were filled as fast as completed in 1890. The same results obtained even in 1891, when the rest of the cottages were completed on New York Avenue. The ox team of George Wannacott, the only drayman in

(Continued on Page 11)

SOME EARLY DAYS AT WHITING



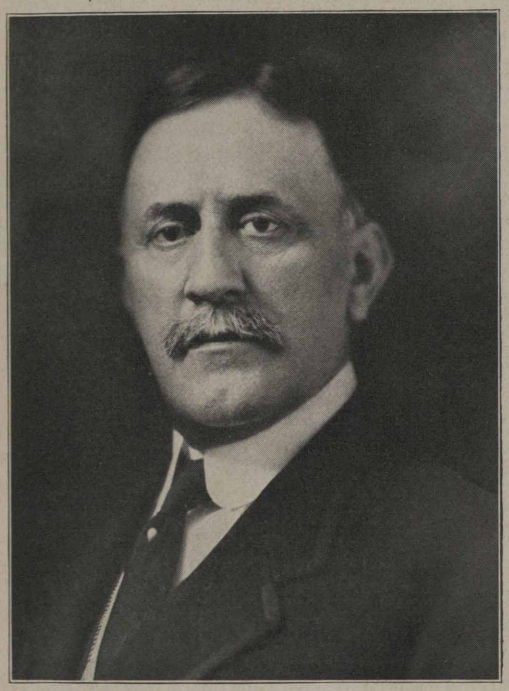


No. 1—This battery of sweetening stills, known in the 'way-back-when days as cheese boxes, have left their marks on the development of oil refining. Now, they too are gone. No. 2—This is a view over the top of a battery of crude stills, taken back in the old days. No. 3—Some big fires have swept tanks at Whiting. This one occurred September 15, 1908. The five men standing (left center) are Dr. W. M. Burton, W. S. Rheem, George W. Gray, Richard McAllister and U. G. Swartz. This photo was taken by J. E. Evans.

(Continued from Page 9)

town, became a common figure hauling furniture into the new homes, and his "Hi! Buck, Ho! Buck," and the sharp crack of his whip linger in the memory of many old timers.

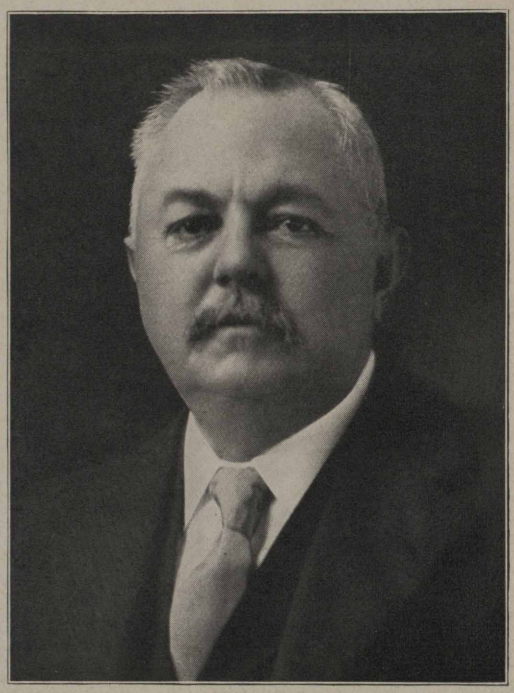
The South Side of town was filled up with those who did not have the good fortune to secure one of the Company's cottages, and while this district was unrestricted, tough joints were not frequent, and if once developed, were soon suppressed. It was an early policy of Mr. Cowan to get rough characters off the payroll as soon as possible: always the preference was given to married men and to those of orderly habits. Whiting never was the place of the bad man—or woman, either.



James A. Moffett

The first units of refinery construction comprised eighty crude stills of 600 barrels capacity each, four sweetening stills and the necessary complement of steam stills, agitators, tanks of various kinds, pump houses, and other equipment incident to a first-class refinery. This unit was almost completed before the Paraffine Works were started. The Grease Works and other plants were not built until several years later.

The Whiting plant was truly an oil refinery. Its chief purpose was the refining of lighting oil. Headlight, Water White, Standard White were then as familiar terms as Red Crown and Polarine are now. Gasoline was only something to be got rid of. Trade was largely confined to the Winter



W. P. Cowan

months with long hours of darkness. It was then that lighting oil was consumed. Automobiles, tractors and motor-boats were unknown. One of the important refining problems was to divide the crude oil so that the gasoline product was as small as possible. Storage tanks were used in Summer to store refined oil for Winter trade. It was not many years earlier that gasoline in Eastern refineries was poured into the streams and burned to get rid of it. How thoroughly all this has been reversed only those in refining work can fully appreciate. To accomplish this result old methods of refining had to be entirely discarded and new ones devised.

The refining of crude oil from the Lima field presented an entirely distinct problem from those of Eastern oil. Theoretically and from a laboratory viewpoint the process of separating the sulphur from the oil by

the use of copper oxide was known. But the application of machinery to this process in a large and practical manner was a problem for future solution.

Forty of the first eighty crude stills were equipped for passing the distilled vapors through pulverized copper oxide, known under the working name of "compound." Heavy, cumbrous machinery was required for this process with more or less successful results.

Another process was to put the compound in the bottom of flat bottomed stills called sweetening stills, where it was mixed with the oil by a mechanical process. To do this it was necessary to devise machinery which would keep the compound loosened from the bottom of the still and prevent the bottom from burning.

Many expensive changes were required. After forty of the first eighty stills had been equipped with the vapor apparatus, as it was called, a large force of men was put at work constructing the same kind of apparatus for the other forty stills. When this work was about half done orders came, in the middle of the forenoon, to stop all work on the vapor apparatus and to build more sweetening stills instead. This work on the vapor apparatus for the second forty crude stills was never completed, and the material partly prepared for this purpose was gradually used for other purposes, some of it as much as ten years later. The expense of this unfinished construction was enormous. The necessary revision of the mill house was equally as expensive.

After the compound had been used two or three times it had to be pumped off the stills and restored in the mill house. This was primarily an ordinary flouring mill with roasting furnaces in connection. Here the compound was first roasted at a high heat until the accumulated sulphur was burned out. It was then drawn out of the furnaces with scrapers to the floor in the middle of the mill house, where it was cooled. Next it was put into a crusher and thoroughly pulverized ready to be fed into the mill stones, where it was ground and afterward sifted like flour. From the mill it was taken in carts to the sweetening stills and drawn up to the top of the stills in buckets and poured into the top of the stills.

All this machinery was new to refinery purposes. The noxious vapors from the hot compound and the floating fine dust made the mill house an inferno. Most men could stand only a few days of it. The skin was eaten off their faces. Their hair turned green and their eyes became bloodshot.

Eventually, through the efforts of Mr. Cowan and Mr. Warwick, the mill house was remodeled so that the compound was cooled in a water-jacketed cooler, and fed through dust-tight pipes from one part of the mill to another. It was then mixed with oil and pumped into the stills. The problem of a dustless, vaporless mill house was solved. When the refining of Lima Crude at Whiting was discontinued, the mill house was dismantled and converted into other purposes. It was an essential only of the process of refining Lima Crude.

The distillate made by the first run of this oil known as sour stock, yielded a severely poisonous vapor, by which several men lost their lives during the first years of refining it. One or two breaths of this vapor ordinarily proved fatal. Two horses caught in a draft of this vapor from the agitators were prostrated. Later they recovered. Few men attacked by these vapors escaped. One of these, John Schelling, now in the Steam Department, saw a pumpman fall affected by the gas. Although knowing the danger he rushed bravely into the pump house and dragged the pumpman out of the house only to fall unconscious alongside of the pumpman. Schelling revived in a short time, but efforts to revive the pumpman were unavailing.

W. O. Walker, chief clerk of the Refinery Office, when a sample boy, was taking a sample from the top of a storage tank. He breathed some of the vapors escaping from the hatch of the tank and was rendered unconscious. Alex Stover saw him fall on the top of the tank, ran up the thirty-foot ladder and carried him to the ground, placing him so that he would breathe a jet of exhaust steam. A physician and oxygen machine were secured, and after inhaling oxygen for about three hours, he returned to consciousness. These were the fortunate ones. However, after knowledge of this danger became general, precautions averted

this danger and accidents from this cause ceased.

Another feature of the sour oil was the corrosion it caused on the interior of the tanks in which it was stored. Explosions of tanks occurred in which the tops of the tanks were blown off and the contents set on fire, calling for all the aid possible to keep the fire from spreading throughout the plant.

A close search was made for the cause of these fires. This was found in heavy corrosion which formed on the inside of the tank and ignited spontaneously. There is a story to the effect that in an Eastern plant a man who was on the top of a tank looked through the hatch into the tank and saw the fire around the sides of the tank. It is said that "he waited not upon the order of his going," but descended from the top of the tank somewhat hastily.

Along with other refiners came James A. Moffett to take complete charge of the entire operations of the company as first vice-president, outranking Mr. Cowan, whose title was second vice-president. The association between these two men, thus begun, continued in close relationship until Mr. Moffett was transferred to New York. These men, so dissimilar, were in a manner the complement of each other, each brilliantly accomplishing his ends by opposing methods. Moffett was a hurling, dynamic force; Cowan was a quiet, ponderous power. One was a rushing, roaring waterfall, the other a forceful river silently moving to the sea. One was the whirling, driving airplane and one the spinning, humming dynamo. One, with waving arms and shouting voice, hurried through the plant seeking the man to be corrected, the other calmly directed his men as he wished them to go. One, with sharp tones and staccato questions, drove his men to accomplishment, the other led them to desired achievements.

Those who worked daily with these two men will remember Mr. Moffett for his resistlessness and Mr. Cowan for his effective co-operation. Moffett was the thundercloud with its blinding shafts of lightning, its deep bellows of thunder, the rushing, roaring wind, the driving hurricane. Cowan was the warm, genial, animating sunshine. Both will be recalled for their greatness and their kindness, for when the storm was over no sunshine could be more genial than James A. Moffett. His attacks were always directed upon those in authority in affairs, and when the storm had passed it was at once forgotten.

Under the regime of these two great leaders were developed many young men who achieved prominent places, not only in this company but in other members of the Standard Oil group. Their influence upon these young men cannot be estimated; its power for their future cannot be expressed. Daily association with them stimulated all to greater achievements. They were a stirring example of men in higher position reaching down to those in lower ones to help them.

With the end of the Summer of 1890, the beginning of the end of the gigantic task of building this large refinery was at hand. On September 2, 1890, the first stills were charged with crude. The first shipment of refined oil followed on Thanksgiving Day. The mighty stream of oil set pulsingthrough the arteries of this great creation has never stopped, night or day, throughout the many years which have followed.

Summers have come and Winters have passed, but this light and power-giving fluid continues its onward journey; from well to pipe line, from pipe line to refinery, from refinery to cars, and out into the great world to make dark places light and to give power for the pleasure and benefit of all the nations.

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

This is the third of a series of articles on the early days of the Whiting Refinery that will appear in the Stanolind Record. The fourth article will follow in the October issue. The articles are copyrighted by U. G. Swartz. Reproduction is prohibited.

NEW ASSISTANT MANAGER AT SOUTH BEND

W. T. Bannister, formerly district superintendent in the South Bend Division, has been appointed assistant manager at South Bend, Ind., to succeed E. P. Warren, resigned, according to a statement issued by Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors.

YUM, YUM! GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT

Fargo Division.—Clarence Lien, agent at Edinburg, is a real salesman. Any "doubting Thomas" who doesn't believe in the purity of Petrolatum will change his mind sixteen seconds after C. L. starts demonstrating. After Agent Lien eats a mouthful or two, he gets a sale. His success is shown in that he is the champion Petrolatum salesman of the entire division.

S. O. SERVICE SOMETHING MORE THAN A NAME

Despite the fact that many motorists take Standard Oil Company (Indiana) service as a matter of course, here and there are tourists who are surprised at the attention given to them. Many of these later write in to division offices and praise the work of S. O. Co. employees.

Such a letter was received by Manager C. C. Lakin of Joliet, Ill., from Mr. E. E. Borchert of Cleveland, who wrote:

"On Thursday eve last, while traveling from Chicago to New Buffalo, Mich., we, a party of five, consisting of wife, father, mother and child, ran short of gas about six miles from the nearest gas station. Being unable to go any further my father hailed the first passing motorist for help. The one it happened to be, we learned after a bit of questioning, a gentleman by the name of A. S. Hanna, who claims to be in the service of your Company.

"For remarks, Mr. Manager, if it be true this gentleman is in your employ, I wish to state he is a great credit to the Standard Oil Co. This man drained gasoline from his tank into ours and rode close behind us into Michigan City in case any more was needed he was there to help us. After all this the man would not accept payment for his gasoline or trouble.

"If you will kindly get in touch with Mr. Hanna and tell him how grateful we feel toward him for his kindness. The reason I am writing you is because this man's kindness was not realized until he was gone.

"If there is such a man who has such a name and traveled in a Ford touring car going to Grand Rapids, Mich., and dressed in a union suit of khaki overalls last Thursday, give him our best regards, wishes of good luck and thanks."

In reply, Mr. Lakin answered:

"I wish to acknowledge receipt of your letter of July 30th calling our attention to the assistance our Mr. A. S. Hanna, Assistant Chief Clerk of the Joliet office,

HOOSIER GOLFERS IN CLASSY COMPANY

Indianapolis Division.—This photo was snapped at the National Amateur Invitational Golf Tournament at Indianapolis this Summer. Chick Evans (left), who won the meet, is shown with the Standard Oil sharpshooter, W. H. ("Bill") Reed and Johnny Simpson. Bill was runner-up. Photo used by courtesy of Indianapolis News.

* * *

(*Continued from previous page*)

gave you while en route through the State of Michigan.

"Mr. Hanna is a Standard Oil Co. of Indiana employee and one of hundreds that is ready and glad to help a fellow tourist on the road, and it is the aim of every Standard Oil Co. employee to assist anyone they can when they are in trouble on the road.

"We figure that we have the best gasoline and oil in the world, and the other essential to go with it is service.

"We thank you for your letter showing your appreciation for Mr. Hanna's help and we shall advise Mr. Hanna of same.

"We trust you will find many other Standard Oil Co. employees throughout Standard of Indiana territory that will be glad to give assistance at any time."

Some other highlights of S. O. Service Plus follow:

Grand Rapids Division.—Division Superintendent Roy D. Fonger found an elderly gentleman stalled between Charlevoix and East Jordan. By filling the vacuum tank a few dozen times from a little red can, Roy succeeded in getting the man into East Jordan. To his surprise he found this gentleman to be the general manager of public improvement of Springfield, Ill., who is summering in Charlevoix. He praised highly SOCO service in Michigan. Questionless service never is questionable service.

Evansville, Ind., Field.— Charles B. Hayes, S. S. attendant at Benton, Illinois, received the following letter from O. V. Carr, customer:

"Wish to commend you on the service you are giving at your service station on E. Main St. The other night I had a puncture and your Mr. Kirk helped me repair same, working about thirty minutes to do so. I offered to pay him but he replied that the company paid him and that he was glad to assist patrons when it was possible to do so. I think this is very com-

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM AND TIME TO RETIRE

Milwaukee Division.—No. 1—Mary Jean Van Sistine didn't have "no more privacy 'an a goldfish" when she was getting her bath lately. No. 2—"Time to Retire" might be the caption on this picture of Clifford W. Peterson, son of O. A. Peterson, assistant lubricating correspondent.

* * *

mendable and I am writing you to tell you how such service is appreciated."

Mankato, Minn., Field.—Agent Nelson and Walt Dilley, warehousemen, demonstrated S. O. Co. service during the Lion's convention at Faribault the first week in June. An aviator who had been sent from Chicago to take aerial pictures of the parade discovered just before hopping off that someone had stolen most of his gasoline. The time was short, but the S. O. Co. boys secured a car and a trailer and delivered the necessary goods just in time to enable the aviator to do his work.

THE WORKMAN'S IRON HELPER

In former days workmen sometimes smashed up the labor saving machinery which their employers had installed on farms or in factories. They believed that the machines were depriving human beings of the work they needed in order to keep themselves alive. Those workmen of former days toiled 14 or 16 hours a day for wages barely sufficient to keep them and their families from starving to death.

Many of them actually starved or died of diseases caused by insufficient food and shelter. The great grandsons of those same workmen have luxuries and comforts which were quite out of the reach of the workers in former generations, and the labor saving machines which once were thought to mean the doom of the laboring class have kept on increasing in numbers and in efficiency.

What is the reason for the failure of the dismal prophecies of the machine smashers?

The reason is that the prophets failed to grasp the truth that the wealth of a community or a nation is measured by its production of things of value. If a worker by himself could make one pair of shoes in a day and with the aid of machinery he could make the equivalent of ten pairs of shoes in a day, the difference between one pair of shoes and ten pairs of shoes is the gain in wealth which the whole community makes. This gain is distributed to the worker in wages, to the owner of the machine in interest or profits, and to the community (including both the worker and the owner) in cheaper goods.

The increased productiveness of industry is the main reason why the workman of today is vastly better off—not only in money but in what his money will buy—than was his ancestor fifty or a hundred years ago. And one of the largest factors in bringing about this increased production has been that same labor saving machinery which some of our great grandfathers wanted to smash.

It is true that the introduction of machinery, like many other forms of progress, sometimes brings hardship for a time. Such results often come in periods of change

from one system to another and sometimes seemingly cannot be avoided. In the long run the greatest gainer from the introduction of labor saving machinery has been the worker himself.

Some of the noteworthy results from the use of machinery are to be seen in agriculture. At the beginning of the 19th century 90% of Americans were on the farms, and even that 90% could not feed the population as well as it is fed now with only 10% of our people doing actual farm work. The change has come about through the development of agricultural machinery.

It is said in the days of hand labor a bushel of wheat represented the toil of a man for three hours and forty minutes, while at present the actual labor in producing a bushel of wheat is less than ten minutes. This change not only has resulted in the better feeding of the population but has released a large majority of Americans for work in the non-agricultural industries by which largely has been built up the national wealth which has meant increased prosperity for all of us.

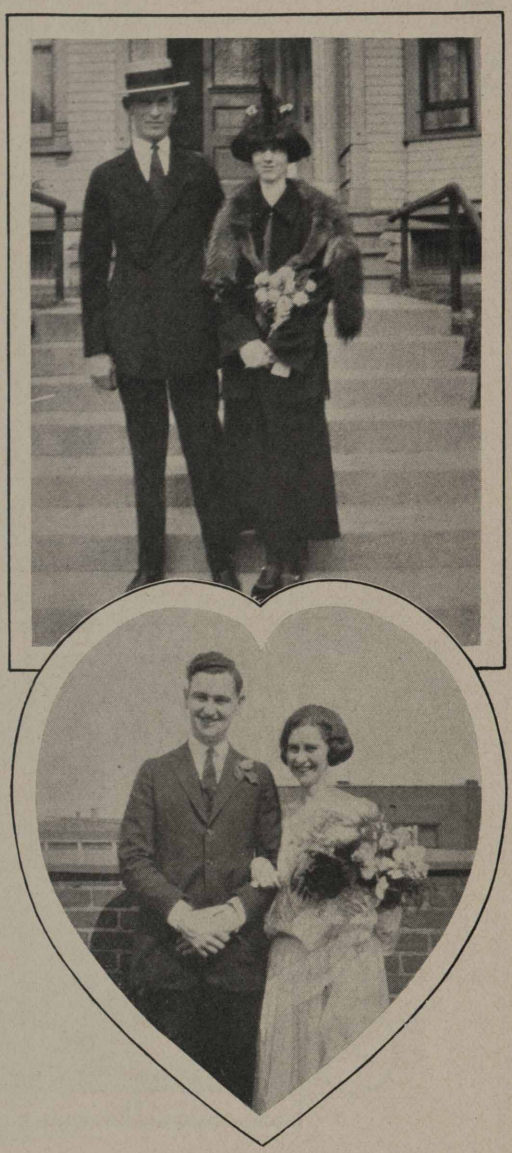
CHARLES CASON

Wood River Refinery.—A change was made in the Wood River Joint General Committee caused by the resignation of C. Shook. Mr. Shook resigned because he felt there should not be two men on the committee from the filling racks and that if a member was chosen in his place from some other part of the plant, the committee would come in touch with other problems and thus more efficiently carry on their work.

The Committee accepted the resignation on this consideration but made it clear to Mr. Shook that they were cognizant of the fact that they were losing a valuable member and thanked him for the fine and excellent work he had done.

The new member of the committee is Charles Cason, assistant pipefitter foreman and one of the old timers in the refinery. Cason is known in every part of the refinery that has any pipes in it. (Not a very restricted range for companionship.) The Joint General Committee is to be congratulated in having a member that can assist in bringing new problems to it and give valuable help in solving problems that come before the Committee.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE



No. 1—Here's a bride that looks up to her husband. The picture was snapped on the day of their marriage. Oh, yes, they are Mr. and Mrs. C. Stewart Winn of Milwaukee. No. 2—We didn't learn the last name of Mrs. Winn before her marriage, and here we don't know the bridegroom's first name. Anyway, the girl is now Mrs. Hazel Doty, nee Kohler.

* * *

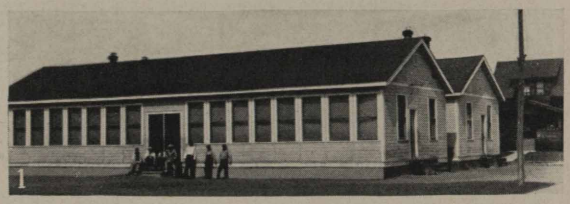
Did you see Oliver Twist, aunty?

Hush, child. You know I never attend those modern dances.—*Exchange.*

WOOD RIVER BENEDICTS BEAT BACHELORS

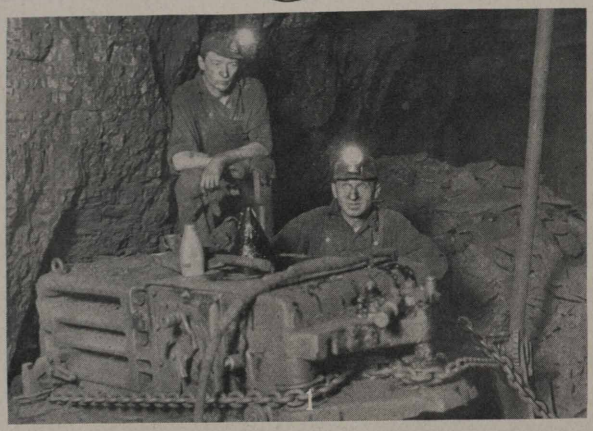
No. 1—An argument for marriage as a baseball improver was the result of a game between the married men and single men of Wood River Refinery. The married men won by 14 to 6. Left to right, the winners are, top row: R. Durham, J. Halloran, L. Parker, W. Shawmeker, G. Veach. Bottom row: R. Parker, W. Stoneham, Joe Lamm and H. Ash. No. 2—The single men are, top row: H, Fredeking, D. Maxwell, H. Ferguson, F. Fortschneider, L. Davis. Bottom row: W. Blakely, C. O'Donnell, C. Bandy and H. Christy.

STANDARD ADDITION, CARLINVILLE, ILL.



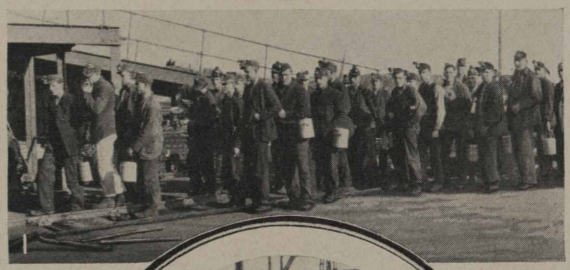
Carlinville, Ill.—No. 1—Two of the most unpopular buildings of Standard Addition are shown here. They are school houses. Nos. 2 and 3—If Autumn comes, these children will leave the playground for the three R's and school. The boys, especially, hope that Autumn won't come. No. 4—Here are some of the residents of Rice street of Standard Addition, where live many of the S. O. Co. mine workers and their families.

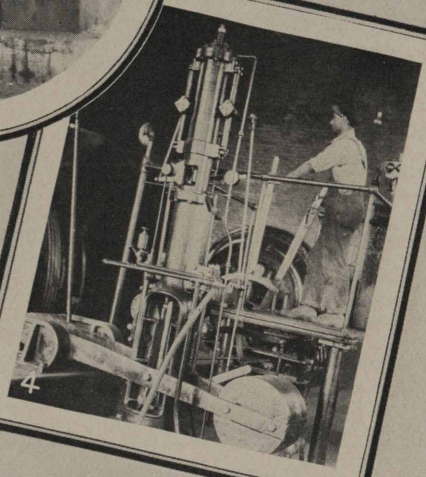
MINING COAL AT S.O. CO. MINE



Carlinville, Ill.—No. 1—Operators Robert Leon and H. T. Simpson are shown with a coal cutting machine. The cutter bar is underneath the coal and is ready to cut across the room. No. 2—When the coal has been cut, one of these seven-ton combination trolley and batter locomotives gathers the coal. This motor is operated by Motorman Joseph Smith and Triprider Walter Morse. Standing at the right is Face Boss John K. Fraser. No. 3—When the cars of coal are delivered at the bottom of the shaft, this rotary dump turns the cars upside down to unload them. Philip Ward, operator at rotary dump, and Mike Crorkin, his assistant, are shown.

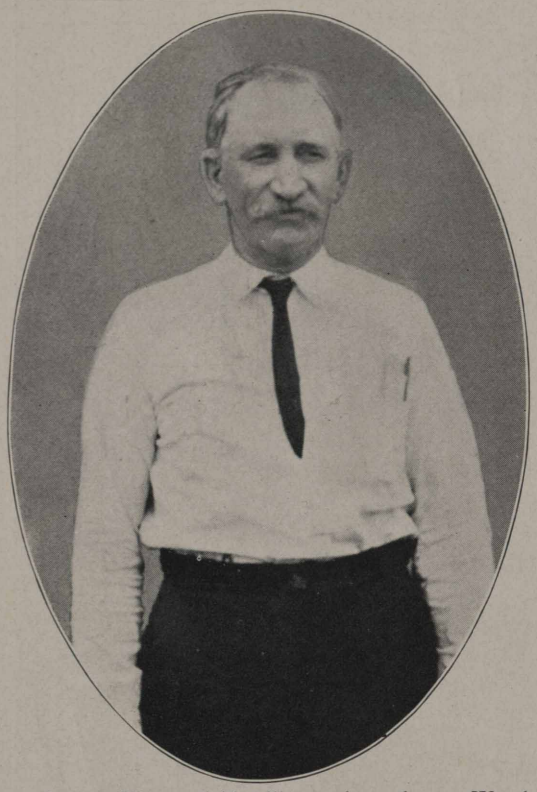
ALL IN A DAY'S WORK AT S.O. CO. MINE





Carlinville, Ill.—No. 1—Not pay day. These miners are waiting their turn to get on the cage to go into the mine. Notice the lamps on their caps. No. 2—No, the picture does not show the steel girder work of a Carlinville skyscraper. It is a cage loaded with men to descend in and ascend from the mine. Thirty-eight or forty men can be handled at one time. No. 3—R. V. Kelly, first engineer, is shown beside the drum of the hoist. No. 4—Herb Crouch, engineer, is shown operating the main hoist which is operated by a 900-horse power motor. It has a capacity of twelve tons of coal.

WHO'S WHO AT WOOD RIVER



August Wuestenfeld, still superintendent at Wood River, a worker on the first modern coke still in this company, closely associated with the development of the pressure still and having much to do with other improvements, is one of the pioneers of the industry so far as modern methods are concerned. Mr. Wuestenfeld was born at Whiting, Ind., December 4, 1867. He first worked for the company June 6, 1889, and has continuous service since 1900 and has been in the still department since 1903. He came to the Wood River works December 31, 1907. He is another proof that a man can work up in this company from the ranks.

S. O. BAND THANKED

Whiting, Ind.—Mr. Eastman, director of the Standard Oil Band, received the following letter from A. A. Sprague, commissioner of public works, and Walter Wright, secretary of bureau of parks, playgrounds and bathing beaches, Chicago:

"I wish to express my thanks to you and the Standard Oil band for the splendid concert given in the auditorium of the municipal pier on June 17th, 1923. You already know how well the program was appreciated by the audience, and to their appreciation I wish to add our thanks for your splendid co-operation in affording high-class programs at the municipal pier."

WHITING GOLF TOURNEY

Some classy golf was played at the Fall Golf Tournament of the Standard Oil Athletic Association of the Whiting Works at the Hammond Country Club. Results follow:

Dr. F. M. Rogers (left) and Charles Miller.
Dr. Rogers won the low net prize and Mr. Miller the low gross.

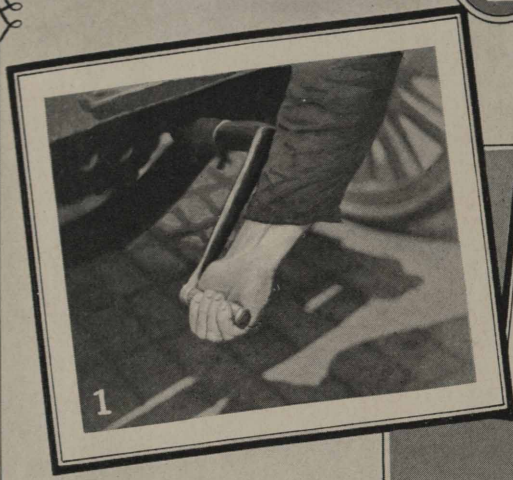
	Gross	*H'dcp.*	*Net*
W. P. Beaubien	48	6	42
H. Morris	53	6	47
H. F. Glair	60	8	52
F. Ovitz	54	8	46
C. E. Miller	48	9	39
W. Aldie	59	10	49
E. J. Shaeffer	51	10	41
T. J. Burke	48	11	37
R. E. Humphreys	55	12	43
R. F. Storer	55	12	43
W. N. Bercaw	64	13	51
O. E. Bransky	58	13	45
N. Ranstead	65	14	51
C. W. Binder	53	15	38
G. W. Watts	48	15	33
G. Cash	55	19	36
H. E. Beaubien	61	20	41
D. Daegling		20	
C. E. Patten	76	25	51
F. D. Rexwinkle	62	25	37
F. M. Rogers	55	25	30
T. H. Rogers	59	14	45
R. E. Wilson	60	15	45
P. D. Bacon	66	21	45
C. Fitzgerald	53	8	45
R. E. Wilkin	64	19	45

PRIZE WINNERS

Low Net—27 holes, Executive Committee Cup, F. M. Rogers	104
Low Gross—27 holes, Wood Club, C. E. Miller	149
Low Gross—2 short holes, 3 rounds, ½ dozen Balls, F. Ovitz	24
Low Net—Best Round, Iron Club, C. E. Patten and Geo. Watts	33
Low Gross—2 long holes, 3 rounds, ½ dozen Balls, E. J. Shaeffer	46
Consolation—3 Lessons from Hammond Pro. F. D. Rexwinkle	217

* * *

SAFETY FIRST — *The Right Way, The Wrong Way*



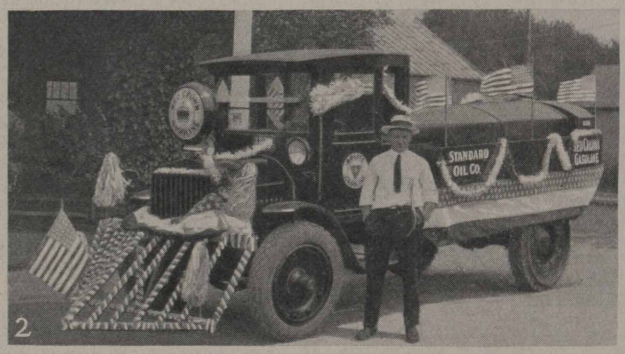
Thirty-eight employees were injured since January 1 while cranking motor vehicles. Many were due to carelessness. To avoid such an accident, be absolutely positive that the spark throttle is fully retarded; educate yourself to grasp the crank handle according to pictures No. 1 and No. 3. The wrong way is shown in pictures No. 2 and 4. September is a don't get hurt month.

Are you with us?

F. C. SINGLETON,
Safety Director,
Sales Department.

WINNING STANDARD OIL FLOATS

1



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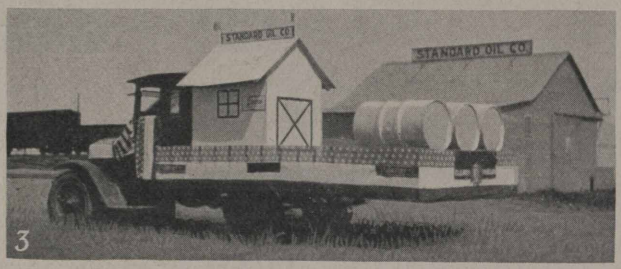

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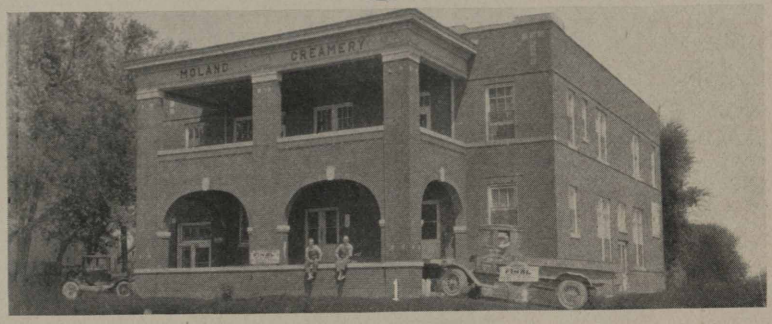
No. 1—Here are two floats. See them both? They were used to gladden the eye at Owatonna of the Mankato division. Left to right are City Salesman Smart, Attendant Andy Schmanski of S. S. 2, Attendant Bjerke of S. S. 37 and Forrest Farr (son of Salesman M. H. Farr), who pulled the miniature "Free Air" truck. No. 2—Barney Bentson, agent at Alexandria of the Minneapolis division, who won the prize in a recent home town parade. Barney is a real decorator. No. 3—Another float that recently won many compliments was that of Salesman L. C. Johnson and Agent P. A. Johnson at Mott, N. D., of the Fargo field. The tanks and house were realistic.

PICTORIAL NEWS OF LA CROSSE FIELD



No. 1—La Crosse division salesmen are on their toes. If you don't believe it, read the sign on the side of the Moland Co-operative Creamery Association truck, which says, "We sell and recommend Finol for fly spray. Does not taint the milk. Ask us about it." Maybe there is an idea for some other divisions. No. 2—Here are some of the Sheiks and Shebas of the La Crosse office. No. 3—Helen and Frances were warned that the water was cold, but they went in to see. Then they came out.

FLYING HIGH AT ST. JOSEPH

1

2

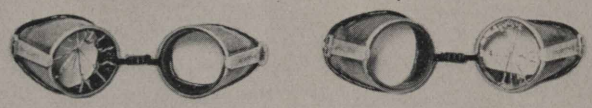
3

When the Rosecrans Municipal Air Field, St. Joseph, Mo., was dedicated on May 12, the Standard Oil family was out in force. Among those to take flights were Mrs. L. W. Cameron, wife of Manager Cameron, and Mrs. T. E. Dawson, wife of the Chicago auditor. No. 1—Here is the crowd assembled for the dedication exercises. C. H. Wolfley, in charge of the exercises for the Chamber of Commerce, is an automobile dealer and an enthusiastic S. O. booster. No. 2—Here is Steve, son of Manager Cameron, who looked around during his work of superintending the filling of a plane. No. 3—A DeHaviland from Kelly Field, Texas, is shown being fueled with Stanolind Aviation Gasoline. Lieutenant Jett, of St. Joseph, was pilot of the plane. He is on the plane. On the right is Superintendent W. R. Young, of the St. Joseph plant.

PEORIA IS A FINE VACATION GOAL

These pictures give us the impression that Peoria division men ought to pay the company for the privilege of working there. No. 1—Lyman Taylor ought to anyway. He is shown with Jess Munea and Marguerite Hanson. No. 2—Here's Snookums, Peoria office mascot. Driver Henry Hiltbolt is shown posing said mascot. No. 3—Why, Marguerite! Safety in numbers? Mighty poor excuse. Anyway, the lucky man is Cletus Wagner. No. 4—We're going to have William Phillips as an enemy for life if the printer mixes this photo with No. 2. Bill is shown with Henry.

Brought to Light



Ignatz Bartlomeyczak (1) believes in wearing goggles. He has a reason for this belief. He has always believed in wearing them but his faith has recently been made strong. Ignatz works in the car repair shop at the Whiting Refinery. A few weeks ago he was cutting rivets. A piece from the rivet flew up and struck the right lens of his goggle. The lens cracked but his eye was saved. Ignatz always wears his goggles whenever there is danger to his eyes. Do you?

Five years ago 44% of our major injuries were eye injuries. Today less than 5% are eye injuries. Goggles have turned the trick. Obey the simple rules below and your eyes will be safe. The company supplies the goggles. All you have to do to be safe from eye injuries is to wear them.

The Safety Director has a collection of broken goggles which have saved eyes. Picture No. 2 shows two samples.

GOGGLE RULES

All men working on the jobs or under the conditions described below must wear goggles:

1. **Men using cutting tools, or using hammers, mauls or sledges to strike metal tools.**
2. **Picking or chipping ice or frozen ground.**
3. **Chipping concrete or brick.**
4. **All men working on emery wheels at any time.**
5. **Men using rattlers on outside of pipe to remove scale, etc.**
6. **Boilermakers, riveters, caulkers and holders-on.**
7. **Welders and welders' helpers.**
8. **Pipe fitters when working on acid lines, caustic lines or ammonia lines or when cutting with cold cutter or breaking cast iron.**
9. **Acid Works—Men working on acid pans, pumps or lines, taking acid from containers or taking samples.**
10. **Ammonia pump repair men and men working in caustic soda houses.**
11. **Track laborers when cutting rail or cutting off bolts.**
12. **Moulders and helpers.**
13. **Teamsters and laborers when handling sludge.**
14. **Painters and laborers when scraping tanks, etc.**
15. **Boiler cleaners.**
16. **All men opening or closing acid valves or operating acid pumps.**
17. **Lead burners.**
18. **Any work where foremen designate that goggles shall be worn.**

C. W. Smith and F. W. Lau, *Safety Director, Whiting.*

WHITING, IND.

Tom Stockdale and family spent their vacation motoring to Waterloo, Iowa, and vicinity.

In the tentative ranking of the S. O. A. A. Tennis Club, Phil Kraul and Pat Kirn are well up on the list while General "Rus" Wheeler is trailing. However we expect the General to get on his fighting togs soon and close up the gap.

Carl Schroeder has discarded his battle scarred motor bike for a new shiny fliver coupe.

A tennis challenge from Steward Clark was "duel-ly" received by General Wheeler and reply noted thereon. The Drafting room and estimating forces are expected out to cheer for their respective combatants.

Morgan L. Eastman, director of the Whiting Works Concert Band, recently purchased a splendid new launch. It is a 58 ton boat and measures 65 feet. Zenya is the boat's name and it uses one gallon of Red Crown every four minutes on high speed and one gallon every five minutes on low speed; or in other words, it goes one mile to the gallon. Mr. Eastman has just left for a cruise to the Thousand Islands and return.

The funeral of Mrs. Rose, wife of Billy Rose, our assistant fire marshal, took place June 26 at Concordia Cemetery, Forest Park, Ill. Mrs. Rose died following a lingering illness. She is survived by her husband and two small children to whom the deepest sympathy of the employees of the Whiting refinery is extended.

Ted Brown was called home from work June 11, 1923, at 10:00 p. m. Teddy, for some reason unknown to the gang, appeared very nervous and excited. (Something unusual.) When he arrived home he found he was the recipient of a handsome eight-pound present from his wife. Teddy, in turn, made the boys presents of Dutch Masters. We enjoyed the smokes.

Al Buchanan wishes to thank Ed Freese for the kind assistance rendered in the payment of his bet with John Graves and Paul Quinn. Cheer up, Ed; one is born every minute. We sure enjoyed the smokes.

Another triumph for the Oakland automobile driven by Herbert Brown. Herb went exploring in Michigan one thirty-two hours off and discovered a city up in the northern wilds which he christened Clutchville. Give us details Herb.

Andy Kubeck wishes to thank Tom Moylan also his friend Emil for the three tires they so graciously donated so that he could ride around in his $50.00 Ford. They were different sizes but so wornout that they did not make much difference to Andy, as the one he had was also in the same condition.

Paul Holiske got $2.00 from his wife to go to the carnival to try and win Cupie dolls for the children. Paul got there but instead of trying for the Cupies he decided to look over the Hawaian Village instead. He says he only spent 35 cents. Johnnie Stefanic wants to know what you did with the $1.65.

Frank Moore bought a motorcycle for $25.00. As an added attraction, Frank will race Andy Kubeck in his Ford at the Roby track the next time they have races there for a $50.00 bet.

Eddie Pond bought a Dort automobile but so far has not invited any of the boys for a ride. Drive out to work some day, Ed. and let's see how it rides.

Scotty Robertson got a new swimming suit, a beautiful shade of grey. The other evening his wife, sister and brother-in-law went to see the Dancing Girl at the Colonial theatre in Chicago; but instead of going along he decided to try out the new suit at Robertsdale beach. What was the game, Jimmie? Was Happy Garber with you?

Jack "Milly" Connors is spending his vacation down in Hicksville, Ohio (with the rest of the hicks).

Goosesausage Beckman reports having had a fine time during his vacation at Willow Springs, Ill. Goose was dancing Virginia reels etc., he claims. Where was Bob Curtis with his camera?

Louis Duehr refuses to go riding any more with Gilbert Dunkemp his fireman in the Overland. What is the matter, Louis? Did he corrupt your morals?

Dan Carlson was initiated in the Fish Club, June 28, but refused to accept his credentials showing he was one of the members of the school. After considerable grieving on Dan's part about the loss of a dime, the money was returned to him which automatically expelled him from the brotherhood.

George Girard, our tower still shift foreman and acknowledged champion chicken fancier of the Whiting refinery, now takes his hat off to Tommy Giler, stillman at 1st and 2nd battery tower stills. Tommy received the following letter together with some samples of chicken feet and literature: "We are sending you, herewith, pamphlets on poultry raising as we have heard you are interested in the raising and breeding of *White Top Chickens*. We regret to state however that up to the present time science has not been able to discover a means of hatching chickens from *Hard Boiled Eggs*.—King Tut."

Harry Banahan's and Eric Gilber's kids are still waiting patiently for the reward from Albert Oeffinger and his son-in-law for finding the $10 bill in the old pocketbook.

Paddy Keefe wishes to thank Joe Graves for all the foodstuffs he has been bringing in from his place on the Ridge Road. Tom Giler intends spending his vacation at Joe's place.

Charlie Pedersen is looking for a first class lady cook to cook meals for him while his father, mother and sisters are over in Europe. A good looking one is preferred.

Agitator

Oren Mackey is back on the job after a two weeks' vacation spent at Culver, Ind.

William Schweikert is planning an extensive mctor trip in his Moline Knight through Indiana, Illinois and Arkansas while on his vacation.

It is reported that J. C. Mack intends to run for alderman of his ward in Hammond. John has had a great deal of trouble with the city officials about the water situation and he figures that with his knowledge of pumps and mains he may be able to enlighten the situation. The boys from the agitators wish you all the success in the world, John.

Ernest Deeken, helper at the agitator pump house, was recently married to Miss Lillian Cross of East Side. Congratulations, Ernie! May your voyage on the sea of matrimony be a pleasant one.

It is reported that after the painters got through painting No. 11 agitator, "Dr. Broderson" took what paint was left and painted his car.

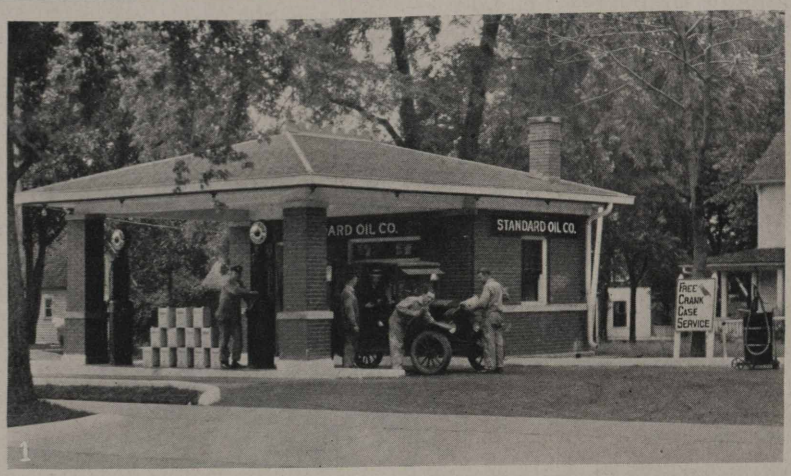
Merrill Adams is the proud father of a twelve-pound baby boy which arrived at his home on May 26. Congratulations, Merrill—and thanks for the cigars.

Grant Spurrier reports doing a rushing business with the truck drivers these last few weeks.

Hubert Johnson attended "Derby Day" at Hawthorne Park.

(*Continued on Page 34*)

SERVICE *and* BEAUTY *in* DES MOINES FIELD



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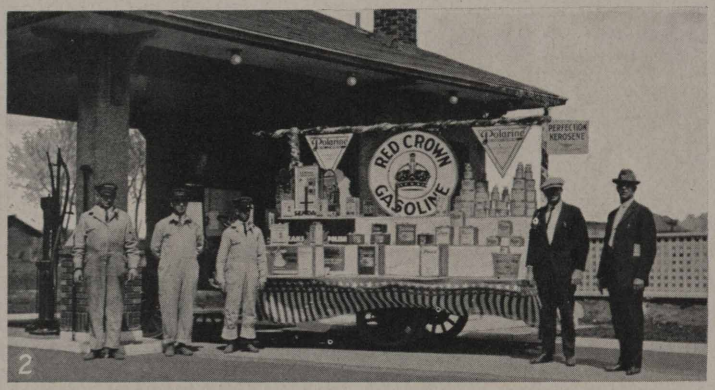

2

No. 1—Here's a sample of real Standard Oil Company service. Merle Kizer, attendant of S. S. 98, Des Moines, is at the pump; Mr. Lauib is receiving the money; Mr. Ely is serving the Polarine and Mr. Waller is giving water service. No. 2—Storm Lake S. S. 77, dressed up this float for the auto show there. The float showed the varied S. O. Co. products and was a center of interest. The attendants shown here are Messrs. Avenall, Martine and Lovejoy. Mr. Wadsley at the right has been with the company 26 years and Mr. Cattermole, standing next to him, has been agent at Storm Lake for ten years.

SOME DES MOINES BEAUTIES

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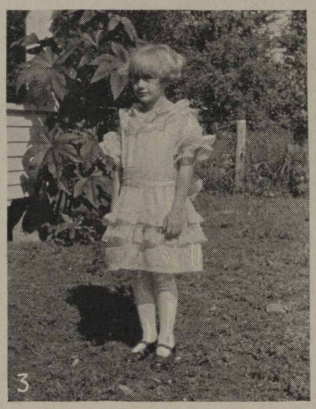

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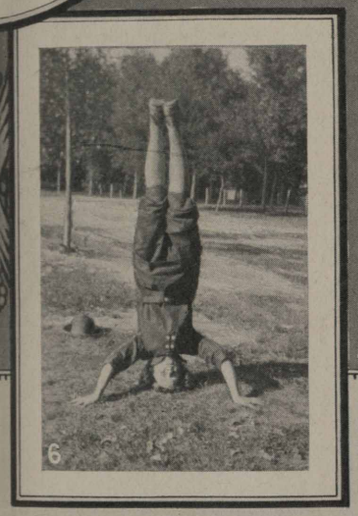
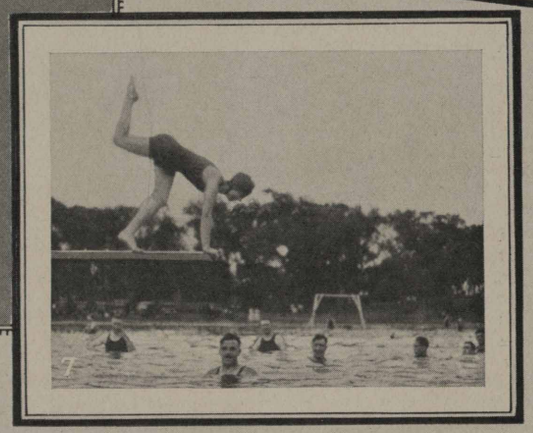
No. 1—Agent E. G. Jarvis of Cumberland, Iowa, is proud of Herbert Arthur and Helen Alberta, twins. Can't blame him, either. No. 2—Meet Hugh Darwood Grandfield, son of Agent Roy Grandfield of Lorimer, Iowa. Glad to know him? We thought so. No. 3—T. W. Driver Earl Cecil of Creston is a hustling salesman. This photo tells why. The young lady is Arlene Cecil, his daughter. No. 4—Maxine Keefer, daughter of Blaine Keefer, warehouse man at Creston plant, is going to be a heart breaker in a few years. And we don't mean maybe.

PLAYING AROUND WITH STANDARD OILERS





No. 1—Here is a gang of Sioux City Standard Oilers in for a swim at a picnic held recently. No. 2—Alma Bernard of the Fifth floor of the Chicago office is this Harold Lloydish appearing mermaid. She seems to have the right idea of keeping cool and safety first. No. 3—When the Red Crown Club of Mankato division holds a party, things hum. Up there, they work as hard as they play. Left to right, they are E. S. Hagerty, Paul Kern, J. Weeks, C. J. Nuebel, Miss Emerich, Mrs. Lynard, George Lenerts, Miss Paulson, J. Clay Lee, Art Otto, Violet Koch; below, Frank Endicott and Spencer Smith. No. 4—Naomi Swanson claims the somersault championship of Sioux City We think Sioux Citiers must have had a great time. No. 5—Mrs. Dyer and Mabel Kelley, also of Sioux City, were fotoged on the dock. The correspondent writes in, "Seaweed growing to a rock—Mabel's hair." Gosh! No. 6—Doris Beaubien of the Sioux City office didn't know the face she was making when the fotog snapped this one at the picnic. Maybe she didn't care. No. 7—Violet Koch of the Mankato office is shown doing a fancy dive. The kind? We don't know, but know we'd like to have seen her.

(*Continued from Page 29*)

The boys on the agitators have started training for S. O. A. A. field meet on Labor Day. It is our hope that we win the cup and shield, so that we may make a permanent home for them on the Buffalo side. There is no reason why we can not do this as we have some athletes who have already proven themselves.

Buck Rineman is planning a motor trip through southern Illinois while on his vacation.

The continuous sweetening on the agitators is meeting with tremendous success.

The clean-up gang has surely lived up to its reputation these last few days in cleaning around the agitators.

Henry Bruning says, "Neither a lender nor a borrower be, for the loan not only loses itself and friend, but dulls the edge of husbandry."

Pressure Stills

Bob Temple has started a new fad—that of decorating bicycles. He fixed up Banahan's just for an advertisement. If you want to see a work of art look that bike over.

McMeen has his truck painted a vivid green (whatever that is). Leave it to the Irish to get the green in.

Lemen spent the hot days of last month down in a nice cool sewer.

Bierman and Kilfara surprised Scotty last week by entertaining him with a fish dinner. The table was decorated with festoons of pipe wrenches offset by several gravity jars and the chairs were padded with nice clean waste. The climax of the evening was the Volstead act.

The unsolved mysteries: Who killed cock robin? Where is Tommy O'Connor? Who broke the brick on Jack Delaney's head? Why Ed Cotner spends so much time at the beach and never goes in the water. Bad for the eyes, Ed.

Charley Dailey has run out of dogs so don't apply for a while.

Pat Lynch did not get enough of war over in France so he got married. In a little while he will look like the rest of us. Best of luck, anyhow, Pat.

How about a few rooters at the inter-department baseball games? You should see Kish. Oh! He give it the ball such a hard knock. Come out; we want to keep the cup.

Julius Kish is buying a house in Stiglitz Park. Well, I know he is, that's all.

Felix has been getting so many eggs from his chickens he thinks the chickens will hurt themselves.

Earl Humphreys did not know where to go on his last day off, so he came out to visit the plant.

Twenty-ninth and thirtieth battery baseball team were beaten in a hard fought game. The feature of the game was the fielding of Cunningham, Shimala and Banahan.

Mr. Banahan was presented with a large bouquet of American Beauty roses by his followers in admiration of his wonderful ball playing. The stillmen and helpers were booked for August 15. L. C. Moore and P. J. Sweeney were to umpire. Thanks to the S. O. A. A. for the use of the baseball tools.

Filtering Oils Department

Miss Tillie Berkowitz of the laboratory, was all sparkles and smiles on July 5. There was enough reason; at a six o'clock dinner the evening previous, her engagement to Martin Levy of Chicago was announced.

Louis Wohrle was a happy man July 28, for then he became a full fledged daddy. The cigars on "Junior" were swell, Louis.

From appearances several of the FFF Plant girls must have taken hard falls recently. Both Angela Tokarz and Sophie Blastic appeared one morn with what they called a "Bob." P. S. It also happened to Tillie.

Miss Madeline Harmon will substitute as stenographer in the Filtering Oils department office during Miss Schulze's absence of a month's vacation in Denver and Colorado Springs.

Ed Gehrke reports a pleasant vacation spent chiefly in touring the George, Berry, and Mud Lake regions, with an occasional venture to Chicago.

Acid Works

Jacob Bachi returns from a two weeks' trip to Wisconsin with tales of the ten or fifteen pound fish he hooked. (His line snapped.)

Since Julius Caeser rejuvenated the Overland, Dr. Myrick is forced to travel in second speed while passing through town to keep within the speed limits. The nays have it.

John Carey spent a week at home with a bad foot resulting from an injury sustained while serving in the war.

Dr. Ordeman now ventures forth with hooks, lines, sinkers, wooden minnows and whatnot. Further reports later. On the other hand, yes, we have no fish.

The death of Guy Smith on July 27 was a distinct shock to everyone and his loss is keenly felt by every employe in this department. A man with a most pleasing personality, fair and impartial in his dealings with fellow workmen and one who commanded the love and respect of all. The sympathy of his many friends is extended to his family in this, their hour of sorrow.

Candle Factory

Can anyone tell me why it is that when John Boran takes a day off to go to a wedding he always has to stay at least three more days to recuperate?

Rumors have been afloat about the Candle Factory that Martha Cybulski is going to marry Joe Maksimik. Will you please give us the correct information on that, Martha?

All the girls of the Candle Factory are planning on wearing knickers on Labor Day. But wait until you see Rose Bakus in her "Salt and Pepper knickers" then you will believe what we say.

Clarence and Cina Stratton have purchased a new Ford and they have moved into a new house. What's the idea, folks? Are you planning on beginning an entirely new life?

Alfred Thompson looks quite refreshed since he's been back from his vacation. But he won't feel that way very long when he gets on Mr. Grieves' job for a while.

Mr. Brinker and family spent a week end at Cedar Lake. They went to fish and they stayed to loaf

Elizabeth Fauth, our head forelady, has been going out quite often lately. She took a day off to go to the circus and she visits the amusement parks in the evening. The girls don't think it's fair that she should keep the young man's name to herself.

Miss Frances Szewczyk became Mrs. Baranowski on August 7.

William Kaban reports that he is going to marry a girl from Burnside in September, 1942.

Now what do you suppose is getting into the Candle Factory girls? Mary Hogan, Helen Leonard, Edith Jackson and several others have all had their hair bobbed. Is bobbed hair coming in to style again?

Why, Gladys Gilman! how do you ever expect to keep house if you don't know any better than to boil black stockings with a white apron?

Rudolph Dust and three friends spent their vacations at Cedar Lake and Star Rock. Rudolph reports he had a good time.

Why is it that Martha Frankowiac and Elizabeth Halgas are so sweet on Andrew Hunter and John Bakus?

James Griffith of the Printing department motored to Stephen Point, Wis., where he spent his vacation.

When Stella Stefanski played a tennis match one night she became so excited over the game that she tried to stand on her head to hit the ball. She did not succeed in that but did succeed in measuring the tennis court.

Myrtle Evans, one of the Candle Factory's shortest girls, has recently acquired some new property. A diamond ring now adorns her engagement finger. The lucky man is Eugene O'Brien from Hammond.

The Candle Factory rejoices with Mr. Wilson over the arrival of an infant son at his home. It is no wonder our timekeeper is speeding up a little.

The Candle Factory would be greatly pleased if the welding shop would kindly tell us who "To matoes" and "Steve" are. Mary Seman and Anna Hlebasko seem to be quite interested in them especially at Cedar Lake.

At noon the Candle Factory Office girls are regularly entertained by Elizabeth Rhinesperger's wonderful stories of her "Chris." We are not mentioning the young man's last name but anyone who knows Elizabeth surely has heard of her sheik.

Now what do you think? Gregory Valentovich and Sophie Talaby are going to begin a new life together. The wedding took place August 6. The Candle Factory most certainly has a matrimonial bug hidden around here somewhere. But no one seems over anxious to put it out and the young folks keep on getting married.

Helen Fordyce took a day off recently. If anyone knows the reason we'd like to be informed.

We wonder why our little soldier boy, Mary Bailey, changed back from knickers to a dress again. We are patiently waiting for a little sailor boy to come to work now.

The girls in the Candle Factory office have a betting fever There is a whole lot of talk going around among them about some big feed they are going to have at some chicken house. Whose footing the bills, Elizabeth? How did you happen to lose the bet?

We are all curious to know why Annette Palenchar goes to the Hammond Beach Inn so often. Is that where she met "Charlie?"

Susan Katch has returned to work after a long illness. Now she will gain quickly because she has the benefit of looking at her lost sheik.

Susan Rohan, Anna Kresack and Elizabeth Libert all fell for the same fellow at a certain meeting. We surely are surprised that there wasn't a fight over him then and there. Does anyone know who he is?

Anna Runick has so much work to do that she is getting disheartened; and now she is looking for a man. What are all you young men going to do about it? She works at the Candle Factory if anyone is interested.

Canning Department

Our old friend John Clingenpeel is back on his job after being absent two weeks on account of a sore eye.

Anyone in doubt as to the proper manner of caring for a new Ford sedan can secure some very original ideas from the Canning department foreman, Art Stross.

Jack Humphrey is the sport of the Can House. He gets a new car every year. Another Earl again.

Jacob Behrens has returned from his vacation. He reports a good time.

Mike Blastick was elected baseball manager for the year 1923. Come on, gang, let's go!

John Roman has returned from his two weeks' vacation. He spent his time in Somerfield and Sharon, Penn. He reports a very pleasant time.

Charles Hardy has been to Missouri. We'll have to show him now.

Lossie Anderson is having his car painted for his vacation.

Girls, beware of "Sheik Kammer" who thinks he can date up any girl in the shop. He is out looking for victims. You simply cannot resist his charms, so he says.

Sheldon Meek is the new assistant clerk at the Can House office.

Steam Department

Paton Richardson, of the Steam department, took a ten-day trip through Wisconsin and Michigan. He reported a fine trip. Rich, I say you had us all guessing.

John Coughlin, watertender at No. 2 boiler house, is back on the job after his two weeks' vacation and reports that he had a fine time.

Mike Sciananka, fireman at No. 5 boiler house, passed the cigars around on account of being married on July 3, at Whiting. Congratulations from the bunch, Mike.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Parks are spending their vacation at Cedar Lake where Don has rented a cottage for that period.

Peter Szewczyk, fireman at No. 7 boiler house, is spending his two weeks' vacation with friends in Pulaski County, Ind., and Kosciuszko County, Ill.

It is reported that the family of William Gardnier, fireman at No. 2 boiler house, has lately joined him here at Whiting. They came all the way from Scotland to be with him.

Owen Moore, watertender helper at No. 4 boiler house, at this writing is taking his two weeks' vacation.

Andy Harmon, assistant foreman of the Steam department, was reported to be spending a most enjoyable two weeks' vacation with a dentist here at Whiting. How about it, Andy?

Miss Julia M. McCoy, of Washington, D. C., is spending a few weeks with her brother, F. E. McCoy, of the Steam department.

Tom Duffy, watertender at No. 5 boiler house, passed the cigars around the other day on account of the marriage of his daughter.

Alva Grigsby, fireman at No. 2 boiler house, has bought a new Ford touring car and has taken a couple of weeks off duty to tune the same up by taking a trip to his old home in Illinois.

Tower Still Department

Harry Bensinger, champion pie eater on the tower stills, reports that the Athletic committee should have no trouble in getting talent for their Labor Day bouts at the park as William ("Scottie") Aldie and Timothy ("Dogs") Moynihan have a little grudge which they would like to settle. Both are in training. Aldie expects to do most of his damage with his unbeatable knowledge of French, while Moynihan will depend on his Irish footwork.

Billy Roess of the continuous stills is the proud

daddy of a bouncing boy. The smokes were enjoyed by all the gang.

Another daddy is Billy Lynch, our representative from Division No. 1, stillman at continuous stills 21-40. Edward Thomas Lynch, ten and one-half pounds, was born on June 25 and the following day daddy came to work with an ear-to-ear grin, a box of cigars and his chest stuck out about three feet.

Walter Parker spent his vacation at Klinger's Lake near Sturgis, Mich., and reports having had a wonderful time.

Bobby Curtis spent his vacation at the Shriner's Conclave at Washington, D. C. Bob says he had a great time. Babe and the rest of the girls were there to help out in the entertainment and we have it on good authority Bob lost his fez. How about it, Bob?

Ed. Slater, stillman at the steam stills, was off on vacation for two weeks, but did not go anywhere. Ed claims he had a good rest but the boys say he didn't want to part with the price of a trip since Glenrock Oil stock dropped. Ed bought $500 worth at $1.00. Shortly after it dropped to 50 cents a share. Cheer up, Ed. Why didn't you buy Standard Oil Company (Indiana) instead?

Dave Beavens and the missus, together with "Sheik" Staley, his brother-in-law, of the welding shop, motored to Buckeye Lake near New Straitsville, Ohio, their old home town, and spent two weeks vacation. Dave reported the Baby Lincoln did her stuff all right and everybody had a good time.

Frank Cherry, line walker, bought a new Dodge.

Mrs. Ted Brown and son are spending a month's vacation with her parents at Chesterton, Ind.

The boys on the tower stills have appointed Frank Eaton, Ed Freese and Joe Graves to act as a special investigating committee to investigate the mysterious disappearance of the flag they subscribed and paid for and which flew from the tower still flag pole during the World War. The committee's suspicions are centered on Gas Engineer Grant Hatch and Chief Sewer Rat Fred Haag, as no one has been able to locate the flag since Haag borrowed it from Hatch to aid in the decorating of his son's place of business on Indianapolis boulevard on the Fourth of July. Jack Conners of the first and second continuous stills, who has noticed Haag prowling around the yard at night amongst the receiving tanks, is wondering if he is looking for the flagpole to take home also.

George Girard, Andy Kubeck and Herb Brown went fishing in the Calumet River somewhere southwest of Hammond and didn't manage to get home 'till 1:00 a. m. They all claimed the fish didn't start biting 'till it got dark. That excuse is perfectly O. K. to the average fisherman but it was not with one of the boys' wives who couldn't understand how the fish could bite at night. Would suggest to the boys to give a truthful explanation to their wives and state the experiences they had in Thornton, Ill., and Oak Glen, Ill., with the amber colored fluid.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Talking about "Thrills which come once in a lifetime," just think how Roscoe C. Harris will feel the first time he signs his name "Roscoe C. Harris, Sr."

Kenneth Jackson of the Time desk has sold his auto and we are waiting for the wedding announcements.

R. C. Wetmore has started the building of a home in Kansas City.

C. A. Galloway of the Shipping department spent a quiet time sojourning among the rustic beauties of Excelsior Springs.

Fred Miller of the Mechanical department started on a vacation July 30 and the golden silence now reigns supreme.

John Rodman, Jr., of the Telephone desk is kicking because his name never appears in the Record. All right, John!

James a Hininger is planning on driving his new Studebaker to Kentucky. We are afraid he will be sadly disappointed because we hear that Mr. Volstead is also known down there.

Upon interviewing Clay Hensley of the Shipping department for news, the only information given was that Jay Turner was the steadiest and most industrious man in the building. However, when ye reporter also tried to borrow money he was turned down.

Miss Beulah Border, daughter of J. W. Border, was married to Harry Kernett, July 21. They will make their home in Fairmount.

M. T. Wilhoit, stillman on the Continuous Stills, Crawford Tract, and family motored to Memphis, Tenn., during their vacation.

Frank G. Lee and Curtis Wright spent their vacation in Colorado.

Neil Erickson, piscatorial artist, is telling his friends of a new method of catching frogs. He uses a gunnysack and flashlight.

Charles P. Mustain, P. S. cleaner, told of having a bean vine that covers much of his garden and has beans on it two feet long.

Henry Hink returned from a vacation in Minnesota.

Pete Clunsic accused the pumpers of spilling sardines in the water. He finds many small fish in the water sprays.

H. E. Otto, employees' ex-representative, has been on the sick list for some time.

B. F. Lee is building a new home on Felton avenue, Sugar Creek, which he will soon occupy.

Have you noticed how Bert Hafer has cut the top out of his straw hat so he could advertise Red Crown. (Officer, help!)

James O. Hinde now is dealing in autos of the smaller and cheaper type in spite of the fact that his slogan is "Hitch your wagon to a Star."

Oliver White of Mt. Washington and Douglas Bailey of Independence, chemists, are trying to decide a bet as to which one lives in the liveliest community and, strange to say, each one says the other wins.

Fred J. Bergin recently drove down to Atchison, Kas., and arrived back O. K. (It was the rabbit's foot, not the driver.)

Vacations seem to be the order of the day around the Main Office.

Clifford Howard, Safety director, left on his vacation, July 28, and, when interviewed, stated emphatically he was not going to get married this trip.

Milton V. Hancock, after catching all the fish in South Missouri streams, returned to work, July 30. He reports that they are biting fine but didn't say whether "they" were fish, mosquitoes or chiggers.

Charley Deland, veteran timekeeper, left August 4 for a two weeks' stay at Quitman, Mo., where he will superintend operations of his coal mine.

John Brizendine, marched to martial music at Nevada, Mo., with the Missouri National Guards, for the two weeks, July 16 to 28. He reports a fine time, but says Sherman was right!

Charley Freeman spent an ideal vacation at home.

On July 19, pay day, many smiles were in evidence on maps belonging to the private roll. This was, no doubt, due to relief from the hot weather.

F. W. Bruckmiller has invested in a new straw

hat which he proudly sports around the refinery. (We think his folks own a wheat farm.)

Wallie Hodge of M. V. Hancock's office spent a week visiting friends in Bates County near Rich Hill, Mo. You'd think he had been in Wisconsin or Minnesota to hear him tell his "Fish Stories." We thought Bill Beatty could tell the biggest one but "Wallie" has him beat a mile.

"Our Band" is surely drawing large crowds this year, and the music they put forth is very fine, indeed. Mrs. Earl J. Cox, wife of the Musical director, has made quite a "hit" with both the band and the audiences by her very entertaining singing with the Band.

"Matt" Butler, V. O. F. of the Main office, is back from his annual trip to Lineville, Missouri, the place of his birth. He reports all his old "buddies" in good health, and says that he received a thrill that comes once in a lifetime when the Mayor of Lineville met him on the streets of Lineville and greeted him by his first name. It must be a wonderful and "grand and glorious feeling."

R. R. Peck, fire chief of Mt. Washington and clerk in the Main office, announces that the Missouri State Convention of Fire Chiefs will be held in Kansas City in September. This will give Peck a chance to "doll" up in his new red fireman suspenders for the occasion.

The question is, "Why does John Daniels wear his vest in the Summer time?"

Harry ("Speedy") Roth has a new and very peppy assistant in Archie E. Hicks.

Earl J. Cox and family and Roy L. Moore and family spent Saturday and Sunday at Horseshoe Lake fighting mosquitoes and "jiggers."

Jim Hinde sure has a very generous brother. He lets Jim drive a new Star touring car back and forth to work every day, and Jim says all he has to do is furnish a garage for the car.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

William Asa Cook is back on the job after having spent a four weeks' vacation and the greater part of his jack. Three weeks and three days were utilized in getting the old red wheel bus in condition to make a trip to Springfield to attend the 60th wedding anniversary of his father and mother. The elder Mr. Cook is now 86 and Mrs. Cook 81 years old. William Cook's grandmother lived to the age of 104, but it is said everyone congratulated William A Cook, thinking it was the old gentleman.

William Beiser, better known as Curley, made the remark that William Yeanny and Larey Hunt had not been to the Beiser home for at least ten years but as soon as they heard of the Beiser tasty home brew, they came and then the fun began.

Mr. McMillen reports a fine visit with his mother at Mt. Carmel, Ill. He also states that all the Standard Oil filling stations were noted for their service, but wants to make special mention of the treatment he received at one. The man in charge met him with a smile, supplied him with the necessary gasoline, made inquiry concerning his oil, wiped off the wind shield which was very dusty, offered to put the proper amount of air in his tires and offered valuable suggestions in regards to the route he was to take.

H. A. Juhlin has again returned to the Lubricating Works laboratory and taken up the duties of assistant chemist.

Recently a gentleman in the lubricating department, Donald Naef by name, acquired a shining new Ford sedan and we are informed that up to the first week in July, the speedometer registered 4,280 miles. No, Don don't mind living alone.

At present time the Lub department is endowed with a fine quartet in the persons of Wash McDonald Forrest Rhodes, John Davis and Donald Naef.

(Judging from the location of their work,t hey should not have any trouble finding the pitch).

W. A. Miller, Jake Neuman, William Pemrose and Al Schuler planned to make a trip to Bunker Hill to pick blackberries. The route, place and time was decided to the satisfaction of all. But sad to relate, Miller overslept and the others failed to drive by and wake him up. Now Miller is very angry at the rest of the boys, feels much put out over the fact that they picked berries galore and he refuses to speak to any of them.

We are advised that R. McNealey, one of the stillmen at the Steam Refined stills, has sold $784 worth of tomatoes from the three small vines in his back yard. Mac is sure some hustler. Yes, he drives a Buick car.

No change in receipts and disbursements of the Wood River Dirty Faces since June 1, except for $38.00 paid out in benefits, L. L. Tuley reports.

Walter Hubbard is back at his desk after having spent a week vacation at Bicknell, Ind.

Mrs. Sam Montgomery, formerly Miss Wilma Webb was back visiting old friends at the Main office.

Jack Carstens made a trip to Scott Field to see Dare Devil Dan, the Demon of the Air, do some tricks in the air from the wing of an airplane. Jack claims, if that is a part of the training of an aviator he will stick to the Chevrolet.

Roy Fredrickson spent two weeks' vacation in Chicago. He says he feels the heat so much more since the cool lake breezes ceased to blow.

R. P. Thompson of the Steam stills is the proud owner of a Ford touring car.

C. E. Custer has moved from the farm to Bethalto and he wishes to state that all contracts for butter, eggs and milk are void. The cows died and the chickens wouldn't lay. One hen cackled and acted suspiciously. Custer held her on the nest for an hour, but no egg. So the farm lost its charm, the city raised beckoning hands and Ding left.

Ed Carmody made a hurried trip to Chicago recently in response to a message that his brother was seriously ill. However, a change came and his brother is now on the road to recovery.

Tiry Harrod has returned from a week's vacation feeling more capable of tackling life's problems.

At last! The long expected has arrived, the four door sedan has made its appearance. Louis Hoffman is very happy, so happy that the other night, in fact the same night of its arrival, a light was seen in Louis' garage and an investigation disclosed Louis fondly streaking its shining body with a chamois skin. When the foot accelerator is put on, Louis claims he won't have to push on the low speed pedal.

Harry Harrod says it's too hot to make the Auburn trip now, but will resume the regular trips when it's cooler.

A letter from Horace Gladden, formerly in the Industrial Relations office, indicates that Horace is having one heck of a time out in Indiana, dancing and staying out nights. And later at Wawassee lake which is a regular Summer resort and then on the shores of Lake Michigan and a girl, a pretty one of course.

Our noted gun club had a shoot July 4. A. Werre was high man, E. M. Christy second, followed by Harold Christy, W. Groves, R. Durham, H. Gibson, Dave Moore and other famous shots.

These boys certainly do shatter the clay birdies. The trap shooting equipment is now packed away for the Summer.

They have stopped saying, "this Safety stuff is all bunk," but a few have changed it with the reservation that "although, it is all right, they are running it in the ground by making a fellow chase down to the First Aid with every little cut." Well, so long as it is down to that, it has reached the "irreducible minimum" because men who do not kick a little are not human. Our boys are human, sure enough, and that is not a serious thing to kick about.

The main attraction of the "hot season" in Wood River is the concerts by our Famous Band.

Harold Christy was seen the other day on the trail of a brand new Chevrolet and with plans in his pocket for a fine trip to some points in the South.

Carl Juhlin, having some trouble with his Skelton car, decided to take the knocks out of it and told the boys, when the car was finished, they wouldn't be able to hear it run. No one has, yet.

A certain stillman tells this story of the old days. While the old experimental "Lizzie" was running and E. M. Clark was manager at the Wood River refinery, a certain stillman was directed by Mr. Clark to put more feed in Lizzie, but after giving the valve several turns, the desired amount was not forthcoming and E. M. gave the valve several twists himself. Shortly, we might almost say at once, the line broke and the stillman was told to reverse the pump. He was the busiest man in the plant for the next few minutes. He walked around the pump, climbed over it and opened or closed every valve in sight. Mr. Clark smiled and walked away. It was not until help arrived, he found it was a one way pump.

Vacation season is here and several seem to be taking advantage of it and get away from their duties these hot days. Edna Deitz spent two weeks with her parents in Belleville, Ill., and reports a nice time. Mrs. H. Johnson went to Sedalia, Mo., and hasn't got through talking about the wonderful time she had there.

"Carl Bandy," the young man from "Gorman,"
Had some new pants and wore 'em,
He stooped when he laughed and he felt a great draft,
So he knew right away where he tore 'em.

Irving Dingerson is reporting the arrival of an 8-pound girl at his house.

Charles Huber has taken up detective work as a side line.

Mike Golick spent a fine vacation in Chicago and Whiting.

John Phipps is getting his share of the black berries in the Otter Creek neighborhood.

William Obermiller likes them cold. That may explain his frequent trips to the Lab.

A. Rogers has traded his bicycle for a Chevrolet. The model is not known, but is of an early vintage.

Jake Zager, handy man at the Industrial Relations office, informs us that Mrs. Zager has been taken to a specialist in St. Louis; we trust the doctor will be able to cure Mrs. Zager. We know it will make a happy man of Jake.

Several of our noted anglers spent their vacations looking after the fish in the Mississippi River. Starr Oulsen holds the record for truth and persistency. While fishing recently in the above mentioned stream, he saw a log which kept bobbing up and down in a way that showed it must have something tied on it so Starr pulled off his clothes and started for the log. It was reached and thereafter all the party watched him struggle for the best part of an hour with the prize and finally saw him victoriously drag the log to shallow water and proceed to get the fish tied to it. Can you imagine his surprise to find the log as bare as himself? Starr is supported in his story that the log bobbed up and down in the water. What kind of bait do these fishermen use, anyway?

Charles Baesley of the Pressure Stills has sold his fine home at Sixth street and Edwardsville Road and has moved into the city. All the boys envied Beasley with his two acres of ground, but Charles states that the farming business and shift work are darned poor partners.

Word has been received from Tom Gildersleeve, former pressure stillman, to the effect that he is in charge of a road building gang, putting in some of those beautiful roads the native sons advertise so much now-a-days. We know now the roads must be all the natives claim for them.

Bonus checks are coming in. The first was received by Russell Durham in July. Prohibition is here and after the long time intervening since the end of the War, most of the boys are married and have big families so you can about imagine how the money is being spent.

T. E. Tretter, Mason's department, is wearing a broad smile these days. It is a nice big girl. Tretter received his bonus from the state on the same day. It never rains but that it pours.

Ed Fleming, bricklayers, is receiving congratulations from his fellow-workmen on the arrival of a ten-pound boy. Going to teach him to lay bricks, Ed?

In the final game of a very interesting horseshoe tournament, which has been in progress here for several weeks, Al Synhoven of the pressure stills defeated Joe Lamm of the office force by the very slim margin of one point—the final score being 50 to 49. There were 64 entries at the start and during the process of elimination some very hot games were witnessed. Synhoven, champion of the plant by virtue of his victory, will attempt to prove to all that he is a real champion by locking horns with Russell Durham, last year's champion, in a championship match at the S. O. Picnic to be held at Rock Springs Park in Alton. This match will be one of the attractions at the picnic.

It is rumored that the Single Men's Baseball Club, after strenuous practice, have announced themselves as being desirious of obtaining a return game from the married men. Very well, boys, we hate to spoil your day at the picnic, but it seems that you are just gluttons for punishment.

CASPER, WYO.

R. E. Wood, Ray Conklin and Doc Hook are going to Middle Fork to fish. If they catch any fish we shall have heaps of fish at the Club dinner. (July 20 and the above bunch have returned. However we have no fish dinner.)

The car loaders from No. 3 Plant held their first annual picnic. Along about 12 p.m., Red Combs was heard to say, "Nine down and three to go."

Johnny Luxon wants to know what the pipefitters do with all of the safety valves he fixes. He has an idea that they use them for sinkers or something.

John Rouse was seen hanging around the ice box at the new Industrial Building, July 14.

James Meide, pressure stillman, announces the arrival of a new baby boy.

Fred Kistler Jr., pressure still foreman, announces the arrival of a new baby girl.

M. T. Cantrill, pressure stillman, has bought a new Ford.

Cash Rouse, pumper at No. 3 pump house, was called to Wheatland on account of the death of his father. He has the sympathies of his fellows.

Frank Sonnebfelt, pressure still helper, has been transferred to the still cleaning department.

Charles Doubles, pressure still foreman, has left the service of the Company.

They were moving a house on East First street the other day and had ropes stretched on the side streets to hold back the traffic. Bill Frericks, pressure still foreman, was coming down one of said streets about 8 p. m. and ran into one of the ropes with his Nash car. If Bill would look straight ahead instead of at the classy Jane sitting beside him, accidents like this would not happen.

Who is the best horseshoe player, Frank Hathaway or Andy Thompson? Darned if we know.

Axel Fredlund has bought a new Oldsmobile eight. Some class.

Join the Shiftmen's Benefit Association and the Over the River Club. It is a pleasure to be sick and a pleasure to die.

O. W. Davis and Miss Arlie Morris were married at 10 a. m. July 15 and started overland for Iowa. Mr. Davis' car was properly decorated with old shoes and signs which he was unable to remove with gasoline. Mr. Davis is on the No. 3 asphalt stills. Mrs. Davis has been working in a law office. Their many friends among the Standard Oil Company employees wish them a safe journey on the matrimonial seas.

B. V. Osborn, safety director at Casper refineries, at present on his vacation, is enjoying a fishing trip near Douglas, Wyo. Boyd reports that the fishing is fine and he is catching lots of them, but says that the largest ones escaped. Of course we all know when a man goes fishing what to expect in the way of fish stories.

Bob Williams, labor foreman, has just returned from a trip to New Mexico where he and his family visited relatives. The trip of 2,000 miles was made without mishap.

"Doc" Dockham, of the steam refined separator force, recently returned from a two weeks' vacation spent in the Missouri Ozarks and in Colorado. Ask Doc how the roads are between here and Missouri.

Fred Ellis, from No. 2 Continuous Treating plant, celebrated the Fourth with home folks at Omaha.

Frank Campbell, at the Absorption plant, has disposed of his Henry. Some say Frank has ordered a Rolls-Royce, the payments to be made when the Oceola comes in.

Percy Winters is back from Montana after looking over his oil fields there.

C. C. Crosby, from No. 1 Treating plant, is looking bad. Fleming, his trainer, says Crosby will be in shape for a bout with Dempsey by Fall.

George D. Brown, prominent promoter at No. 3 Stationery room, left on July 3 for a trip to Colorado. When George meets up with some of the old timers down there, the stuff sure will fly.

Neil Thomas' wife took a trip the other day. Now Neil eats uptown. Very tough on Neil.

Scotty Kidd is now two instead of one. About the Fourth he stepped out and did it. Jean Latta was the victim. Scotty will be remembered as a demon guard on No. 3 basketball team last Winter.

July 7, Roy Heap and Sam Work went on a fishing trip to McDonald's ranch near the Big Horns. We asked them for a picture of their catch, but Sam says they couldn't get all the fish in the picture—therefore no picture.

Glen Dines left for a trip through the Yellowstone Park with Congressman Winters. He took his tennis racket along. Sam wonders how Glen expects to keep the bears away with that.

We heard Fred Souczek humming "My wife's gone to the country, hooray." This happened on Friday, July 13. Some guys have luck with them every day.

Cal Smith is on his vacation.

Harry Anderson, stillman at the Acid works, is on vacation and is making a motor trip to Portland, Ore., and intermediate points.

Ask George Shea of the lead burners, how long it takes to make the trip from Casper to Glenrock on a speeder. They are all right if the gas holds out.

Wanted—A dignified and appropriate name for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) male quartette.

R. E. Beard, foreman at the Steam Refined Separators and the Steam Refined Treating plant is now a widower, his wife having left for points in Massachusetts and Virginia for the Summer.

Dr. G. D. Graves is now a member of our Research Laboratory force.

R. V. Heinze and wife have moved into their new home located in the Standard addition. Bob says it is more like living now.

Betty and Jean Trowe, daughters of Herman Trowe, our lead burner foreman, are enjoying a pleasant vacation visiting relatives at Whiting, Ind., and at Sarnia, Ont., Canada.

Bill Lang and Jim Crosby, pipe foremen at No. 3 plant, are both sporting new cars, the former has a Chalmers and the latter a Dodge.

M. C. Bates, pumper at the Steam Refined Treating plant, has a brand new Ford coupe.

Bob Covington, our employment manager, is spending his vacation in Illinois and Ohio, making the trip in his Dodge.

F. J. Gainer, assistant superintendent at Wood River, arrived in Casper and spent several days inspecting the Casper refineries, the lubricating department here being of especial interest to him.

Bergeson, the "detective," is making one of his periodical visits to the Casper refineries. Berg is a better horseshoe pitcher, we'll bet, than a "detective."

"Al" Buhman, chemist in our research laboratory, has returned from a two weeks' trip spent in Montana and in Yellowstone Park. It is reported from reliable sources that Buhman carried a sign on the rear of his car which read, "Girls, I'm still single."

D. M. Haines is another one of our laboratory force who has been enjoying a vacation. "Deacon" Haines represented the First Presbyterian church of this place as a delegate at the recent General Assembly at Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Haines and wife also spent several weeks visiting relatives in Michigan and Illinois.

On the return from a fishing trip July 22, Don and Andy gave Gladys Holbrook, a school teacher, a lift from Kaycee to Casper. How come, Don? Why the name of Stewart?

C. C. Campbell, Jack Gibbs, Old Sikes, Dick Hubbel, Bob Heinze, A. E. Thompson, Don Smith, Leigh McGrath and John McGrath migrated to Salt Creek, July 18, to see a flock of fifty-three novices travel through the hot sands into the land of Nobility. Es Salamu Aleikum.

It doesn't make much difference if John McGrath goes where he chooses out at Salt Creek, for, as one of his friends said, "He is a daddy to us all." But when Bob Heinze trails along he had better look at the signs on the door before entering.

John A. Thieme, father-in-law to T. S. Cooke, made the trip to Salt Creek along with the rest of the Nobility. He proved to the satisfaction of us all that he, too, can "shoot a well." He was especially

pleased when Tonkin took him over and showed him his latest drilling outfit. Our boss' father-in-law is a dead game sport and can stay as long as he chooses.

E. B. Smith, grandfather of Lloyd Smith's youngsters, paid Casper a visit during July. He is another of those kind of men that we like to have around. He thinks our fishing is just about ideal. Don was too busy so he turned his father over to his "young" brother. The two have gone to Yellowstone National Park where we hope they will enjoy themselves immensely.

L. G. Smith returned from a fishing trip, taking in Buffalo, Ten Sleep and practically all of the Big Horn mountains. He reports the best fishing at Twin Buttes near No. Wood.

Yes, Sir! Howard Clark of the paint shop is now driving a Buick Four.

Lew Price reports that this is the hottest weather he ever saw in Wyoming, before or after.

Walter Jourgensen, timekeeper, is on vacation on East Casper mountains at Jones ranch.

Bill Eads, labor foreman, is doing the Wind River Range, hunting fish while on his vacation. He took along his new Sport Model Durant and also his family. When he gets back, if his arms are long enough, we will be told how long the fish were. He probably won't be able to take his shirt off for some time on account of fish bones.

Charlie Warnocke, carpenter foreman, left for Yellowstone Park, also his flivver and family.

Pete Mainert has returned from Yellowstone Park. Talk about fish! He says seven days of each week are Fridays and he doesn't care if there is not another Friday this year.

How about this? Dewey Story and Brother Roy Story, pressure still cleaners, were married in April to two Nebraska girls who are sisters and now after three months of married bliss, they pass out the cigars. The quality of them shows that they are well satisfied.

Tom Deneen of the carpenter department after six years service has resigned to take up State Highway work in South Dakota. Well, if Tom keeps the same pep he did here it will soon be a pleasure to motor through South Dakota.

James Frazier, boilermaker foreman, has moved his house to the back end of his lot all by his lonesome and is now building an addition on same. Some head work, Jimmie.

Ed Wilson, timekeeper, is building a fine new bungalow which is so far completed that the door between the dining room and kitchen which swings both ways is in position.

Fred Leschinsky has recently been promoted to head of the Machine Shop department which includes Machine shop, Tin shop, Foundry, Pump Repair department and Garage. The men take to him like ducks do to water. Especially do they like the meetings at 11:30 a. m.

The Machine Shop department is boasting that it has more baseball brains and ability than any other department in Plant No. 3, Casper. Do we hear any objections or challenges? If there is any department unwilling to concede this distinction, the shoppers will be glad to hear what you have to say. There is a baseball field between here and Casper and the whistle blows at 4:30 p. m. Most any evening will do.

Vacation time is on. E. G. Trager of the machine shop just returned from a short vacation and reports a delightful time while away. Charles Anderson is away on a two weeks vacation in the mountains. Fred Babcock just returned from a few days trip to Denver in friend "Hank." Fred says he behaved in a manner wholly becoming a gentleman.

Fred L.: "By George, I just felt a few drops of rain, where did it come from?"

John L.: "You didn't feel any rain. Mac just took a new chew of Copenhagen and for a little roughness, bit off the end of a plug of Climax."

C. J. Madison of the Tin shop just returned from a week's vacation during which time he visited his lady love and was married. The Machine Shop department extends its best wishes for a long period of happiness and prosperity to the young couple.

Frank Wood, carpenter foreman, is as happy as can be. His little son, George, now has a little sister. She will be one year old next July 22. The mother and babe are doing nicely. Congratulations from the gang, Frank.

Cal Smith, boss of the R. & N. Treating plants and No. 3 Steam Stills, took up a new job, August 1. At that time he will be the general superintendent of Casper's new refinery known as the White Eagle.

Main Office, Casper Plant No. 1

D. E. Carlson of the Labor Distribution department has been transferred to the Refining department. H. A. Shea who hails from somewhere in Massachusetts has taken over the work formerly done by Mr. Carlson.

E. C. Boldwin, formerly messenger, has been transferred to the Labor Distribution desk and Crone has gone out to help the timekeepers during the vacation time.

Johnny Lytle is recovering at his home from his recent operation for appendicitis. Some of the boys who called to see him at the hospital seemed to feel that he shouldn't have been taken home so soon. That certainly was a pretty little officer who was in charge of quarters when we went up there and it seems almost certain that Johnnie would have been visited frequently if he had stayed. But it might have taken him longer to get well.

The pleasant faced young man who is seated opposite Larson in the Yield department is George L. Gibson of Des Moines, Ia. George and his wife drove out from Des Moines in his car, and George says he came out to get acquainted with the producing end of the gasoline business. He already knows considerable about the consuming end.

C. J. McKinney came back from his vacation in the Colorado mountains with big holes worn in the knees of his trousers. That's what he gets for playing bear for his brother's babies.

Paul Briney is spending his vacation in Cheyenne, a little town southeast of here.

GREYBULL, WYO.

No. 1 Plant

P. L. Truax left for a thirty-day trip to his old home in Nebraska recently.

The entire plant was shocked to hear of the sudden death of Mrs. E. C. Starks. Mrs. Starks was the wife of E. C. Starks and mother of D. E. Starks of this plant and was well known and liked by all. The sympathy of the entire plant is extended to the family in their bereavement.

Bartie Bentley who is spending his vacation in Thermopolis called up and said there was two feet of water in the house he had rented, due to the cloudburst they had there.

Fred Lockard purchased a Durant Sport Roadster, recently. Fred is getting to be quite an automobile man.

Dan Smith is back on the job after a couple months traveling in his Nash.

G. L. Shepardson tells quite a new reason for not bringing a basket of trout from Shell Creek. Ask him.

John Smith, H. M. Umphenour and some of the other boys living close to the river had to move out recently, due to the high water.

No. 2 Plant

M. M. Shaffner planned a trip through Yellowstone Park in August.

Harry Berry, Frank Annerer and E. B. Mead went fishing in Devil's Canyon, recently. They all heartily agree that the fellow who named the Canyon knew what he was talking about.

G. R. Boatright and wife and M. C. Lovelady and wife took a trip to Paint Rock Creek recently. They walked sixteen miles, got sixteen trout, a few wood ticks and plenty of mosquitoes. Such is life when fishing is poor.

Bill Fisher and "Doc" Stricker have a remarkable cat, it eats grasshoppers by the score. Of course, the cat isn't to blame; it has to eat hoppers because they never feed it anything else.

Tom Patterson and Fred Gouchenour made a trip to Jones' on Shell through miles of mud and the only thing we can find as the attraction was to watch Fred Gaffner run down chickens for their supper. Oh, no, they were not alone.

L. W. Keith has returned from his vacation single and with money in his jeans. Louie, they had you wrong.

Frank Halffman and N. E. Loveland are taking a three weeks' trip through the Park and from there they will go to the coast if they have time.

C. R. Say and wife have been spending the past two weeks in the mountains on Tongue River, up where the grasshoppers have to be muzzled and one has to hide behind the rocks to keep the trout from taking the hook before the cast.

The recent high water that we experienced made it quite disagreeable for a number of employees who lived near the river. A. A. Gregg had nearly three feet of water in his yard and the basement was a regular swimming pool. The water ruined nearly all of his strawberries and "Dad" says that they were just ready for picking.

Ted McGhee and "Heavy Rolls Rough" are planning a trip through the park. Don't forget your rabbit's foot, "Heavy."

LARAMIE, WYO.

"Papa" Williams of the office force is now the proud supporter of an 8-pound baby girl. We wish to congratulate the smiling boy and thank him for the fine cigars that he passed about the plant.

Robay, the foreman of Plant No. 1, has a new speedometer for his jitney. He says it is good for 75 miles but the old Ford will only make forty-five.

"Frenchy" Choquette is another happy papa and wishes to announce the birth of a 7-pound girl. He also passed fine cigars and received many a glad hand, with best wishes.

Francis LaNoue of Plant No. 1 has been promoted to the Still Cleaning force.

Kelly and Stonestreet, two still cleaners who have worked here for a long time, have undertaken a very nice trip, which will extend through the western and southern states and end at some unknown point on the coast of the Pacific.

The "Frontier Days" at Cheyenne have drawn many of the workmen from the Plant and we are certain that they are enjoying themselves even though they are not taking a hand in the wild west show.

T. C. Kellogg, a repairman on Plant No. 1, has a Ford that he claims will run 60 miles an hour. We are wondering what kind of glands that Ford has.

T. M. Bingham, who has charge of the clerical department, has recently returned from a visit with his parents in Arkansas. He says the old swimming hole was still there and he did not fail to take advantage of the place, just as he did in his boyhood days.

A few of the refinery sports took a trip over the mountains to the Platte River where they fished and located sagehens. It appears that August will be a sad month for the young chickens when those shiny gun barrels spit fire.

Roy Scofield, stillman helper on Plant No. 2, has purchased a new Durant Sedan. The car is never empty. Pretty nice!

Mark Dyken, a gang pusher on Plant No. 2, just returned from his vacation, but he has no recollection as to the whereabouts he spent it.

Many are wondering whether George Goodman has become familiar with the D. B. T. O. Brand.

Good news has been spread that a new oil field has been discovered not far from the old Rock Creek Field.

The old still bottoms on No. 1 Battery Pressure stills have been replaced with new ones and the place begins to take its natural form once more.

James Dolan, the watchman of Plant No. 2, started for New York in Avery's jitney and is stranded somewhere between here and Kingdom Come.

The Duke of Hoboken and Andy's friend, the Old Timer, invited Phil Ward and "V" Knight on a trip to Big Creek where one lost part of his trousers to an Airedale dog and another whipped all the tops from the sagebrush in leaving that locality. They say the country is too rough for good men and henceforth they will shun that place.

Shorty Moyer is stripping his car piece by piece, that is along the road, and about all he has left now is the tail light.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

The Standard Addition looks very pretty at this time. There are a number of fine gardens and well kept lawns. This year the company offered $15 for the best kept garden and $10 as second prize and for best kept yard and lawn $15 and $10 as second prize. A committee, consisting of Mrs. C. T. Woodward, J. E. McClure and C. J. Lumpkin, was appointed to make the awards. The committee went up and down each street inspecting the gardens, yards and lawns. The following awards were made: Best kept garden: first, R. R. Thomas, 915 High street; second, Tony Brush, 1015 Johnson street. Best kept yard and lawn: first, Tony Brush, 1015 Johnson street; second, Thomas Carlyon, 928 Charles street. The lawn of Sidney Duke, 934 Sumner street, is entitled to honorable mention.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Barcroft are the proud parents of a baby girl since July 3. Mr. Barcroft is craneman at our No. 1 mine.

Miss Elizabeth Harkins has as her guest, her cousin, Miss Rose M. Burke, of East St. Louis.

Roscoe Black, cashier, left with his family for a two weeks' vacation. They will visit with friends a couple of days in Kansas City, going later to Emporia, Kas. They will visit at the home of his brother, Dr. G. H. Black. They will also go to Virgil, Kas., where Mr. Black's father and mother live, Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Black.

Jimmie Delaney, storehouse keeper, Mine No. 2, is enjoying a two weeks' vacation "sight-seeing" in St. Louis.

Charles B. MacDonald, Louis Deitz and William Burbridge have returned from a visit in Alton, Ill.

Jake Werner, janitor at the General office, has been treating the office force to some of his luscious peaches. Bring some more, Jake.

Allan Pierce is driving a new Kissel. It is the only one of its kind in Carlinville.

Max Hartwig of Wood River visited the Coal Mining department recently.

William Graham, employee of No. 2 mine, is driving a new Overland touring car. Bill is extremely partial, as we notice he always has the same young lady with him. We hardly think that is fair; at least not while the car is brand new.

Mrs. Theodore W. Starbuck, wife of T. W. Starbuck, surveyor at No. 2 mine, was severely scalded when a pail of hot water she was carrying to the basement upset on her limb.

Virgil S. Land, clerk at the general office, and wife entertained at a swimming party at the Gillespie Hunting and Fishing Club, recently. They had as their guests the Misses Edith B. Ambrose and Elizabeth M. Harkins, also of the General office, and Miss Rose M. Burke of East St. Louis, Ill., who was visiting here. A picnic supper closed the evening's enjoyment.

Ralph Boatman, who was injured at No. 2 mine, and taken to St. John's Hospital, Springfield, Ill., is improving rapidly and will soon be brought to his home in this city.

W. R. Smith has returned from a business trip to Chicago.

Herbert Scheutze and family left Saturday for Havana and Starved Rock. They made the trip by motor.

James Kelly, a former employee at No. 2 mine, died at the home of his mother, Mrs. Mary Kenehan, near Chesterfield. Funeral services were held at St. Mary's church. Interment was in Carlinville cemetery. The deceased was a brother of Matt Kenehan of this city.

"Slim" Kasten, "Bruno" Raab and Virgil Land enjoyed an outing and fishing trip recently. They report a "large catch," but we failed to see even a minnow.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

General Manager's Office

We regret to announce that Miss Pierson's mother, who was ill for some time, passed away recently. We all join in expressing to Miss Pierson our deep sorrow and regret.

Mr. Lannin, who has been in the Des Moines field for some time, returned to the office for a day, and has now departed for Wichita.

The other Saturday night, E. C. Daly, who lives in the wilds of Elgin, was seen roaming around on Wilson avenue. We are wondering if his wife is away on a vacation.

The other day from a distance we saw small groups of men around a female figure wearing a stunning headgear and upon approaching discovered the cause of the "flutter." Miss Edna Blodgett, formerly one of our most interesting co-workers, now of the Milwaukee office, decided to renew old acquaintances and weld old friendships as part of her vacation pleasures, and we were all happy to see her. Edna thinks Chicago is very nice, but, oh you Milwaukee—and everything!

We are wondering why Miss Burton and Miss Wilkey are seen walking leisurely around the third floor at noon time, especially stopping to look in one of the small offices of a pump concern. Better watch out, girls.

We now have with us Miss Edith Stonehouse, who is from Winnipeg, Canada.

Traffic Department

R. C. King is going about with a crick in his back as a result of spading up several acres of ground in search of worms. He was to go on his vacation August 27. Gee, but we're sorry for the poor fish. (We don't mean "Buck.")

Henry Z. Hendricksen is now disporting himself at Bethany Beach. Betcha when they see Zach's fine figger the other birds will turn green with envy.

Flossie Johnston had a lovely time at South Haven, but coming back the lake was awful rough. Oh, my!

We hope before this is printed our "Ernie" Persons will be back with us. He is now at St. Bernard's hospital suffering with appendicitis and we sure do miss him.

Art Nelson has discovered a wonderful exercise for reducing. You lie flat on your back and extend both hands to adjust your carburetor—or your cylinder—or some other automobile fixin'. Art did this at least steen times a day during his vacation and succeeded in greatly reducing his finances.

Clifford Tyler is very much disappointed because the Traffic Department picnic was postponed. Never mind, Shorty, we'll have one soon and you can have lots of fun with the rest of the kids.

Olive Johnsen returned from her vacation with a wonderful coat of tan. All she needs now is a feather in her hair and a blanket. She has a war whoop and everything.

Edith Swanson bane go by Lake Yeneva for her vacation. She say she have one swall ole time.

Have you noticed the wild stare in George Nelson's eyes? Well, here's how he got that way. George just loves hoss races and spends most of his time at Riverview watching the merry-go-round.

Tony Arnold is making wonderful progress with his radio. He takes it apart at least once a week and the last time he put it together again he only had five parts left over!

We understand that little red headed girl in George Savageau's department still has hopes of locating that tank car of iron barrels which was lost in transit some time ago.

Fifth Floor

Ho! Hum! We now have to begin thinking of the next golf tournament.

J. D. ("Babe") Callahan is back again after a two-day illness. First time he's been off sick since Noah wore B. V. D's.

Beg your pardon

Dick O'Keefe's wife indignantly states that he has as much spending money as he wants, and is not limited to a quarter a day.

Anyone wishing to see remarkable golfing ability should go to Marquette Park and watch Phyllis Jones and Clara Darrow. They have improved greatly and show wonderful form. (Why not make the golf tournament more interesting and let the girls play?)

Ask Clarence Lieber why he has been so sad lately!

Some time ago, Anton Jansma sent some hectograph work downstairs labelled "To the lower regions." MacClellan Miller, assistant head of the aforesaid "regions," came up and asked why the work was addressed to someone else, when he always did the copying.

Since the article captioned "Not a Man in the Department" appeared in the Record some time ago,

Babe Callahan's department boasts of two shieks. Anton Jansma and George Surges are now strutting around with "I told you so" expressions.

Our Silvertone Quartette is now a trio, as Perry Wright, the unexcelled tenor, is pumping gas at a service station on the North Side. However, they will all be together at the next Golf Tournament.

With Foote playing in the 90's at Marquette and Mills in the 30's at Garfield the S. O. Golf Champs had better watch their step.

Mabel Sonneborn, the Appropriation department's fashion plate, has sprung the new sleeveless and neckless gown on the gang. Keep up the good work, Mabel; we are prepared for the worst.

The Honorable E. A. Yale has been fortunate enough to be the first one on the fifth floor to receive his Illinois bonus. We would like to print the amount of same, but perhaps Ed has held out on friend wifie, and therefore we won't expose him—what say, Ed?

Our friend, Uncle Bim Meyers, of the Appropriation department, informs us that he still has to work three more nights and his house will be paid for. Keep up the good work, Meyers.

Mrs. Rogers of the Stock department sure turned the bunch on their heads the other day by coming down to the office with her hair put up high and the cutest bangs on her forehead. Paris is behind times when it comes to style. The S. O. Co. girls lead, while the others follow.

Yocum and Henshaw of the Stock department may look old, but they have young ideas, judging from the way they have been giving the Burroughs operators the once over. Be careful, boys.

Sixth Floor

Fellows, it's hard to believe but it's true. McGahn took the pencil sharpener off his desk because the boys in the vicinity were using it. Now he can't use it himself so he travels over to the bookkeeping department to sharpen his pencils.

F. A. Smith, who hails from Chicago Heights, says they eat bread and butter loaded down with sugar as a pastime out where he lives. That's why he filled up on that treat while waiting for his steak the other night.

Who gave Ernie the loaded cigar? Why the fellow who laughed the loudest when it exploded.

Ben Wolf does love to put vanilla flavor on his hair to make it smell nice, but oh, how we suffer.

Both Miss Baar and Miss McInrue spent their vacations on the Great Lakes.

Mr. Heybach is undecided whether it shall be a Dodge or a Velie.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

F. F. Wente, Correspondent

We wish to extend our sympathy to W. H. Scott, agent at Cortland street, whose daughter passed away on July 15.

The "Perfection" team of the Stanolind Bowling League, captained by W. Juergensen copped off second prize of $65.00 in the Bensinger Free Entry Tournament last year. Walter says that they are going to head the list this year.

H. Monroe, S. S. supervisor, decided that there is only one solution for the shortage of good men in the service station department. Last month he announced the arrival of twin baby boys.

D. B. Hill of the Advertising department has been setting signs along the highways of the Northern District for the past few weeks. He states that their work is delayed at times on account of the vicious cows wandering around in the fields.

We understand that J. Williams of the Credit department expects to take a trip to his farm in Northern Wisconsin in the near future, at least that is what Joe says, but we have a sneaky idea that Joe will never return to Chicago—that is, providing she doesn't say "No."

W. Friedman spent a whole day down at the beach looking them over and the next day he came dragging himself into the office on a cane. Bill claims it's sunburn and of course we have to take his word for it.

W. T. Williams, S. S. supervisor, is the proud papa of a baby girl, born July 22.

If you want any real dope on the movies see P. Driscoll in the Credit department. Several weeks ago Pat had to work overtime and the proprietor of the Vernon theatre, noticing the absence of Driscoll, sent a squad of investigators out to look for him, thinking something very serious must have happened to keep him away.

Bill Bannister passed through Chicago recently with his blushing bride and she was amazed at the number of tall buildings in this town. We congratulate Bill on being appointed assistant manager at South Bend, Ind.

General Salesman Nissen has been transferred from General to Lubricating department and he is setting a fast pace on the sales of Polarine Oil. We say it takes a General man to sell Polarine Oil.

J. J. Murphy, Jr., was obliged to call off the banquet that he had arranged for the boys. The reason being that mother just came back from the East.

Harvey Dreher is now being called the "Hard Luck Kid." In the various baseball games which the Polarines played, he so far lost one pair baseball shoes, one pair dress shoes, one glove, and broke or lost about three bats. Better luck next year, "Harv."

DAVENPORT, IOWA

M. Clark, Correspondent

It's all over now and nobody was killed, thanks to the Committee. Davenport Standard Oilers put on a real picnic Saturday, July 21, at Linwood on the Mississippi. Plenty of water but no place to swim, therefore no one was drowned. Car after car, also a few Fords, rolled up to the door of the office about noon, received their quotas of gayety seekers and raced down the river road to Linwood. Mr. Flanagan, with his two good looking passengers was the first to reach the scene of action, and found the tables laid and the K. P. squad ready to sling the grub. The gang soon arrived and the fight was on. Messrs. Dana and O'Connell found it rather difficult to adapt themselves to the rustic methods of eating observed at picnics. O. C. Peterson, as usual, helped pass the eats. Why, we do not know, unless it is because he gets more if he waits until the rest are through. Florence Anderson made the remark that it looked like rain, but Bob Kibler, who had just sampled the only beverage served, informed her that, in spite of its looks, it tasted like coffee. At 2:30 p. m. the real event of the day was put on—a baseball game between the married and the single boys. Glenn Slater was handling the Married Team and Red Niemann the Singles. Mr. Heavrin caught the ball once and the spectators almost went wild. Mr. Whelan acted as umpire. Only a few veiled criticisms as to the manner in which the game was umpired were heard. The Married men played the best game, but luck was with the Single ones (it usually is) and they won, 8 to 7. Glenn Slater pitched a pretty good game (for him) which was no

doubt due to the fact that the game was being observed by his son, Dick. The babies at the picnic proved to be one of the biggest attractions of the afternoon—"pretty babies" included. The ladies' race was won by Ruth Woods. Miss Clark, of the first floor, far outran Mr. Clark, of the second floor. (Help!) The fat men's race was won by Salesman Bill Scharnberg. In the general race for the men the fellows who were holding the goal rope became so excited that they ran, too. The picnickers who were above baseball playing and racing spent the afternoon pitching horseshoes. After the racing was over, the orchestra arrived and the dancing began. The orchestra was wonderful and the floor fine. After Mr. Tappert was finally lured onto the floor he proved to be the Beau Brummel of the occasion. When the musicians fell exhausted, someone suggested that we eat. We did. More dancing, then home, everybody feeling much the same as the average picnic bunch after a hard day of it.

Two more have been added to the list, Lillian and Gladys. Such excitement. Wonder who'll be next.

Dean certainly made a move for the best when she had her blonde curls cut off.

It has been suggested that we call our legal man "Lena." He sure does lean.

Have you heard the latest about Florence and Crans?

Mystery—who is Ernie?

Walter, Hughie, Bennie and Eldon really should go in for discus throwing. They are wasting their skill on paper clips.

So Tylle likes men who wear pink shirts and blue ties.

Keokuk

Flanigan said the other day in the restaurant when someone kicked about the coffee, "Don't kick about the coffee, you're going to get old and stale yourself some day."

Porky Snyder, our agent at Lone Tree, is daddy of a fine baby girl. Casey Jones, agent at Farmington, also announces the arrival of a baby daughter. (We wonder which one of them will be the most popular girl in Iowa when she grows up.)

Mr. Hanlin, foreman at Keokuk, was called to Kirksville on account of his brother being seriously hurt in a mine. Word was brought back that the brother was getting along nicely, for which we are grateful.

Mr. Vogler recently blew in with a new coupe, decorated about like a service station. Well, that's his business.

Mr. Lowe, our Columbus Junction agent, has recovered from his recent illness and is back on the job. We are glad Leslie came through so nicely.

Rumors afloat: Blinkey and Heitman laying in coal and making kraut for Winter. They have picked out some buddies to help burn the coal and eat the kraut, too. We'll let you know when it happens.

Another man, "Happy," at Keokuk, is looking over blue prints for a house and lot. We'll tip you off on this also. (Do you suppose they'll send the dandy on to Davenport?)

We sure like Sweeney, the new mechanic at Keokuk. He can fix Fords and everything, besides smile and be congenial.

Dubuque

Earl Luthe, city truck driver at Dubuque, was married on July 18. Best wishes, Earl.

Charles Knorr, former S. S. attendant at Cresco, Iowa, has been assigned to position of salesman in that territory. Ben Kahle, motor truck driver, recently invested in a Ford coupe. He is young, good looking, but already spoken for.

Mr. Fisher, attendant at S. S. 60, Dubuque, has gone into the chicken business, according to James Montz, construction man. What kind, he doesn't know.

Mr. Greenely, agent at Elgin, says he likes Davenport and wants to know when the next meeting is coming off. Our agent at Earlville is sporting a new sign and a new fence. He says, "All dolled up and no place to go."

DECATUR, ILL.

W. A. Brown, Correspondent

P. J. Cantoni, our genial credit man, claims to have received the following reply to a statement he had sent to a delinquent customer:

"Dear Sir: I received your letter about what I owe you. Now be pachent. I ain't forgot you and as soon as loks pays me, I'll pay you. If this was judgment day and you no more prepared to meet your God than I am your account, you're sure would be goin' to hell." We all feel sorry for you, Pete.

Our K. B. Gardner is getting real religious of late. He spent last Sunday in Paradise (Park).

Evidently Mount Zion, Ill., has gone dry as our agent at that point recently brought his truck into Decatur to be washed.

Florence and Bess recently appeared at the office after a visit to the barber shop, minus a large portion of their fair locks. Since then rainy weather also seems to be in vogue, much to their regret.

John C. Schadow wrote a clever poem, "An Ode to Red Crown," that we can't use. There's a ban on poetry in the columns of the Stanolind Record. We're sorry.

E. V. Kendall's District

Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Kendall have an increase in the family—a small fox terrier. Mr. Kendall wants to know what he shall call it.

Clair Watson and family, District Superintendents Kendall and Broyles and family have a cottage in Faries Park for the Summer.

Mrs. W. L. Wiley, wife of our Mattoon salesman, is back home again after a few months visit to her home in Raymond.

Ruth Kendall, 8 year old daughter of District Superintendent E. V. Kendall, is spending the Summer with her daddy and mother in Decatur. Miss Kendall for seven years has made her home with her uncle in Lafayette, Ind.

Agent Munson's brother Bill at Illiopolis, Ill., tried to do a fancy dive in their little three-foot deep lake the other day. He says before he does an Annette Kellerman again he is going to wade out and see how deep the water is.

H. L. Broyles' District

"Dutch" Metzger is the new attendant at S. S 15, Pana, Ill. Business is picking up and all of the ladies seem to be driving up to our station. We are wondering whether it is Red Crown or "Dutch."

G. J. Delaney is a new tank wagon salesman making the territory south of Pana. We have ordered a carload of Mica Axle Grease as he is strong for sales of that product.

Our former District Superintendent, E. V. Kendall, bid us adieu Monday, July 23. Mr. Kendall was with us every minute he was in the field.

E. L. Kachelhoffer's District

Wanted: A governor for our little Walter's Ford. Reason—$16.85 donated to the Highland, Ill., cop on account of too much speed.

Poor old Eddie Reiniger! Each year he insists

on sitting on our Tanglefoot fly paper. 'Smatter, Ed? If your trousers need mending, try a tailor instead of patching it with fly paper.

On July 18, the salesmen in E. L. Kachelhoffer's division were hurriedly assembled at a meeting which was attended by Mr. Ball, assistant general manager, T. B. Clifford, manager from Decatur, Assistant Manager J. H. Budde and W. F. Launtz. This was one of the cool evenings we have in July but the talks were very interesting and it was not until after the meeting broke up that anyone noticed the temperature was above normal.

When the quota on refined oil and gasoline was received at East St. Louis for the month of July, Agent Rode was overcome with the heat, but he buckled up his belt and earnestly requested the drivers to give their best and that he would put on an extra driver if necessary to make the quota. At this writing the prospects are favorable.

Salesman Ross of Belleville has been having considerable difficulty in making the quota on Semdac, so the other day he found a new place and sold a barrel to be used in a foundry. Didn't know they had to polish chairs and furniture in a foundry before, did you, Phil?

S. S. Attendants Betzold and Weber were so well pleased with the new concrete driveway at their station that they are considerably over their quota on gasoline. They made a boast that they will have one of the most beautiful service stations in Illinois, and if they continue as they have in the past sixty days, prospects are they will make good their boast.

D. H. Fitzsimmons' District

Ernest Colson, clerk at the plant at Urbana, has a new "Star" automobile and when propelled by power of good old Red Crown, it is all that the name implies.

L. M. Sands is the new agent-salesman at the Urbana plant, being transferred from Tuscola, Ill.

Salesman Dusthimer is sporting a newly painted Ford roadster after convincing everyone that he really needed a new car.

S. S.'s 16 and 33, Champaign, and S. S. 19, Urbana, are to be painted in the near future. They looked fairly good until our new station 44 was opened up in Champaign.

S. S. 44 was opened for business on July 14 under the charge of Attendants Allan Steele and George Rasmussen. This station is located at the corner of Neil, Washington and Hickory streets, Champaign, Ill., and promises to be a very busy place.

Every gallon of Polarine sold in Champaign-Urbana after August 1 will be a gain over last year as by that time we will have equalled last year's figures. That looks pretty good to us along with a 200,000 gallon gain in Red Crown.

Agent Sands of Urbana has a wee stranger at his house, Shirley Jean, arriving June 18.

The last two Saturday evenings have been spent in painting the tanks and bodies of the tank wagons at the Urbana plant. Next Saturday the wheels and frames will be decorated with a "red of rosy hue"—then won't we be the "berries"?

Our large Pierce Arrow truck hauling over 1,200 gallons of Red Crown a trip to the four service stations has been repaired after being struck by a street car some weeks ago.

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

High spots of Red Crown picnic held at Riverview Park, July 26:

Mrs. Thelen's squeal while riding "the whip."

Ben Fuller and the Arabian steed on the merry-go-round.

Mrs. R. H. Thomas on the aeroplane coaster.

Rollo Pratt wrecking the little train.

Henry Thomas in his wonderful high dive.

Harold Bell Wright and his personally conducted trips through the Old Mill.

Mrs. Swygard and her trip through the barrel.

Bill Swygard and his death-defying slide in the Fun House.

Eugene Matthews and his wonderful exhibition of roller skating.

On Saturday, July 21, the Credit department knocked off work and took their wives, sweethearts and well filled nose bags and autoed to Grand View Park and held their annual picnic. The golf hounds arrived early and enjoyed a few hours on the links while some of the fellows with higher ambitions staged a high jumping contest. The main event was a baseball game between the Pen Pushers and the Wind Pushers in which the Pen Pushers went down to defeat in a hard fought battle, 19 to 13. The Pen Pushers piled up a good lead but lost out while loafing. The game which was called for 3 p. m. was delayed until Bitting showed up minus his leggins. His bicycle has been discarded for a new Ford sedan. The lunch which followed will be remembered as a put-and-take affair. How about that, Emmet? The dessert can easily be explained by feeling Rasmussen's pulse. The most interesting feature of the program took place at twilight when Earl Dean and Lowell Selover, both of the Credit department, fought a slashing six-round draw in a specially constructed arena which was witnessed by the Standard Oilers in ringside seats. Earl Dean put up a great fight, crowding Selover, who had all he could do to weather the terrific bombardment and still retain his title.

Mrs. W. H. Beaman, wife of our chief clerk, has returned from a two months' vacation trip. Welcome back, Mrs. Beaman.

Ask Verne Rowley where he was on the night of the last picnic held at Riverview.

Kyle Ozias, from the Chicago office, visited here recently. Mr. Ozias says, "It seems good to get back to the old home place if only for a short time."

The usual horseshoe pitching at the warehouse has slackened this warm weather. The ability of the warehouse men in this line is fully realized by outsiders, but for some reason you cannot make Mr. Sackett believe that Frank Willis is a horseshoe pitcher.

We notice that Mr. Bellnap, our pumpman, is having considerable trouble keeping track of his keys. How about it, Guy?

Ed. Johnson, warehouse man, is sporting a new Dodge coupe. How come, Ed, that the coupe sets on the hill east of the Fair Grounds most every evening?

L. R. Anderson, warehouse man, is using all kinds of cold cream. He can tell you which is the best. Lester was out to Waukonda bathing beach last Sunday.

D. L. Leach is building a new house. We wonder why?

Rollo Pratt is the proud father of an eleven-pound daughter, born July 13. Don't forget the smokes, Rollo.

F. E. Steinbring, formerly of the Order department, has been transferred to the General Supply department at the warehouse.

We understand Irwin Eberhardt travelled all the way to Boone one Sunday recently to have a good swim in the river, but on arriving he discovered that his bathing suit was left at home.

The engagement of W. G. Willis, Sales department, to Miss Frances Sprague of Indianola has been announced. They all fall sooner or later, Willis.

Ben Fuller, TRA clerk, reports seeing a sign at Epworth reading: "A Dollar for a Handkerchief is Too Much to Blow in."

L. F. Drury, formerly station examiner at Des Moines, and now of Peoria, Ill., was a welcome visitor recently.

Gerald Young, tank car order clerk, is the medal winner of the sixth floor, having almost enough to start a jewelry store. Gerry took third place in the mile relay and fourth in the 220 yard dash at the Mid-western Association meet in Omaha. He also took second in the relays, third in the 220 yard dash and fourth in the 100 yard dash at the Invitation meet held at St. Joseph, Mo. Gerry made the 100 yards in 10 flat.

Former Dubuque employees now in the Des Moines office, on reading the item from Wichita in the July issue in regard to Mr. Postlewaite and good looking girls, remarked: "He always was a good picker."

M. W. Linden, salesman at Newton, announces the birth of a daughter, Betty Dale, on July 14. Another Red Crown booster.

R. E. Sheeley, station examiner, is a member of the Kitten baseball team and is building the reputation of being the "Babe Ruth" of Carroll.

Spencer

Rafie Reynolds, tank wagon agent at Sioux Rapids, has just finished repainting his trucks. They look fine, Rafie.

J. L. Holmes, helper at Sioux Rapids S. S., resigned his position to take a job of bookkeeping in Des Moines. Luck to you, Holmes.

Creston

J. R. Clark, tank wagon agent at Corydon, Iowa, has been promoted to the position as salesman at Humboldt, Iowa, in the Ft. Dodge district. We wish him success in his new position.

Clyde C. Stephens, agent at Greenfield, Iowa, leaves the employ of the Company to take care of some business in Colorado, and we are hoping to have an opening for him in the Creston district upon his return.

J. G. McClymonds, salesman in the Clarinda district, has been transferred to a similar position in the Creston district with headquarters at Albia, Iowa. We hope he will like Creston district.

"Friday the 13th." Any Standard Oiler who says Friday the 13th isn't unlucky, kindly see E. J. Pettinger, assistant attendant at Creston S. S. 33. On that eventful day in July, 1923, E. J. stepped on it and suddenly found himself detained by a blue uniform and cap. While he and the said uniform tarried before Hon. Ed. C. Keith, mayor, he was relieved of $17.85. However, "Ernie" says $17.85 isn't much of a sacrifice to be at work on time.

P. S.—I guess Creston district can still boast of a "Barney Oldfield" even though District Superinintendent J. J. Leu has been transferred to Fort Dodge.

Anyone desiring information as to how Maxwells can jump ditches, please inquire of Mr. Noonan and he will be glad to give you this information.

Marshalltown

Mr. Gogerty, who was formerly our agent at Gladbrook, has been transferred to Marshalltown as truck driver. This gives additional strength to our sales organization.

Mr. Morrissey is still endeavoring to sell half barrels of White Petrolatum to farmers who have white cattle.

Mr. Hemness reports two new S. S. attendants at Webster City. Both are experienced men. Mr. Booth was formerly our salesman at Indianola and Mr. Anderson was formerly assistant attendant at Jewell S. S.

Mr. Simonsen says he is either going to smoke a lot of cigars that will cost him nothing or he will quit smoking. He has a bet with other salesmen that he will send more agents to the State Fair than any other salesman in the field.

Mr. Anderson is our new agent at Eldora. Mr. Anderson is a live wire and we look for some increase in sales at that point. Salesman Jansen now feels he has a real, live organization at Eldora.

Our Zearing agent, who has been seriously ill for the last six weeks, is improving rapidly. His father has been looking after the business for him. Mr. Winn has also been keeping in close touch with the situation and feels that the station is being run in very good shape during the absence of our regular agent.

Salesman Mosely spent two days with his mother in Keokuk, and he reports a very enjoyable trip.

DETROIT, MICH.

Vance Woodcox, Correspondent

Since our last edition we are advised that Walter Green, the proud father of twins on the 25th of June has announced the future voters' names as Kate and Duplikate. This will also correct any misunderstanding as to the "proper Green."

Jack Bruner, agent at Strathmoor, has returned to his duties after having spent an enjoyable vacation at Mackinac Island with his wife. Jack motored up in his new "Stephens."

Last reports indicate that L. W. Newell, tank wagon driver at Clay Avenue, has deserted the ranks of bachelorhood for the ties of married happiness.

On a recent flying trip to Cleveland, a trip Charlie Rahn, assistant superintendent at Clay avenue, claims is a record, was made in his Scatterbolt Paige. All details of the trip are complete with the exception of his companion and we hope to have this information at hand by the next edition. Who won it, Charlie?

C. W. Sargent has been added to the office force at Strathmoor to replace W. W. Taylor, transferred to higher duties. Much success to you, Walter, and may your successor do as well. Mr. Sargent comes to us from the Ford Motor Company.

Recent additions to our sales force include, F. O. Storer, Strathmoor, M. B. Stevens, Royal Oak, E. L. Sharp, transferred from office to specialty at Jackson; R. D. Dreisbach, city specialty, and R. E. Hill, formerly Eastside supervisor, since becoming a papa has succeeded in landing a position with the smokestack salesmen. Our luck and good wishes are with you.

It certainly is tough on the out-of-town salesmen to be called into the office on days when the Tigers are not scheduled to play and as much as the correspondent wishes to refrain from mentioning any names, still Brownie at Jackson and Emmett at Lansing are prominently in mind.

Mrs. A. C. Herbst, wife of our congenial tank wagon peddler, who has been confined to her bed for the past four weeks is recovering slowly and it is our sincere wish that she will be up and around in a short while. Mr. Herbst drives out of our Strathmoor plant.

We are glad to report that Fred Zahn, city specialty salesman, has returned from a recent trip

to St. Louis without changing any young lady's name from that Southern city. We are still wondering whether this is Fred's fault or otherwise.

Earl Fry, efficient warehouseman at Strathmoor, who was accidentally shot through the eye some years ago, is now being treated by a Hindu physician with gratifying results. Good luck to you, Earl.

The correspondent has been requested to announce that Jimmie Poulson, our lengthy West Side supervisor, has developed a new process as a beauty specialist. We have been unable to explain the motive for his actions but believe a certain "cousin" on Grand River has something to do with it.

As an advance tip we would suggest that Standard Oil employees start wishing Roy Danforth a successful trip to northern Michigan. It has been reported that Mrs. Danforth may return with him. We trust that Roy will be able to sell himself as well as he has Standard Oil products.

Strathmoor Plant would like to have Joe Thomas explain what caused all the embarrassment during his trip to East Tawas. We demand to know, Joe, and we shall expect Superintendent Gatlin to secure this information.

J. P. Wilkins, recent city specialty salesman, has been transferred to city garage sales and says that if moving to Redford has anything to do with it he may make a real job out of it and head for a still more primitive location.

E. A. Wagner, former city specialty salesman at Jackson, has recently taken up his duties as a country general salesman. Wag made quite a record for himself at Jackson and we trust that the rural population in his territory will fall for him as easily.

Henry Gruno and Charles Fry, tank wagon drivers at Strathmoor, have solemnly vowed not to attend any more private house parties without being chaperoned.

Harry Dotter, of passion flower fame, motored to East Tawas and reports an excellent catch of perch and pike. We believe you, Harry, even if we didn't see them.

William Gatlin is confronted with a serious problem in endeavoring to keep H. Roberts, tank wagon driver, from being homesick. A suggestion has been made that he be given a Missouri mule and tank wagon in place of his motor equipment as a means of bringing back southern thoughts, as Mr. Roberts prides himself on being a thoroughbred Missourian.

At last we are able to announce that Bill Fry and his partner in crime, George Stark, have put their stock room in readiness for inspection, and they, themselves, are quite pleased with the results.

B. Bentoski, former tank wagon driver at Bellevue, has not forgotten his old friends and recently dropped in to announce the birth of a baby girl, July 12.

HEY, PEORIA!

Although we do not believe in interdivision correspondence we cannot refrain from mentioning to a certain friend we have in Peoria that Vint Green has adopted his timely suggestion and given up the idea of paying $2.00 a piece for hotel towels after finding out that they can be secured for 60 cents a thousand.

The new Boulevard Stop Ordinance in Detroit is causing considerable inconvenience to certain employees, among them being Jack Bruner, our superintendent at Strathmoor, who was written up for obstructing traffic at the Boulevard and Gratiot and with this in mind failed to stop at Cass and was again written up. We believe Jack holds a record for introductions to our police department in one day. M. Marshall, our city garage salesman, is running him a close second.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Abbott are the proud parents of a baby girl, who arrived July 23. The cigars were extra good, Harry. We extend our congratulations to Mrs. Abbott and yourself.

Smith Reed, our genial S. S. attendant at 185, Rochester, is enjoying his off hours at Cranberry Lake, camping, fishing and "everything" and his reports do not increase the efficiency of our other employees, who are not able to avail themselves of the same opportunity. Ray Harris, Reed's co-worker, sure likes to work straight full days. If this is taken for its full value you have only to ask Roy to get the full benefit of his ideas.

Our sympathies are certainly with John Kilmar, warehouseman at Clay Avenue, who has had about his share of troubles during the past month or so. He had just removed his wife from the hospital, where she had been seriously ill, when his son was injured in a traffic accident. According to reports both are coming along nicely.

Bill O'Mara has secured quite a reputation as a fisherman but his reputation is nothing alongside of the friend he had along with him on a recent Sunday while fishing at Lake St. Clair. In telling the story, he became quite excited explaining about his friend landing a small perch about six inches long, that bent his fishrod double during the skirmish. When asked if his friend was a good fisherman, he replied by saying, "You're darned right he is. He's got $250 worth of tackle."

Being agent in Rochester is not the pleasantest thing in the world if reports are true about Jack Sinock, our live agent at this point. Jack's wife has threatened to get a divorce unless he can so arrange his work to be home for dinner before 8:30 p. m. Fifteen or eighteen hours a day is nothing in Jack's young life.

Our friend, O. G. Miller, smokestack salesman in Detroit, has just returned from a vacation at Camp Custer where we understand he is better known as Captain Miller. From his complexion we would judge that his out-of-door experiences were much enjoyed.

Charlie Rapp, our garage sales correspondent, is again at his desk after his first experience at honeymooning. Many comments were heard around the office as to how Charlie has "settled down."

DULUTH, MINN.

S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

Aside from the Queerless Quartet that was recently organized in the Main Office, we now support a genuine coffee brigade. For sixteen cents a week, all those who bring their lunch to work can get a steaming hot cup of java six times a week. Hutch says that he couldn't make better coffee himself than our girls cook. From the looks of the size of Rassmusson's and DeRosier's cups, one would be led to believe that the same held true with them. Yeah, bring on your coffee. And you get real cream in it.

Superior, Wis.

Otto Schrieber, our mechanic, is making a trip to Milwaukee and intends to stay away a week. We wonder why Otto picks out the beer city for recreation. He can't be superstitious and believe that ghosts do come back.

At our recent picnic at Lester Park, our Superior duo of horseshoe throwers demonstrated their superiority over anything that Duluth could put in the field. Wally Larson and Al Fiola composed the unbeatable Superior entry and took on and left

behind Mr. Dock, Mr. Webb and several other Duluth stars.

Al Tuverson, attendant at S. S. 307, is certainly gaining in weight. Al has not stopped selling the "Full Line" so that a little extra flesh doesn't hurt in the least.

Charles Junkhari, fireman, has purchased a brand new Ford and says it is the only car for a comfortable ride. Well he certainly should know as it is the second one he has had and he wore the first one entirely out.

Crede Rule and Coad Cooper went fishing awhile back and they returned reporting a fine trip, lots of mosquitos and tired. Did you mention fish? What do they care if they didn't get a couple of sardines?

Berry picking season is now full upon us and already Joe Olson, our hustling tank wagon superintendent, has picked twenty quarts on one trip. He also carried with him about that many mosquito bites. But he says the blueberry pies his wife made of those blueberries were sure worth it all.

Norma Patterson recently spent a week-end at Sand Lake, near Virginia, and says that she had a wonderful time there.

Scott Marshall, our assistant chief clerk, one evening after having worked overtime with the members of the upstairs office catching up on some of their work, got on a down town street car and fell asleep and awoke to find the conductor shaking him and telling him that they were then at the end of the Woodland car line. Scott lives in Lakeside. Scott claims that the car changed its course during his nap as he is absolutely sure that it was a Lakeside car he boarded.

Oh, say, girls! Clyde isn't married. He merely joined a lodge and the scare was only a hoax.

Our correspondent at Wausaukee writes in and says that I. M. Cripe, agent, and F. E. Mitchell, the milk man, still retain the championship for doubles in horseshoe throwing and that the milk and oil work fine together. Mr. Cripe's latest and best record is eleven ringers in twenty-one points or one game. Mr. Cripe is looking for good competition.

And that sure was some picnic. After working hours, the office crew left for the long famous stamping grounds at Lester Park. Immediately upon arrival, things began to hum and the first thing on the long program was the settling of the long existing grudge match of indoor baseball that has been hanging fire between the sixth and seventh floors. In this match the seventh floor emerged the victors, 8 to 2. For the first inning, the sixth floor was ahead, but the superb pitching of Hammerbeck soon offset this. The next event was the ball throwing contest for girls and the talent uncovered among our fair sex in this was certainly surprising. Dorris Kurrell was first and Ella Clark a close second. In the hundred-yard dash, free for all, that was the next event, Mel Cullen was an easy victor followed by Olaf Sorenson and Garnet McRosty, a hairsbreadth third. This was a nice race for second place honors. There was nothing could be seen of Mel Cullen during this run but the soles of his feet. And then the long-looked-for fat man's race was pulled off, with Mike Sullivan, our credit man, first and H. E. Rasmusson, our traffic man, a close second. Later on John DeRosier and Chase finished. The comical relay was next on the program and consisted of ten girls versus ten boys in a match race, the girls putting on boys apparel and the boys vice versa. The boys won easily. Soda crackers and whistling won't work, but Fletch McKenzie disproved this theory by eating three large ones and then emitting a wheezy sound that he claimed was whistling. Dorris Kurrell again came in a second in this event and is now suffragette leader of the upper floor. Eating was then in order and there certainly was a grand feed prepared. Wieners, potato salad, buns, mustard, coffee, ice cream and home made cake made up the menu, with any manners needed. The eats sure did disappear remarkably. Hutch claims that he ate fourteen wieners with buns to match, seven cups of coffee, eight dishes of heaping ice cream and twelve pieces of three-layer cake cut in quarters. Dancing was the principal amusement of the evening and the crowd sure stepped off some *humdingers*. We eagerly look forward to the next event of this kind and hope that it will not be long.

We wonder if Melvin Dock still remembers the "Apollo Minstrels" that showed at Hancock, Mich., some years ago and the lead that sang "I'm a Nut," on that occasion.

Plans are now being formulated for a stag party to be held at Melvin Dock's home for the Sales Promotion department. Chicken of the fried variety is going to be the main item on the bill of fare and it now stands that if the Duluth Division wins the sales placque for July, Melvin pays for the chicken and if we do not cop it "Wild Bill" Mueller pays.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

W. J. McBrian, Correspondent

The Evansville tank wagon drivers and warehousemen were guests of the manager, Mr. Lang, recently, at an all day picnic out in a private country picnic grove. This picnic is now an annual affair and the plentiful supply of eats and soft drinks is best attested to by the fact that Lee Carlisle got all he could eat and drink..

Claude Willis, agent at Winslow, Ind., has been hustling around this Summer and boosting his sales of all brands. Claude is showing himself to be a real worker.

Melvin B. Pirtle has rejoined the company as agent at Grand Tower, Ill.

John McDowell has been advanced from Murphysboro to agent at Campbell Hill, Ill.

Gus Bader took all his sub-station examiners to his house for a big fish fry during the early part of July when all the examiners happened to be in town at the same time. The fellows say Mrs. Bader is "some cook "

Again the exception has been found to prove the rule, for Miss Ione Zimmerman was heard to say just the other day that she didn't mind washing dishes at all, in fact, she might under certain circumstances find quite a bit of enjoyment in the task.

The upstairs office force at Evansville has a quartet of six-foot men now in Earl Lynn, Carl Heldt and the two Finkes.

James H. Hammond of S. S. 18, Evansville, has been ill for almost two weeks. We hope he will soon be back on the job, not only for his own sake, but likewise for the many customers who have commented upon missing him.

Edgar Lee Watlington, S. S. collector in Evansville, contracted a virulent form of poison from the water while swimming and has been unable to be on the job for a month.

Mrs. Harold Guthrie is steadily mending now from her long siege of sickness.

Thomas Helms visited us in the office late during the month of July. Helms still has his old good nature.

Bill Kaufman is doing so much work since he got his new Ford truck that it keeps John Edmonds busy giving him routings. Bill jumped all the way from Bridgeport to New Albany and made several towns in between all in the space of three days.

If anyone wants to know who is "Old King Tut, the Radio Nut," concerning whom so much has been said around the office recently, they might be enlightened by asking Oscar Daussman.

Everyone wants to know what sort of a pull Mr. Bailey, the assistant chief clerk, has with the courts in Evansville, that he is invariably drawn for jury duty and gets off of one just to get on another. One person was mean enough to point out that it was often for duty on a liquor case.

One of the chief topics of conversation between S. S. attendants throughout Evansville division and those in the office who watch the daily reports from these stations is the terrific race that is being run between the attendants at S. S. 31, Evansville, and 32, Herrin, Ill., to see which station can sell the most five gallon lithograph cans of Polarine. The race between the stations now stands equal, each having led one month. As yet no other station seems to be within striking distance of these two leaders, but maybe the next month or two will bring forth another one or two contenders to increase the interest in the race.

E. L. Mentzer has broken his own record. He went down into southern Illinois collecting accounts and found one man from whom he was unable to collect any money. That is certainly a record for the Evansville credit man, but he says he has just started on that account.

The entire organization was both glad and sorry to bid goodbye to Ray Miller, formerly district superintendent of the Murphysboro, Ill., division. They were glad to see him get the larger opportunity with the Indianapolis division, but sorry to lose his personal friendship.

FARGO, N. D.

Melville L. Rufer, Correspondent

It is with regret that we report the death of Axel Swanson, who, up to the time of his death, acted as our agent at Horace, N. D. Mr. Swanson, together with his family, was enjoying an outing at the Detroit lakes. In diving from a dock, he struck the bottom, severely injuring his neck. Mr. Swanson put up a hard fight for several days but was unable to overcome the severe injuries sustained. We offer our sincere sympathy to Mrs. Swanson and family. Mr. Swanson had visited the Fargo office on numerous occasions and was known to all Fargo employees. He will be greatly missed in the Standard Oil Company family.

Matt Warnken, former agent at Chaffee, N. D., has been promoted to salesman. Mr. Warnken is covering the territory of W. H. Edgar, who is on leave of absence.

There is a wild scramble on for choke-cherries. Clark Jeston and Harry Overby are the newest offenders. Nic Ebeltoft appears to be helping them find the "makings," but so far he has failed to find a place where the cherries have not been picked.

Dodge for sale. Inquire of Jewel Solie.

K.E. Burleigh and B. L. Smith have just returned from a trip through the Minot and Lisbon territories where they have been visiting light plants and boosting lubricating sales.

Now we understand the reason for Alvin Savre's smiles—Helen McComb has returned to her desk after several weeks' illness.

During a recent visit to the city, A. M. Olson, salesman from Dickinson, N. D., was walking leisurely along the street. A friend spying him called out, "Mr. Olson!" Mr. Olson paid no attention to the call. It was repeated, and again no response, and then, determined to get his attention, the friend yelled, "Hello, Mica!" The result was astonishing, Mr. Olson turning immediately. We now understand why he made such a high record on those 15-pound pails of Mica.

The parents of Nic Ebeltoft, Fargo office, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on August 17.

On July 10, the "Singles" at the office lost one of their number, Ralph Frederickson of the Order department, taking unto himself a wife, Ida Mae Walock. The wedding was solemnized at the Catholic parsonage, Fargo, Father Egan officiating. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Frederickson left for Billings and Bozeman, Mont., where they spent a two weeks' honeymoon. Congratulations, Ralph.

Rumor says that our good looking agent-salesman at Minot, A. J. Pass, is very attentive to a young lady formerly employed in the Fargo offices. It is reported that they are inseparable.

North Dakota boasts of the largest open coal mine in the world. The mine is located near Columbus, N. D. An immense steam shovel is used to remove a crust of earth 40 feet thick, underneath which is a 20-foot vein of coal.

Joe Fisher hasn't lost much time since he purchased the new touring car. He has been seen quite frequently with as many as four young ladies in the car. We are greatly surprised, for Joe was such a bashful fellow, but one never can tell what a car and a little "Red Crown" will do.

Gregory LeDue of Doyon has purchased a new Ford truck to give additional service at the Doyon station.

Homer Sands of the Order department recently returned from the Reserve Officers Training Camp for the Seventh Corps Area Air Service at Richards Fields, Kansas City, Mo. The camp was under the direction of the officers of the Sixteenth Observation Squadron, Major C. L. Tinker of Fort Riley, Kan., commanding. Mr. Sands, whose rating is Airplane Pilot, reports a very successful camp.

Ernest Percy, who has been in the employ of the Standard Oil Company of California, has decided there is no place like the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), and is again with us. We are certainly glad to have him back. Mr. Percy is employed in the Stock department.

Mary Dwyer, formerly of the Fargo office, now of Minneapolis, passed through Fargo recently. She stopped out at the office to pay us a call and incidentally make us feel bad because we can't have Summer vacations.

While skimming through the St. Paul Pioneer Press we were greatly surprised to find the announcement of the engagement of our own Fred Podoll of the Check department and Miss Rose McCann of St. Paul. Now that Fred has finally fallen, the rest of you bachelors had better beware!

Emma Reep thinks the Annex serves the best meals in town. We wonder why, Emma?

Oscar Sjoquist returned from the lakes recently with a very much sunburned head.

Salesman Tehelka recently reported in an injury case, "His right hand was hurt between the barrels." Where is that, Paul?

In the absence of Gilbert Grunvold, Rudolph Benner has been in charge of the garage.

While in Kansas City attending the Reserve Officers Training Camp, Homer Sands was entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Jones, formerly of Fargo office. Later in the day Manager and Mrs. Griffin of the Kansas City branch took Mr. Sands and Mr. and Mrs. Jones sightseeing through the city.

John Sten is driving a new Ford coupe.

Crookston, Minn.

Station Examiner E. C. Abrahamson has been transferred to another territory. E. H. Ericson is our new auditor.

Chief Clerk Carnine spent a few days with District Superintendent Dodd in the Crookston District recently. They went to the Canadian border, but both assure us it was a strictly business trip.

The Crookston S. O. Co. employees and their families recently enjoyed a picnic dinner and supper. The afternoon was spent at games, races, swimming and keeping cool with ice cream and lemonade. Barnyard golf was the favorite sport and the only way to stop the game was to call "supper." The kittenball game was more comical than an Andy Gump comic. Bill Welsh played a "foul" game and it was necessary after he had hit eleven to pass a regulation calling a man out after knocking six fouls. Jude Boileau said the only trouble with the game was that the bat should have been as wide as it was long and each base equipped with a brilliant light so he could find it. We also had an awful time trying to make Mr. Dodd keep his shirt on. Everybody enjoyed themselves very much and are already looking forward to another one in 1924.

Manager Packard called on us recently on a trip over the Crookston district.

The annual Standard Oil Company family picnic was held during the past month. All employees, Fargo and Moorhead, together with their families and any other Standard Oil Company member who was in the city, were in attendance. While the crowd was not the largest in the history of the Club, all in attendance report a very fine program in the afternoon and an elegant lunch in the evening. After supper dancing was enjoyed from nine to twelve. Features of the day were the sensational ball game between the "pen pushers" and the "barrel rollers," the former taking the long end of the 4 to 1 score. In the 100-yard walking dash Manager Packard beat out Chief Clerk Carnine by a strong spurt at the finish. The tug-of-war between the "wife beaters" and the "wife hunters" was won by the former. The single men claim that the married men had several of their wives helping them. All in all the day was a very enjoyable one. Much credit is due K. E. Burleigh, President of the Social Club, and his assistants for the manner in which they handled the event. All employees are anxiously looking forward to the next picnic.

Charles Gullans has been transferred to the St. Louis branch Mr. and Mrs. Gullans made the trip by auto. They report a pleasant trip.

Mary Marie Dunn has joined the bobbed hair row.

Paul Thomas refuses to further experiment with poison ivy.

It is reported that Sarah Olson is very inquisitive as to "who is who" among the new men in the office. She picked a good bookkeeper.

While in the office recently District Superintendent B. F. Leonard was unable to find his hat. Manager Packard and his secretary, H. H. Cook, joined in the search, and everyone with a straw hat was viewed with suspicion. After they had decided it was up to Mr. Leonard to go hatless, it was discovered on a chair in Mr. Hathaway's office—just where he had left it.

A number of the girls from the office enjoyed a picnic breakfast at Oak Grove in honor of Ina Henderson, who is leaving for San Diego, Cal. They presented Miss Henderson with a beautiful silk umbrella.

With a view of giving uniform service throughout the field, new service stations are being erected at Minot, Cando, Dickinson, and Detroit.

Miss Neta McCathie, who, in company with four other young ladies was driving from Minneapolis to the Coast, liked the looks of our city so well she decided to stay. She has been added to the stenographic force.

A certain young lady in the Order department thinks Jake Stahl is the only man. They have been seen together quite frequently, particularly at the Princess theatre. Jake says they are "conserving their resources." How about it, Hannah?

Salesmen L. O. Fevig and P. T. Vaaler are both proud new daddies. Mr. Favig reports a baby girl and Mr. Vaaler a boy.

Sam Ordahl of the Credit department has departed for the Golden West. Good luck, Sam!

John E. Allguire, our hustling agent at Cayuga, N. D., was married June 18 to Hazel Marie Silverthorn of that city. Congratulations, John.

C. R. Ewald attended the Sunday School Convention held at Jamestown, N. D.

Captain Scott and Corporals Teman Hanson, Gustave Rheault, L. J. Fladseth and Jerome Stalheim, all of Fargo office, attended the recent encampment at Devils Lake.

Teman Hanson of the Record department, announces the arrival of a baby boy, named Walter Shannon Hanson. Teman says the boy wakes him up every day at about 5 a. m. talking "the full line."

Salesman W. H. Edgar is planning a trip to Europe. He says he is going to Germany and spend a whole dollar for beer. As one can get a glass of beer for half a mark, at the current rate of exchange of 54,000 marks to the dollar, Mr. Edgar can get 108,000 beers. He will have to stay in Germany a long time or else he has an enormous capacity.

During the recent heavy rains some of the boys worked all night long trying to clean up the flooded basements.

We are pleased to report that Helen McComb, who recently underwent an operation, is improving nicely.

Fargo Warehouse

Messrs. Wilkinson, Johnson, Bock, Berg and Rost and their families enjoyed a picnic at Lake Cormorant recently in spite of a little shower. Mr. Rost used up ten gallons of gas on the return trip. Not till he reached home did he discover his gas line was disconnected.

Visiting aviators complimented us on the service rendered. Our truck driver, Mr. Rost, spent two hours filling two planes in a torrent of rain. They can always depend on Joe Rost, rain or shine. 'Atta boy, Joe!

L. C. Johnson, Mott Territory

H. G. Schoonover, our live wire agent at Selfridge, N. D., has become tired of living alone, so he has taken unto himself a life partner. The bride's name was Luella Burget Esse.

J. H. Batty is the name of our new agent at Carson, N. D. Mr. Batty says, "Watch me! I am going to run the best service station the Standard Oil Company has, before long."

Paul J. Tehelka, Grafton Territory

Bill Young, agent at Hamilton, is wearing one of those smiles that won't come off. It's a girl.

We were all surprised this morning when Clarence Moe came around with lots of smiles and cigars. A seven and a half-pound baby girl.

C. P. Callahan, our city delivery man, was called home from Devils Lake where he was attending the

National Guard Encampment, on account of the serious illness of Mrs. Callahan.

E. C. Hoiland, Casselton Territory

While driving through Casselton, just take a good peep at the Glacier Trail Red Crown service station lately opened by J. G. Hatfield. She's O. K., Josh!

If you want to know what "solitary confinement" is, just ask Hoiland. Wife and daughter Marjorie are in Southern Mankato.

Paul T. Vaaler, Hillsboro Territory

Lawrence Quam, agent at Georgetown, Minn., is the proud daddy of a fine baby girl.

Guess I haven't told you about myself yet, Mel. I recently won by the stork route an eight-pound boy. (Vaaler.)

O. W. Roberts, Wilton Territory

Al Turner, driving a plane for the International Newsreel Company, ran out of gas at Wilton. Agent J. J. Lief was out on the ground in record time and soon had the plane filled up with Red Crown. Mr. Turner especially appreciated the prompt service as he was engaged in a friendly race with several other planes. With Red Crown purring through his motor he soon made up the time lost at Wilton.

W. B. Sherman, Williston, N. D.

Miss Dorothy Kilgore, daughter of Agent Kilgore, Epping, N. D., was chosen the most popular young lady of Epping. Miss Dorothy received 25,000 votes to the good.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

K. C. Clapp, Correspondent

An office ordinarily is too arid an atmosphere to encourage the budding and blooming of romance, but there are exceptional offices and exceptional romances. That which culminates very soon in the marriage of Harriett Van Dommelen to Peter Rose is out of the ordinary. Peter started as an office boy here, but is steadily climbing the ladder to success. He will have a willing and competent helper.

Frieda Frey has returned from her vacation which consisted principally of being dragged on a rope behind a rowboat. Frieda is a changed girl. She used to be hail-fellow-well-met, but we notice she ducked most of the hearty slaps on the back aimed by her welcoming friends.

Al Turpenning is living a caveman's life up the river. He wields a pernicious pancake turner, as is testified by the telltale spots on his shirt front noted after several sojourns to the place where the flapjacks flourish.

LeVail Hull, S. S. attendant at Big Rapids, is being widely congratulated on the arrival of a fine big boy. Mother and son are faring excellently, to say nothing of the chesty male parent.

Mrs. Dykema, wife of our Holland agent, Mr. Howard Dykema, is recuperating in Grand Haven after a recent illness. She is reported as being close to complete recovery.

We now have some hopes that R. C.Van Antwerp will become an educated man. "Van," our peppy salesman, who makes Cedar Springs, Rockford and adjacent towns, married a school teacher June 28.

Recently a farewell party was given by Mrs. R. Atkinson, wife of the Traverse City agent, for Mrs. Ernie Kelley, who has moved to Petoskey, where her husband assumed his new duties as agent. Mrs. Roy D. Fonger and daughter, Margaret, were guests of honor.

Announcing a new and willing worker in the cause of Standard Oil products—Maude Alice Hoyt, weight 9 pounds, born June 9. Her daddy is Roy Hoyt, agent at Schoolcraft.

The office extends its sympathies to Joe Pettit, who recently lost his mother and to Mart Timmer, whose father was killed.

Joe Worden, S. S. attendant at Petoskey, is sporting a giant sparkler. This isn't leap year, Johnny!

Christine Vehyl and Peggy Carr, Edifone and Marketing department belles respectively, recently sallied forth on an excursion to Chicago. That was on a Saturday night. They attended church in the Windy City, Sunday. During the services a member of the congregation dropped dead. He probably saw these two girls entering the church and passed away from astonishment.

Carl Cobb, late guardian of the stationery in the vault, has entered the employ of the Pere Marquette Railway. He is succeeded in his former capacity by H. Veltman, who claims the heavyweight championship of the basement.

"Dad" Winslow has been moved, bag and baggage, from the Marketing department to the wilds of the Equipment and Order departments. He should appreciate the change as it takes him away from an open window, through which the breezes of Summer were wont to blow and to muss up his nicely combed hair.

Gene Sampson, service station attendant at Traverse City, is known as "Dynamite" to the tourists. Recently a man from Ohio asked that his radiator be filled and when informed that it already had been replenished right under his eye, forthwith gave Gene the soubriquet of "Dynamite." That boy never will get struck by lightning!

Some ball team!

At this writing the diamondeers of the Grand Rapids branch, S. O. Co., have won 14 and lost 6 games, having trimmed some of the classiest teams in this section. They have won their way through the first round of the Michigan State baseball tournament by defeating the West Leonard Merchants, 6 to 3. One of their most convincing triumphs of the season thus far was the 11 to 0 beating they handed the Colored Athletics of Grand Rapids, an aggregation of dusky warriors reputed to be of major league calibre. At this time "Dutch" Lund, who, in civilian attire is a very competent salesman, is leading murderer's row with a batting average of .511 in twenty games played. Only two players on the team are batting below .300.

Never says much but is always ahead of the game with sales—we introduce Fred Frederickson, agent at Northport.

Speaking of good places to live, ask Frank Hahnenberg, agent, all about Provemont. He'll tell you about a 200-foot flowing well that answers all the refrigerating requirements of his pretty home in Provemont. There are no camels in the Hahnenberg family.

Elizabeth Bowmaster also is a recently returned vacationist. Just before her departure she shocked the office force by climbing into the bathtub of a motorcycle sidecar with her sweetie, who is a sailor. Betty wasn't built exactly for a sidecar already occupied.

The gang at the office certainly misses Anne Irrgang, who is suffering a nervous breakdown. During Anne's absence Mrs. Brown is doing the stenographic work for the gasoline and refined oil department.

It is said by the women tourists that the S. S. attendants in Northern Michigan are the most handsome men in the world. It's the smile, fellows, and the atmosphere. The following are requested to

watch their hubbies: Mrs. Roy Groesser, Mrs. Tony Klassen and Mrs. Albert Witkop. How about you single fellows at Harbor Springs—W. Kneisley and Gordon Armstrong?

Jane Jannereth went to the game at Holland with Mary Brower, Tommy Evans, Paul Smits and Mart Timmer. After the game at Holland, she deserted her variegated escort and motored home with her old flame, Hugo Pierson. They stopped at Claude Wadel's for refreshments. At that, they reached home safely.

Dave Johnson has turned his vacation to advantage, his yard and garden in Grandville looking more trim and attractive than ever. Dave says the garage appeals to him.

Two wonderful athletes among the newcomers at the office. They are Thorne Brown, a former star basketball player, and T. D. Olsee, who is a minor league first baseman. The latter will greatly enhance the SOCO'S opportunity for a state championship on the diamond.

HURON, S. D.
M. O. Kenner, Correspondent

Chauncey is looking for a Cinderella, having recently found something behind his savings bank clock. Hate to spoil your dreams, old thing, but may be that brown silk stocking was put there to store the surplus in.

Our manager certainly does go after the sales. He's a regular speed demon, 'tis said. but of course there is a limit to everything and in Huron the limit is twenty miles per and no crowding. We sincerely hope that "a word to the wise is sufficient."

More mystery! Whywere Dorothy and Chauncey so confidentially taking possession of the 'phone in A. H. Ds.' room recently?

We understand that a certain little gentleman in the Equipment department is trying to teach our telephone operator to swim. How about it, Shorty?

To the upstairs fellows:

We are sorry, but three raps and a scratch won't admit you any more. The new pass-word will be given out at the next Department Head Meeting.

Talk about your Standard Oil Service; the S. S. attendants have nothing over our tank car clerk, Mr. Van Arsdale. Some lady driving a Ford became stalled on the street in front of the office the other day, and Bob right out and overhauls the car and has her on her way in about two minutes.

Everybody is wondering how Zapp feeds that China pig of his. It has been decided to call a meeting of all the employees and have Mr. Zapp demonstrate.

T. H. Dawson and G. A. Winters were in the office auditing the Huron division recently.

We were sorry to hear of the death of W. O. Hintz, agent at Brandt, S. D., who died at Rochester, Minn., on July 1, 1923.

Several of our fellow employees have resigned; Kathern Stahley is to take up other duties in Huron; Ray Ford is going to Seattle, Wash.; George Davis, station examiner, is taking up duties with the First National Bank; and F. B. Harris, who has resigned from the shop force.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

William T. Dugas, city driver, died July 10 following an operation. The deceased was 33 years old and entered the employ of the company April 22, 1918.

Estel Isaacs, S. S. 302, Indianapolis, has a new system to fix blow-outs; he uses the air standard and blows the tire over into another county.

Enters Johnnie Goldsmith in the headlines again. It seems from all appearances John was "mouching" a ride downtown the other morning in one of these rough riding "puddle jumpers". The first act finds our hero with his new $1.98 straw smashed from coming in too rough a contact with the top ribs. Act two and the climax of the melodrama called for the driver to hit a big truck—exit Goldsmith with much haste.

Well, anyway, the Vevay boys haul their stock from Madison, Ind., station. What they want to know is where Agent George Austermiller got the crust to fill in the driveway with cinders from the tack factory? It should be noted in passing that the Vevay trucks are equipped with pneumatic tires.

Assistant Manager P. H. Serrin, who has had a stiff siege of illness, is reported much better and expected back on the job soon.

Is it John Smith's curly locks or the maroon Durant Special that is making a hit with the girls of the office? That's the question.

W. H. Oliver, pencil slinger and newshound of the Terre Haute office, was a caller recently. Following a series of intensive trainings with local department heads, W. H. not only knows how it's done and why, but knows how to do it himself.

Among those who sowed their turnips on July 25—wet or dry, was Miss Irene McCurdy, compto operator.

Verna Heath, our junior switchboard operator, was discussing cookies with Order Clerk Ed Medema. This is how she greeted the next call on the line: "This is Taggarts crackers."

E. V. Brannon breaks into poetry, the originality of which is not guaranteed. "He who drives the Safety way will live to drive another day; so, let us 'each in every way' make this another Safety day."

While we are all familiar with jay walking, it's the jay talking that is causing distress in the ediphone room. It has been suggested as a remedy that all obstructions such as "the flavor lasts" and "it's not the toothache" be removed by dictators. Red Williams, traffic, comes to the defense of such jaw exercise by a counterplot to have ear inspection each morning of the ediphonists.

William ("Cyclone") Warren and his old pal, Eddie Wall, both straw bosses of Adolph Bode's wrecking crew, put on an up-to-date version of the William Tell act in the commons back of the plant recently. Cyclone handled the bricks and missed every shot.

Frank Judd was much excited about a new S. S. being erected on the corner of Meridian and Capitol avenues. These streets run parallel, that's all.

Virgil Blue was helping out at S. S. 52 and in putting out some service he grabbed a tank cap as a customer was backing into the station; imagine his surprise when the party not used to such quick work said, "Get off, boy."

Our leading romance is progressing nicely with "him" still chewing Beechnut, but it's gum now. Fred Peine rises to announce that dating from some June it will be the rag, with "her" as a collaborator.

Daisy Voyles, hard boiled forelady of the Filing department, got her dates mixed by appearing in our midst with red shoes on July 18—it wasn't a holiday, only payday.

Among the few high spots of a fishing jaunt to the bottoms of the Wabash river, which was indulged in by a gang from the warehouse, was the appetite displayed by Al Pasch, who ran to sixes: 6 eggs, 16 slices of bacon, 6 hot dogs, 6 pieces of pie, 6 slices of bread and washed it down with 6 cups of coffee. A. G. ("Broadway") Jones, who is suffering from

lovesickness, lost faith in the bait and slept most of the time. Among those who wet lines and drowned bait was Roy Eaton, Vinard Buckner and William Abrahams.

R. H. Benjamin, sales writer, was the brief owner of a car—brief is right. He coaxed it around the streets for two days and got a traffic sticker stuck on the windshield. On the way to the judge he ran into a light pole and decapitated this. It was then he decided to go back to the trolley.

The death of John F. Hinch, aged sixty-four, former chief clerk, occurred at Indianapolis on July 3. Mr. Hinch retired on February 1, 1921, with a record of about thirty-eight years of active service, the last eighteen of which were spent as chief clerk at Indianapolis. All of his fellow workers who were associated with him will always recall that rare sense of humor and exemplary untiring industry which he possessed. His many friends sincerely mourn his departure, yet always will they remember and miss the kindly greeting of him who once was their leader.

OH, SAGINAW!

George J. Hintz, recently acquired superintendent of equipment, formerly of Saginaw, Mich., is away this week taking unto himself a wife. We understood that he was promised when he came here, but we never dreamed he could hold out against the wiles of the Indianapolis maidens. We understand the blushing bride hails from Detroit—name as yet unknown.

A. Bode, chairman of the Safety board, said to wrangling members, "Well, come on, come on, and decide what you want to do. We got to find some one to blame for this accident."

Dave ("Three Star") Hennessy and Wallace Revel are hunting for "Little Nell" to complete their vaudeville sketch. Revel promises to be her manly protector and Dave will be the villyan to pursue her. Candidates line up to the right. In the meantime, Dave and Revel are rehearsing their parts at noon, breaking in on the slumbers of Ernie Kroencke, who expects to take the part of the mother in "No Mother to Guide Her," which the company expects to put on shortly.

Someone asked Ruth Wolf who the character in the Bible was that had long hair. Ruth said, "Rip Van Winkle."

Did Paul Craig fall heir to the stogies, too? No; he just found a box left in the desk.

Anderson

Eddie Sanders comes back to Anderson as agent and will be assisted by John Williams.

George Lewis, S. S. 24, says if there are any better Polarine salesmen in Anderson than he is, he would like to see the color of their eyes.

Minus the utility man, Charley Brough is wanting to know how about his hunt down in Orange county.

Sam Long disappeared very miraculously the other Saturday night.

Al Rousch has forsaken the pumphandle at S. S. 13 to twist the soda fountain spigot in a drug store at Dayton, Ohio. Give them plenty of soda, Al.

Terre Haute

The "Hut" is running to peculiarities, sending statements to cemeteries, locking the combination in the safe, etc. A salesman was turned down on Semdac because the young ladies of the school objected to the soiled bottoms of their long skirts and our driver, "Fireworks" Sparks, in making a delivery of Perfection in a faucet tank, dumped five gallons on the top of an old hen setting in the tank. It is hard to tell at this writing who was scared the worst, the hen or "Fireworks."

One of the most successful picnics ever held here was indulged in by SOCO employees and families on July 15. About 200 were in attendance and they utilized the whole day. C. B. Cox, agent, was the honor guest and tried his best to be everywhere at the same time. An exciting ball game was the main attraction and terminated rather abruptly when the "Sports", about twenty runs to the bad, were declared winners by default of the "Tramps," who, much out of wind from running the bases, made a dash for the cooling waters of the Wabash river. In memory of the high spots of the day, many are carrying around stiff arms and sunburned necks.

Bloomington

Chester Brown has taken up his new duties as attendant at S. S. 11. We all welcome him into the Standard Oil Family..

Ask Attendant Melton, attendant at S. S. 11, where the gas tank is located on a Marmon.

It is hard for the girls to keep track of Attendant Ray Humphrey as he first worked at S. S. 11 and then at S. S. 57.

Messrs. High, S. S. instructor, and Headley have painted S. S. 57 in the regulation colors. The station is now called the model station.

JOLIET, ILL.

C. H. Kniep (field) and Miss Evelyn Reece (office), Correspondents

H. O. Prestigaard is the new agent at Shabbona, taking the place of Mr. Berg, who resigned on July 10. Mr. Prestigaard, we understand, is going to put Shabbona on the map.

Glen Neibergall, agent at Shabbona, is now delivering his second carload of Polarine to the farm trade this year. Good work, Glen.

W. E. Snyder recently held a picnic for his agents. One of them, none other than A.W. Rose, of DeKalb, complained of not having had enough to eat, so when ice cream was served about one hour after dinner, Mr. Snyder fixed up a special dish for Mr. Rose, consisting of one quart of ice cream, six different kinds of cake, four olives, three pickles, one orange, two bananas, potato salad, baked beans and half of a pie. Mr. Rose ate it all at one sitting and thanked the crowd very much. Although it is hard to believe, Agent Rose was on the job the next morning feeling fine.

Attendant James McCann at S. S. 6, DeKalb, also seemed to enjoy the picnic. He also never gets enough to eat and shows it. Weight only 195 pounds.

Mr. Greb, agent at Freeport, is driving a new Ford coupe. He promised to double his sales on Red Crown and Polarine. The boys at Freeport wonder how long the State cops will stand for Polarine signs for license plates?

Abe McKinley, warehouseman at Freeport, almost ruined his new Jordan when he took a week-end journey to his home town. He got dust all over his car and had to call a mechanic to put up his tires. Abe is a big booster for Red Crown. He burns almost three gallons every month. Abe must have been out fishing last Sunday, for the boys found a pair of rubber boots in his car the next morning.

Every time Mechanic Johnson comes to Freeport, he wants to know how soon he can get out of town. The few minutes he is here he likes to tell the boys about his big capacity for ice cream.

Earl Thomas, cashier at Freeport, is doing a little gardening on the side. He thinks he can cut down the high cost of cheap living. It is getting so bad, Earl claims, that when he went to place his order for

some potatoes, a potato bug sat on the counter and watched where he went.

Salesman Unmacht is going to try and trade his Ford for a bicycle. He thinks he will be able to get at least five full days every month on this means of transportation.

Ignatz J. Pyka was a caller in Elgin a few days ago. Ignatz looked like the Prince of "Whales" with his boiled shirt and nibbler collar—said collar having been purchased at Grow's Harness Shop. Yes, we have no fly nets, Ignatz.

A. W. Mercer, attendant at S. S. 32, Princeton, boasts of one of the best and prettiest looking service stations in the Joliet field. With its beautiful flowers and other plants, the station is being praised by the residents of Princeton and also by tourists. Much credit is due to Mrs. Mercer for the great interest she has taken in making No. 32 a beautiful service station.

All the boys at Freeport were smoking 25-centers on July 28 in honor of the newly arrived daughter of City Salesman S. C. Finkboner.

C. F. Kinkuski, our quiet and dignified agent at Rockford, was called to Ringling Brothers Circus grounds recently regarding an order for Red Crown. Not knowing where the 150 gallons were to go, he first went to the stables to find out if the stable foreman wanted it. The stable foreman smiled and said "no" and told him to go to the elephant tent. The elephants heard Kin and the next thing we knew, Andy Anderson said he saw Kin going 60 per with 37 elephants after him. The entire company was called out to rescue him.

Mr. LaVanway, Rockford's office manager, makes regular week-end trips to Ottawa. He says he makes them to see his folks, but we don't believe it.

Agent Amos at Poplar Grove is getting acquainted with his customers and before long will have things in good shape and running smooth at "The Grove." More power to you, Amos.

Bill Dezee, tank wagon driver, won the prize waltz at the Boston Store picnic last week. We didn't know we had a Vernon Castle among us.

Have you noticed Mr. Sallgren buzzing around in that new Buick? Quite some pumpkins, don't you think! When last seen, he was not alone. More than one is too many, Charlie.

It appears that "Ole" Munson, Chick Hauck, Jack Hardebeck, together with a certain other young man from the office (name withheld) set out in Olie's Ford on a week-end fishing trip, and since that trip, Olie seems to be superstitious about water jugs. It is reported that Olie woke up at about 2 a. m. crying, "Where's maw? Let's go home!" On the same trip, Olie rendered a good imitation of shadow boxing and also favored the crowd with several selections in Grecian dances.

Hilda Anderson and Mildred Lindgren have returned from a week's vacation spent at Bethany Beach. We understand they also visited King Benjamin's realm at Benton Harbor. How is the Sheik, Mil?

Ace Hanna has returned from a trip to Grand Rapids, where he met his wife and son, Mark. Mr. Hanna reports a dandy trip, even if it was lonesome going up, also a new cigarette holder—direct from Paris.

Mary MacMillan is spending her vacation seeing the sights out Denver way. Is it a honeymoon, we wonder?

Elton Hewitt is a new member of the Sales department. All the girls wonder where he gets that wonderful marcel.

Gladys Gallagher is on a leave of absence due to ill health. Glad is getting along nicely and planning to get back to work soon.

Mrs. Rohel is a new member of the Dictaphone department. Ruth has worked for the S. O. Co. here before and is well acquainted with most of us.

Have you noticed that on Art Larson's upper lip? We wonder if Art is trying to fool the girls and make them believe he is old enough to stay out after curfew. It doesn't work, Art; it has been tried before. Besides, we know you're not.

We would like to ask Helen Rimke if she remembers what happened about 3 a. m. that Sunday—also who changed that alarm clock from 4 to 7.

Eva Corp is back with us again after a month's sick leave. Eva is looking fine and getting stronger every day.

The Standard Oil Baseball team is coming along nicely. At least we can vouch for Peoria's saying so. We trimmed them, 3 to 1, at Spring Valley, July 8. Want a come-back game, Peoria?

KANSAS CITY, MO.

W. F. McGarry, Correspondent

J. L. Faubion is the new agent at Parville, Mo. Welcome, Mr. Faubion. Let's go get 'em.

H. H. Oelfke has been made agent instructor in District No. 2. C. E. Cressler has been transferred to No. 4 as agent instructor. These are two live wires.

The girls in the dictaphone room have many heated arguments as to the merits of "oatmeal." Who is "Oatmeal" anyway?

Miss Mitchell is the young lady who relieves Miss Kemp at the switchboard, boys. This will answer the numerous inquiries which the writer has had regarding her name.

Fay Scott, erstwhile salesman, is now with us in the office. Rumors have it that Fay couldn't simply stand it away from Kansas City. He thinks the finest street in the world is named after some Scotchman. Campbell, isn't it, Scotty?

Mr. Shackleford succeeds Mr. Pittman in the Legal department. Welcome, Mr. Shackleford.

Carl Sapper is expected back soon from his vacation. Sorry he wasn't here today as we were looking for information and Jessie Belle wouldn't make a statement one way or the other. Rumors are flying around though that someone is looking over the "Apartments to Rent" sheet.

Gorman Rainey has joined the Standard Oil family in the Statistical department. We all welcome him.

Wish to make a correction. In a previous issue we said that Miss Radford had joined the company. It is Miss Rachford who has joined the company. The writer has had many inquiries as to the name of the young lndy who is secretary to John Hefty.

Rumors are numerous. Peggy Crawford says, "'Taint so."

Bill Nordberg and Phil Hutchings are getting quite chummy. They visit all the parks together. Two heads are better than one, aye, Earl?

An interesting race is on in the Tank Wagon department. Benson and Boone are neck and neck for high honors for most gallons. Ed. Foley, hustling instructor, led his division over the top for June, but Doctor and Patterson are after his scalp this time.

Homer Gramley is the new agent at Mound Valley, Kas. Welcome, Mr. Gramley. Let's get 'em while they're hot.

Look here! Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Behrle, Leavenworth, Kas., one eight-pound baby girl, Katherine Josephine. Carl is the S. O. Co. salesman covering the Leavenworth territory. With this

young lady to spur him along, we look for him to be among the leaders when the sales are counted this year.

Salesman M. M. Paul broke into the big league with a carload of Polarine. Some start for this go-getter, we'll say.

J. Cross is the new agent at Riley, Kas., and looks like a winner.

D. E. Stanforth has been promoted to salesman from S. S. attendant. We're betting on you, Dave.

Mrs. Budde, formerly of the Kansas City office, was renewing old acquaintances in the office the other day. It was a real pleasure to see this popular young lady.

H. E. Webb is now with us as agent at Randolph, Kas. Welcome to our family, Mr. Webb.

Kansas City is now in the throes of the greatest battle of the year. One that every salesman and employee looks forward to—the Tiber-Jayhawker Polarine war. The Tigers are in the lead and seem to have a good safe margin; but wait—the Jayhawkers are far from beaten.

The salesmen are working in squads. Squad No. 2 in District No. 3 is composed of Pierce, Asher, Keller and Gillet. They all weigh a ton but Gillet. Keller started as captain, and Pierce as kitchen police. Everyone does his turn and Dutch hopes that squad work is called off before his turn.

Things that never happen:

Stock department making a mistake; Monroe playing pitch right; Crabtree smoking a cigar costing over a nickel; Hughes failing to make a sale; Seckinger missing a free feed; Frank Johnson yelling over the 'phone; Erickson paying three times a month; Sapper and Jessie Belle eating lunch at separate tables; Charlie Markett flirting; R. W. Nelson cracking a joke; Olson getting to work without a puncture; Hughes and Martin working 'till 6 o'clock; John Pott's hair blowing in his face; Monroe going at 40 miles an hour in his car, and McGowan missing one at the front door in the morning.

Lucille B. Bulson, head of the Dictaphone department, just returned from Portland, Ore., going there as a Missouri delegate to the convention of the National Business and Professional Women's Club, which was held there July 9 to 16. Glad to see you back with us, Miss Bulson. From some of the rumors we believe you had a fine time. The Standard Oil Company is glad to know that we have this high type of women working in their employ. Some of the most prominent women in the business world were at the convention.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

Ellen Wood handed in her resignation as Treasurer of the Standard Oil Social Club as she expects to leave for Phoenix, Ariz., shortly. Miss Francis Beranek was appointed treasurer for the rest of the year.

Ed. Henneman has been transferred from S. S. attendant at Chippewa Falls, Wis., to special Mica salesman.

Another little Towne in the form of a baby girl came to the home of F. W. Towne, agent instructor, July 4. Congratulations.

Paul M. Zillgitt has been put on as additional S. S. attendant at Lake City, Minn.

George Mosher, agent at West Concord, Minn., has purchased a new International Speed Truck. Just watch the sales grow.

Milton Holst is the additional S. S. attendant at Red Wing, Minn.

Will Langsdorf, agent at Zumbrota, says he won't let any other agent get ahead of him when it comes to selling Finol for fly time. It seems he doesn't have to sell it; the farmers just come in and take it away.

William E. Wolf, attendant at S. S. 4, Eau Claire, Wis., resigned June 26. Leslie G. Wallace is now in charge there.

We are very glad to welcome Miss Erne Gabel in the office. She is in the Comptometer department.

Blanche Gayman says she likes the "hum" of Rudie's Overland.

John Benish, order clerk, spent a few days last week at Prairie du Chien, Wis.

Joseph G. Lamping has been put in charge of a service station at Austin, Minn., Fern McKenzie having been transferred to driver.

M. G. Bolend is assistant to E. H. Evenson in the Tax, Legal and Accident department.

John A. Gilbertson has been employed as general salesman in S. L. Levy's field.

E. H. Utigard, our agent at Millville, Minn., has just purchased a new Oldsmobile truck. Quality and real service is his motto.

Edna Newman said: "It was so hot in the country that the corn popped in the fields and the cows, seeing the popcorn, thought it was snow and lay down and froze to death."

Clarence W. Serfling has been put on as agent instructor in District Superintendent S. L. Levy's field.

Thomas H. McCollough is the new agent at Soldiers Grove, Wis.

John, Arthur and Bernard went fishing down at Wigwam Slough. John got one bull-head, Arthur a mud turtle, Bernie reported one bite (a mosquito). This is no fish story.

Robert Stoller succeeds William Waters as agent at Arcadia, Wis.

Our sincerest sympathy goes to John Konetchy, file clerk, whose father passed away July 28.

Harold Smevog is with the Wisconsin National Guards at Camp Douglas for two weeks. We expect that he will be very proficient in dish washing when he returns.

A meeting of the district superintendents and station examiners was held at the La Crosse office recently.

A series of agents' meetings were held at Durand, Eau Claire, Colby and Marshfield. Others are scheduled for La Crosse, Winona, Whitehall and Necedah.

Our Sales department's chief worry these days is Finol for Fly Spray. They are sitting up nights trying to figure out a way of getting a sufficient supply to keep the mails from being congested and the telephone lines from running hot. The cows in this territory are not suffering this year.

Wanted: Odd Jobs of Papering and Painting. Work done cheap. A. J. Moor. Worms: Bill Ratz and John ("Kony") Knotchy. Used Bumpers, Front and Rear: Ed. Poss. Soap and Towel at all public drinking fountains: B. J. Volz. Lumber for Gauge Sticks; Bill Trapp. Windshield for rear of Benish's car—he claims it would save washlines and ashcans.

ATTENTION, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA!

Ellen says it was not lack of nerve that kept her from visiting the S. O. Co. at Cedar Rapids, but it was Sunday and she only spent a few hours there.

E. J. Orton has offered his services to the Stenographic department and you will find him located in record room. Mr. Orton was formerly with the National Cash Register Company at Eau Claire,

Wis. We know that he is glad to get back to La Crosse because "she" lives here.

Ted Thorson, city salesman, is sporting a new Durant car. One at a time, girls.

The girls from the office had a picnic at Bob-White Cottage recently. All reported a wonderful time and lots of good eats. The girls were taken out there in cars by Messrs. Nichols, R. Steinke and B. Volz.

All that one hears around the La Crosse office is "Use Finol for Fly Spray," but the agents are singing, "Yes, we have no Finol."

Eau Claire

S. S. 9, Chippewa Falls, is now being operated by Verne Brinkman and Al. Perrenard. E. Henneman, who met folks here for four years, is now special salesman on Mica.

Bernard Jasper and George Thomas are the two new motor tank salesmen at Chippewa Falls station.

John McGillivray is now general salesman for the Soo Line east of Chippewa Falls and for the Hannibal branch line.

Willard La Moe is second attendant at S. S. 18, Eau Claire.

H. J. Meaney is the new clerk at Marshfield, Wis.

Chet Page, agent at Osseo, sports a new Ford truck with Warford transmission. There are two trucks at Osseo now, and this station was once a relay out of Augusta.

Elmer Nall now sells 'em Red Crown and the Full Line at Spencer in place of his brother, Orville, who resigned.

The whole town now knows that C. J. Morton represents the Standard Oil Company at Menomonie, Wis.

Special.—William Amundson, agent at Strum, Wis., is now a married man. We all wish you lots of luck.

George Brost, agent at Medford, now has a new bulk station.

MANKATO, MINN.

W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

Rudolph Holzerland, our hustling agent at Courtland, paid the office a visit recently.

Joe Roemer, record clerk, caught many a jealous glance when he motored down the main drag in his new coupe. Some car is our comment. Have you had it off the pavements yet, Joe?

H. N. Olson, our Springfield agent, and Miss Grace Snook of Tracy, Minn., were married July 23. Mr. and Mrs. Olson immediately left on a short trip to various Minnesota points. Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Olsen from the entire S. O. family.

A. J. Jensen, our agent at Porter, is out early and late these days giving service to tractor owners. The editor of the Porter Press noticed his activity and commented thus: "Anton, our oil man, is very busy furnishing S. O. products to tractor owners."

The Red Crown Club had a hot time at Loon Lake recently, giving a beach party and picnic lunch. Immediately after working hours the entire membership motored to Stony Point where everything was in readiness for a gala evening. Mrs. Sophia Anderson, honorary member of the Red Crown Club, was on hand with the provisions. Mildred Sawyer had a battle with John Weeks which she didn't win, and as a consequence poor John is hailed as a perfect brute by all of the upstairs girls. Spark Plug Brown tried to do an Annette Kellerman from the diving platform. You could have heard the splash in Lake Crystal. Gertrude Hager was sorely disappointed because George couldn't be there and so it was perfectly useless to play that she was drowning. Peggy Schaffenberg copped the cast-iron water-wings for the most beautiful lady's bathing suit. The rest of the girls got their suits wet and couldn't enter the contest. When we gave voice to our opinion that Mrs. F. McK. Blough was the fanciest swimmer among the ladies on the beach there were several dissenting votes. Oh, yes! R. E. Nuebel was in the water. (In a boat.) Violet Koch, she of the nimble comptometer fingers, took all of the dares that were offered. It's a good thing that there wasn't a sixty-foot diving platform at Stony Point or there might have been dire consequences. Some culprit deliberately and with malice aforethought swiped Art Otto's B.V. D.'s John Grimes says that, as a swimmer, he makes a good bricklayer.

G. G. Pratt is a newcomer to the fold who has been assigned to sales duties in the Pipestone field. Mr. Pratt is well acquainted with the S. O. Co. line through his work at the Leon Sampson Service Station at Pipestone. We predict great success for Mr. Pratt.

L. C. Hedberg, salesman on the Janesville field, had a lot of fun when in company with the St. Clair agent, he secured a dray truck which they loaded to the gunwales with barrels of Mica Axle Grease. They then went out on an immediate delivery "hog massage" campaign. In other words they stumped the St. Clair field in the interest of Mica Axle Grease. The fun part of the excursion was that they sold more than two tons of Mica.

Edward Hagerty, credit man, says that the next time he goes riding in a strange automobile that he'll look to see where the cut-out is located. Ed. accidentally loosened a mufflerc ut-out the other day and nearly frightened himself to death.

G. A. White, sales manager, always carries a one-gallon can filled with Red Crown Gasoline in his family touring car. It's rather tough though to forget all about that can filled with Red Crown and to walk a mile in the blazing sun to secure gasoline. Believe it or not!

Jack Spencer is some golfer! Mr. Lee says so.

Due to the extreme heat, the Petroleum Educational Club voted to suspend meetings for the months of July and August. The next regular meeting will be held on Monday evening, September 10, when F. C. Brown will have the paper on "Transportation".

Steve Armstrong is bound to get his name in the Record every month. During July he went and bought a new Jewett sedan just to be obstinate and for no other purpose except to compel the correspondent to put his name in the Record again. This is the last time positively, unless he gets married or something else desperate.

Ed. Schwantes, agent at Easton, nearly developed a case of nervous prostration when well diggers near Easton hit a gas pocket. Ed had visions of a great oil discovery and wealth untold for the residents of Fairibault County. but the "oil" flow stopped as suddenly as it started and now Ed's life is serene once more.

We hear from reliable authority that R. W. Pinney exposed a past when he called out, "Shinney on your own side" while playing golf at the Mankato Club recently.

Carle Jensen, assistant chief clerk, and family enjoyed Carle's vacation by taking a trip to the old home town, Fargo, N. D. Fargo must be a mighty fine city now. At least that is what Mankato people think because John W. Beaton lives there.

Aaron Bates, Mankato agent and a thirty year

service employee, was up in the air when he lost his thirty-year button. Every inch of ground in the warehouses and yards was searched by Aaron before the pin was finally found. Now he wears it clamped on his coat and says that if he thought there were any further danger of loosing it he would fasten it with a tire lock. Aaron says, "My thirty-year button is the one possession I am the fondest of."

A. F. Weber arrived in Mankato to take up his duties as lubricating engineer for this division. We welcome Mr. Weber to Mankato and hope that he will like his Mankato associations.

A. A. Rabe, a recent graduate of the Minnesota State University, has joined the S. O. Co. forces as general salesman. Mr. Rabe has hosts of friends who wish him success in his work.

Clem Nuebel has been spending his vacation at Stony Point, Loon Lake, near Lake Crystal. Clem had a fine time and never got a bit lonesome because so many Mankato people made the bathing beach their headquarters during the hot weather.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Miss Marie J. Zacha, Correspondent

Gratifying indeed were the results obtained from the use of S. O. Co. products in the American Automobile Association races, held at the Wisconsin State Fair Park. A total of fourteen cars participated in the races. The winner, Chalmers car, No. 2, driven by Artie Brach, used our Polarine Oils and Solite Gasoline exclusively. This car experienced no trouble of any kind during the entire 100 mile race, stopping only to replenish the oil and gasoline supply. H. B. Sagemiller, S. O. Co. representative, was in attendance.

It happened in Green Bay. Agent Walter Ruby was fixing up a map of the city for Mr. Lang and his artistic temperament was hitting on all six. He had in mind a very fine color scheme and in the rush of business Walter ordered one dozen thumb tacks of various colors and specified one set to be of a *light shade of black.*

I. H. Shaver, district superintendent at Madison, has a very keen eye for red hats.

We are glad to report Mr. Papineau, agent at Portage, who has been ill for seven months, is back on the tank wagon selling the full line.

Mart Moran, tank wagon driver at Portage, is getting very thin. He now weighs 250 pounds, but claims he puts out more than four times his weight in gallons on Red Crown and Perfection six days a week and sometimes seven.

We note J. J. Barrett, agent at Kilbourn, at times drives his tank truck up on the sidewalk to fill garages in order not to delay the tourists.

Russell Cournoyer, attendant at the 20th Street and National Avenue S. S., Milwaukee, took the fatal step. Congratulations.

A hill-climbing contest will take place in the near future between William Kolka, traffic clerk, Milwaukee Office, proud owner of a Hupmobile Coupe, and Tony Kolka, warehouse man, National Avenue, Milwaukee, driver of a Jewett Sedan. Ever since these two brothers acquired their cars all traces of fraternal love seem to have disappeared. They are arguing and debating all the time, each claiming his car the better.

Audrey Dignan, son of our Wautoma agent, was recently married to Miss Warner of Stevens Point. Miss Warner has been the teacher in the Stevens Point High School for several years. Mr. Dignan has assisted his father at the Wautoma station for the past seven years. Their many friends extend congratulations.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
G. E. Anderson, Correspondent

On Saturday afternoon, June 30, members of the Red Crown Social Club and their families hied themselves to Wildwood Park on White Bear Lake for an afternoon and evening outing. An ideal day for a picnic brought a good sized crowd who enjoyed themselves in the many forms of entertainment offered by the place. Some played ball, some ran in the races, some swam, and nearly everybody danced. Charles Wolfgang, vice-president of the club, was the chef of the day and brewed gallons of coffee for the thirsty throng. President H. T. Christensen promises other enjoyable events to follow, and we want to say that we are looking forward to them. W. A. Jones of the Chicago office was with us for a visit and attended the picnic.

Manager Frank L. Cochran recently spoke before the Chamber of Commerce at Lake City in behalf of the Minneapolis Civic and Commerce Association. Later he made an address before the Rotary Club at Brainerd, Minn.

Assistant Manager E. N. Shallenberger has a passion for ash trays. He recently annexed a beautiful silver creation which may have originated in some Aztec silver mine (and then again maybe not), to his collection.

As an umpire, District Superintendent Ralph Conners certainly wins the nickel plated icicles. If his conception of a strike or ball is correct all other umpires should be sent to the penitentiary.

L. A. ("Judge") Rossiter of the Legal department has acquired a handsome new Studebaker phaeton and can now be seen gallivanting down University avenue knocking off the high spots. Look out behind, Judge!

Assistant Chief Clerk Hanson claims that whether it's cold or whether it's hot we must have weather whether or not.

C. N. ("Mike") Anderson, country S. S. superintendent and the receiving end of the Red Crown baseball team's battery, was under the weather recently but is back with us again. Atta boy, Mike!

William B. Schmidt, our hustling agent at Herman, has recently purchased a new truck which he expects to put on in addition to the truck he is already operating. We predict he will make folks sit up and take notice when he gets going good.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Henrichs on May 21. Mother and son are getting along nicely. Mr. Henrichs is our agent at Donnelly.

If you want to see a clean looking bulk station, J. I. Landis of Hancock invites you to call. Jess, we agree with you; your station certainly looks fine.

Emmett Logan is our new agent at Benson. Harry Snyder, our former agent, resigned on July 20. He expects to become a farmer.

J. F. Feeks, agent at Brown Valley, informs us you cannot tell by the weight of a man how much he can lift. Jimmie weighs 125 pounds and can handle 500-pound barrels with little effort.

John Warner, our agent at Graceville, likes the country and his ambition is to be a leader among the agents.

How is the new Buick, Tom Wagner? Don't let Fischer drive it again. He is tough on Buicks.

Roy Carlson, S. S. attendant at Brainerd, says it is tough to live in a small town.

Bob Elder, agent at Brainerd, says he doesn't like to get caught in any wind storm when he is out on a picnic.

Bert Boyd, S. S. attendant at Wadena, says the girl at the show house is some dream. How about this, Bert?

Russell Brinley says when you take a cap off the gasoline tank of a car always put it back on.

Joe Walsh says the potatoes look good on his ranch. You're some farmer, Joe.

Bernard Dick, our agent at Albertville, recently took the minor part at a bower of orange blossoms when he was married to Miss Martha Kirscht. The Stanolind Record wishes the happy couple every joy and happiness.

Oscar Bardill couldn't figure out why salesman Hamlett wanted 500 of Form 317. However, Mr. Hamlett failed to specify that this was an advertising form and not a salary increase form, so we can't blame Oscar for being surprised.

Charles Petrich, agent at Lester Prairie, was a recent caller at the Minneapolis office.

F. P. Allen of the Home office paid us a pleasant visit a short time ago.

Saginaw to San Francisco is the slogan of O. J. Hawkins and D. N. Bradt, former S. O. Co. employees, who, with their wives, stopped off at Minneapolis for a few days on their tour to the Golden West.

J. H. Bullard, Minneapolis tank wagon superintendent, represented the Standard Oil Company in the Good Roads tour through Northern Minnesota sponsored by the A. A. A. Jim drove the official gas car carrying a pennant advertising Red Crown Gasoline.

H. H. Ness, garage salesman, St. Paul, challenges all other garage salesmen to go out and get 'em. Ness has the courage of his convictions and is doing it.

L. E. Borne puts up signs and drives the advertising truck. Borne says when he puts up a sign it is there to stay and he intends to keep them in good shape at all times.

After becoming nearly desperate in our search for interesting news we finally made the following discoveries to brighten up our drab old world: Marie Huss and Birdie Anding have had their hair bobbed. Nifty? Yes, we must admit it. And do you remember how we were promised those bathing photos early last Spring? Well, after calling attention to this discrepancy we have been assured that they will be forthcoming shortly. Grace Paddleford says so.

Minnie Grossbusch has a new bathing suit just like Gladys Monro's. How you gonna keep down on the farm in the face of such odds? It can't be done.

Etruella Lane is home again after spending a few weeks among Minnesota's 10,000 lakes. "Truly" says she didn't have a chance to visit all of them, but she would like to.

Jess Huber, truck driver at the Minneapolis warehouse, has been assigned to a three and one-half ton truck. When his truck is loaded to capacity Jess, who has some girth, will have to walk or overload the truck.

Frank Welch is the good looking gentleman who unloads tank cars.

Jack Gorder is now assistant superintendent of the St. Paul warehouse.

The Stanolind Record offers its deepest sympathy to the family of Benjamin H. E. Geist, our agent at Morris, Minn., who lost his life in an accident July 21.

If George Lenertz of Mankato did not understand what the fair young lady at the Minneapolis party said to him in Jewish he certainly will never know what he missed.

Margaret Tuffley is back from her vacation smiling as sweetly as ever. She hasn't reported how she spent her time but we take it for granted that she enjoyed it immensely.

Marguerite Zemlin has recently joined the Standard Oil Family in the Stenographic department.

Ardis Osgaard is also a new member in the same department. Also Mildred Keski, who is in the Records and Marketing department.

District Superintendent Keith had a narrow escape when driving a car with a foot feed for the first time. While he was using the hand throttle someone inadvertently stepped on the foot accelerator and Charlie was getting ready to jump when he discovered the joke.

The Red Crown baseball team is now playing off the championship elimination series and it looks like a cinch for our team. After we've cleaned up our own state maybe we will look around for other states to conquer. We have been wondering if there would be any competition. Well?

PEORIA, ILL.
R. A. Johnston, Correspondent

No copy received by deadline day.

QUINCY, ILL.
Henry B. Hardy, Correspondent

No copy received by deadline day.

SAGINAW, MICH.
S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

Clifton Friers, who handles the tank rentals, while on an automobile tour recently stopped at a curb station that he knew dispensed Red Crown Gasoline. After the attendant filled his tank Cliff says, "Great stuff that Red Crown, I always insist on it." The man smiled apologetically and replied: "I am sorry sir but that is not Red Crown, that pump over there is Red Crown". "Yes, blankety blank," replied Cliff. Which only proves that if you don't specify what you want you will invariably get a substitute.

Our "Stub" of the Stock department, who can't get a belt to surround his circumference unless the cow is "Axed" in the act of reaching under the fence after an illusive head of cabbage, stood in front of a store where they were selling out suits for people without the balcony arrangement, for the staggering price of $10. The only consoling thought he had for the day was that he could get in on the bargain sale of size 17 and 18 collars.

Miss Harriet Zwerk of the Stenographic department wears on her arm, the likeness of a moth, butterfly, horsefly or something which is located two degrees below the shoulder tip in full view of the proletariat. While we haven't reached any conclusion, we presume it is supposed to intrigue some jay or poor fish. Let us hope he is a Goldfish.

Mr. Younkman and Mr. Oliver performed an operation on the voice box of Leroy's Ford and extracted three links of chain, five jackstones and a wrist watch of eight position movement from the cylinder water jacket. That car knows a lot of secrets but like a stuffed parrot, it won't talk.

The salesmen of this division were called together in the interest of our publicity campaign covering the Full Line. Unusual interest was shown. Interesting talks were made by heads of several departments.

We learn that H. E. Dickenson, S. S. attendant at Cass City, has indergone an operation for appendicitis.

N. R. Reed, advertising manager, visited our office recently.

R. J. Fillingham of the Legal department also was a visitor recently.

The Misses Fettig, Zwerk and Thompson spent the week-end at Linwood Beach, which may be the solution of why some men leave home. If three men would leave that place they would lose their character.

Miss Marcella Thompson spent a week end at Beaverton and motored back to Saginaw in a chariot de luxe.

Miss Mildred Price spent her vacation up at Port Austin. That's what we call headwork

Erwin Richards says that while tradition places turpentine in the medicine chest beside castor oil, iodine and epsom salts, he knows from practical experience that there are certain symptoms for which it should be shunned unless one has immediate access to a cold storage or is captain of a fire department.

We realize that we will have to take a correspondence course in aeronautics if we are to register intelligence while talking to Clifton Friers. As it is all we can register is "Uh huh" and "Sure".

Helen McNichol, formerly of the Billing department, visited the office recently. She is at present making her home in Buffalo.

Cameron Dawson owns a car of the species that is fast becoming a relic of the old days when you could buy a nickel cigar, and as this gathering of mechanical inperfections develops rings on its tail (light) it develops new complications alternated by paralytic attacks that are forerunners of an early demise.

Webster defines Ramification as "division or separation into branches." As near as we can comprehend this definition was written around Fred Carl's mustache.

Bruce MacDonald took a chance and won a free ride on an airplane.

We figure that if he takes advantage of said transportation he is taking the real chance. We only hope that whatever (be)falls him he will keep on the upward flight.

A. H. Adams, former S. S. collector at Bay City, is now assuming his new duties in the advertising department, Saginaw.

Bob Zahn, L. E. Younkman, Clem Kolb, Archie Elvin and your humble correspondent rambled off to a distant marsh a few weeks ago and plucked several quarts of huckleberries. However, the money they saved was squandered on arnica and bone linament.

Dudley Jones and family left the cat in charge of the canary and goldfish while they visited relatives in Gladstone, Mich.

Bob Zahn started out with an old 1918 license plate and by making a series of trades he now has a Ford Touring Car with every conceivable excessory that appears in the catalogue.

Bryson (on the phone), says: "Frank, how's the road up the river?"

Church: "Pretty wet and kind'a fishy, take your water wings, you won't need goggles today".

It would be a mighty gloomy world without friends and by direct comparison Ted Mayville must have to wear green goggles as his share is a continuous flare. As they come in, it might be a good idea to hand them barbershop checks so they won't lose their turn.

A few mornings ago a baby mouse fell on the floor in front of Miss Price's desk and demonstrated "that tired and run down feeling". He was a cute lil' feller but all the girls acted like they thought he had the smallpox.

John Leahy of the Iron Barrel department is bathing his perfect 36 in the cooling waters of Lake Michigan, diving off a cake of Ivory soap.

We learn that our Metamora agent takes more than ordinary interest in our Harem and is quite partial to her who signs "T" on his daily mail.

Edward F. Bruning has the honor of being the first attendant in charge of our beautiful new S. S. 42, Rogers City.

Glen Niendorf calls Justice Clements "Arthur" now.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Osgerby, Vassar, on July 26, a boy.

Aubrey Jackson and Harry Snyder were halted in their mad rush by speed cops. The only alibis they had to offer was that Red Crown makes them that way.

Bay City

We had the opportunity of listening to some fine talks on S. S. management at the Hotel Republic.

On August 12, Bay City Standard Oilers were to hold a picnic at Tobico Beach.

Employees of the Bay City Office and the many friends throughout the field extend their heartfelt sympathy to W. F. Richter, rural salesman, whose mother passed away July 23.

Bill Lane, agent at Beaverton, believes in preparedness. He announces the arrival of a son, July 1. This makes the third juvenile member of his Standard Oil Family.

Flint

The Ace of Aces of the Slicker Club had a consultation with the man with the Azure Coat and tin canary the other day. The next time he is promised a combination room and bath for an extended period.

We are going to pass the dicebox and buy a balloon for Salesman H. C. Calkins. He attempted to ride over the moon on a skyrocket and it occurred to us that a balloon would be more permanent.

The Hon. William Dunn has been promoted to warehouse clerk. Another example of meritorious perseverance.

Captain of Service Stations C. F. Shaw is thinking of going on with "Kid Portland". He wants someone to present "Kid" with a pair of shot packed gloves so he will have a fighting chance.

"Johnny" Neville has deserted the "Ship". He says he can manipulate a locomotive as well as a G. & B. pump.

Cheboygan

Several changes were made in the personnel of this outfit in the past month. Reg. Adams who was in charge of the service station has changed over to the position of warehouse man and stake truck driver. Ben McClelland, who was engaged as rural truck driver, has taken charge of the service station, and Henie Mertz has taken Tom McCormick's place at the service station. Tom has left our community and returned to the white lights of Detroit. Sam Bonscoure has been engaged as rural truck driver on the territory formerly cared for by Ben McClelland. Bill Schmidt, who has charge of the office, believes he can make three hundred hitters of the gang.

Roy Crist is with us for two weeks. When any of the boys make good, they send them up to Cheboygan as a reward for their efforts.

Mr. Soop and Louie Reip also were recent callers. We are always pleased to have them come.

Bill Liddle was up in this neck of the woods while we were at Saginaw. Bill should plan his trips so that he would find us at home.

John Weed and wife spent some time in our fair city calling on the garage trade. That is, John did the calling, and Mrs. Weed checked him up to see that he missed none.

We were over to visit Joe Follette and Mrs. Joe, recently. Joe says that it don't pay to buy a new Dodge ton and a half truck, as no one says anything about it in the Stanolind Record. Well, we will say for Joe that he has some truck, and that he is some B. Agent. Of course he wouldn't be worth a darn if it wasn't for Mrs. Joe, but he don't know that, and so he is happy.

Well, we went to Grand Rapids to see our dad and while waiting at the Union depot in the place, who should walk in but our old friend and boss, L. J. Thompson. And we got to our feet like a good soldier and said, "Howdy." And the big fellow looked us over and said, "Well by gosh, Lew, I didn't expect to see you here."

The new bulk station at Wolverine is nearing completion. The people there are pleased to have a station in their town and we believe they are all good customers and boosters of the Standard Oil Company.

Indian River has been receiving the attention of Detroit real estate men. It begins to look as though there would be considerable development there soon. Agent Roy Stoan's home is built on the bank of the river.

Ed Morrow, rural driver at Cheboygan, says that his Ford truck can develop more things to kick about in a day's time than anything he ever saw.

The boys caught a blue legged heron near the plant the other day, and it darn near scared Bill Schmidt out of a year's growth. Bill says that the darn thing is savage.

Bill Liddle says all Scots have a sense of humor, because it's a gift.

City Truck Driver John Henry Phillips gave his Lizzie a coat of shoe polish last Sunday. It looks good, but John keeps it out of the rain, we notice.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Stewart Chaffin, Correspondent

General Manager T. J. Thompson and Assistant General Manager H. A. Lewis visited St. Joseph and parts of our field this month. An interesting meeting was held with department heads and district superintendents.

Salesman Sarvis of Norton has completed his bungalow and is now occupying it. This house is a credit to the town and Bill too.

Our credit man, Seeley Brown, is spending a couple of weeks in the Western District. Mr. Brown has it figured out that Western Kansas sends in a call for him when they need rain. It never falls.

According to our reporter, a certain horse, related to the Hall family, now in Gem, Kansas, can "brush" a 55 clip and can work a half in 1:03. The question is, what can he do a mile in September? Anyone interested may address Babe Hotchkiss, Atwood, Kas.

Agent R. C. Johnston of Colby, Kas., has been promoted to salesman, taking over the Phillipsburg territory.

Bert Morrissey, manager of our S. S. at Colby, Kas., with the assistance of George Cork, is going over big in the Full Line. These men are to be congratulated on the condition of their station.

Salesman J. G. Liggit of the Smith Center territory and his better half called on S. O. Co. employees in Phillipsburg, recently. Congratulations, Joe.

Salesman W. H. Arensberg of Goodland, Kas., says if there's anyone busier than he is, it's a cat on a tin roof.

Assistant General Manager Lewis has frequently commented on the smile which Agent Nichols of Phillipsburg wears. But if he could have seen him wheeling that new baby buggy down the street recently, he would indeed have had reason to comment on that smile.

We are just in receipt of a letter from our efficient agent, Chris Rupke, of Prairieview, Kas., in which he volunteers to add three or four 25-pound buckets of Mica to his daily batting average in case it is needed to put the Western District over.

"Red" Manning, the Lenora, Kas., agent, has put on his second truck. He says this puts him in position to "knock 'em cold."

Frank Mahanna, agent at Colby, is the latest addition to our family. We welcome and congratulate you, Mr. Mahanna.

Smokestack Salesman Wicker of Norton is obtaining some good results from his work on the territory. Keep the good work up, Wicker.

One of the customers of Semdac Pete, S. S. 10, St. Joseph, reports a trip to the North as follows: "Drove 1,900 miles in Studebaker Special; carried four people and camping luggage. Used 100 gallons Red Crown, filling at Company service stations the entire trip."

S. O. employees residing in Chillicothe recently enjoyed a delightful picnic at Don Wiggin's cabin, Tumble Inn, near Dayton Lake.

Assistant Chief Clerk P. H. Sawyer says he can almost earn his salary turning off lights left burning by careless persons.

Zim wants to know why all hotel girls in Central Kansas talk about goof hounds. Possibly Coldsnow could tell him.

Clipping from a Goodland, Kas., paper: Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Marbut arrived here Wednesday afternoon at 5 o'clock from Kansas City, leaving that city at 12:40 p. m. They are en route to Los Angeles and they expect to arrive at their destination about Friday noon. While here they filled up on oil and gas, using 40 gallons of Red Crown Gasoline and 3 gallons of heavy Polarine Oil."

C. G. Ringo of Kansas City has been supervising the final installation of dictaphones. Everything will be running efficiently soon. We will miss Mr. Ringo when he departs as he has made many friends here.

The Safety Court has had little grist to grind. The institution is now so severe no one transgresses the law. Mike Billeter and George Herring say that they would help secure appointments as police commissioners for any members of the Court.

Edgar Grindstaff and Isaiah Bowen spent their vacations in the tank company of the Missouri National Guard at the Nevada Encampment.

Pandemonium reigned during the half hour Mr. Sawyers moved desks recently. This trivial job was accomplished without other incident.

Messrs. Smith and Garvey, who acquired their apprenticeships in the S. S. school, have gone out as special gasoline salesmen.

Recent additions to our St. Joseph family include Misses Wolfe, Holcomb and Gilbourne and Messrs. Davis and Phipps.

Misses Thelma Auld, Dorothy Cavey, Mary Ferneau and Pearl Barmann have left our service. Everyone regretted their departure and wish them happiness in new pursuits.

Bob Miller is leaving to go into the floral business. Best regards, Robert.

Thirty-two cars carrying members of the Chamber of Commerce, Kansas City, Kas., were filled with Red Crown, Polarine Oils, St. Joseph air and Missouri river water in eight minutes at S. S. 1. Many thanks, Mr. Swoboda.

Fred Kenny, our warehouse clerk, spent his vacation learning to drive a Ford roadster. He is now looking forward to better acquaintance with our new stenographers.

Mr. Young, superintendent of the warehouse, spent his vacation at Bean Lake. He was quite touchy around his shoulders for a few days after his return.

Lawrence Arthur of the Iron Barrel department recently used his car as a stump puller at Courtney's place and is now $50.00 wiser.

C. C. Holder and J. A. Russell, tank wagon drivers, had new arrivals during the past month. John's boy didn't have to go far to find his red hair.

Driver Harry Shuck has had some hard luck lately. With his wife and baby sick in bed, his boy fell from a tree and broke his collar bone. Here's hoping they will be up again soon.

We have the "Rev." John White and "High Pockets" Carpenter added to our warehouse staff and therefore should see the orders roll faster in the future.

Brittain Poteet is now a salesman for the Automotive Specialty Company. You can't keep a good man down.

T. R. Ridge attended the auto races in Kansas City.

Sheik Leake has not broken into print for some time.

Persons who have seen Andy Brooks' latest service station creation at Sabetha say same is an architectural cream puff. It's a dandy, we know.

Ralph Reed of F. L. King's office, Chicago, has been speeding us up a little this month. All of us like to help, Mr. Reed.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Miss Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

The Safety First Meeting, which takes place the first Friday of each month, was well attended. Many fine points were brought out by Mr. Barnidge and Mr. Doll.

A meeting of all tank truck drivers at the main plant took place recently. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Doll and Mr. Allen. Mr. Hieger also made a few witty remarks.

Mr Doll, John Moehsmer and John Riorday went fishing in a private lake near Mattese, Mo. There must have been some big fish in the lake for one certain party was heard to say: "Say, Bill, loan me another line, that last sucker broke mine." We also heard something like this, "You blankety, blank fool! ain't there enough room out in that field without walking all over my fishing lines?"

Driver Walter Wade took a trip to Windsor, Canada, and reports a fine time. What is the matter, Walt, hasn't the home brew got a strong enough kick?

The boys at the Main Plant miss Tank Wagon Salesman Charles Good very much. Charlie has been working out of the North Side for the last few weeks.

We have with us Bob Smith, formerly of Wellston. Welcome to our City, Bob.

Some of the boys are talking about taking a trip to Big River to fish but Al Slavik says there is no use going as he cleaned up on all the fish while he was on his vacation.

Driver Jerome Hoffman stole away the other night and got married. Congratulations, Jerry.

Link Schweiger was heard humming, "It won't be long," the other day. How about it, Link?

Eddie Nestor wins the prize when it comes to catching fish. Not long ago he was casting for bass and got a fine strike. When he pulled the fish out, he had a nice catfish.

Harry Garey has been promoted to receiving clerk at St. Louis Main Plant to replace Allen Love, who left the service of the Company.

Press dispatches recently contained account of the escape of several convicts from the Chester, Ill., Penitentiary. Coincident with this escape, Salesman Barham appeared with a shaved head. Our advice, Barham, is to invest in a little Stanolene.

J. A. McMillen, aviator of note and member of the St. Louis Flying Club, 110th Aerial Squad, etc., etc., has recently been promoted from the S. S. ranks to the sales force. We fear that he will not be with us long if he carries out his threat of doing wing walking and other spectacular stunts at the Bridgeyon Flying Field. Safety Department, please note.

Our genial manager, A. P. R., after walking seven miles around St. Louis, succeeded in purchasing a cap for $1.00. Mr. Ewing called his attention after the purchase to the fact that within a half block from the office he could have gotten the same cap for 75 cents. You never know what's close to home.

We understand the population of Webster Groves has increased by four this summer. Wonder how S. D. S. likes running for the train.

Jefferson City

Salesman Head is quite an attraction these evenings at the swimming pool. He entertains the audience with all sorts of fancy jack-knife dives and swimming.

On a recent trip through the field, Mr. Ewing discovered that our worthy sales manager, R. W. May, in packing his grip, overlooked the fact it was necessary to have some shirts along; as a result Bob wore the same shirt all week.

Messrs. Ewing, Smock and May, while making a trip through Mr. Harris' field, during the extremely hot weather availed themselves of the opportunity of wading at every creek they had to ford.

Agent Instructor P. K Wagner is getting so large several of the inhabitants of Missouri towns recently thought he was coming in for wrestling match. We don't see any likeness between Zybysko and Paul, however.

Bob Scott, our good looking bachelor agent at Cuba, has at last fallen to the wiles of the fair sex and is to married in the near future.

Ed. Clay Lindner, formerly employed in Jefferson City, has been made agent instructor. He is hitting the ball hard. His ambition is to get located in St. Louis. What the attraction is we do not know.

Sam Hager, city salesman, Jefferson City, Mo., surely must like blackberry pie as every Summer he goes blackberry picking and won't come in until he has at least ten gallons, if he has to stay all night.

There are Kings and Kings, but Salesman B. Harris King is the hardest King to dethrone. If you can't sell it, give it away, Barney.

Agent at Belle had the misfortune of driving his truck into a roadside ditch, due to the fact that his brakes failed to work. Other agents take warning! He must have hit pretty hard as a ten gallon milk can containing Capital Cylinder Oil was damaged and in some way a goodly portion was deposited on his head. He will not need "Stay Comb" for some time to come.

Springfield

B. W. Fitzgerald is developing into one of the greatest fishernen in Southwest Missouri. Fitz knows every kind of rare bait and tackle with which to entice the finny tribe from their haunts.

Mr. Crumpley has a method of selling a hard customer and that is to take him down on the Big Piney, away from the maddening noises, where he puts forth much eloquence and generally succeeds in landing his prospect; also a few bass.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Miss Clare E. Donegan, Correspondent

Luck was with us picnic day. Heavy clouds rolled noiselessly away, the sun came smiling forth and promptly at four bells office and warehouse employees (all members of the Standard Oil Social Club) called a halt and in a line-up of cars, gayly decorated for the occasion, and headed by Manager Thayer in his new Kissel, glided to Saunders Beach for the annual outing. Swimming came first. Herb Mann couldn't withstand the dazzling glitter of the bathing suits and made an attempt to walk the water, but miracle days are a long time past, so Herb with the rest of us had a good laugh. Van was quite proud of his scarlet regalia and strutted the dock. Picnic supper was then in order. Sports of every nature followed. Tug of war between warehouse and office was a good one. Office fellas sure showed the warehousers how to pull home. The ladies' tug wasn't a bad one. Charles Von Hotten and Raymond Bayne started the relays in a sprightly fashion. Assistant Manager Elkert and Chief Clerk Dyer running home two races to a tie. Manager Thayer and Mabel Kelley foot raced the final for equal honors. After a dance in the moonlight a tired but happy bunch departed looking forward to the annual of next year. Much credit for the success of the picnic is due the officers of the club, the committees in charge, Equipment Superintendent Zimmerman, who handled the transportation so efficiently and the hearty cooperation of Manager Thayer and Assistant Manager Elkert who did everything to make it one big success.

Miss Rose Elkert of the Milwaukee office and sister of Mr. Elkert was a guest at the picnic and by her pleasing personality soon made friends with all. Come to the next, Miss Elkert. Mrs. Kirk of Los Angeles, Cal., formerly Leslie King of the office, was also a guest, renewing old acquaintances and making many new ones.

Jay T. Edwards, agent at Danbury, Iowa, not only has a new Dodge truck but is announcing the arrival of a new son who has been named Jay Thayer Edwards. Jay Sr. says if there is anything in a name he will start the youngster out right.

Slim McLaughlin, driver, recently pulled a good one. He was helping Bernie Webster move his household goods. Bernie said, "there is a hall tree in the basement I haven't room for and if you have a place for it you can have it." "Hall tree?" said Slim, "My, my, man; my wife has more plants now than she knows what to do with." Not so bad, is it?

Notice the sly glances Herman Porepp directs to the pretty little dictaphone operator? Don't take 'em seriously, Esther. He always falls for the new girls.

Occasionally a pleasing bass voice echoes through the stenos' room, "Ice-cold lemo by the glass," and, gee-whiz, it's nothing but Paul Gooch with a tray full of records. Ain't it awful, girls?

Jack Carter's all smiles now for it's himself that is riding around in a Peerless Eight.

Fred Carlson of the bookkeeping staff had the misfortune to get bitten by a dog. Fred, as the story goes, was chasing chickens, or was it stealing chickens, Fred? Anyway, hereafter, methinks, he'll leave the chickens alone.

Lulu O'Keefe, our very efficient clerk in the Accounting department, just returned from an auto trip to the Black Hills.

Notice the swell manner in which Alice Kendall comes to work now-a-days? When will it be, Alice?

Hiram Smith says, "It's a lot easier to get a wife than an automobile." But the girls *notice* he isn't married yet. 'Fraid your matrimonial prospects are blasted, Hiram.

Joe Gordon and E. B. Van Ordstrand are particularly chummy of late—wives on a vacation—or, as the fellows term it, "spending expeditions."

Ding Dong Rosebud bells. Salesman Willis, it seems, pledged everlasting affection for the Sioux City girls and, lo! they catch him stepping with an *auburn*-haired lay. Don't forget the candy and cigars, J. E.

Anyone wanting to back Willoughby in his new spring oiling device might leave his name at the traffic desk.

Six of the girls challenge any other of the same number to make an 18-mile drive in a Ford coupe plus a driver. It can be done—Bill Zimmerman says so. This was supposed to have been a lady's affair and a few of us are wondering how Earl Jacquot bribed his way in. After swimming, eating, dancing, etc., six weary heads (Midget, Nork, Al, Chrissie, Eric and Glory) returned with sunburned shoulders, stiff joints and uncurled hair. They all report a good time and are rarin' for another outing.

Warehouse

Off duty for a few days, seven men taking his place and Harry Pence says the work wasn't half done. That's all right, Harry, but where in thunder's the fish.

Jimmie Shea had his house overhauled and repainted. Who's the attraction, Jimmie?

Severt Hector, driver at Sheldon, Iowa, complimented for closely following rules of the Standard Oil Company. The C. St. P. M. & O. Railway Company had the superintendent of their Safety department, L. G. Wright, stationed at one of the crossings. They contemplated a safety device. Mr. Hector had occasion to cross five or six times and was finally stopped by Mr. Wright, who complimented him on his driving, saying he noticed he stopped *every* time before crossing. He was asked relative to Standard Oil Company's rules, Mr. Wright stating that if these were closely followed there would be no serious crossing accidents.

Abe Weidel and John DeNomi put on a three-round bout recently and if Abe hadn't lost his specs he might have won.

Everyone to his hobby. Assistant Manager Elkert's, at the present writing, is Palm Beaches. Just took advantage of another $1.98 sale so that he now has a suit for every occasion and if he only had a good receipt for pretzels, he'd be all set.

Sales Manager Hagy has a new patent on a magneto golf ball. He is going to play Sarazen for $200 a hole when he gets it perfected.

Tank Wagon Salesman Marsh has been on the sick list, but we are glad to say is now out getting more business than ever.

Boy, page Sherlock Holmes. We just must find out who tied the rags on the Reo.

Sioux City, S. D.

Ted Hokensted was recently transferred to a S. S. at Madison. Sorry to have you leave us, Ted. Sioux Falls' loss, Madison's gain.

Employees and families planned a picnic supper and get-together meeting in the park. Owing to sudden showers it was held in the garage, but this didn't dampen the ardor. Eats were plentiful and a general good time reported by all.

SOUTH BEND, IND.
J. G. Wright, Correspondent

E. P. Warren, assistant manager at South Bend, has retired from the service of the Standard Oil Co. and his absence will be felt for some time to come. However, we consider ourselves very fortunate in having with us "Pepper Bill" Bannister, the Human Dynamo, who was selected by the management to fill the vacancy. We assure Mr. Bannister that he and Mr. Guilfoyle will have the cooperation of every man to put South Bend over in anything they undertake.

The Standard Oilers are the best indoor baseball team in the city, at least we think so, having beaten the Kiwanis Club, The Gas Co. and the Realtor's teams. With Baumgartner in the box and supported by the brilliant fielding of Vanderbosch and Van Arsdel, they are practically invincible. If we can ever get the team together in daylight we will forward a picture.

W. E. Perrin, stock clerk, is the proud possessor of a new Star Roadster. "Hear that motor hum."

Salesman H. H. Van Kirk is again enjoying his home life for a few days. His mother-in-law has gone visiting for two weeks.

Clyde Reese has been appointed agent at our new relay station at Orland, Ind. Watch him go, because from all indications he sure has the stuff.

Earl Bickel, our hustling agent at Waterloo, Ind., spent July 17 in the South Bend Office. He says it isn't a bad place, but give him Waterloo.

A. L. Green of the Legal department of the Home office spent July 23 with us.

J. M. Fisher, salesman, is the proud father of an 8½-pound baby girl, Nancy Jane.

E. F. Harvey, attendant S. S. 63, has a new 9¾-pound baby girl, born July 4.

Harold Jacks, agent at Reynolds, has been appointed agent at Monticello, succeeding Rufus Jay. Luther Thompson has been appointed agent at Reynolds.

Charles E. Bailey, S. S. supervisor at South Bend, Ind., entertained the following people from the South Bend Office at his summer camp on Indian Lake, July 4: Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Irvine, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Staples, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Gillis, and Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Pyle. All reported a safe and sane Fourth and agreed that Mr. and Mrs. Bailey were fine hosts.

H. R. Cochran, assistant general manager, Chicago, spent the first two days of August with us.

Frank Bauer who has been employed in the South Bend office the past three years has left the service of the Company and intends to enter the public accounting business. We all wish him the utmost success.

G. E. Muma, gasoline salesman, acted rather peculiar for about two weeks, and one Friday he mysteriously disappeared to show up a few days later a changed man, married, and, we suppose happily so, as he was all smiles.

Salesman L. W. Harris and Pat O'Reily were stopping one stormy night in Medaryville, when the electric lights in the hotel suddenly went out; equal to the emergency they opened their sample case and brought out some sample candles which they lighted, thus the evening was not spent in total darkness.

H. R. Cochran, assistant general manager, visited us recently.

C. L. White, bookkeeper in the South Bend office, has gone and done it; he is now a married man and a blond headed woman was the cause of it all. We wish Mr. and Mrs. White the greatest possible happiness.

A story is told of Lubricating Salesmen Howard Lane, and a general salesman he was driving through the Kankakee marsh, that a tire suddenly went flat. Howard says he had to drive into town on a flat tire as the wolves were so persistent that he was afraid to get out of the car.

Dan Rossi of the Land, Tax and Accident department has left us to go into the carpenter business. He is succeeded by Arthur Vanderwalle.

E. R. Messmore has been added to our sales force, and is now general salesman around Rensselaer. The way he starts out we think he is going to make things hum.

WICHITA, KAS.
H. E. Faulkner, Correspondent

The following narrative is a good example of the kind of scrappers who are putting the Wichita Division over for a gain this year, and by the way, they go after business with the same determination and nerve.

One evening in July, a highwayman attempted to hold up Charlie Duel, our agent at Larned, Kas. Charlie was alone at the time. Instead of obeying the highwayman's command to "stick 'em up," Charlie struck at the man's arms in an effort to knock the revolver from his hands, and grappled with him. The man shot three times, one of the bullets going through Mr. Duel's trouser leg. After Charlie had succeeded in getting the highwayman outside, the almost-robber made tracks for the woods. We are glad to say that our agent escaped without injury, and saved the $12.50, which was all the money at the plant at that time.

After viewing the charred remains of what was the International Truck belonging to Agent George B. Deam at LaCrosse, Kas., we rejoice that George is still with us in the land of the living. Agent Deam was on his way to Rush Center, Kas., with 320 gallons of Red Crown aboard, when the ball of the steering knuckle jumped out of the socket. The truck, going 25 miles an hour, turned over, and taking fire, was destroyed. George luckily escaped serious injury.

H. H. Broderson, Agent, at Arkansas City, Kas., who was in the office recently, transacting business, states that between floods he is having a grand time.

The agent at Bushton, Kas., must be a very busy man these days, for we have not had a word from him for the Stanolind Record. Come on, Rex, kick in. We would like to hear from you now and then.

The above paragraph also applies to Ed Eckhoff, agent at Meade, Kas.

Ed Galloup and Jack Grantham are the new clerks in the Record department. They are fine fellows.

Oliver Branson, formerly of the Record department, has taken over the duties of Specialty Salesman V. C. Shaffer, who resigned recently. Branson, the entire office is betting on you putting the job over in a big way.

Wanted: Someone who really understands the game of pitch, which is played each day during the noon hour in J. P. Jones' office. The writer suggests that R. E. Morris, Wallace Hoit and J. W. Ross go out behind the barn and practice before making another attempt.

Recently, we were honored by a visit from J. G. Lannin and R. H. Reed. Come again soon, gentlemen, as we are always glad to have you with us.

After working until 9 p. m., Frank Ward of the

Stock department went home to be greeted by a houseful of neighbors. It being so near his birthday, Frank thought his wife had planned a surprise for him, but later he was informed that they were searching for a burglar, who had entered the house a short time before. Nothing had been missed, and Frank is still awaiting the birthday surprise party.

Golf Events. The understanding we had with Assistant Manager W. C. Van Horne was that not until he reached his fifty sixth year would he join the golf enthusiasts. Therefore, it seems very evident that Mr. Van Horne has aged considerably just recently for on Saturday afternoon his first effort in teeing off resulted in a 200 yarder, finishing his first nine of the Sims Course with a fifty-four. Now, all golf followers know how this results.

His ardent fellow-golfers are Mr. Reed of Chicago, Mr. Kenney, chief clerk, and Mr. Postlewaite, assistant chief clerk.

We have annexed another ardent booster with the return of Miss Gladys McCormick, who has assumed the duties of telephone operator.

We regret very much to learn that Roy Solomon of the Check department has submitted his resignation, which was effective July 31. Mr. Solomon is moving to Long Beach, Cal.

Jean Jones, sales manager, is sure a chesty guy these days, and the reason for the haughty air displayed is the arrival of a dandy baby girl, whom they have named Margaret Ann. Congratulations, Jean!

Miss Wisdom Jackson, formerly the charming and efficient head of our Billing department, who left for California some time ago to reside permanently, writes that she is now associated with the Standard Oil Company of California. Miss Marie Martindale is her successor as head of the department, and is proving herself equally efficient.

We were sorry to learn that we were to lose Miss Mable Cripe, stenographer, August 1, but are as glad to learn that her absence will be only temporary. Miss Cripe will be with us again October 1. Have a lovely rest, Mabel, but hurry back!

Miss Faith Blosser, one of our petite, dark-haired stenographers, resigned her position on July 15, ostensibly to attend George Washington University, Washington, D. C. However, we "hae our doots" about this education. You see, just before Faith left, her engagement was announced. As a farewell attention for Miss Blosser, Miss Ruth Vance of the Comptometer department entertained with a handkerchief shower. You have our every wish for success and happiness, Faith.

Wichita Division.—Standard Oil Company (Indiana) directors praised the Main Station Warehouse at Wichita as the cleanest of any which they visited in the twenty-five divisions, writes our correspondent. Here is the gang who made the statement possible. (Left to right), first row: Zeph Hester, motor truck driver; L. J. Black, warehouse superintendent; E. J. Cook, warehouse cashier; W. G. Cline, city delivery. Second row: J. T. Shefrick, shipping clerk; Carl Evans, engineer; David Green, barrel cleaner and painter; Fred Cave, gauger lubricating oils. Third row: C. Todd, warehouse clerk; C. A. Rose, parcel post clerk; E. Hawkins, gasoline gauger, and P. L. Tolley, assistant shipping clerk.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

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AMOS BALL, Central Division

H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

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C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

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P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
JOHN H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
R. H. THOMAS, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
C. H. WAGNER, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
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P. A. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
C. C. LAKIN, *Manager*
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H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
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IVAN PRATHER, *Asst. Mgr.* (Operation)
H. J. BEMIS, *Asst. Mgr.* (Sales)

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R. S. ORR, *Assistant Manager*

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W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

Monop-

oly?

No!

MONOPOLY is abhorrent to the minds of the American people and will not be tolerated by them.

Though it be ever so ambitious to achieve a monopoly, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) would fail of its purpose for two reasons:

First—such a condition would be antagonistic to American standards and therefore fundamentally unsound.

Second—the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), as big as it is, is not big enough to secure control of an industry that touches every phase of commercial and domestic life.

The principal source of the crude oil used by Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is in the hands of others than this Company.

Our competitors have twice as many sales service stations as we and about an equal number of bulk stations while, their combined refining capacity is more than five times that of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

To indicate the futility of attempting to monopolize the oil industry it is only necessary to quote the following paragraphs from the New York Journal of Commerce:

> **During 1921 there were organized 936 new oil companies, with a total capitalization of $1,255,675,000, and**
>
> **During 1922, 784 new oil companies were organized with a capitalization of $1,639,693,000.**

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has no desire to achieve monopoly; it is content to maintain a steady, healthy growth by rendering the greatest service possible to thirty million people in the Middle West.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 4 — OCTOBER 1923 — No. 12

AT THE WOOD RIVER STANDARD OIL ANNUAL PICNIC

Published for the Employees by the

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STANOLIND
RECORD
Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
C. V. JULIAN, *Editor*
Publication Office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 4 OCTOBER No. 12

WHITING, WOOD RIVER, SUGAR CREEK HOLD OUTINGS

Employees, Friends and Families in Three Refineries Greeted with Fine Weather at Picnics and Field Day; Baseball Games, Band Concerts, Eats and Trapshooting Tournament On Various Programs.

Three of the most successful outings ever held by Standard Oil Company (Indiana) refineries' employees took place during July, August and September. The Whiting field day, under the auspices of the Standard Oil Athletic Association, was held Labor Day; the Wood River picnic was held August 25, and the Sugar Creek picnic July 22.

Fine weather greeted all the picnickers, the three days being of the Summer's best. Although rain fell the day before the Whiting field day, the weather man took pity on an insurance company, which had insured the day's weather, and "fair and warmer" was the decision.

Wood River found interest centered upon the outcome of the Married Men's and Single Men's baseball game which was won by the former, who had recruited several stars of the last year's Single Men's team by the matrimonial route. Two thousand were in attendance at this picnic.

The first picnic of Sugar Creek went off "without a hitch" and the 2,000 who were there felt the occasion to be a great success. Another picnic next year was foreseen by the employees who made the day one to be remembered.

Whiting Field Day

By W. N. BERCAW

Oh, how it rained Sunday, September 2, 1923. Whiting Standard Oilers, however, were not worried about the weather of Monday for they had assured themselves of fair weather by insuring their Labor Day events against rain for $500.00.

Monday, September 3, was beautiful. Rapidly the ball diamond ceased to appear as a continuation of Lake Michigan and a ball game between the Perfections and Polarines, winner and runner up respectively of the Departmental League, was started. It was a regular ball game, the Perfections winning in ten innings by the score of 3 to 2. The winning team was composed of the following players, each of whom received a silk shirt as a prize: McShane, Pond, Groat, Shaner, Smith, B. Groat, Hadley, Bell, Henley, Daniels, Sher and Frailey.

The Standard Oil Concert Band, Morgan L. Eastman, conductor, started playing at noon and entertained from then until after the boxing was over in the evening.

Track and field events, tennis singles and doubles championship matches and trapshooting made up the program for the afternoon.

The four divisions of the plant contested in the men's events of the track and field sports. Each division was well represented in all contests. Records were broken in two events and tied in another. Floyd Banks broke his own record of 9 feet 5 inches, for the standing broad jump with a jump of 9 feet 8 inches. Ed Pond broke his record of 36 feet 11½ inches for the shotput with a heave of 38 feet 1 inch. Morris Cole tied the high jump record of 5 feet one inch, held by P. Jones.

Results of the Men's Track and Field Events:

Standing broad jump—1st Floyd Banks, Red Crowns; 2nd J Moore, Red Crowns; 3rd E. H.

Eggers, Polarines. Distance 9 ft. 8 inches.

Fungo hitting—1st E. Pond, Red Crowns; 2nd P. Smith, Red Crowns; 3rd W. Sutherland, Polarines. Distance 314 feet 6 inches.

Shotput—1st E. Pond, Red Crowns; 2nd G. Benson, Red Crowns; 3rd J. R. King, Red Crowns. Distance 38 feet 1 inch.

100 yard dash—1st H. Brown, Red Crowns; 2nd Morris Cole, Renowns.

Running high jump—1st Morris Cole, Renowns; 2nd G. Brunner, Perfections; 3rd R. Morten, Perfections. Height 5 feet 1 inch.

50 yard dash—1st Morris Cole, Renowns; 2nd H. Brown, Red Crowns.

Tug of war—1st Red Crowns; 2nd Polarines; 3rd Renowns.

Egg race—1st Floyd Banks, Red Crowns; 2nd John Ryan, Polarines; 3rd Geo. Brunner, Perfections

Total—Red Crowns, 48; Renowns, 14; Polarines, 8; Perfections, 5.

This is the third straight year that the Red Crowns have won the Directors' Cup, so it now belongs to that division permanently.

Probably the outstanding feature of the day was the spirit and enthusiasm displayed by the girl employees who were divided into two divisions, Kalochromes and Superlas, for the contesting events. It seemed that every girl of each department was entered in some event. The Kalochromes won the cup from the Superlas by the score of 47 to 12. The record of Pauline Kornidas of 148 feet 9 inches for ball throwing was broken by E. Halgas, with a throw of 160 feet 6 inches.

Results of the Girls' Events:

Balloon race—1st Rose Bakus, K; 2nd Mary Hogan, K; 3rd Margaret Micisko, K. Time 10 seconds.

Ball throwing distance—1st E. Halgas, K.; 2nd Pauline Kornidas, K.; 3rd Helen Leonard, K.; Distance 160 feet 6 inches.

Ball throwing accuracy—1st Pauline Kornidas, K.; 2nd Phoebe Hamlin, S.; 3rd Anna Guman, K.

Blind girls' judgment—1st Helen Leonard, K.; 2nd Sophie Benko, S.; 3rd Eleanor Pinciak, K.

50 yard dash—1st Sophie Benko, S.; 2nd Julia Kubeck, K.; 3rd Helen Leonard, K. Time 7 2-5 seconds.

Egg race—1st Helen Juriga, K.; 2nd Lillian Porter, K.; 3rd Emma O'Donnell, S.

Totals—Kalochrome, 47; Superlas, 12.

The tennis singles championship was won by W. Sowers and Sowers paired with A. B. Brown won the doubles championship.

Trapshooting was contested by classes, the contestants being grouped into classes A, B and C. In Class A, W. G. Riger and A. Ollrich tied for first with 44 out of 50 and H. F. Vater and E. C. James tied fo second with 41 out of 50. Tossups gave first, second and third to Riger, Ollrich and Vater respectively. In Class B, D. A. Slatnich was first with 40, R. R. Welsby second with 24, and H. Haman third with 22. In Class C, Dave Beaven was first with 25, Frank Cherry second with 24 and Steve Kovach third with 20.

Horseshoe pitching was won by Walter Beach with Frank Radloff a close second.

All first, second and third place winners were given very beautiful prizes by the Athletic Association.

At 4:30 P. M. the boxing and wrestling contests were started. Following is the announced program and it provided excitement for the large crowd which packed the lagoon to witness these contests:

Wrestling

150 pounds Nickthe Greek (Middle west Champ.) vs. Rudolph Stoll (Hammond).

Boxing

95 lbs. Red Martin (Standard A. C.) vs. Kid Snooks (Englewood).

137 lbs. Andy Miller (So. Chicago) vs. Eddie Kelly (Arcade Gym.)

120 lbs. Young Canary (S. O. A. A.) vs. Alex Necco (Gary Y. M. C. A.)

120 lbs. Jimmie McKeg (So. Chicago) vs. Frankie Anderson (Detroit).

158 lbs. Bob Dennie (Arcade Gym., Chicago) vs. Charlie Kirby (So Chicago).

The first three bouts were four rounds and the last two bouts were six rounds.

Tony Caponi was referee; Warren Renne, timekeeper, and O. E. Bransky, announcer.

Immediately after the boxing and wrestling there was specialty dancing by Marie Manzell and Beryl Williams. The following program was danced beautifully by these girls and their efforts were greatly appreciated by the intensely interested crowd:

(*a*) *Spanish Waltz*—Marie Manzell and Beryl Williams.

(*b*) *Clown Dance*—Beryl Williams.

(*c*) *Jazz Toe Dance*—Marie Manzell.

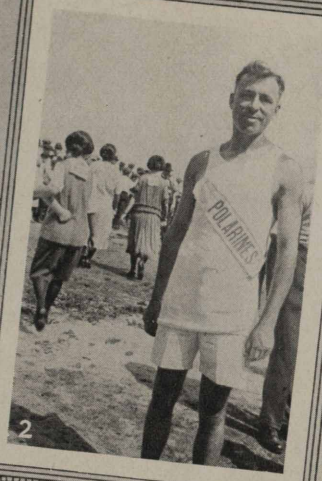
(*d*) *Buck Dance*—Marie Manzell and Beryl Williams.

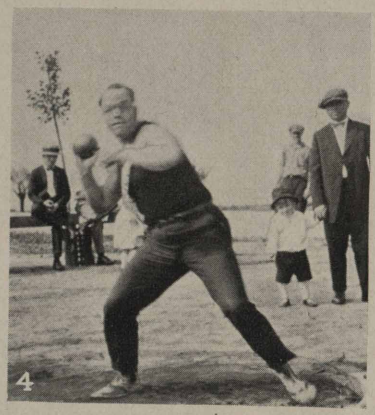
Dancing was provided throughout the afternoon and evening.

The first to enter the park in the morning and the last to leave at night were those employees who do so much for the S. O. A. A. by working in the concession stands. Their efforts surely merit the

(*Continued on Page 6*)

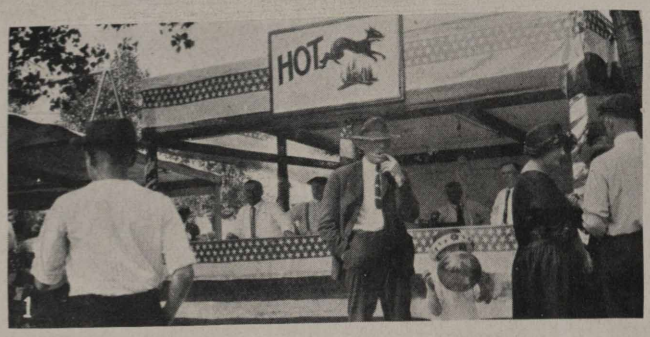
FAMOUS FOLKS AT WHITING FIELD DAY

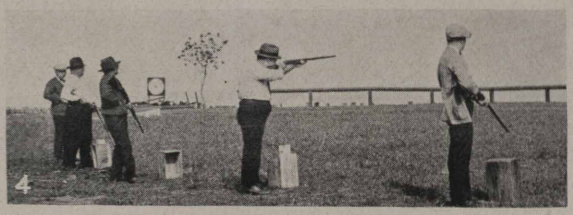




Whiting. No. 1—Hat's off, folks! This is Mr. L. C. Moore, vice-president of the S. O. A. A. and chairman of the Field Day Committee. Some chairman, some committee and some field day! No. 2—C. Powell, of the Polarines, sure had a pretty track suit, but what our unmarried assistant editor would like to know is, who is the young lady in the left foreground? No. 3—One, two, three in fungo hitting were Eddie Pond, P. S. Smith and W. Sutherland. No. 4—George Benson of the Red Crowns all set to heave the old shot.

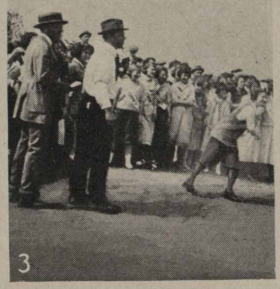
HOT DOG! WHEN DO WE EAT AGAIN?





Whiting, Ind.—No. 1—George Henthorne, of the main office, will tell a famished world that somebody back of that counter sure knows how to roast dog. George is just recovering the remnants of a dog-grease spill on his left forefinger. No. 2—Little Charlotte Ordeman is wondering where her next ice cream cone is coming from. No. 3—No wonder the photographer had to chase a flock of young bucks away from this stand before he could get the picture of these two alluring salesgirls, Florence and Margaret Pearson. Gold diggers?—You should have heard the returns from this stand! No. 4—They killed a lot of clay pigeons out at the trapshooting grounds but so far as we have been able to discover none of them was served at the refreshment stands. Left to right: L. N. Dunning, H. Haman, George Butcher, Charles Carrette, D. A. Slatnich.

THE KALOCHROMES WERE SHINING LIGHTS



Whiting, Ind.—Members of the Candle Factory girls' team, the Kalochromes, were as handsome as the beautiful candles they manufacture. And in the field they sure were bright and shining lights! No. 2—All ready for the distance throwing contest. Some of the balls have not yet been found. No. 3—Eleanor Penciak heaving the old pill. No. 4—We don't know what this is all about but it looks as if one of the girls is trying to hang a bridal veil on a not unwilling victim.

(Continued rom Page 2)

sincere appreciation of all Whiting Standard Oilers. Each year, through this source, the Association is able to pay for the expenses of Field Day and add to the finances of the organization. The exact profits this year have not been announced but it is known that a business of more than $1,400 was done.

To Whiting Works employees and their friends the Standard Oil Athletic Association Field Day is the event of the year.

Sugar Creek Picnic

On Sunday, July 22, 1923, the Standard Oil Athletic Association of the Sugar Creek Refinery sponsored a picnic and field day for the entire Sugar Creek Refinery family and their friends at Fairmount Park.

Everything was free to everyone: Admission to the park, ice cream and lemonade, etc. Also, cash prizes amounting to $119.00 were distributed to the winners of the various races and contests, and appropriate medals were given to each member of the Refinery Baseball Team which defeated the Mechanical department team by the score of 12 to 5.

The Sugar Creek Refinery Band under the direction of Earl J. Cox gave a concert both in the morning and afternoon and helped materially in the success and entertainment of the day. At the afternoon concert, H. B. Webb, the oldest employee present, who had forty-seven years service to his credit with the Standard Oil Company, gave a brief talk on his experiences with the company, which was very much appreciated by all who heard him speak.

All in all, the picnic was a grand success and the good feeling, which is so evident when Standard Oil Company employees get together, was certainly present on that day.

Following are listed the winners in the various races.:

Boys race under 12 years—Andy Maglish.
Boys race 12 to 16 years—Herman Delles.
Girls race 12 to 16 years—Marie Wilson.
75 yard dash—boys 16 to 21 years—Eugene Cauley
75 yard dash—men over 21 years—Harold Lee.
Running Broad jump—H. W. L. Stevenson—16 feet 4 inches.
Fat man's race—Earl Evinger.
50 yard dash—girls 16 to 21 years—Loretta Cauley
50 yard dash—ladies over 21 years—Ione Young.
Foremen's race—Jess Lynd.
Sack race—John Kobe.
Three legged race—John Kobe and Jess Lynd.
Banana eating contest—Joe Curtis and Mrs. M. Carr.
Shoe race—Mrs. James A. Wilson.
Horseshoe pitching contest—Albert Akers and Max Duckworth.
Grand prize drawing—1st prize, $10.00. Mrs. Howard Miles; 2nd prize, $5.00, Mollie Tapko; 3rd prize, $2.50, Roy L. Moore, and 4th prize, $2.50, Miss Lynd.

During the day the Association distributed 80 gallons of ice cream and practically every bit of it was served in cones.

Approximately 2,000 persons were in attendance.

Wood River Picnic

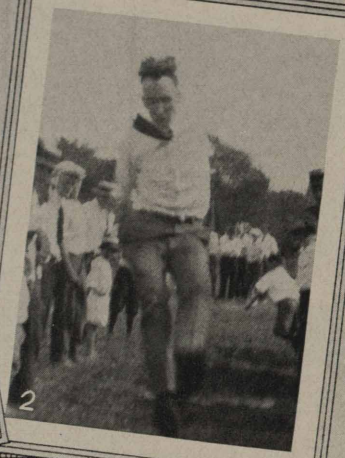
It was decided after the annual picnic held in September, last year, by the Athletic Association for Standard Employees, that the annual picnic this year should be given a month earlier and August 25 was selected for the date. Whether by chance or due to some weather-wise faculty of the committee (which may never be known) the day dawned the fairest of the year and it was followed by a moon-lit evening of romantic splendor (good dancing weather). Throughout the day and evening about two thousand Standard Oil Employees, friends and families had a whale of a time.

Some fine advertising of the picnic was done by Simon Halloran and in addition to this, nine of the band boys and their leader staged an impromptu advertising stunt with Sam Williams dressed as a clown for the announcer. This nine-piece "knock out" played all the principal corners in Alton the evening before the picnic and raised considerable disturbance while regaling the crowds with music and news about the picnic.

Contests were provided for the kiddies and they were allowed to run pretty much as they pleased, the grounds being well policed, with a large variety of amusements provided and very little chance of anyone being lost or hurt. We have never seen a picnic where more was done to give the little folks a good time and it is a safe bet they will not forget the picnic for a long time. Free transportation was provided from Wood River to the park in Alton for the children.

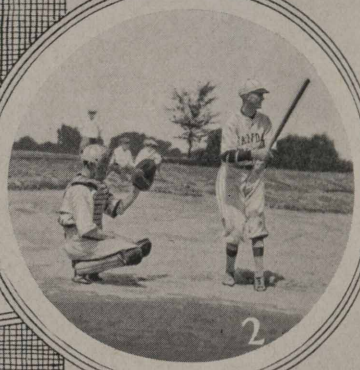
(Continued on Page 9)

SUGAR CREEK PICNICKERS HAVE GREAT TIME



Sugar Creek, Mo.—No. 1—Mrs. Howard Miles would have had a fine time even if she hadn't won the first prize in the drawing contest at Sugar Creek's first annual picnic. As it was, she had even a better time. No. 2—Oliver White seems to be looking for a good place to land in this running broad jump. No. 3—Speed is the motto of this family! Alice Cauley (left) won second in the girls' race; Eugene Cauley won second in the sack race and seventy-five yard dash for older boys and Loretta Cauley won first in the fifty yard dash for older girls. No. 4—Even if these two hadn't won, they would have been prize winners. Mrs. J. A. Wilson is the mother of Miss Marie Wilson (right). Mrs. Wilson won the shoe race and Miss Wilson won the girls' race. Gosh!

DIDN'T THE SINGLE MEN EAT AFTER THE ROUT?



Wood River—Of course, the single men, who were beaten by the married men on the diamond, must have got something to eat somewhere, but yes, we have no pictures to prove it. No. 1—Still in pursuit of a solution to the problem, "did the single men eat?" We have this picture of William Kelly, former member and chairman of the J. J. C., with his daughter (left) and Miss Gradl at picnic lunch. Still the problem is not solved. No. 2—Here is the only pix of the baseball game. Joe Lamm of the married men's team is at bat and Wolf is catching. No. 3—In the foreground is C. M. Shook and family and J. Gamer, J. Smith and families with H. Gerdes at the second table. Is "H" a single man?

(*Continued from Page 6*)

The annual baseball game between the married and single men was as one sided as the annual classic held last year with the difference, however, that in this event the married men made most of the runs. They gathered in some score of runs while the single men got just three markers. The lineup was changed somewhat from last year as some of the single stars had become married stars during the year, and they showed they still knew their stuff.

Some sensational pitching featured the game for the single men. It seems that all of them wanted a try at it; but after Maxwell got on the mound, they saw that changing pitchers did not help matters much and the game was called on account of lost balls. (Which reason was reasonable after the way those married men binged that horsehide.) All quit well satisfied, the single men leaving without making plans for a comeback but with all the pep they displayed, we expect to hear of it breaking out soon.

One exciting event of the day was a horse shoe pitching contest which was the finals of the contest that was held in the plant during the Summer months, in which many employees took part, and they looked forward to this event with a lot of interest. Russel Durham and Al Synhoeven played off the championship match. The game was won by Durham with a score of 100, 15 ringers; Synhoeven had a score of 61, 10 ringers. Durham has been suitably crowned and will hold the honors until next Summer.

Three boxing matches were provided. They were all good and created as much interest among the fair ladies as the men. The first bout was put on by two youngsters weighing 90 pounds, Tony George and Jimmy Marino. Second on the bill was Teddy Beneze and Young Alred, and the last on the card, our veteran, Jack Hanson, who always puts on a clean hard scrap and Smiling Kid Scanlon, who gave Jack enough competition to make one of the best matches seen for a long time. No decisions were given.

The program of the day included field events for the children and grown-ups. The following are the events and winners:

Baseball throwing contest—W. Stoneham, 294.9 feet.; R. Parker, 294.8 feet; D. Halloran Jr., 2806 feet.

50 yard dash for boys 10 to 13 years of age—1st M. Hamilton; 2nd J. Papa.

50 yard dash for girls 10 to 13 years of age—1st M. Burgan; 2nd D. Schultz.

50 yard dash for boys 14 to 16 years of age—1st J. Gerdes; 2nd L. Schelm.

50 yard dash for girls 14 to 16 years of age—1st W. Camp; 2nd V. Flackenecker.

100 yard dash for men—1st H. Lowery; 2nd H. Schott; 3rd J. Lamm.

Sack race, boys—1st J. Gerdes; 2nd L. Schelm.

Three legged race for boys—1st J. Papa and A. Auer; 2nd J. Searcy and E. Lasbury.

Egg and spoon race for girls—1st F. Fudurich; 2nd W. Camp.

220 yard dash for men—1st J. Halloran; 2nd W. Smith; 3rd C. Berry.

Egg and spoon race for ladies—Mrs. W. Obermiller.

Foremen's race—1st J. Halloran; 2nd W. I. Jolly; 3rd H. Schnaufer.

Shotput for men—1st H. Lowery; 2nd E. Marsh; 3rd O. Vernor.

Standing broad jump—1st A. Dean; 2nd O.Vernor; 3rd I. Jolly.

Chinning contest—1st A. Dean, 21 times; 2nd T. Beneze, 18 times; 3rd J. Powell, 18 times.

Running high jump—1st A. Dean, 4 feet 6 inches; 2nd O. Vernor, 4 feet 8 inches; 3rd F. Powell, 4 feet 7 inches. In jumping off tie for second place low men jumped higher than first place man.

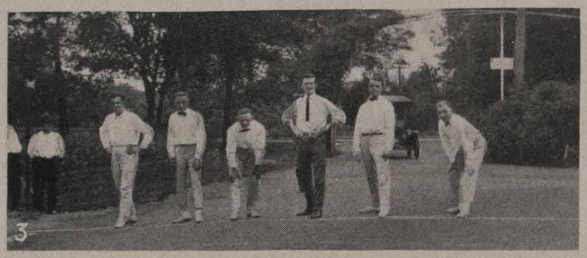
Skipping race for girls—1st V. Camp; 2nd M. Traband.

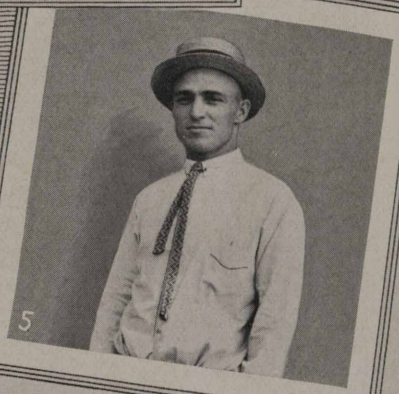
Grand prize for field events went to Allen Dean, second prize to Hugh Lowery.

Much credit must be given to the following committees and persons in charge of the picnic: H. Lowery, assisted by J. Lamm, had charge of the athletic events; "Doc" Flanagan took charge of the children's races, etc.; J. Maloney the soda water stand; Gus Haller and a number of employee police kept the peace; Burch had the sandwich stand; Durham, Shook and wives, the cake and pie stand; C. Burris looked after buildings, grounds and transportation; C. Fox, the wiring and lighting; S. Halloran, publicity and dance; Graham and Maxwell, the finances and Graham also the purchasing; Neil Hawkins the grocery and novelty stand, and Stocker the music. Many other employees did good work and a lot of it to make the day most enjoyable.

Officers of the celebrated Athletic Association, under whose auspices the picnic was given and who worked most actively to make it go over big, are Pres. Wm. Stoneham, L. Parker, W. Crocker, C. Wille, J. Haderline, R. Durham and F. Fortschneider.

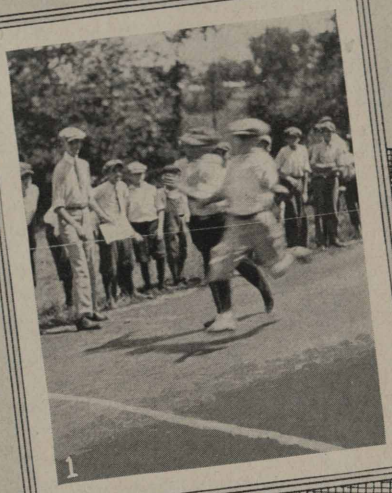
FROM THE PRIZE RING TO THE EGG RACE

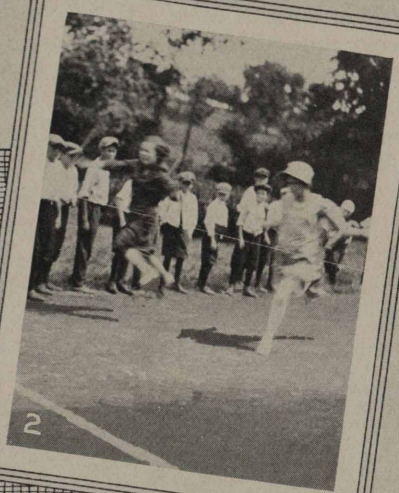




Wood River, Ill. No. 1—While a fall in eggs was expected, Mrs. Obermiller couldn't see a reason for a drop so she won the egg and spoon race. Here's how. No. 2—Al Seynhoven knows one better. See caption of No. 5 Pix. No. 3—This is the start of the 220-yard dash. The "dash" was so fast the stop watches couldn't function, so no time was given. Left to right, the runners are John McClintoc, C. Berry, M. Christy, John Halloran (winner), Walter Smith and Hubbell. No. 4—Smiling Kid Scanlon (left) and Jack Hanson did some snappy boxing for the picnic crowd and were heartily applauded for their mixing. No. 5—When it comes to chucking the horse's boot, Russel Durham knows no better, but he has never met Andy Thompson of Casper. He won the horseshoe pitching championship at Wood River.

BREAKING THE YARN AT WOOD RIVER PICNIC





Wood River. No. 1—The camera was limited by a 1-1000 second shutter and wasn't fast enough to get J. Papa and A. Auer in the three legged race without a blur. No. 2—This must have been SOME race! Miss Camp (left) broke the yarn just ahead of Miss Traband in the rope skipping race. Again the limitations of a 1-1000 second camera were shown. No. 3—Eggs must be cheap in Wood River now! Anyway after an egg and spoon race, there is always seen many evidences of drops. But Miss V. Fuderich crossed the marker first with Miss Wilma Camp a good second in this race for girls.

OLLRICH WINS HIGH GUN TROPHY

Whiting—Final scores of the Standard Oil Athletic Association trapshooting tournament showed A. Ollrich winner of the high gun trophy, a solid gold S. O. A. A. Monogram mounted on a black silk fob. E. C. James won the first high handicap trophy, a gold medal mounted on a black silk fob; L. N. Dunning won the second high handicap trophy, a silver medal mounted on a black silk fob, and A. D. Buchanan won the third high handicap trophy, a bronze medal mounted on a black silk fob.

Left to right: A. D. Buchanan, L. Dunning, A. Ollrich, T. James and W. G. Kiger.

The scores follow:

	Broke	*Handicap*	*Total*
A. Ollrich	126x150	2	128
E. C. James	118x150	10	128
L. N. Dunning	123x150	4	127
A. D. Buchanan	123x150	2	125
Chas. Staley	68x150	56	124
W. G. Kiger	110x150	8	118
Chas. Carrette	60x150	58	118
Geo. Butcher	54x75	7	61
J. E. Moore	55x 75	5	60
H. F. Vater	47x 50	2	49
J. G. Germick	36x 50	6	42
Joe McClelland	30x 50	10	40
S. Kovach	17x 50	20	37
Wm. Fuss	13x 25	7	20
Robert Darling	10x 25	9	19
Frank Cherry	10x 25	8	18
R. McClelland	9x 25	2	11

CORRECTION

On page 3 of the September Stanolind Record, pictures two and three should be reversed to make the caption read correctly. The Lightning Renowns, winners, should be No. 3.

POET SINGS OF SOCO SERVICE

Detroit Division—Charles S. Kinnison, editor of the "Musings" column in the Detroit Times, was so impressed with the kind of service given by Jack Wilson, S. S. attendant at Birmingham Mich., that he wrote the following poem, "To Jack Wilson," which is used by permission of Mr. Kinnison:

TO JACK WILSON

I like the man from whom I buy
My oil and gasoline.
He keeps me broke, I can't deny,
And strips my pockets clean—
But yet, I like his pleasant way,
That seems so free from guile,
And I come back day after day
Because I like his smile.

Each time that I come rolling in,
He's always just the same—
He greets me with a welcome grin
And speaks to me by name.
I know he's told that he should be
Polite and never "smart"—
And yet, it always seems to me
His smile is from the heart.

Whate'er the day may chance to be,
If sunshine, rain, or snow,
He always has a smile for me—
Although, at times, I know,
He doesn't feel so very well;
(His back's a little lame);
But of his pain he'll rarely tell—
He's cheery, just the same.

And so I write this little rhyme,
Because it is his due;
I'll speak for him at any time
And so, I'm sure, would you.
So, when some gas I have to buy,
Or if it's oil I lack,
I'm always glad to wait and try
To buy it all from "Jack."

* * *

FOOL—What is the cause of falling hair?
FOOLISHER—Gravity!—*Exchange.*

* * *

NIP—Why did you break your engagement with that school teacher?
TUCK—Well, if I failed to show up every night, she expected me to bring a written excuse signed by my mother.—*Exchange.*

SOME EARLY DAYS OF WHITING, PART FOUR

Payday of the Pioneer Refinery Workers Described; Social Affairs and Activities of Workers Told; Whiting Merchants' Methods of Doing Business with Employees Explained

By U. G. SWARTZ

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With the commencement of the construction of the Whiting refinery one of the first questions arising was that of the rates of pay for the different classes of workmen. There were no industries of even moderate size in the vicinity, except the G. H. Hammond Company, a packing house at Hammond, and the Republic Iron & Steel Works at East Chicago.

In addition to these the nearest neighboring large industry was the Illinois Steel Company at South Chicago. A comparison of the wages paid for the Company by Mr. Cowan with those paid by these other industries will show that the Company in the very earliest existence of this plant laid down the rule to which they have since adhered so rigidly and inflexibly, to pay as great a wage as any of the industries in this vicinity, or, if possible, a greater one.

The basic wage was that of common labor, which was fifteen cents per hour. Other lines of work were paid accordingly; firemen and stillmen helpers, sixteen and two-thirds cents; stillmen, pumpers and engineers, twenty and five-sixth cents. Brick layers, forty-five cents; pipe fitters, twenty-two and one-half cents, other mechanics in proportion. The prevailing day was ten hours. Clerks on the open roll received from fifteen to twenty cents per hour. It will be seen that even by working every day the wage drawn was very small as compared with present day wages.

Men flocked to the new plant from all parts of this country and from the whole of Europe. The gates were thronged with anxious men every morning. Foremen took their pick of these and hundreds were turned from the gates, hoping for better luck next time. Some came morning after morning until they became familiar figures, and finally achieved the coveted place. Common laborers constituted a major part of the workers. These were largely foreigners of non-English speaking races. Eventually, all these people separated into groups from their own European localities. They were unwilling for any one of other nationalities to work in the same gang with them. The gates being crowded with men every day, naturally those who had once secured a place strove to keep it. The condition was so radically different from present conditions as to be almost unbelievable.

Payday, however meager the pay, was a gala day for all. For the first two years the pay was distributed during work hours, in cash, from a light wagon with the top enclosed with a wire screen. The paymaster and head timekeeper, with a driver, went from group to group all over the plant, through the outlying places, "Oklahoma" and "the cottages,' handing out the pay to each one. The wagon was everywhere met by groups of eager men.

However hazardous this may have been and whatever rough characters may have been drawn here for employment, no effort was ever made to molest this slightly guarded pay wagon.

In 1891 a small payhouse was built near the Main Office with pay windows on each side. At each window the line formed a long que on pay days, as the workmen thronged for their money. Greater care was taken to guard the large amount of money required to pay the many men then at work, armed watchman always being maintained. The pay was brought from Chicago every pay day morning, and the cash counted into pay envelopes in the Main Office. This was a long task and any of the office force who could be spared were called in to help fill the envelopes. The danger of so large an amount of money being stolen eventually led to payment with checks.

After the payhouse was built the noon hour was shortened to twenty-five minutes and, on payday, the whistle blew for quitting an hour earlier than on other days, making a partial holiday of the late afternoon. The

(*Continued on Page 15*)

SOME EARLY DAYS OF WHITING

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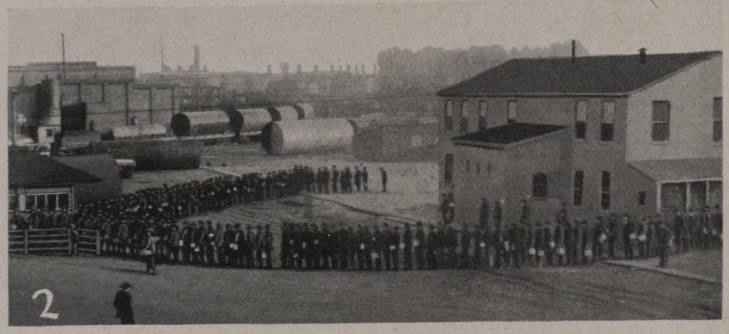

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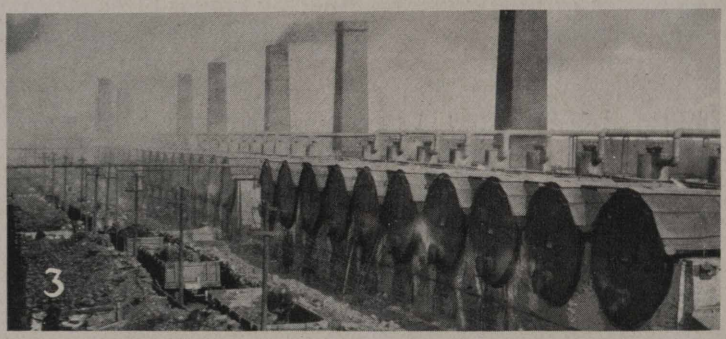

3

No. 1—"Payday was a gala day for all. For the first two years the pay was distributed in cash from a light wagon with the top enclosed with a wire screen." T. S. Boyle was the driver of the pay wagon. No. 2—"In 1891 a small payhouse was built near the main office with pay windows on each side. At each window the line formed a long queue on paydays." No. 3—This photo of the crude stills was one of the first to be taken of the plant at work.

(Continued from Page 13)

little town then presented a gala appearance. The buildings on the West side of Front Street from the Pennsylvania tracks to 119th Street were almost a solid row of saloons. In front of each were four or five steps the entire width of each building and on these the workmen gathered to jollify over the day. Thicker than birds on a telegraph wire they perched on these long rows of steps, each with his dinner pail between his knees, slaking their unyielding thirst. Various signs on the buildings, in foreign languages, appealed to the thirsty throng. One of these, freely translated, invited the wayfarer to "take another one in memory of the loved absent ones." How these boys did love the absent ones! Another, and yet another was called for. None was ever forgotten. Everyone loved someone.

A more somber scene was the few pale wives, who waited near the payhouse to intercept the pay envelope before it might be diverted into the saloons from the family needs and from the "woman and little childers" who would fail of its support.

When the day's cheer was over and the shadows began to fall, a philosopher wandering under the trees in the open spaces might meet there some man in unconscious sleep, and, musing, speak:

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to water and soft drinks unknown.
Too much cold suds he tucked beneath his girth,
And Bacchus now has claimed him for his own.

"Matt's Place," next to the track, was a favorite resort. Here the morning "Hobo" first ground its brakes and here ten carloads of workmen, dry as the weeds of Lethe's dock, poured forth from the train and rushed into this Gibraltar of Commerce. Here last the "Hobo" passed on its way to the city and with a hurried gulp the belated passengers seized the last grab irons of the rear car and swung upon the platform.

Among the others were the great, the near great and the great to be. Here might be seen many young men whose names were to become famous in the Company's official roster; for future great men of the Company were then young men in this gala throng.

They have gone on to high places on the upper floors. Emissaries of the great daily press greedily seize their speech and spread it broadcast to the four corners of the earth. From coast to coast and from lakes to gulf, from lofty places they shed the glittering rays of Standard Oil. Thousands move to their commands. For these it is a far hark back to the old payday and to Matt's place with its overloaded steins.

This allegory, dear children, teaches a lesson to all.

Time has wrought endless changes. Gone is Matt's place. The shining rail no longer holds the eager feet. Gone is the overflowing stein. The careless laughter loving crowd has gone, each his individual way. But the pathway to the dizziest heights of the Standard Oil edifice is still open to those who may find it. And those who may be able to lift themsleves to its summit will still find there great renown and generous reward.

Payday for those who kept the stores was also a gala day. It was then that settlement was made for the previous half-month's purchases of food and family supplies, as no one either sold or bought for cash. The little pay was transferred to the books. If sufficient the score was wiped out and life "on the books" for another two weeks began again.

Platforms built in the sand in front of their stores were filled with merchandise of different sorts of the most useful varieties with the ever ready salesman quick to seize the possible purchaser by the sleeve and compel him to become a purchaser in reality. Cheap Johns and Cheap Mikes, Fairs and Hubs, vied with each other in extending credit to possible patrons. What wonder that the oft and carelessly extended account finally brought financial ruin to the over-zealous storekeepers as well as to their over-persuaded patrons. "Take them along, you need not pay till payday," persuaded many, at heart really honest, to undertake future payments which they never were able to make.

These stores were filled with every conceivable article needed by working

men or their families, food, furniture, baby buggies and clothing, "second-hand ulsters and everything else so fine." Now while the book was paid off and everyone felt flush was the time to sell. In a few days the spell would be over and for a week before the next payday, trade would be stagnant. "Take them along, you will have money next payday."

There was always a crush at the foreign money order window of the post office till late hours in the evening on paydays, for many of the foreigners substantially and regularly remembered the "absent ones" and five or ten dollars of each pay went back to them. Often several hundred dollars were sent to relatives in the "Old Country" in a single day. At one time Whiting post office had the record of doing the second largest foreign money business in the state. Though the pay was small there was yet room for charity and thrift.

Payday was a young man's day. There would always be more money. The future looked long and bright ahead. With rollicking song and careless laugh the revelers passed from place to place in happy and mostly innocent recklessness. There were no aged ones even to remind one that tomorrow the day of reckoning would come.

Albeit, there were no movies, no street cars, no telephones, no street lights, no trees, no grass, no sidewalks, sewers or good water, except in "the cottages;" no automobiles, no carriages, no horses, no radios, no parks, no city government in any form, yet here was a happy, ambitious good natured, friendly people. A little family, as was commonly said, which must stand together and from which must be kept strife, ill will and contention, and in which all must help each other with neighborly kindness. No one could go by himself, nor two together, but by fives and tens, or twenties; all if possible went in bunches to the city for shopping, to a show or ball game. The Saturday midnight train was thronged with the crowd returning from the city, boon companions. A few weeks or months earlier these were strangers to each other.

This was the birthplace of the "Standard Oil spirit" of community of interest. It was this spirit which makes all old timers proud to be known as such, and to recall the pleasures of these early-day times.

The first division of this little community came with the organization of what is known as the city office. The Purchasing Department was the only branch of the office not originally located in Whiting. The personnel of this department had comprised only a very few people, unknown to most in Whiting. The rest of the entire office force was maintained at Whiting till the Spring of 1891. By that time the manufacturing and sales departments demanded a large force of men, larger than could well be maintained here, and it was deemed necessary to establish an office in Chicago. Accordingly, commodious quarters were established at No. 5 Wabash Avenue, which became at once the seat of the executive and commercial division of the Company.

In April, 1891, there was established in this building the executive offices of the First and Second Vice-Presidents, Mr. Moffett and Mr. Cowan, the office of George W. Stahl, treasurer, the Purchasing Department under Alex Marshall, and the Auditor's and Traffic Manager's offices in charge of W. H. Smith and S. H. McClintock, respectively. The removal of these departments from Whiting necessarily decimated their interest and participation in local affairs. Following this Mr. Moffett and Mr. Cowan became more and more absorbed in the Chciago end of the business, and eventually their visits to the plant became a rarity.

The executive force at Whiting, therefore, became more and more important. This resulted in the appointment of Dr. W. M. Burton to the position of assistant superintendent in 1893, and to that of superintendent in 1895, and W. S. Rheem as his assistant. This was the beginning of the policy of a local executive force of men "bred and bo'n" on the plant, a policy that has been continued in all later appointments.

This is the fourth of a series of articles on the early days of the Whiting Refinery that will appear in the Stanolind Record. The fifth article will follow in the November issue. The articles are copyrighted by U. G. Swartz. Reproduction is prohibited.

GALESBURG PICNIC KAYOES YE SCRIBE

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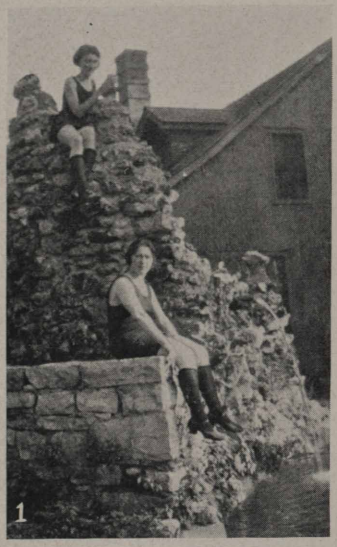
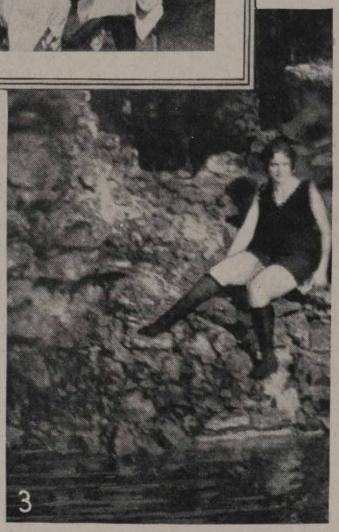
Peoria Division, Galesburg. No. 1—The scene: Lincoln Park; the time, July 22; the what: picnic. Here's the picture of the gang. Two days after our correspondent was in a hospital. Messrs. Awerkamp and Pye, with their hard working committee, made things hum with stunts, eats, drinks (soft), smokes and candies. No. 2—The culmination of the day's festivities was a ball game between the Peoria Red Crowns and the Galesburg Polarines. The Peorians lost, 1 to 0. But what we meant to say was that this ton of boosters did noble work in the rooters' section. Averaging 280 pounds, they are, left to right: Driver E. J. Record, Cambridge; Agent C. W. Davidson, New Windsor; Salesman Frank Pye, Galesburg; Driver Bill Hart, Canton; Agent C. Welch, New Boston, and Agent Ed Wingate, Avon.

EFFICIENCY AND PLAY GO TOGETHER





La Crosse Division. — To achieve the high mark of efficiency that characterizes the La Crosse field, play is not forgotten. No. 1 — Here are two of the La Crosse beauties (top), Frances Beranck and Mayme Leiser, who know that all work and no play makes Jill a dull girl. No. 2 — Sh-h-h! We have it that these three girls are sewing for their hope chests. The girls are, left to right, Marion Ortwein, Frances Beranck and Mayme Leiser. No. 3—"All by myself, I'm lonesome." If Marion Ortwein started to sing that, she'd find the woods full of young men who'd tell her that she doesn't have to be lonesome if she doesn't want to be.

DES MOINES CHALLENGES DAVENPORT FLAPPER

Des Moines Division. — Not content with seeing Davenport carry off the honors as having a "prize flapper", Des Moines offers Miss Juanita Wilburg, a very efficient comptometer operator in the S. O. Co. office there, as being a real 100 per cent flapper. Miss Wilburg excels in swimming and dancing. No. 1 —Here is a picture of her on horseback. No. 2—This is as she appeared in camp in Minnesota. No. 3—Another photo of Miss Wilburg at camp. This is said to be the picture that brought her a flattering offer for use on a 1924 calendar.

LOST—ONE SUN!

Mabel G. Soop

Dear Editor: In the office of the Standard Oil Company at Detroit, Michigan (the Manager's office, to be exact) a young lady named Mabel G. Soop has made the repeated assertion that the "Stanolax" Record would never get anything on her—she had a stand-in, and a look-in on all the copy that went from that office and was therefore forever immune. You'll notice, too, that the modest child has kept all mention of her name out of the Record, and that when the Record published the photograph last month of the Detroit gym class, her face was noticeably absent, although she is the ringleader of the gang.

Now I'm not usually vindictive, and Mabel's my friend, but the Record once published the horriblest picture of me I ever saw, and I don't like the boastful attitude that Mabel's taken. Consequently, I enclose a view of the lady in all her sports attire that was taken at Yellowstone Park while she was there on her vacation a couple of weeks ago. She writes a very interesting account of her trip, but the best is her remark, "We went up to see the sun set, but it didn't." O, where is my wandering sun tonight! The astronomers must have gone wild that night trying to get the errant sun to go to bed.

Very truly yours,

HENRIETTA GOLDBERGER

Indianapolis Division.

RAINS POCKETBOOKS IN KANSAS CITY FIELD

Kansas City Division—The honesty, courtesy and devotion to the highest ideals of service, among Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employees is unquestioned. But it is seldom that from one field come two proofs of this in one month.

The following letter from C. A. Petersen of Carrollton, Mo., tells one story:

"Writing you a few lines complimenting you on the honesty of the men you have employed at the Carrollton filling station, especially in the person of Ab Ward.

"A few days ago I left my pocketbook on the desk after paying for my gasoline. Being in a hurry, I forgot to take it and didn't miss it until quite a few miles out.

"On my return I called at the station and on identifying same it was turned over to me.

"I am writing you this unsolicited and the men you have employed at this station are surely praiseworthy."

The second proof of honesty also contains proof that Service Station Attendant E. L. LeChieir of Attawa, Kas., has more than a little detective ability.

The story, as told in a letter from James A. Toy, 628 West Shipp street, Louisville, Ky., was written in Clovis, N. M. Mr. Toy told of touring from Louisville to Clovis and of stopping at S. S. 41, Attawa, for supplies. While at Attawa, Mr. Toy was aided in locating an old acquaintance by Attendant LeChieir.

While at the service station Mr. Toy left his billfold, which contained besides some bills a photograph of his brother. Mr. LeChieir, who found the billfold after Mr. Toy had left, noticed a resemblance between Mr. Toy's features and those of the photograph. By some speedy detective work, Mr. LeChieir was able to return the billfold to Mr. Toy.

Mr. Toy, concluding his letter, wrote, "I thought an employee who would go to all this trouble to find the owner of a pocketbook deserved to be mentioned to his employer."

POLARINES FINISH ON TOP

Again the Polarine Baseball Team is leading the Chicago Cosmopolitan League, having finished its schedule by winning twelve and losing three games. At this time there is a tie for first position, but the nearest contender still has a few games to play.

Our team, which includes employees from nearly every department in the Main Office, has surely displayed a wonderful type of ball playing. A great deal of credit must be given to John Wyand, our great pitcher.

Credit must also be given to our all-round athlete, Fred Cassil, who has been catching the curves and drops of our pitcher for the greatest part of the season. This is only mentioning two out of twelve of the good ball players we have.

The remainder of the team, constitutes the following: D. Radcliffe, Mgr.; K. Jankowski, Captain; L. Jankowski, H. Nolin, L. Fagerstrom, Walter Hansen, H. Drher, E. E. Utz, Engbrecht and F. Mooney.

CASPER BENEFIT ASSOCIATION

The Standard Shiftmen's Benefit Association of Casper Refinery had a balance of $9,067.96 on August 13, 1923, according to the report of D. M. Lobdell, secretary.

The report shows $8,857.74 on hand July 12, to which was added $752.20 on collections to August 10, 1923. From the total of $9,609.94 was disbursed $541.98, leaving a total of $9,067.96. There are a total membership of 666 on the books.

E. J. Stephens and William Emmel audited the books, August 14, and found them to be correct.

* * *

Little Mary had been very obstinate the entire day, and after remonstrating failed to subdue her, her mother sent her to the clothes closet to remain there until she was herself again. After sobbing for a while, everything grew quiet. Her mother waited for a while, but heard nothing. Finally she called "Mary!" She received no answer. She called again "Mary!" Still no reply. Then very sternly, "Mary! What are you doing?" Then came this reply: "I thpit on your coat, and I thpit on your dress, and I thpit on Dad's shoes, and now I'm thanding on your new hat boxth waiting for more thpit."

FULL OF BOOZE

Indianapolis Division.—"The facts, Watson, are these: history records that when C. F. Booze left the Chicago office for Indianapolis, he was presented with a traveling bag." Now, go on with the story. It may surprise the donors to learn that the said grip is now full of "booze." The picture of Mary Helen, 6 months old, is shown above to prove it.

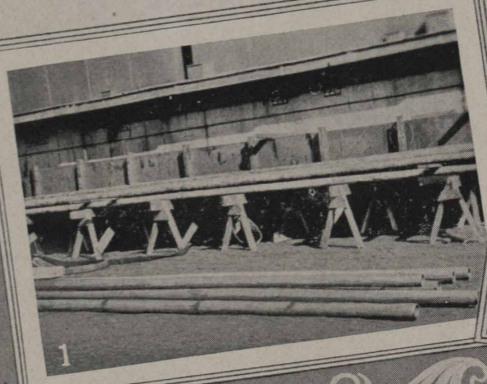
JOLIET, 3; PEORIA, 1

Peoria Division—With Hanson of Joliet hurling almost unbeatable ball, Peoria Standard Oilers went down to defeat, 3 to 1, in an inter-division game at Spring Valley.

A riotously enthusiastic crowd of 300 Standard Oilers and families gathered at the park in a big get-together session. The grandstand was evenly divided—Joliet on one side, Peoria on the other. Julius Serkowich did the cheer leading for Peoria and an unidentified, although decidedly energetic, young man led the howls for Joliet.

The game early resolved into a pitchers' battle, with Hanson having a slight edge on Wilson of Peoria. Percy Hanson, Peoria credit man and veteran outfielder, hogged the limelight with some highly spectacular work in the port garden. The old man showed he can still go and get 'em.

Brought to Light



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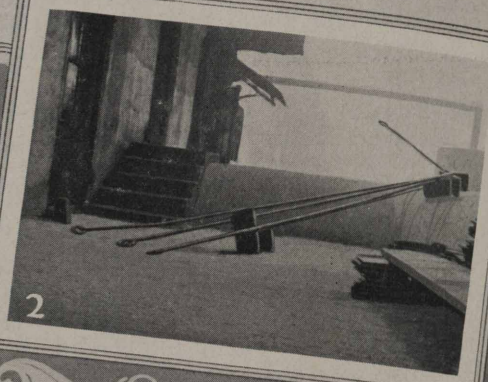

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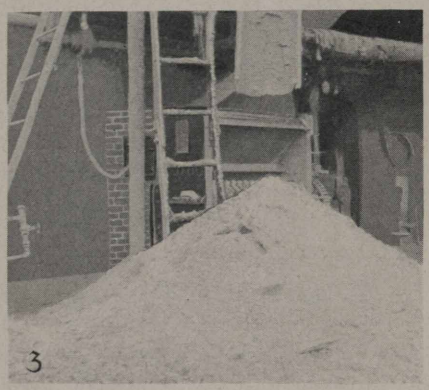

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No. 1—This looks like a neat job, but somewhere underneath the horses and pipe is a fire plug. The fire plug wouldn't be of much use, however, in time of need. Fireplugs are safeguards that should always be ready for emergency use.

No. 2—Another case of poor housekeeping! A truck driver delivers the tools! He cannot leave them in the road so he pushes them over the flue. No one thinks of the man who passes through here at night.

No. 3—You will agree with me that this is a bad place to leave a large pile of hot still dust. The stage is set. A man is on the front walk. A fire breaks out. He hurries down the ladder and lands up to his neck in a pile of hot dust.

No. 4—Temporary crossings are a dangerous thing to leave in place at night. Night switchmen do not know that they are there. Such things do not look dangerous to a man in the daytime and very often he little realizes what he is leaving behind him for his fellow worker on the next shift. Take up such crossings at the end of a day's work.

C. W. Smith
Director Safety Division
Industrial Relations Department
and
F. W. Lau
Safety Director, Whiting, Ind.

Safety First

SAFETY FIRST — The Right Way - The Wrong Way

No. 1—Neither our coupes or trucks are competitors of the busses. Whether one or two or more persons solicit rides, the answer should always be that the rules of the company prohibit carrying passengers. Be polite, but firm. No. 2—Never enter a building to make deliveries with a motor vehicle—park the truck outside and carry the gasoline or refined oil in the regular tank wagon buckets. The only way to prevent explosions is to keep the trucks outside. No. 3—"Watch your step" not only on stairways but in getting on and off trucks. Many a day is lost on account of an unfortunate stumble. No. 4—By stepping off this way, the driver is inviting injury. One look and a careful stop are all that is necessary.

The above data was furnished by C. W. Turning, tax, legal and accident clerk of the Duluth Field

F C. SINGLETON, *Safety Director, Sales Division.*

CHICAGO SERVICE STATION SCHOOL GRADUATES

The above class is the latest to graduate from the Chicago Division Service Station Training School. At the school, the young men were given a thorough course in petroleum products; were trained in the correct operation and maintenance of service stations, and were given talks on practical salesmanship, which included impressive lectures on courtesy, service and cleanliness. At the completion of the course, the students underwent a rigid examination. On receiving a passing grade, they were given a two weeks' probationary period in a service station. The students of the school are the pick of Chicago's young manhood. A high school education is required. This class was graduated on August 4. The men are (bottom row, left to right) D. P. Wagner, C. H. Ledderboge, H. A. Miller, T. J. Jones, J. E. Stencel and C. L. Jackson; (middle row, left to right) W. L. Palmer, L. N. Porter, R. V. Nelson, E. C. Decker, D. M. Harrington and F. M. VandeHouten; (top row, left to right) G. J. Meyrick, H. L. Forney, T. B. Ford, G. G. Queen, W. G. Meins, J. S. Higgins and A. P. Levon.

THOSE "GOOD OLD TIMES"

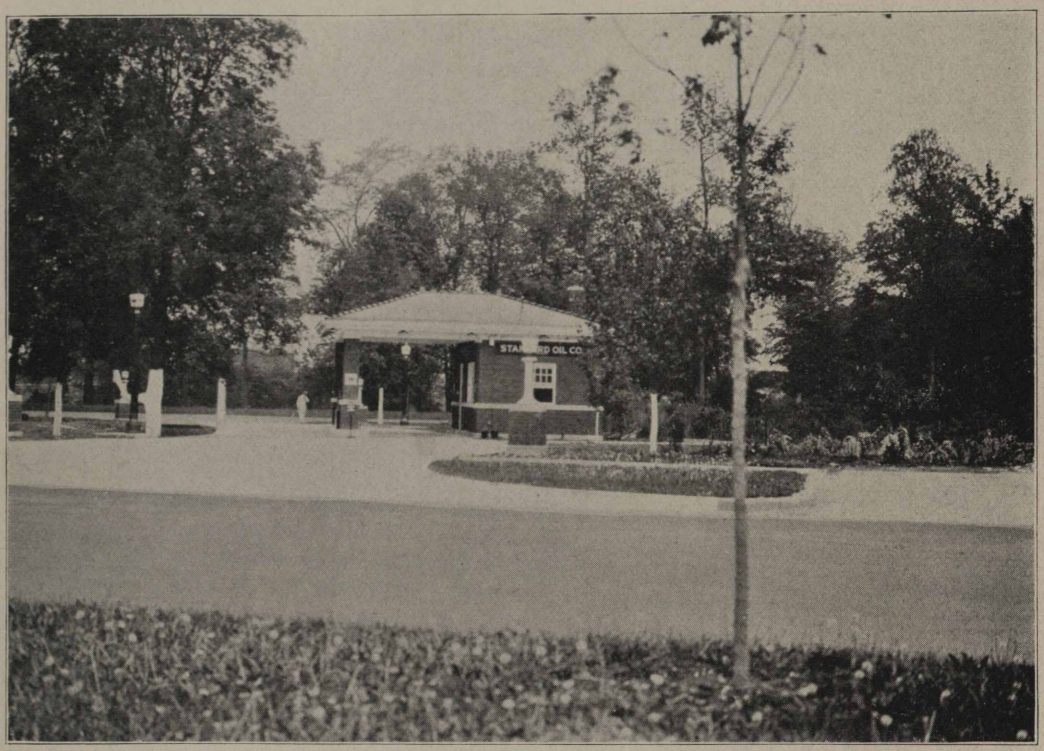
There are days when the last spare tire blows out, and the movie show has no thrill, and the radio refuses to pick up anything farther away than the nearest broadcasting station. Then we are tempted to wish we could break away from the annoyances of this complicated after-the-war civilization and return to the simpler customs of our grandfathers, who lived in the good old times when most men worked on farms or in small shops, when rich and poor were more nearly on an equality, when there were few luxuries but all had an abundance of the comforts of life, and—

Wait; stop the reel and let's get a close-up of those "good old times" as they affected the men who worked for a living.

In the first third of the nineteenth century, the American workingman was more fortunately situated than men of his class ever had been before, in America or anywhere else. The nation's wealth in natural resources and the generally intelligent and enterprising character of the people gave him advantages which enabled him to live in comparative comfort.

And yet his condition would be scorned by the lowliest common laborer of today. His toil was hard, his hours were long and

ANOTHER CLAIMANT TO S. S. BEAUTY HONORS



Indianapolis Division—"We, at Indianapolis, take slight exception to recent published 'most beautiful service stations' and submit a 'shot' of S. S. 83, Fall Creek and Maple Road, Indianapolis, in support of our contentions." That was the way Harsh put the Hoosier Capital in the fight. What have you?

his house, his food and his clothing were wretchedly poor, according to the standards of our times. He was fortunate if he could afford fresh meat as often as once a week.

Hours of work in the most liberally conducted factories averaged about 13 hours a day—and these hours were worked by women and children as well as by men. In some establishments the work day was as long as 16 hours. It was common to work from sunrise to sunset.

In most parts of the country the workingman was too poor to send his children to a private school, and public schools, if they existed at all, often were looked down upon as being equivalent to charitable institutions. Then, too, many a working father needed the earnings of his children in order that the family might secure the necessities of life. As a result thousands of children grew up with no education.

We have come far from the conditions under which our fathers lived and worked. The workingman of today lives among comforts which would have been thought far above the station of his grandfather. In fact the progress of industry and of science have given him the benefit of countless improvements which were lacking in former generations not only to the laboring people but to every class of society.

For this improvement in the worker's condition many factors are responsible. The most potent cause, however, is the vastly increased productiveness of American industry, which has created a constantly growing store of wealth to be divided among all the people of the community. Of these people the workingman and his family have been among those receiving the greatest benefit.

J. C. MELVIN DIES

Whiting, Ind.—John C. Melvin, member of the Joint General Committee and president of the Standard Oil Athletic Association, died September 5, after a short illness. The funeral services were held September 8 at the Congregational Church. Interment was at Hammond, Ind.

Mr. Melvin was born in Jeffersonville, Ind., January 22, 1881. He came to Whiting twenty years ago and immediately joined with the younger social crowd. He was a member of the Owls Club, being president in 1920 and 1921. He married Katherine Schaaf September 18, 1907 and has resided on Atchison avenue for several years.

John's coming to Whiting some twenty years ago was due to a vacation acquaintance made between him and Chas. Manbeck.

His willingness to be of service wherever possible, assured him as a choice on many projects in the city. He acted on the Community Service Board during the erection of the new Community building.

At the Standard Oil Plant he was pressed into service continuously for industrial relation work, besides his regular duties as Superintendent of the Barrel House.

One of his keen disappointments was the fact that he could not be present at the Standard Oil field day last Monday (Labor Day) at the park.

He was a member of the Elks Lodge and Masonic Lodge of Whiting.

Mr. Melvin leaves a wife and two sons, Richard and Coleman; his mother, Mrs. Mattie Melvin, Cincinnati, Ohio, five brothers and two sisters, William and Joe of Whiting, Sterling Melvin of Atlanta, Ga., Frank Melvin of Cleveland, Ohio, Robert Melvin of Cincinnati, Mrs. R. S. Boseley, Atlanta, Ga., and Mrs. Frank Shook, Louisville, Ky.

ANNUITANT DIES

The death of Michael Weigand, 309 Sheridan avenue, Whiting, Ind., on September 7, is reported by E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and vice-president of the company.

GREYBULL BENEFIT CLUB

The Greybull Refineries Benefit Association had a balance of $1,433.41 on hand August 12, 1923, according to the report of Charles T. Warne, secretary and treasurer.

The report shows $1,382.28 on hand July 12, 1923, with August collections and fines amounting to $372.30. From the total of $1,754.58 was disbursed $321.17, leaving a balance of $1,433.41.

Forty-five new members were added in a drive. M. C. Lovelady won the prize of $6 by securing twenty-five new members. C. P. Meyer was second with thirteen new members; J. P. Newton third with six and Chris Strachan fourth with one.

WHITING DIRTY FACES

The Whiting Mutual Benefit Association had a balance of $21,000.35 on August 1, 1923, according to the report of W. O. Walker, secretary.

The balance was invested as follows:

Liberty Bonds	$ 4,000.00
Hammond City Bonds	14,771.02
Savings Account, Bank of Whiting	1,648.22
Checking Account	581.11

There are 1,325 members in good standing.

ANNUITANTS

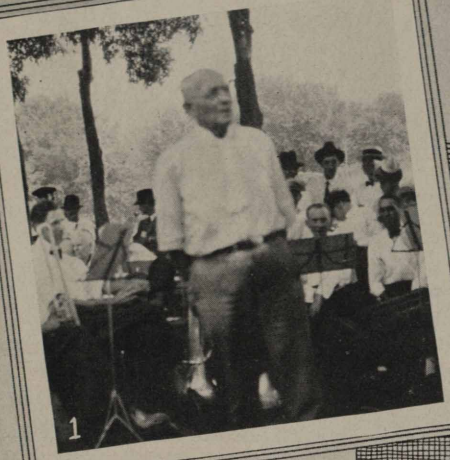
Three more veteran employees have been placed on the annuity payroll, according to an announcement by E. G. Seubert, secretary-treasurer and vice-president of company. They are:

L. C. Strang, 542 East State street, Hammond, Ind., formerly agent and warehouse man in the Chicago Division of the Sales department; with company ten years and 8 months.

Charles M. Warberg, 6354 Evans avenue, Chicago, Ill.; formerly watchman in Chicago Division of Sales department; with company 29 years and five months.

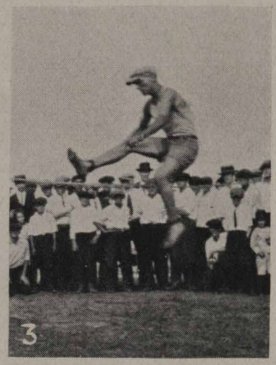
Robert G. Mexdorf, 1066 Second street, Milwaukee, Wis., formerly a general laborer in service of Milwaukee Division of Sales department; with company 35 years and 10 months.

A WEDDING AND PICNIC HIGHLIGHTS



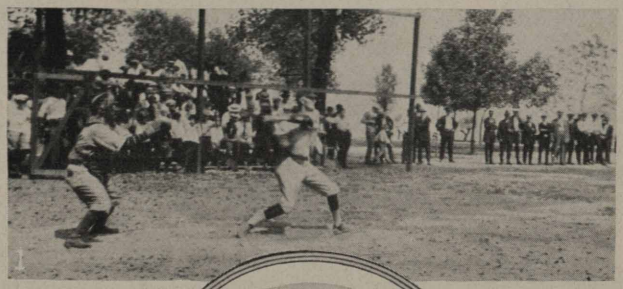
Sugar Creek. No. 1—H. B. Webb (foreground), oldest employee present at the picnic, is shown telling of some of his experiences with the company during his forty-seven years service. The Sugar Creek Refinery band is grouped in the background. No. 2—One of the prettiest weddings of the season was that of Mary Dehy, daughter of Mike Dehy, and Joe Lagend. Standing (left to right) are Rosa Dehy, Ray Kippic, Joe Onko and Mary Hornyock. Sitting are Joe Lagend and Mary Dehy. No. 3—Frank Woodward (right) was voted a fine chaperon by members of employees' families he looked after. Here he is shown counting his flock.

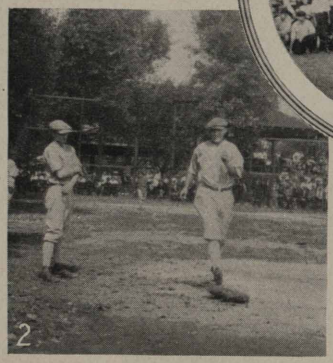
WHEN THE LAKE BREEZE BLEW THE BALLOONS!

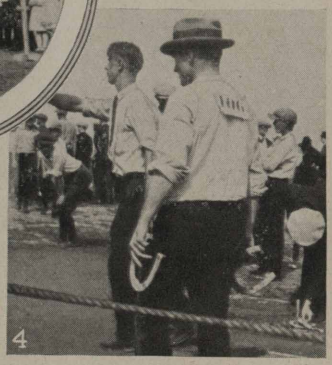


Whiting. No. 1—Equipped with paddles, and prohibited by the rules from touching the balloons with their hands, the girls started to roll said balloons the length of the race course. Everything was rosy till the well known lake breeze horned in on the game, and then, blooie! Girls and balloons scattered all over the park. It blew Stella Stefansky's balloon right away from her, but she isn't exactly crying about it. Three others in the photo are Rose Bakus, Pauline Kornidas and Mary Hogan. No. 2—The crowd was interested when the girls started the ball throwing contest for accuracy. Several innocent bystanders had narrow escapes but no casualties were reported. No. 3—George Brunner, Perfections, in the high jump.

ATTA BOY, ANDY! WALLOP IT, OLD KID!







Whiting, Ind.—No. 1—Andy Kaminsky, Polarines, at bat; McShane, catching. We don't know whether Andy got a hit, but we're pulling for him anyhow. No. 2—Charles Groat reaching first. No. 3—John Moore, Red Crowns, displaying a lot of form in the high jump. No. 4—Frank Radloff and Floyd Banks, winner and runner-up in the great horseshoe tournament. We hope if Andy Thompson, superintendent of Plants One and Two, Casper, comes to Chicago for the annual J. G. C. conference, somebody will take him to Whiting and arrange for a match between him and Radloff. We've never seen Radloff work, but they do say that with him it's not a case of making ringers—it's a matter of knocking the other fellow's shoe off the stake! And as for Andy Thompson—he sure can hurl a wicked shoe, when the side bet is big enough to interest him.

NO WONDER THE S.O.A.A. GETS A CROWD!

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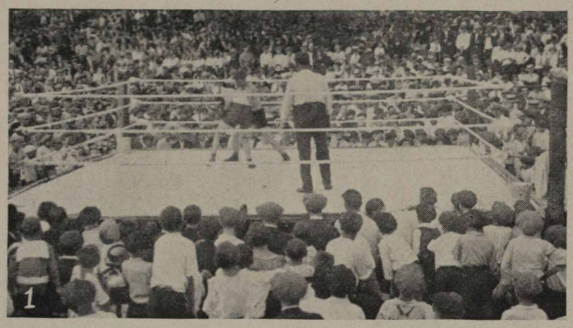
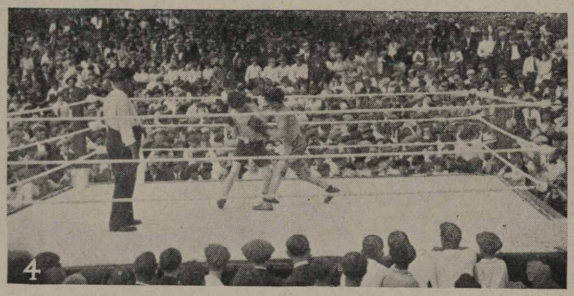
Whiting—No. 1—It isn't every day that one can get to see such a pretty crew of girl athletes in action. Here are the girl ball throwers ready for the accuracy contest, left to right: Anna Palenchar, Elsie Cybulski, Helen Harayda, Agnes Matonvich, Phoebe Hamlin, Frances Dudjik, Anna Guman, Mary Hogan, Pauline Kornidas and Angela Smith. No. 2—This young lady was going so fast the photographer was unable to identify the picture after he took it. The second young lady is Helen Leonard. No. 3—What's all the crowding for? Don't know, but it was just before the men's 50-yard dash and we suspect the girls are discovering how disappointing some sheiks are when they get on a track suit. No. 4—The 50-yard dash for girls. The photographer was unable to identify the young lady to the left, but the two following her are Lillian Porter and Emma O'Donnell.

ALL WHITING NOTABLES WERE AT RINGSIDE

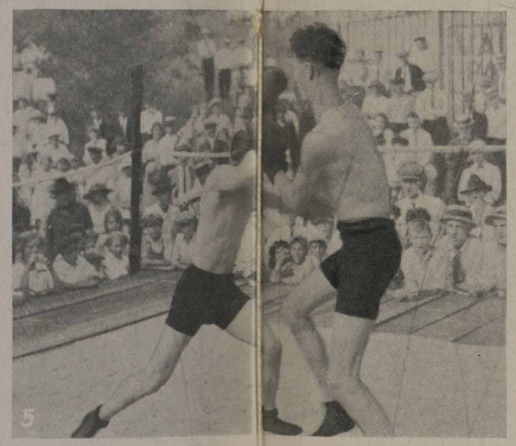




Whiting. No. 1—If there is one thing our Whiting folks like a little better than anything else, it's a nice good ring scrap. Andy Miller, South Chicago, and Eddie Kelly, Arcade gym, are mixing it at 137 pounds. No. 2—If our limbs were as long as E. H. Eggers' we could high jump too. No. 3—C. Powell, M. Cole and H. Brown defying the camera to catch their speed. No. 4—Red Martin, Standard A. C., and Kid Snooks, Englewood, are a lively pair of 95-pounders.

FUN REIGNS SUPREME IN THREE REFINERY OUTINGS

Thousands of Employees and their Families Enjoy Annual Field Day at Whiting, and Picnics at Wood River and Sugar Creek



No. 1—"The Blind Girl's Paradise" proved one of the biggest mirth producers at Whiting. In the photo, left to right: Veronica Berdies, Anna Guman, Stella Stefansky, Susie Rohann, Marguerite Michigo, Anna Palenchar. No. 2—Anna Kroll and Tony Manure won second prize in the banana eating contest at Sugar Creek. Here they are in action. No. 3—Start of the balloon race at Whiting. Before it was over the girls and balloons were scattered over half of Whiting park. No. 4—The 50-yard dash at Whiting, Sophie Benko, winner, and Rose Bakus. No. 5—Boxing matches at the Wood River picnic developed some hot mixups. Teddy Beneze and Young Alfred, 108-pounders are swapping socks. No. 6—J. Gerdes hopped off with the prize for the sack race at Wood River.

WHITING, IND.

Mrs. Helen Moore Creswell, stenographer at the Grease Works office, will start on her vacation the middle of August. The office force surely will be a lonely spot for two weeks without her regular singing lesson. Even the electric fan won't hum.

Howard Harmon has left the Grease Works and now resides in Hollywood with Harold Teen. He writes very interesting accounts of the West.

Combie Nabors has purchased a Ford six (passenger). He wants to know the wholesale price on Polarine Cup Grease. Sales department take notice.

It is reported that Rudolph Tarras travels to Elmhurst every Saturday evening and returns Monday morning at 2:00 a. m. What's the big attraction, Rudolph?

Joe Hickey travelled to LaPorte last month in his Auburn. He said he was looking for a green house, the one that Ed O'Hara lives in, but he couldn't locate it. He must have been looking for Mr. Flowers.

Anna Curosh has returned from Livingston, Mich. She reports a most enjoyable time.

Jacob Hendrickson had the ride of his life the other night while in Hammond. The machine was travelling at an ever-increasing rate of speed. Jacob's hair stood on end. After he figured a way to stop the car, he discovered the accelerator spring had snapped causing all his trouble.

Otto Miethke had the misfortune of hitting a little boy the other night while riding around in his new Buick sedan.

Acid Works

Art Beaubein, one of our young and good looking lead-burners, has taken advantage of the May wage increase. He has added to his list of worries and troubles a four-door, four-bumper Ford sedan.

Guy Hartley, who recently acquired a Ford, surely believes in "Safety First." Living in Hammond makes it necessary for Guy to work Lizzie overtime. Every day before Guy leaves his trusty Lizzie at the gate he takes half of the "insides" with him. He disconnects the gas feed line, takes out the battery, removes the spark plugs and takes the steer ing wheel. Guy has much faith in Lizzie but he can't trust her.

Art Zweig spends his leisure hours riding around in an ambulance. He says the ride is so fascinating. We notice, however, that this particular ambulance often has for its driver "An Old Sweetheart of Mine."

Recently a radio salesman approached Jack Cote on the possibility of installing a complete radio outfit in his home. Mrs. Jack, the boss, soon made it known to the salesman that they were all equipped as regards the radio business, she being the broadcaster and Jack the receiver.

History repeats itself! We proved it here in the Acid Works. "The Three Wise Men," John Toth, Earl Bodine and Jim Kiluscak.

Joe Suto spent his vacation in St. John. There's a fellow up there who sure has some hard cider.

Sinclair, our hefty blacksmith, can be seen any time of the day walking around on his heels. When asked why he did this he replied: "I must walk on my heels in order to save souls; for heathenish heathens knowest not what they do."

Emerson Moore won the fur-lined pumper's pin in an argument over the best makes of alarm clocks. Several popular makes of alarm clocks were mentioned. When Moore was asked concerning his choice, he said: "Gentlemen, there is no choice, the only reliable alarm clock is my wife's elbow, and, believe me, it never fails."

Jim Kiluscak purchased a new Davis touring car. When asked if he took any long trips he replied, "Oh yes; I was over to Gary twice."

James Caesar Burke contemplates on entering Notre Dame this Fall. He has been studying hard during his resting hours. Tell us, Jim, is Beulah a good tutor?

Agitators

William Schweikert is camping at Monon Lake, Monon, Ind., while on his vacation.

Buck Rineman is back in the Pump House after spending two weeks vacation touring Southern Indiana in his Essex.

Louis Moore, Jr., motored to St. Louis and other points of interest in Illinois and Missouri.

Ray Durbin is visiting old friends in Casper, Wyo., for two weeks.

Dr. Broderson is with us again after a two weeks' vacation spent in Northern Minnesota.

Floyd Mong is back on the job after a week's vacation spent at Memphis, Tenn.

Harry Etter is such a frequent visitor at the White Sox ball park that he was taken for Louis Comiskey the last time he was there.

A suitable reward is offered for information leading to the finding of the person who broke the fountain in front of the Agitator Pump House.

Work on the new sewer for the Agitators is rapidly nearing completion.

George Wylie says, "The good that some men do lives after them; the evil is oft interred with their bones."

Candle Factory

Not mentioning any names, but we have to inform the male public that a few of the Candle Factory girls are going to start a beauty parlor here and will begin by marcelling Andy Budis' whiskers. We hope there will be no objections raised.

Knickers surely are getting to be the style at the Candle Factory. We have three girls wearing them at work now.

Sophie Talaby and Gregory Valentovich were married at the Gary Russian church. Margaret Talaby and William Kaban stood for them. The bride was attended by Anna Kresack, Mary Seman, Anna Runick, Anna Walsko, Elizabeth Halgas, Martha Frankowiak, Anna Zajac, Anna Beris, Sophie Jancik and Katherine Jancik. In the evening supper was served at the hall on White Oak avenue after which the young people danced and enjoyed themselves.

If anyone wants to see Anna Kekich smile, just go up to her and say, "How is Carl, Anna?"

Now that Stella Stefanski is learning to drive a car, the yellow cab drivers had better watch their steps or Stella will be putting them all out of business.

Why does Rudolph Dust go down 121st street so often? We hear that Helen Leonard is a good cook! Perhaps he likes to sample her cooking!

We are all wondering who Anna Runick's tall friend is? She must prize him dearly because she does not even wish to risk introducing him to her girl friends, as illustrated by the Hammond beach "incident."

My goodness! Some of the Candle Factory girls had better get busy and learn something! Mary Martich thinks the stock mixer of the second floor is the furnace where they shovel the coal in to keep us warm.

Helen Leonard, Katherine Kraly and Anna Beal, on their return from their vacations, report that the sheiks in Decatur, Mich., are all right only they wear ladies' bathing suits when they go swimming.

Since when has Elizabeth Fauth been a mouse? The other morning, the night after her friend set the mouse trap, she got her foot caught in the trap. Poor little mousie!

Glenn Henry has returned from his vacation

which he spent in Kansas City. He reports having had sleep and eats enough to last him 'till his next vacation. Beg pardon! I didn't mean to mention the eats. He couldn't get along without them.

The girls of the Candle Factory enjoyed giving miscellaneous showers on Frances Szewczyk on July 26, and on Sophie Talaby on July 23. The evenings were spent in opening the gifts and playing games.

The Candle Factory extends its sympathy to Mrs. Radloff in her sorrow over the loss of her brother.

Isn't it funny how often young couples break up and renew friendships? Anna Hlebasco and Tomatoes have broken up now and we don't know how soon they will be glad again.

Estimating and Drafting Room

George Watts motored to Green Lake, Wis., on his vacation.

H. E. Tomlinson and family visited in Billings, Mont., for their vacation.

Warren Beaubien and family spent their vacation at White Lake, Mich.

Yes! We have no boys today. It's a girl! Katherine Virginia was born August 19. She is the latest addition to the Estimating department. Alvin slipped us cigars, candy and a broad smile.

Vivian Gough visited in Cincinnati for her vacation.

Russel Lawson motored for a week going through Sarnia, Hamilton, Toronto and returning through Niagara Falls, Buffalo and Cleveland.

Machine Shop

Bob Gradwell, who has been ill for some time, paid us a visit the other day, but is unable to return to work as yet.

Joe Sceery will spend his vacation in his boyhood town in Canada.

In the past years much interest has been taken in a ball game for 20-year men, but at this writing nothing has been said. The old timers of the machine shop claim they have as much pep as ever, and would like to know if the rest have lost theirs. Come on, boys, don't fade out of the picture yet.

John Wise, our tool room man who ran out of gas one morning when coming to work from Gary, thinks five gallons of gas will haul a young lady around all evening and bring him to work the next morning. Can't be done, John.

Frank Minsberg, Machine Shop superintendent, is back from his vacation which was spent at the Dells.

Emery Black, Fred Ehlers and Don Daegling are enjoying their vacations. We can't as yet know who is going to catch the biggest or most fish, but you can bet your last iron man there will be some good fish stories to listen to.

The 2½ year old son of K. K. Kessler, of the Machine Shop office, was operated on in the St. Bernard hospital on August 14 and is getting along as nicely as can be expected.

Main Office

The office force would like to see or hear of:

John Sterbavy winning a 50-yard dash.

Harry Wetterberg talking calmly over the telephone.

Bill Davis selling his farm in Hobart.

Frank Reling with a clean shirt on.

Bill Graf telling a true story.

Maurie Cole with a smile after losing a ball game.

Frank Raycroft being late for dinner.

Mary Arundel in a bad humor.

George Soroka staying away from Gary for two nights in succession.

Oscar Routsong playing baseball.

Bill Walsko going out with a girl.

Henry Schultz praising the Oldsmobile.

Pressure Stills

Joe Thiel is now looking nearly human again, having had a new set of teeth made at the Boiler Shop.

Pat O'Connell said he had a baseball team at 33 and 34 batteries, but Pat was unconscious. The stillmen also had a baseball team, but the helpers soon showed them that they were unconscious, too. Helpers won, 14 to 6.

How about a bowling league on the pressure stills this Winter? What's the use of being athletic if you don't take in all the sports? All you joshers that want to join a league of bowlers and all who think they can bowl talk it over and let us know what you think about it. See McGowan.

L. C. Moore almost caught a fish while he was on his vacation.

Julius Kish bought a package of tobacco. Strange things do happen.

Al Greigor reports a good crop of goats this year.

Felix got his hair cut, and Jim Febeck is sharpening his hatchets preparing for the hunting season.

Harold Lloyd Bicknell is having his valves ground and the steering gear fixed so he won't have to turn the back end of the Dodge first. Oil up the horn, too, Bick.

Edward Cahill wants to go to Canada again. Dry already, Ed?

Dave Horgan was entered in the egg race Labor Day. Look out for the bad ones, Dave. Be sure to get Kelly for a partner.

Steam Department

H. M. Whealan, steam inspector, is the proud father of a fine baby girl, born August 21. The steam department extends their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Whealan on their first arrival.

Howard Harmon, son of Andy Harmon, of the Steam Department, has returned home after an extended visit to the West Coast. From all reports he likes Whiting the best of all.

Harry White, watertender at No. 5 boiler house, is taking a week's vacation and expects to motor to Wisconsin with his family.

Clyde Tucker, fireman at No. 5 boiler house, is building a new home in the Water Gardens.

Jacob Vena, helper at No. 2 boiler house, has bought two wooden buildings from the Whiting School and is moving them over to his lots in the Water Gardens.

Charles P. McDonald, swing watertender on the refinery side, has joined the Whiting Golf Club.

Milian Vrane, flue blower at No. 4 boiler house, has purchased a house on Fred street and will move his family from Chicago.

Thurman Doman, flue blower at No. 5 boiler house, has sold Spark Plug to Lloyd Greenwood of the boiler washing gang. Say, Doman, what will all your fair passengers do now?

Albert J. Hansen, green coal belt man at No. 5 boiler house, has left for a short visit to Tennessee. From all reports it sounds like wedding bells for him.

James F. Hughes, boiler washer foreman, made an auto trip in his new Dodge touring car to Strawsburg, Ill., with his family. Did you have any rain while there, and how were the roads?

Tony Baranowski, fireman at No. 5 boiler house, and Miss Frances Szewizyk, of the Candle Factory, were married August 7. They are now living at 630 Davidson Place. The Steam Department extends to this young couple best wishes.

Dan Lynch, watertender at No. 2 boiler house, is

back on the job again after spending his two weeks' vacation in Michigan. He reports a fine time.

Henry Schroeder, ash car man at No. 5 boiler house, was on a truck party to Glenwood, Ill., and says that he had a great time.

Hugh O'Donnell, watertender at No. 2 boiler house, is now on his two weeks' vacation. Trust you have a good time, Hugh.

It was with keen regret that we heard of the death of the son of Thomas Taylor, flue blower at No. 6 boiler house, who was injured on August 17 and died shortly afterwards. He was riding on a cement truck, and, in getting off, fell and was run over by the trailer. The Steam Department extends its heartfelt sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor in their sad bereavement.

On August 15 the stork delivered a 7-pound girl to the home of Glen Allen, of the boiler washing gang. No wonder Allen is carrying that big smile around these days.

Alva Grisby, fireman at No. 2 boiler house, is back after a vacation spent in Illinois with his folks and his new Ford. He reports having a very pleasant time with both.

Pat Harmon, watertender at No. 7 boiler house, is now taking his two weeks' vacation. I tell you what, Pat, the fish better behave.

Sam Solar, coal unloader, had a narrow escape from serious injury the other day. While opening a door on a coal car the bar he was using slipped, Sam going head first into the coal hopper and being covered by the coal. Quick work on the part of the foreman and fellow workers saved him.

The stork paid a visit to the home of Mike Vrhovec, coal crusher man at No. 5 boiler house, and left a boy. Congratulations, Mike.

Mrs. M. R. Jones, of Philadelphia, is visiting the home of F. E. McCoy of the Steam Department for a few weeks.

The son of John Coughlin, watertender at No. 2 boiler house, who has been on the sick list is reported to be getting along nicely.

From all accounts Art Glans, watertender at No. 5 boiler house, and Ira Crane, fireman at the same house, had a dandy trip to the Dells. They had their families along and made the trip in autos.

Don Parks purchased a new slide rule but Paton Richardson says that Don always checks the slide rule by longhand. How about it, Don?

John Targoes, fireman at No. 2 boiler house, is back to work again after a two weeks' lay-off on account of an auto accident. How about walking, John?

Mike Kohan, ash car man at No. 5 boiler house, is carrying around a large smile these days. Reason—baby boy. Congratulations, Mike.

Alex Sloan, watertender at No. 1 boiler house, is taking his two weeks' vacation and Owen Moore, helper at No. 4, is holding down his job.

Andrew Semanick, ash handler at No. 2 boiler house, reported back to work after a short illness.

This office was busy answering the 'phone calls the other day explaining why P. O. Vandeveer was riding around the plant with a red toy balloon. Answer—balloon race for girls at the big SOCO Field Meet on Labor Day at the Whiting Park.

Tower Stills

Andy Haluska, inside helper 9th and 10th Battery Tower Stills, motored to Benton Harbor with his wife and children when off 32 hours. While there they visited a penny arcade. Andy gave each of the kids as well as the missus a few pennies to look at the pictures. When the kids wanted to know what kind of pictures daddy saw, Andy wouldn't tell them, and wouldn't let them look where he had. What did you see, Andy, bathing beauties?

Walter Byrnes, machinist helper on the Power Stills, is known as Professor Byrnes when outside the plant. Walt has taken up owl training as a side line and has progressed so far that he will soon be able to appear in public with Professor Byrnes' trained owls. Walt claims by talking to them and handling them some mysterious way he can make the owls make goo-goo eyes. Kelly, Paddy, Sargent and the rest of the boys are anxious to see the act, Walt, so hurry up and get it perfected.

Tommy Giler, stillman 1st and 2nd batteries, Tower Stills, claims he had a good time on his vacation. The boys are wondering how many days Tom stayed at Joe Graves' farm on the Ridge Road learning how to raise chickens.

Quite a few of the Tower Still men attended the Slavish picnic which was held at Springhill Grove, St. John, on Sunday, August 12, and all report having had a good time. Several of the Sons of Hibernia also attended uninvited; wonder what the attraction was.

Steve Tomidalsky, of the Welding department, got married August 8. Amongst the many presents received from friends was that of a live hog. Good luck to you and the wife, Steve.

Louis Duehr, stillman 1st and 2nd Continuous Stills, is riding around on his wheel with a "blinder" over the left eye. Louis claims he got some oil on it which caused an infection, while Root, James Conners and the rest of the bunch claim it looks as though he had got a few "love taps" for not going straight home or home straight from work. Where did you stop in, Louis, that caused you to get all banged up?

Automobiles sponged off and cleaned; very reasonable; Simonizing a specialty. Call Win Daly, Crude Station 11B.

Jerry Stack, Stillman 11th and 12th towers, reports having had a good time on his two weeks' vacation.

Chief Bruens, of the plant police, had a great time on his vacation. The chief with his wife and family visited friends and relatives and Appleton and Green Bay, Wis., for a few days, after which the chief started alone for Cincinnati and points in Kentucky in his Chevrolet. The boys are wondering why he went to Kentucky alone.

Did you see Officer Baker's new shoes—$3.75 at Louis Baumwohl's. E. C. was acting chief while Chief Bruens was sojourning in Kentucky and he walked around so much trying to locate burglars that he wore out a pair of shoes and had to buy a new pair of Louis' specials.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Extra! "James Green gassed again." No! Jimmie never fought in the World War but he claims his experiences entitle him to as much attention and comment as some of the boys who "went across." He's getting it. We have it from a reliable source that his thrills usually come because he won't "come across." James was pulled from under his home recently by George Gibson of the pipe department, but in doing so Gibson was pledged to secrecy as to the details. We notice though that since that time he has been the recipient of many favors at the hands of J. G. "Come across," you fellows and let us in on it; there is too much mystery about the scars and bandages Jimmie occasionally wears.

Competition is keen betwixt the bus drivers who run between the plant and Independence. When Orie Myers, ex-still cleaner, put on the second bus,

Art Fleischman began to keep copies of the "Police Gazette" with an occasional edition of "Punch" in his wagon to draw the trade. To offset this Orie has two "razzers," Earl Kresge of the pipe department and Pete Akers of the tin shop riding free and injecting a little "kick" into the voyages of his boat. Then along comes James Hinde of the main office in his "Star" and goes them one better in gathering in the loose shekels. Jim won't buy any magazines and, take it from us, no one rides free, but he does give you all the thrills of riding in a "Sight Seer." Jim becomes quite garrulous in extolling the beauties seen along his route. The soft stuff he spills is bringing results. (He is also a successful gardener.) In the meantime, W. O. Campbell, of the mason gang, has pulled off his buggy pending the result of the "triple Defiance."

While one of the boys was being given First Aid treatment he asked Miss Remington, relief nurse, if she had a good book to read; she immediately picked up a Bible and under it was a package of pasteboards with symbols resembling clover and hearts and other things. She said these were used to play a game called "Solitary." We can't figure how a girl like her would want to play a lone hand. Maybe "single blessedness" appeals to her more than "married cussedness." Lloyd Gibson beware!

The family stork is being kept so busy by members of the Standard Oil family that it is intended to petition the Board of Directors for one to be permanently kept at Sugar Creek, but then, that might entail further and prolonged discussion on the part of the J. G. C. as to whether this bird should be kept in captivity or be allowed to roam at will. The homes of Mr. and Mrs. Andy Williams and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Stewart were visited on August 29. Girls were left at both places.

H. L. Broughton, of the drafting department, has adopted a very high class bulldog to be used for keeping prowlers out of his "soft shell" cucumber bed. Herb says this is a real dog and he gets real care, sleeps in the house, eats at the table, takes his daily plunge in the family tub and is learning to chew "Tiger." Oh, yes! His name is BULL.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

N. C. Bailey, of the pressure stills, an ex-farmer of Missouri Point, decided to raise sweet potatoes in one of the vacant valley lots of Alton. After a heavy rain, he strolled through the valley to see how the crop was coming on, but couldn't find his patch on account of the clay that was washed over the vines. He got the city engineer to locate his lot and then started scratching out the vines. He failed to find any potatoes but beneath the vines were many long slim roots. After a few days he began to itch and broke out with a rash which his family physician said was a severe case of poison ivy.

George Neiderkorn of No. 6 pressure house, is feeling better again on the 11 to 7 shift. His wife has returned from an extended vacation. (There is a reason.)

Honors for the most miles traveled in a gas consuming vehicle goes to E. Endicott for this vacation season. He traveled 2,627 miles on a trip to the East, passing through Buffalo, New York, Washington and most of the large cities in the New England states. A short visit was made at the home of Ray Carringer, former Wood River Refinery man. Mrs. Endicott and the boys accompanied Everett on the trip.

Stop! Look! Listen! R. F. Buck seems to be always doing the unusual thing. His latest feat was winning fifteen dollars, second prize in the picture puzzle contest of the Globe-Democrat. R. F. said he had not failed to send an answer to each week's puzzle for the past year and seems to think they were only sending the fifteen dollars for the postage he is out.

Myrtle Exton, of the inspection department, entertained with a miscellaneous shower in honor of Miss Powell, August 24. The home was beautifully decorated with garden flowers. Bunco was the diversion of the evening. Prizes were awarded to Miss Elizabeth Stoneham, Laura Wilkening, Agnes Brown and Mrs. Loyal Palmer. Delicious refreshments were served. Miss Powell received many useful gifts. The guests departed at a late hour, wishing Miss Powell much joy and happiness.

Walter Crocker was awarded first prize for telling the best story at No. 5 pressure house recently. He said that an uncle of his, living near Belleville, raises four acres of mango peppers each year and puts them all up for his own use and then has to do without his favorite dish early in the Spring.

Rich Dawson would like to place an order for his Winter's supply of sweet potatoes with someone living in the vicinity of Wood River as he has canceled his order with N. C. Bailey of Alton.

A Dodge roadster belonging to John Gerdes is being mistaken for a letter box often when parked in Alton which puts John to a lot of trouble looking up telephone numbers.

Loyd Payne, of the inspection department, enjoyed a two weeks' vacation in Southern Illinois and Kentucky. Loyd drove through in his little Flivver and says that the hills down there are young mountains.

R. F. Buck spent his vacation at home. R. F. has decided to go into the poultry business (as a side line) so while home he erected two very large houses besides doing numerous other odd jobs. He said he is very much rested.

Mrs. Loyal Palmer, assisted by Mrs. George Oetkin, gave a party the evening of August 15 at the home of Mrs. Oetkin, announcing the engagement of Mrs. Palmer's sister, Miss Helen Powell, and Hugh Christy; the wedding to take place early in September. The evening was spent with music and a colored mock wedding which created a great deal of amusement. A luncheon was served at a late hour. Both Miss Powell and Mr. Christy are employed in the inspection department. Miss Powell will be greatly missed as she has been with us four years, at first as a telephone operator and the past two years as a distillation operator. Besides being an efficient employee, Miss Powell is an expert housekeeper, so our loss is Hugh's gain.

Frank Stamper of the inspection department has accepted a position as foreman of the inspection department at Eldorado, Ark. We regret very much losing Mr. Stamper but we know he is deserving of his promotion. May success be yours in your new duties, Mr. Stamper.

Since Tim Van Camp came down from the condenser box with a fish that came through the water line, Matt Freeman says he doesn't like to feel of dead things.

Why do people call George Searcy Horsefly?

Lawrence Regus, George Oetkin and James Mooney recently attended the big gathering at Monk's Mound.

Dick Gerdes had an appointment with Sam Hubbard and family for a Sunday dinner at Forest Park Highlands. Dick looked all over the place but couldn't find the family, so he dined alone with music at the Hotel Statler.

Mr. Manbeck and Dr. Holland were initiated into the game of "Ring Around the Roadsie" by Wood River traffic cops when they came to hear a concert given by the Standard Band recently. Orders were,

"You can't stop here" and "You can't stop here," until they were given a view of all sides of our beautiful city park.

Bill Cook parked his road-eating Lizzie in a yard on "Dizzy Hill" for safe keeping while attending the annual picnic. Bill wasn't taking any chances with his faithful Liz, which carried him safely to Springfield and return.

Our Safety boss is sometimes cross. He's a jolly good fellow, too. He writes us letters as long as your arm and we always read them through, for he's tied up the bull and he pulls no wool over those he cannot mend. He's very inviting in talking and writing and I'll stay with him to the end. He's got lots of gall for one and all and a great big craw full of sand. *Watch him* keep going until everyone is a 100% Safety Man.—By a Clay Burner. (Gosh! We let that rhyme slip through.—Ed.)

Charley Davidson of the water station reports a pleasant trip to Hannibal, Mo., in his Ford. Fried chicken a-plenty with good service at the Standard filling stations made everybody happy.

Our efficient watchman is back on the job. Welcome, Mr. Newman.

Harry Lenhardt lost his hat while loading a car of coke which made it necessary to move a large pile of coke to find the lid. That is all right, Harry, if everyone was an industrious, it would look better.

Happy Robertson, fireman at No. 2 crude, slept in the first cool night of the season and woke up too late to get to work, it being exactly 12:02 a. m.

Sickness is being reported at the home of Harry Sheets. We sincerely wish his wife a quick recovery.

Ben Yost is a first rate fireman, having fired a threshing machine *with wood* for three years and never made a clinker.

Carl Juhlin, as is well known, is a go-getter, but it is not so well known what kind of a sod getter he has come to be. Up near the State Hospital, some time this Spring, Summer or Fall, Carl stopped at the roadside and dug up quite a lot of fine looking sod. As he was about to leave, two strangers came up and asked him what he was doing. Carl told them that he was digging fish worms, but was having no luck and guessed he would move on. This he did. He returned a little later and found the sod gone.

Judge Parker has returned from Giggsville where he and his wife attended the funeral of Mrs. Parker's grandmother.

Since the hold-up, Tom Gifford has no more to say about the price of Bacon in England.

No change in the statement of the Dirty Face accounts since the last report printed in the Stanolind.—L. L. Tuley.

It appears that William Miller, lately of the Steam stills, will lose the name of Spark Plug. Why should these Spark Plugs start out the West gate and then come back to the North gate?

C. F. Hall and R. C. Wilson have been seen driving out the road to Bethalto lately.

Ed Counsil went down to Sportsman's Park to root for Dave Danforth. Ed and Dave won the game.

J. F. McCredie has spent a two weeks' vacation at Sugar Creek and Independence. Mac appears to agree with vacations well.

Jack Stoneham is spending a two weeks' vacation in Tulsa, Okla. When last heard from, he was not in jail—yet.

Charles Wiggins is also on a two weeks' vacation. He will visit the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia, the White Leghorn chicken farm in Japan, and Mt. Sinai in the Holy Land.

Harvey McDowell spent two weeks at the Stockholm hotel in Chicago.

Henry Stormer has just returned from a vacation in West Virginia.

Roy Thompson went up to Fosterburg recently and killed five squirrels while on a little hunt. The other one saw Roy coming and got to the hole. Prarietown is on the schedule for Roy's next thirty-two off.

Happy Robertson's family is well, which is good news to Happy's many friends. Happy also is getting back to normal. He forgot what shift he was on, went to bed and came to work at 7 a. m. when it should have been 11 p. m.

Albert Murphy is stillman at No. 2 crude house at the time this is written, while Lord Lasbury is filling in at the pressure stills. Archibald Bowman is back, so the gang is really about the same. Bowman has been experimenting with coke recently.

Now, Mr. Rothe, the next time you are late, don't get reckless because of a C. & A. freight. Give old Lizzie her good old time until Alton you have left behind.

Paul Haller has won the tomato eating prize of the season. Paul promised George Buck, after that gentleman had boasted considerably about the size of his tomatoes, that he could eat the biggest one in the patch for a dollar. You can imagine Paul's job when Buck brought in a tomato that measured 20 inches around the smallest part. Paul sparred for advantage by telling about what a shame it would be not to save the seeds of such fine fruit but the seeds were nothing in Buck's young life and before witnesses that included all the boys at No. 5 pressure house, Paul Haller made the prize tomato vanish. The feat of a snake swallowing a young cow comes to our mind in finding a comparison. We saw it eaten but are still wondering at such wonderful capacity.

We wish to thank our many friends for the kindness shown our son, Edward, while at the St. Joseph hospital.—Peter Fox and family.

The old adage, "He who laughs last laughs best," is ably illustrated in this story. The Second Annual Picnic of the S. O. Co. was slated for August 25 and Russel Durham was put in charge of the pie and cake stand, cakes and pies to be sold. Russel sent a letter to each of the employees asking the wives to donate as many pies or cakes they wished. R. C. Farrow and William Obermiller at No. 1 receiving house received a letter. Farrow filled his slip out for four pies and four cakes and Obermiller going him one better, filled a slip out for five cakes and five pies. The slips were put in an envelope ready for mailing and in came Morris McMillen. Obermiller asked Morris how many cakes and pies he could donate and showed him the slips they were ready to mail. Morris didn't think he could do that well and then received one of those "Obermiller talks" about generosity, principle and many other things, but to no avail. Morris was not impressed. Now the making of these slips was only a joke, but someone (Oh, if he could only be found) found them in the envelope, addressed and ready for mailing and mailed them. Farrow and Obermiller received a letter of thanks.

CASPER, WYO.

C. O. Hammil has been transferred from the fuel oil loading rack to the pressure stills.

C. R. Mitchell, Elmer Mitchell, Con Cox and George Mariner, of the pressure stills and Grant Hix and Ed Hollingsworth, of the tower stills, have left the service of the company.

A. S. Bratagar, pressure still fireman, announces the arrival of a new baby girl.

Henry Blatt, tower stillman, has bought a new Columbia six.

Bill Lowe, pressure stillman, has bought a new Oakland six.

Join the Shiftmen's Benefit Association. You can't afford to stay out.

L. W. Starks, pumper helper at No. 2 transfer pump house, in company with a friend of his, went trout fishing at LaPrele Dam. A very good catch was the result and in cleaning the fish before coming home, Mr. Starks opened a big one and found another trout inside. It tipped the scales at two pounds, but Starks forgot to weigh the one which had swallowed it. Next!

"Lord" Audrey Roberts and "Giant" Ralph Juza purchased a new Oakland touring car. Shortly after buying it, "Lord" Roberts stood it on end in a ditch, result, garage bill coming up.

"Shiek" Parody, helper at Nos. 1 and 2 batteries of tower stills, left for a trip through Yellowstone Park with his wife and accompanied by his new Ford touring car.

Walt Compton and his family returned home recently after a vacation spent in Denver and adjacent points. He reports a fine trip. Walt is pumper at No. 3 transfer pump house.

Jack ("Porky") Thomas, extra shift foreman at No. 3 plant, accompanied, by Jesse Tellford, swing crew treater at No. 3 plant, visited the Hagenback circus the other day. Stopping in front of the monkeys' cage, Jesse noticed a woman passing who had very beautiful red hair. He didn't notice that Jack was looking at the monkeys at the time and said, "Porky, she has very pretty hair." Jack said, "Yes, but kinda bald in spots."

Fred Harris, boiler skinner at No. 3 plant, known as the Columbia Theater dancing sheik, says he will never make any more bets involving the buying of two suits of clothes, and he don't mean maybe, either. He says the one for Jimmie Donahue cost $65 but the one for Porky Thomas will cost $100 and it will be big enough to make a kimona for an elephant.

Bill Corsan, stillman at No. 6 house, and Mac McKendrie, helper at No. 4 house, Plant No. 3, accompanied by their respective families, enjoyed an outing in the Big Horn Mountains and reported a very enjoyable trip.

Bill Magar and family have returned from an automobile tour through Colorado which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Bill is a helper at No. 6 house, No. 3 plant.

Frank Shold, alias Hank McNutt, has been transferred from still helper at No. 5 house to pumper helper at No. 2 loading pump house.

Ray Beaver, formerly pumper helper at No. 3 loading pump house, left the employ of the company a few months ago. Ray at present is working for the Producers and Refiners Corporation in the gas department.

Bill Bendon, pumper at No. 3 loading pump house, No. 3 plant, has purchased a large ranch close to town and is concentrating on the raising of strawberries. Bill says that next Summer he will have berries larger than cantaloupes. He is figuring on raising other things, also.

Walter Compton, pumper at No. 3 transfer pump house, No. 3 plant, returned with his family from a vacation spent in Denver. He reports a very good trip.

Orville Davis, helper at No. 3 asphalt stills, No. 3 plant, has returned from an automobile trip to his home state, Illinois. Davis was married just before he left so we are expecting some very good cigars.

Mike Callan, pumper helper at No. 3 transfer pump house, No. 3 plant, claims that the Jewett car is the best nose diver on the market. Some of the boys are putting up a purse for a race between him and C. F. ("Speed") Howell.

Lee Martin, a former employee at No. 3 plant, has returned and is again employed on the crude stills.

Fred ("Kelley") Couch has again returned to No. 3 plant. Some time ago Kelly left for a visit to the large cities of Wyoming, mostly to study the living conditions. He visited Salt Creek and Lavoye, but found the life was too fast so returned to Casper and to his old job as helper on crude stills.

Jack Thomas, extra shift foreman on crude stills at No. 3 plant, is anticipating a new suit of clothes as the result of a bet made with Fred Harris, of No. 3 boiler house. Fred said he would make $60,000 from his stock in the Anna Bell Wyoming Oil Co. This is their third year in trying to hit oil. The promoter of the company solemnly assured Fred that he is drilling straight through to China and will tap the rich oil field there by Fall or bust. Fall is here and no well so Fred loses.

"Red" Crimmins, pumper at No. 3 transfer pump house, was on the East Yellowstone Highway, rambling along at about eighty-four miles an hour when his Ford Bug took off across country after a jack rabbit. After the Ford was put back on its feet, "Red" took a hand axe and straightened the axle, put the radiator back, gathered up the headlights and several odds and ends, then mounted it again and finally got home none the worse for his experience.

C. F. ("Trapshooter") Howell, helper on swing shift at crude stills, No. 3 plant, says he always looks in the rear seat of his car before leaving for home when coming off the 4 to 12 shift. Ask "Trapshooter" why.

Ferdinand Souczek, shift foreman on crude stills at No. 3 plant, has returned from his vacation. He reports a very enjoyable time. Unlike Starks he had no fish stories to tell. Fred pushed his Dodge sedan to the top of Casper mountain and then raced three different storms back to Casper.

We have Paul Waggoner back on the fire stills again. He has been sojourning in New York City but could not resist the call of the West. We are glad to see you back, Paul.

Bill ("Program") Francis, shift foreman on crude stills at No. 3 plant, has sold his home and with the proceeds purchased a big limousine, bigger than the city hearse. "Program" left August 7 for a tour of the Black Hills and says he is going to drive to Chicago in four days.

It is unnecessary to go to Nebraska or Iowa to hear some big corn stories. Just let Alva Todd, pressure stillman at No. 6 battery, get started about the corn he raises on his homestead.

"As is and where is," were the terms of a recent deal whereby J. L. Carlson disposed of his ancient Ford to C. C. Crosby. Consideration was said to have been $70 for the machine and good will of the former owner.

J. M. Houston of the boiler shop, No. 1 plant, is sporting a Dodge coupe. It sure is fine for his lady friends.

E. C. Outlaw has left the service of the company and has gone to Spokane, Washington.

J. L. Pierce, pumper at No 2 pump house, is spending his vacation at the Park.

Charles Stadt, formerly with the Engineering department and at present attending the School of Mines at Golden, Colo., was in Casper a few days, greeting old friends. He reports his roommate, Cliff Johnson, formerly pumper at No. 1 plant, is making great progress in the petroleum engineering course. Charlie was up to look after his homestead near the Notches.

Larry Hushon of No. 3 plant, Steam department, accompanied by his Ford, is spending a two weeks' vacation at Denver.

C. C. Crosby of the continuous treating plant is enjoying a visit from his parents and sisters from Coggin, Iowa.

"Magnanimous" Johnson has been promoted to crude stillman at No. 5 receiving house Congratulations, old man.

Calvin Smith, assistant still foreman, No. 3 plant, has resigned to accept the superintendency of the White Eagle Company's new plant at Casper.

Harry Wheekly, stillman at the asphalt manufacturing plant, has left the service of the company and returned to his former home in Baltimore, Md.

The famous "Giant" Juza has been promoted to stillman at the asphalt plant. All we ask "Giant" is that you be more careful with the stills than you are with the Oakland, otherwise there will be no dividends for the stockholders.

Corpstein, stillman at No. 5 receiving house, has left the employ of the company and has gone to the land of lemons and movie actresses.

Neil Thomas, general foreman at No. 3 plant, has returned from his vacation, spent in the Big Horns, fishing and hunting.

Donny Wirth, helper on crude stills at No. 6 house, plant No. 3, has been very attentive to a certain young lady of Casper. The day after the rodeo he was observed in a bookstore down town buying a book entitled "The Proper Way to Commit Matrimony." How about it, Donny?

"White Owl" Moser, pumper helper at No. 3 plant, swing crew, recently returned from a honeymoon tour through the Black Hills of the Dakotas. "White Owl" says his new Chevrolet is a bear cat for speed. He raced the C. & N. W. fast train, the Sage Hen, from Douglas to Casper and said he passed it up as if it had been sitting in the grandstand.

"Program" Bill Francis reports a very pleasant trip through the Black Hills and the wilds of Montana. Mrs. Francis went along to keep Bill from taking any wooden nickels, also to keep Bill from making all hills on high at 70 per. They were accompanied by Joe Adams and family.

Walter Compton and family annihilated the distance to Denver in Walt's speedy Essex. Walter reports that he couldn't step on her on the streets of Denver because the traffic was too great.

Our very popular and efficient still foreman, N. E. Thomas, has been shaking a mean hip at the Arkeon Dance Hall lately, and his favorite dance piece is, "My Wife Has Gone to the Country, Hooray!"

L. O. ("Sweetie") Bien has returned from a vacation spent in Denver. Sweetie has laid in a Winter's supply of Stay-Comb and is prepared to give the girls at the Arkeon a real treat when he spruces up on his night off.

"Chief" Turner, popular pumper at No. 2 transfer pump house, No. 3 plant, drove out in his high powered Chevrolet to Deer Creek one evening to eat supper with his wife and incidentally to do a little fishing. While climbing up the bank with his line dangling in the water a monster trout nailed the fly and yanked Chief back into the creek, waist deep. He left for home immediately.

At daybreak recently, "Bing" Wyman, stillman on 3 and 4 battery, tower stills, No. 3 plant, crawled out of his little trundle bed, wound up his Oldsmobile, loaded his 45-50 musket and started chicken hunting (sage chicken), all by himself. Going West on the Yellowstone Highway, he failed to locate any game close to town. After driving for several minutes he looked up and, lo and behold, just ahead of him was the town made famous in the late war, "Powder River," 48 miles from Casper. Before the machine could be stopped he was 56 miles from home. Starting back, he remarked to his trusty steed, "This is a helluva country to raise chickens in. Hereafter I will hunt all my chickens on the corner of Second and Center.

M. E. Jopp, stillman at No. 2 fire stills, No. 3 plant, has left the employ of the company and is district manager for the Pure Silk Hosiery Company, ladies' hose a specialty. Jopp says his company is also going to put out a line of silk lingerie. Well, maybe they are, but we're willing to bet the first young lady that gets measured is sure in for an awful ordeal. Jopp is of the sheik type, and, say, he sure has some line of Pure Bred Hereford. We hate to see you go, Jopp.

A petition is being circulated to have the Casper Motor Bus Company run their bus on Milton avenue. Doc Daugherty says he likes to take candy to the girls but feels embarrassed, carrying it along the streets. Saves sole leather, too, Doc!

"Sandy" Zolnoski has left the company for California so that he won't have to dodge the snowballs this Winter. We all miss "Sandy's" smiling face but all wish him well in his new field of labor.

"Red" Martin, water pumper at No. 3 plant, says if he had polled one vote for every five cigars he put out he would have been elected sheriff by a big majority. Better luck next time, "Red." William Jennings Bryan is still running, you know.

"Slim" Taylor, World War veteran, who is employed at No. 3 plant, is in the hospital undergoing an operation made necessary on account of wounds received during the fighting in "no man's land."

"Rube" Wood, assistant superintendent of No. 3 plant, put in a rush order for a new shirt after No. 62 fire still popped off the other day.

If anyone has any fire ladders parked in their lockers, please notify Ray Conkling, as he is having a hard time keeping track of them.

J. C. Zolnoski and Mrs. Blondy went to Cheyenne and points in Colorado recently. Jack Junior went along to fight for home rule.

"Cactus" Castleman says he doesn't mind working the graveyard shift as he never gets sleepy until about 12:30 a. m.

Clay Hills, stillman on asphalt stills at No. 3 plant, says it is a well known fact that short skirts are making a healthier class of men and women. When asked how the men were benefited, he replied that it kept the young men outdoors more an improved their eyesight.

The "Red Crowns" from Plant No. 3, journeyed to Lavoye andd efeated the ball team of that metropolis, 10 to 7. Mack Davis was on the mound for the Red Crowns and Oat Perdue and McGrady worked behind the plate. Pop Varnadore played his usual stellar game at second base. A number of Casper fans went to Lavoye to see the game.

L. H. Cullen of Jack Catterall's office, has returned from his vacation. He spent considerable time in Colorado and has some wonderful fish stories to tell.

Sam Work is also on vacation but his will not be fish stories. Sam is building a foundation for his new house.

Miss Genevieve Ellenwood has gone to work in the laboratory for Dr. Diggs and Dr. Loy. Cy is all smiles these days.

The boys asked Miss Boling how she enjoyed her trip to the hills. She said, "Fine," but that she felt like Sherman said war was.

Four of our tennis experts (?) made a trip to Salt Creek August 19 and played doubles with the Gas

Plant Stars and returned with their tails between their legs as the field men trimmed them badly. The refinery party included Laek, Dines, Bass, Vance and Borgstrand. They made the trip in Mr. Cooke's car and thank him very much for the means of transportation. The alibi put out by our players was that the Salt Creek court was very different from the court used here at the refinery. The Salt Creek Stars promise a return game here at the refinery courts in the near future.

D. E. Carlson of the labor distribution department has been transferred to the refining department. H. A. Shea, who hails from somewhere in Massachusetts, has taken over the work formerly done by Carlson.

E. C. Boldwin, formerly messenger, has been transferred to the labor distribution desk and Crone has gone out to help the timekeepers during the vacation time.

Johnnie Lytle is recovering at his home from his recent operation for appendicitis. Some of the boys who called to see him at the hospital seemed to feel that he shouldn't have been taken home so soon. That certainly was a pretty little officer who was in charge of quarters when we went up there and it seems almost certain that Johnnie would have been visited frequently if he had stayed. But it might have taken him longer to get well.

The pleasant faced young man who is seated opposite Larson in the yield department is George L. Gibson of Des Moines, Iowa. George and his wife drove out from Des Moines in his car. He says he came out to get acquainted with the producing end of the gasoline business. He already knows considerable about the consuming end.

C. J. ("Mac") McKinney came back from his vacation in the Colorado mountains with big holes worn in the knees of his trousers. That's what he gets for playing bear for his brother's babies.

Paul Briney is spending his vacation in Cheyenne, a little town southeast of here.

J. L. Cole, inside man at No. 6 pressure stills, is wearing one of those permanent smiles ever since his wife and son have returned from a visit with relatives out on the coast.

M. Harrington is taking a few days off from his duties at No. 3 transfer pump house to work on his attractive new home in the Standard addition.

Wilbur Wright expects to have the house he recently purchased on West Thirteenth street completely remodeled in a short time.

According to cards received from Walter T. Davoren, formerly of the foundry force, he is wasting very little time in Eastern cities on his trip up to Montreal, Canada.

Jake Swartzkopf of the continuous treating plant has only had his Ford four months, but already three front seat cushions have been stolen. He is now considering chaining them down to prevent further loss.

Mrs. Fred Kistler accompanied by her duaghter, Mrs. Dailey, and children, have returned from an extended visit in California. "Dad" Kistler from No. 2 pump house says the present arrangement suits him a great deal better of the two.

Born to C. W. Hinerman and wife, a fine 9-pound painter.

Art Davidson, Jim Shepherd, D. Dworsack, T. Boggin, all of Plant No. 3, attended the state convention of the American Legion at Laramie, going overland. All report a good time.

Dr. S. H. Diggs attended the big asphalt convention in Denver, August 21, 22 and 23. Doc says he learned quite considerable about the use and applications of asphalt to our every-day life.

Luverne Payne, recently of the truck department at Whiting, did not last long out here. He got a chance to move on to Los Angeles at no cost to himself.

Frank Austin has left the boiler department to take a more lucrative position in Los Angeles.

John Glendenning, construction foreman, is taking a two weeks' vacation, fishing in the Wind River Range, near Fremont Peak.

Joe Deegan has returned from his vacation which was spent near South Pass.

Morris Edelmuth and wife, Ernest Smith and wife and two children, Andy Thompson, wife, child and friends and Ed. Wilson have returned from a successful fishing trip in the Big Horn Mountains near Clouds Peak. Smithy says the Lizzie was all O. K. in Fording the streams where the bridges were out, but at an altitude of 12,000 feet there is nothing like a Star. The fish were sure big but as they only had a fifty-foot tape they could not tell the exact length of them.

GREYBULL, WYO.

H. E. Williamson and family spent a week at the Ten Sleep Lakes, camping and fishing.

If you see the Patterson boys wearing a broad smile these days, it's because they are getting a taste of mother's cooking again.

H. M. Williams spent his vacation in the Jackson Hole Country, fishing, and reports the sport along that line the best ever.

Bartie Bentley went to Thermopolis, Wyo., to take the mineral baths. While he was there the Big Horn river took a notion to come into his room and Bartie thought it was time for him to move out.

G. L. Shepardson bought about $50 worth of fishing tackle and went up on Shell for a real fish, after catching the limit the fish all spoiled. That's the best one we've heard this Summer, "Slim."

T. J. Carnell was called home from work the other day on account of the serious illness of his daughter. We are glad to report that she is getting along nicely now.

Anyone wanting information about hiving bees, see Bill Letzkus.

P. L. Truax returned home from a trip in Colorado and Nebraska, where he reports having spent the time of his life.

Bruce Atwell has moved to California for his health. Bruce had a line that was a sure cure for the "blues" and we'll miss him. Here's wishing him the best of luck in his new location.

It is reported that W. I. Baker went out in the country to take a certain young lady for a ride, however the mother interferred. She must be suspicious of these Ford coupes.

"Steve and Smithy" seem to have quite an interest in Basin during the Teachers' Institute, and the garages of Greybull are deriving quite a revenue from the rental of their cars. They seem to be well taken care of however, as the city officials spend considerable time in looking after them.

Ding-Dong-Ding-Dong! That's supposed to be a noise like a school bell and the sound means a great deal around Greybull. With the feelings of school boys on the first day of school, the fellows come trooping in after their Summer vacations. Superintendent B. L. Warren, machinist Foreman Lee Anchors and Harry Ruble answered the call from the top of Black Mountain, which they had reached after very faithful and strenuous climbing on the part of the Old Reo. It need not be mentioned lightly either because it's a point that had hitherto been gained by only a very few fisherman.

General Foreman Fletcher and Treater S. E. Kane spent two weeks camping and fishing up Shell Creek. Besides having a wonderful time, you can wager that they accounted for their limit of fish too.

Joe Cole, F. D. Nicholson and D. W. McLeod responded from the Ten Sleep Lakes. Nick said that if it were not for the return of the school teachers he never would have come back.

Some of the fellows don't know how to take care of themselves when away from the teacher's care. Now look at Harry Munson!

Timekeeper Skoog didn't go anywhere. He stayed around home for two weeks just to fool the alarm clock.

Before the bell stops ringing the teachers' convention at Basin will be ended. Now Mayor Landers' field glasses will get all rusty unless he turns them on Ted McGhee whoh as begun taking violin lessons. You see Landers has been watching a certain one of the Engineering Department attending the convention. Many trips and late hours, Ed. says, but you'll have to see "Steve" for further particulars.

We know school teachers are all right because Corbin and Sutherlin say so. "Doc" recently married Miss Wells who taught here last year (hearty congratulations and thanks for the smokes) and "Buck" is contemplating a post-graduate course in domestic science for certain personal reasons. Careful, "Buck"! He won't be alone, though, because we notice several other hats in the ring already; W. B. McCune's has been joined by Anson Higby's, Otto Rosin's and C E. Dalrymple's. It's going to be a good race, too, but the margin s with "Dal" 'cause he has a new "Lincoln Pup."

There, that covers the school situation; but, speaking of cars, you ought to see the new ones around here. "Chuck" Stoops has a new Durant and so has "Dad" Gregg. "Bill" Stricker has sold more Gardiners than you can shake a stick at and one of 'em was to Claude Derby. He says it's fine for fishing trips, too. Mary Ruble, the new lab steno, is "tree topping" all of her old friends since a certain shiek from Plant No. 1 has a new 1924 Nash Sport.

Gary Whitney has been walking on air for a week now. He will soon take a vacation and we hear that he has decided on Los Angeles. The reason came to light the other day when a card came from there signed, "as ever, Janet." Congratulations, Gary. Smokes are in order.

R. S. McDaniel just returned from Missouri where he underwent an operation which we hope will be successful. Someone said he had two of them. Gland operations are becoming quite the rage.

"Bob" Palmer says Hoppes ought to be in California. He is such a good lemon picker.

Anyone wishing to purchase a windmill will do well to visit William Fisher's place of business.

"Red" Dunn, the sample chaser at No. 2 plant, has taken a much needed rest and vacation. "Red" says that eight hours work and fourteen hours spooning is really hard on the constitution.

Why does Roy Hunsberger let "Bob" Palmer cash his checks?

Ask Bill Stricker and Tom Patterson to explain the game they play every morning, at sunrise.

We can't quite understand what kind of farming Pen Newton is planning, but we saw him plowing up his lawn with his Gardiner the other day.

Dad Rimer says that his Ford will run on the starter, but he believes that it is better to have gasoline in the tank.

Jess Perkins must have lost his horse for he came walking in the other day with his saddle on his back and chaps under his arm.

We think it would be a good idea for R. C. Bunting to lock up his tool chest. He seems to have a hard time keeping the supply up.

LARAMIE, WYO.

A. Methvin, a foreman on Plant No. 2, bought a ten gauge shotgun and it took only two shots to give him a bloody nose.

Al Musser, another foreman on Plant No. 2, pulled the hero stuff again the other night by capturing an undressed man on the streets of Laramie.

It has been predicted that our wild watchman, James Dolan, who went on a wild goose chase to New York, will soon be back.

Cash Miller still has those shoes for sale that he tried to sell two years ago.

Russel Morris, warehouse man, just returned from his vacation and we notice a bullet hole through his Nash sedan. He tells us that a gang of bandits were shooting at him and he had to make a terrible ride for safety. Only one bullet struck the car. Fellows, inspect the car a little closer. Doesn't it look as though the bullet came from the inside of the car? There is only one hole in one side of the car and it's about the size that his 32 automatic would make. Perhaps his wife will tell the truth.

Farmer Jones, of Plant No. 1, went to the Yellowstone Park in his jitney where it broke in two and he bought an Overland sedan in which to complete his vacation.

Richard Butler has returned from the trip to Washington and Western Canada. He is contented for the present and is running out samples in the laboratory.

George W. Weeks, of Plant No. 1, is showing his mother what Wyoming looks like. Her home is in Casper but she came to pay a little visit.

R. Cooke, a laborer on Plant No. 1, spent a few days at the Snowy Range and reports that the fishing is good.

Sagehen hunting was good this year and many of the men got their limit, but ask Charles Loucks how those choice $13.75 birds tasted.

Dr. S. K. Loy, chemist from Casper, is a visitor at the Laramie plant and intends to stay about this part of the country a few days.

"V" Knight, shipping clerk of Plant No. 2, bought a jitney and started on his vacation. He roamed somewhere about the Laramie Peak country where he remained two weeks trying to find his way back to civilization. He says he knew where he was but he could not locate the rest of the world.

Eggo Dyken is trying to sell his house which is near the refinery, and buy one near the university campus, so that at leisure times he can sit on his front porch and watch the calves go by.

Don Hunton and Ferris of Plant No. 1 are spending a great deal of time at Fort Collins. Wonder what the attraction can be.

Roy Beckner, the night watchman, was frightened out of his boots the other night, for as he was making his rounds he encountered some ferocious beast that he thought was about to spring upon him. He grabbed his six-shooter and emptied it at the beast and then ran to the pump house. As the sun crept over the eastern horizon Roy ventured back to see what harm he had done and discovered he had killed a poor harmless porcupine.

Fear has been expressed for the condition of Harold Desch of No. 2 plant as he has been moping about Laramie for the past two months, or ever since his wife went to visit her home folks in New York state. How acute Harold's melancholy has become was seen recently when he went to bed at 2 a. m. after

doing the graveyard shift. He awoke at 7 a. m. and, seeing everything light, imagined he had slept eighteen hours. He rushed to the telephone and called the Oil Pump House. Sly Davis, the pumper on shift, was able to convince Harold that he had slept only five hours and not eighteen. So it is that fellow employees of Mr. Desch hope for the early return of his Missus.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

Misses Elizabeth M. Harkins and Edith B. Ambrose, Correspondents

No copy received by deadline day.

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

After hearing about the argument Ed Kelly's sextette from the fifth floor had with the sixth floor boys, one is reminded of the story of the Irish labor leader, who, after stating a certain proposition, asked if there were any objections. One man promptly raised his voice in protest and was put to sleep with a chair. "Any more objections?" said the leader and the motion was carried unanimously. So, anyone who objects to the singing of said sextette better do their catcalling in an undertone or Porky Jordan will clean them quicker than a Semdac mop would.

Rudolph Thorstenson is going to take the "big jump" during October. Our sympathy is extended to you, brother—you always looked so wide awake, too.

Charles Little, the Hollywood golf pro, was seen practicing daily just before the big tournament. Believe me, Charlie has a swing that would make any hammock jealous.

When Charlie Thorstenson returned from his vacation, of course he told us that the "big one" got away.

We would like to know who gave Miss Elmes that ring she is wearing on her left hand. Come on, Miss Elmes, tell us please.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ramm and a friend, Mr. Martin A. Vogt, of the Commonwealth Edison Co., recently motored to Washington, D. C. Fred is still talking about the wonderful time they had and remarked that George Washington certainly showed good taste when he picked Mount Vernon for his home. Ed Yale wishes to thank Mrs. Ramm for the wonderful set of postal cards she did not send.

Miss Beulah Johnson also had a dandy time motoring through Wisconsin.

Has Earl Devany told you about his new "breaker plate" yet? Ask him about it.

Miss Mildred Thielke, who has been connected with the purchasing department in the capacity of dictaphone operator, left the company on July 28, after approximately five years of continuous service, to enter matrimonial duties, and on August 16 was duly initiated to this degree. The wedding was held at the bride's home and was followed with an elaborate dinner. The bride wore a beautiful white crepe Romain dress with a veil and orange blossoms and looked even sweeter than ever. The newlyweds left immediately for an extended honeymoon through the West, their itinerary including stops at Denver, Yellowstone Park, Estes Park and other famous resorts in the West. Good luck, Mildred, on your new enterprise. Will be at home after September 5 at the Oak Park Arms.

James McClain has had the green suit made over in a different style again.

Harry Calland has scientifically mastered the loud snoring the neighbors accused him of, but now has the habit of barking like a "Sooner Dog" and has to walk through corridors of buildings coming from the depot in the morning to avoid dog catchers.

Sandquist paid $3.75 for a wheel puller to take the rear wheel off his car. When he got home that night, he found his wife had already pulled the wheel off. Now he's got to get a refund and buy his wife a Fall hat.

The most prominent citizen of Montclare arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Aarlie on August 24, weighing 9 pounds. Congratulations.

Our sympathy is extended to Miss Schneider, who lost her mother after a long illness.

F. A. Koehler has been promoted to Ed. Schoenborn's job. He watches 'em coming in at the door 8:30 a. m. (or after). That's why he bought himself a strange pair of glasses.

We thought Ann Baar was engaged to Bob Petersen. Doesn't look like it when she sits right on Knapp's desk to get close to him.

Bob Bristol is getting considerable mileage out of his Durant, especially Saturday afternoons.

"Good morning, Mr. Schoenborn."

"Good morning, Mr. Whitney."

Otto Wacholtz thought the last week of August would be ideal for a vacation. But things were not as good as expected. He went forth each day clad in a heavy overcoat on his way to the tennis court carrying special tennis rackets that could be quickly strapped to the feet and converted into snowshoes. He says he shined his shoes each day with stove polish to keep his feet warm.

Edna Gormely asked her boy chum for a fur coat and she got a *wrap*.

Lack of space makes it impossible to print the deluge of quips and jokes relating to Ann Baar's new haircut.

George Varcoe's dog is a vegetarian and will not eat flesh. But that hound sure is a tasting fool. He tasted about five pounds before Billie Pack could make the back fence.

"Mamma, I want to feed the sea lions." "Hush, darling, that is not a sea lion you hear; that is Mr. MacLeod discovering A-C A-9943 in Ledger No. 1."

Colonel Weiss has smashed his radio. This is why: the announcer said the next song would be "Three O'Clock in the Morning." Walter waited patiently through the night, and at three o'clock snatched up the phones just in time to catch "—— will sing 'Carolina in the Morning'." Walter groaned, but was on hand the next morning, and was finally rewarded by a buzzing sound followed by a voice clear and distinct, "Mr. Nelson will sing 'To-morrow.' " So Walter smashed his radio.

After almost nine years with the company, Miss Iwema has left to master the art of cookery. She claims she will be an expert within a short time.

Bughouse Fables

Betty Wenger to Joe Hyam: "Well, Swede, where are we going for lunch?"

Edward Enholm: "Hey, George, give me a chew."

Paul Whitney: "Hold my check for a week, Mr. Wilson; I have half of last month's pay left."

Frodin: "Never mind, Lightning, I'll get it."

Miss Ross: "Oh, dear, will they ever let up on these holidays? One can't get a thing done."

Anna Baar: "The man I marry must be short, blonde, and homely, and must dress in the poorest style."

Nelle McKeon: "I am on a diet; I don't care for any candy, thank you."

Ben Wolfe: "Has anybody any work for me to do?"

Jane: "I only weigh 144 pounds."

Yes, we have no freight; we send it over by express, Howard.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION
Frank F. Wente, Correspondent

There has been considerable discussion in our office lately as to whether our Helen Wills might be the famous United States tennis champion. We hope that you aren't keeping anything from us, Miss Wills.

Jack Sayers recently took a trip to Minneapolis and, while there, met two of his former Chicago associates, Archie Cameron and J. Clay Lee. Jack said that they had one of those "good times" just like they used to have in Chicago. Arch wound up the party by singing his famous lullaby, "The Vikings."

Friday night, September 28, was to be the first night for bowling. This begins the eleventh annual tournament of the Stanolind Bowling League. There are several vacancies to be filled on a few of the teams and anyone interested in the game is invited to turn out and sign up with one of the teams. Come out and get in a clean and healthy sport.

We feel sorry for Ed. Otth, one of our dashing district superintendents, if his wife ever finds out that he was seen escorting a couple of our young ladies down Michigan boulevard last Saturday. Watch your step, Eddie.

R. O. Larson and Al Arnhorst claim to have made the best wine that was ever produced since prohibition went into effect. If the correspondent can get samples of each so that a test can be made a special report of the result of the test will be published in the next issue of our magazine for the benefit of all parties interested. I have been requested to ask the editor to send a copy of this to the nearest prohibition officer.

Al Burns claims to have had some "real stuff" while on his trip through the wilds of Canada. We are from Missouri, Al.

DAVENPORT, IOWA
M. Clark, Correspondent

That newly acquired air of sophistication does go over big, Red, but we still insist that you need a henna rinse. Oh, you don't need to worry about that; we can scare up 75 cents for you.

We did think that Iva's liking for married men was confined to working hours, but it seems not. Oh, no doubt they merely met each other in the street and happened to be going in the same direction, etc. Still, every man's life is his own, or so they say.

Ye gods, those GREEN pocketbooks, almost as green as their own—no, we didn't mean that either. Those purses are right smart, girls, but what shade are they? Ed Day swears they are foliage green. Yes, by heck, just like those candles.

Since Libbie started marcelling her raven locks, the iron barrel department simply can't give his rush letters (as if he ever had any other kind) to anyone else. Which only goes to prove that it doesn't always pay to be beautiful.

What's the matter with the newest office boy, anyway? It's a common thing to see him in a hurry; he collects the mail oftener than the schedule calls for and doesn't smack you down with a hard cold look whenever you ask him to go upstairs. It's either his hair—it's red (the true shade)—or his name—it's Lester.

Leo Riess certainly doesn't make the most of all his opportunities. Think how popular he would be if instead of merely tipping his hat and smiling good morning when he meets the girls on the street, he'd stop the Pierce-Arrow and tell 'em to hop in. As one of the gals said, he must owe them guys a quarter.

The patronage of Mike's Noon-Day Cabaret is rather falling off since the rejuvenated cobbler shop has started running full blast as a lunch room. Oh well, he should worry; there are those hundred dollars worth of Edison records.

Have you noticed that vacant look in E. J. Fritts' eyes? Uh-huh, her name is Ann. We haven't been enlightened as to whether he has won her yet. If he hasn't, she certainly must be unsusceptible. Who could resist that bewitching smile?

Dorothy Swan's hair is the most fascinating thing about this place. Bobbed one day, piled high the next. First thing you know she will be appearing in Mary Pickford curls.

Now that we have our Fall outfits picked out, the question is, when do we get them?

Pete doesn't think he'd like to live in the Land of the Midnight Sun. He says that sunshine is all right in its place but it can't take the place of moonshine, and surely he ought to know.

"Like Roger Fry? Why you're crazy, I do not."

In an envelope containing orders received from the agent at Preston recently was an announcement of the arrival of a new baby daughter at the home of the agent, Stanley A. Martin. Already the boys in the order department are flipping coins to see who'll have the first date with her. Our error—it was a boy and he's some little Polarine go-getter. His dad is now confident of winning the Polarine campaign next Summer.

Keokuk

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Fullem of Muscatine are the proud parents of a baby girl. Congratulations.

When you want any top dressing put on your car, send for Jas. Storer of Burlington. If he hasn't top dressing he will put black paint on it. Through a mistake he dressed the seat and back of his car all up with black paint and then donned a light palm beach suit. A snappy little study in black and white when he got out of the car.

R. Carr had just finished eating his strawberry shortcake. On seeing the waitress on her way with the finger bowls, he bawled out, "Bringing more to eat?" "Yes," she snappy come-backed, "dip for your fingers."

Dolly, the office lassie at Fort Madison, won first place in a recent tennis meet. Dolly's on to the racket.

M. Colip, Muscatine's rising young poet salesman, has offered the following for publication: "Old Father Hubbard, he went to the cupboard to get himself a drink. When he got there, the cupboard was bare, so he got a drink at the sink." Ah, the dear boy certainly must have an artistic soul.

Notice, Keokuk: We certainly appreciated receiving the foregoing material, but why so "owlish" in the first paragraph of your letter? You know we still love you.—Davenport correspondent.

DECATUR, ILL.
W. A. Brown, Correspondent

Ralph Culp should put his aunt next to his dates, so when his best girl goes home to dinner with him, his aunt won't ask her if she and Ralph had a good time at the dance. Investigation developed the fact that "Doc" was not the lady in question.

Mr. W. F. Launtz, sales manager, might be a good chauffeur, but a certain little 11-year-old boy didn't think he was capable of handling a horse.

Ken Gardner was telling how much he wanted for his home. Oscar Martin told how much he wanted for his and Mr. Schroeder chimed in and said he wanted a certain price for his. After listening to the conversation for a while, Roy Pensinger asked, "How much do tents cost?" We know Roy is inter-

ested in a future home, but we sure hope it is not to be a portable one.

Carrie and Bess Delaney do not think much of accommodation as a virtue when it comes to being called out of bed at night to take their neighbors out to Long Creek. This was recently done by a family who had just moved into a house next door to them.

Rita always has had a desire to have or be "something different" and sure has accomplished that now, as she is the only "red headed" girl in the office.

Mr. John C. Schadow was called in from Trenton, August 1, and found an 8-pound baby boy awaiting his arrival, which had just been born at the Decatur and Macon County Hospital.

Just a word of friendly advice to Miss Walters—go slow on these Sunday night parties.

Bess Delaney surprised us all last Monday morning, August 27, by wearing a new diamond ring, and on THE finger, too.

A certain little bird tells us that Katherine Minor and Art Faster have been stepping out together lately.

After a lingering illness of several weeks, which finally developed into typhoid fever, Mr. N. W. Salter, district superintendent, with headquarters at Effingham, died August 29. Mr. Salter had been with this company about three years, serving first as salesman and later as district superintendent. He was well liked by all his associates, and, in his death the company has suffered a great loss. The entire Decatur division extends to Mrs. Salter its deepest sympathy.

Mr. E. V. Kendall's District

Mr. H. T. Wright, agent at Hindsboro, now has a new truck and tank which he says is a dandy.

Agent Hartmann, of Tuscola, now has a new 10-pound baby girl, born August 4. She has been named Mary Katherine. Here's where we smoke on Hartman.

Salesman Jim Holmes let the cat out of the bag the other day. Said he would have to be buying the cigars before long.

Mr. I. L. Mathias, agent at Bethany, died at his home Thursday, August 2, of apoplexy. He is survived by his wife and two daughters, aged five and nine years; also four brothers. Mr. Mathias had been in the service of this company for more than five years. We regret his loss very much and feel that the company has lost a very valuable employee.

We wish to welcome two newcomers to our ranks —Mr. Howard Cornwell and Mr. James Sparleder, service station attendants at Mattoon.

Salesman Wiley and wife entertained District Superintendent E. V. Kendall at a beach party at Paradise Lake, Mattoon, between showers Tuesday evening, August 7. In spite of the rain, a very pleasant evening was spent.

H. L. Broyles' District

Mr. E. L. Hannon, driver at Pana for the past five years, is to take charge of the Pana station September 1 as agent at that point. Mr. Hannon is a deserving man and here's wishing him well.

The present agent at Pana, Mr. Stanley R. Shecter, is to be transferred to Mr. D. H. Fitzsimmons' field as agent instructor.

Mr. John Metzger is the new service station attendant at No. 15, Pana, and L. R. Crawford is taking the position formerly held by E. L. Hannon, city driver. Mr. G. D. Delaney is driving route formerly held by C. C. Cheshier and former attendant W. J. Smith is taking truck formerly handled by Mr. Delaney.

D. H. Fitzsimmons' District

Agent S. R. Schecter, former driver at Georgetown, is now agent at Pana. Good luck, Schecter.

C. O. (Pop) Spangler, veteran salesman, is still herding his old roadster around. It has been said that it is too old to drive. (Attention, Mr. Ping.)

Glen Cutsinger, the live Chrisman agent, has been making several trips to Paris of late. When is it going to happen, Cutsinger?

Information Wanted:—What became of District Superintendent Fitzsimmons' Paris Top?

Mr. York, our Ridge Farm agent, has contracted quite a lot of trouble with his Ford lately. Cheer up, York.

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

Announcement has been made of the coming marriage of Miss Gladys Champion to Mr. Manning Anderson, clerk in the order department.

Quincy.—What happened to J. H. Ross, who left here to be chief clerk in your division? Did you bury him?

Henry Thomas, coupon department, spent his vacation with the Iowa National Guard at Camp Dodge. Henry is a member of the cavalry troop from Des Moines.

The married men and the single men of the office recently had a baseball game resulting in the single men winning by a score of 10 to 4. The married men are swearing revenge and are demanding a return game.

Mr. Lloyd Ginter of Magill, Nevada, formerly of the Des Moines office, was a welcome visitor recently

A. M. Marsh's District

Miss Margaret Fisher, clerk in the Mason City office, is in the hospital recovering from an operation for appendicitis. We all wish you a speedy recovery, Miss Fisher.

A. C. Gienapp's District

G. A. Draper, station examiner, has been appointed Stanolind Record correspondent for the Council Bluffs district. George says good news will be forthcoming from now on. That's the spirit, George. We wish you success in your new additional duties.

Council Bluffs S. S. No. 123, opened recently, is making a fine start. This is due to the extra effort on the part of the Service Station Attendants Chapman and Bogle. That's the spirit, boys; where there is a will there is a way. This is mighty fine work.

Salesman Maloy says getting up early in the morning makes one feel better. We agree with you, Bill. An hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon. Good work. Keep it up and you will not go unrewarded.

Salesman Peterson has asked for a leave of absence and at the same time rented a twelve-room house. Why such a large house, Howard? You must be figuring on staying out nights. We believe it to be August 28. The district extends congratulations.

Since the reduction on Red Crown, John H. O'Kelley says the farmers say "Fill 'er up." We notice in the office that this is being done.

E. W. Van Meter has resigned as salesman in the Oakland field. We hate to have him leave us, but wish him success in his new duties.

S. S. Attendant C. F. Grundmeier, Manning, says he is going to the State Fair. Evidently sold his Polarine quota. Nice work, Clarence. It is appreciated.

It is with regret that we learn of Attendant W. A. Johnson, Atlantic S. S. No. 1, leaving on account of his health. Mr. Johnson is going West. We hope for a speedy recovery Best wishes to you and family.

L. W. Pence is some mopper. He sold 37 dozen Semdac mops in four days, leading the Des Moines division. Hope you will get the spirit selling Polarine the same way.

H. R. Peterson, Harlan, recently advised that it was necessary for him to be in Omaha on August 4, and as the Nebraska law requires ten days before issuing a marriage license, we presume the happy event has taken place.

J. M. Pfiffner's District

J. M. Pfiffner, district superintendent, was married to Glen Downing at Carroll on August 15. At home at 217 East Eighth street, Carroll, Iowa.

New Service Station No. 120, Carroll, was opened August 18.

Wade Wissler of the Carroll warehouse is assisting in the Mason City office during the illness of one of the Mason City force.

L. D. Miller, salesman at Jefferson, had his tonsils and adenoids removed July 12. He is now back on the job and improving nicely.

G. C. Miller is taking up the duties of a general salesman at Sac City. Mr. Miller was formerly in school work at Union, Iowa.

Old friends, both in and out of the organization, were glad to meet A. R. Maulsby, who spent two weeks in Carroll the latter part of July instructing Salesman Sullivan, formerly of the Des Moines office, who is now the new salesman at Carroll.

P. H. Headley's District

Mr. N. E. Simonsen, salesman in the Toledo field, is smoking cigars at the expense of District Superintendent Headley. His field sold too much Polarine during July.

Truck Driver Frank Miller is rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl at his home. This is the Miller's first child. Of course, Frank is quite chesty.

Salesman A. L. Hemness is still looking for one of those wonderful birds called the frog.

M. A. Neighbor has been transferred from Winterset to Marshalltown, where he will have charge of the sales. Mr. M. S. Guthrie will have charge of the bulk station and equipment. These changes were brought about on account of the retirement of Mr. S. C. Guthrie.

Salesman T. R. Jansen is now wearing one of those smiles that won't come off, due to the fact that a new service station is now in operation at Hubbard, Iowa.

Mr. Anderson, who was S. S. attendant at Ames, has been transferred to Webster City to take the place of Mr. Riley, resigned. Mr. Anderson is a first-class service station man, and Webster City patrons will receive some good service.

G. B. Heatherintgon's District

Mr. John Endres is the new agent at Greenfield, Iowa, succeeding Clyde C. Stephens who recently moved to Colorado.

Ollie L. Leeper is the new assistant attendant at our Leon station succeeding Mr. Cleo B. Tripp, resigned.

Mr. C. E. Booth has recently been promoted from second truck man at Corydon to agent at that station due to the promotion of Mr. J. R. Clark, who was formerly agent at this point. We hope that Mr. Booth will like his new position.

Bert Dorsey is our new assistant attendant at Corydon, succeeding Mr. Paul Middlebrook, who is now second truck man at the Corydon tank wagon station.

James M. Atwell succeeds H. H. Day as assistant attendant at our Chariton service station.

R. S. Threlkeld, who for the past four years has been working in the Creston district on construction work, succumbed to the inevitable August 4, the lucky bride being Therrisa Wallace of Chariton. We all wish Ross and his wife success and happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Threlkeld

DETROIT, MICH.

Vance Woodcox, Correspondent

The entire Detroit division unites in congratulating Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Gilman, who are now "daddy" and "mammy" to a new arrival, Doris J., born August 4. Frank is one of our S. S. supervisors.

The Stenographic department of the Detroit main office is getting to be some class since Grace Morse, connected with the Sales department, got a new Ford coupe. Grace also claims it's "all her own."

The Standard Oil display at the state fair grounds has attracted considerable comment, but it appears that the demand for passes by employees exceeds all others.

We note that Davenport is boasting of their S. S. 8 selling 1,178 gallons of Polarine during seven weeks of a two months' campaign. Well, we think that we have a few that can compete. Our Messrs. Lundy and Murphy at S. S. 317, Detroit, sold 1,596 gallons of Polarine during the same period—but not during a campaign.

Then again we have our little "dog-house," S. S. 326, that sold 1,064 gallons of Polarine and 15,812 gallons of Red Crown during June. When one comes to figure, that means 6¾ gallons of Polarine to 100 gallons of Red Crown and our hats come off to Messrs. Sackman and Goddard at the above point.

Thomas F. Sprathe, S. S. attendant, who was married June 27, has proven that marriage is a sales promotion proposition. The first day he was back from his honeymoon he sold forty gallons of Polarine, claiming that since his wife expected to keep his pay check each time, he had to hustle for a bigger commission check. That's the spirit, Tom!

"Hank" Fisher, clerk at Clay avenue garage, nearly got away with a good one the other day, but failed. He was caught calling up a certain fish market, with reference to the price of fresh fish. This, taking into consideration the fact that he was shortly going

on his vacation for a fishing trip in Upper Michigan, gave away his whole scheme.

Jess Havershaw, our enterprising agent at South Lyons, wins the "booby prize" for quick action on our recent cut in the price of Red Crown gasoline. Our jovial district superintendent, E. F. Patterson, called him up by long distance at 2:00 a. m. and said: "Hello, Jess. Please reduce your price on Red Crown 6.6 cents tomorrow morning." Jess replied, "You can't kid me, old top," and hung up, thinking it was some practical joker in South Lyons. It then took Mr. Patterson a full hour to get Jess out of bed again in order to complete the call. Jess says now that in the future nothing will surprise him.

"The Auditing department of the Detroit main office enjoyed a very fine picnic at Silver Lake on July 27." That is the way the item should read, but am sorry to note that most of the picnic was enjoyed in the Board of Commerce rooms at Pontiac, with many thanks to Tom Mason, who came to the rescue after the weather prophets had failed. However, everyone claims they had a wonderful time notwithstanding the rain. The ball game would have been a success if Bob Marshall had not been selected as an umpire. Bob is our credit manager and consequently stealing bases was "out" as far as Bob was concerned, and unless your credit was A-1, every ball pitched within three feet of the base was a strike. Most of the participants of the game claim that Bob as an umpire would make a good musician.

Chief Clerk Kirn proved the "Babe" Ruth of the day and several times chased Bert Anteau clear out in the lake, trying to catch a few of the home runs he made during the game.

Since city specialty salesmen have been riding tank wagons in the city, several of the boys have had considerable difficulty in arriving at the warehouse so early in the morning. We even have heard of one of the men staying up all night in order to be there on time. If you wish to confirm this report, the correspondent would suggest that you see Jones, one of the East Side boys. Undoubtedly the sale of Big Bens will increase considerably in Detroit within the next few weeks.

Preparations for a bowling league are under way and if present plans work out there will be approximately sixteen teams entered from the different departments to make a race for the cup. Several would be prophets around the office are already claiming the cup, including "Stub" McGauley, of the garage sales, who claims his team is the only one having any chance at all. However, it is believed that it will take a lot of good bowling on the part of any team to finally come out on top, and much is expected in the way of competition before next March rolls around.

DULUTH. MINN.
S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

Recently, while Mike Sullivan, credit man, was dictating a rather snappy letter, there was consternation among the upper floor employees when smoke was seen coming from Mike's dictaphone. It was feared Mike was using such strong language that it would burn up a few records, but investigation proved that two electric wires had become crossed. However, Mike can kick up a lot of smoke when he's in that mood.

We sure did it for July! What? Why won the Red Crown banner for that month. It was a happy day for all of us when we heard that our percentage of increase in sales was above all others for that month. A box of candy was passed around to the ladies of the office, when Phrone Currier, who did the passing, came to Norma Patterson, Norma inquisitively asked what it was for and before Phrone could answer somebody piped up that it was for winning the banner for July. Immediately Phrone asked "What banner?" And that after working a month to win it!

M. W. Dock, in celebration of winning the banner, gave a chicken dinner at his home at Lakeside for the sales promotion department. Chicken galore, with all the trimmings and stuff to go with it. Eat? That's what everybody done nothing else but. After dinner the men folks strolled down to the lake beach and shattered the atmosphere for miles around with their harmonious tones. It sure was a peach of a party. Those attending were Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Dock, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Mueller, Miss Ann Lynott, John McCabe, William Bell, Charley Rounds, Olaf Sorenson, Percy Trevathan and Ralph Knowlton.

Our traveling bunch of office girls again hiked out of town last Friday and went to Minneapolis for the week-end. Those making the trip were Ann Lynott, Phrona Currier, Olive Pugh and Esthyre Pomroy.

We regret very much to report that "Hank" Carlson of the cashier's department has left the service of our company. Good luck to you, Hank,

Ukeleles are beginning to come into their own again, judging from the way the office employees are beginning to practice on them. Maybe it's because Bill Bell (Ting-a-ling, for short) is back again with us, and he sure is a wizard on that instrument.

"Oh, boy, wasn't it swell?" That was the comment of the crowd that attended the cabin party at French River, August 30, given by Norma Patterson. Those attending were Misses Lill Bergstrom, Madeline McClennan, Norma Patterson and Myrtle Lyndstrom, and John McCabe, Olaf Sorenson, Ralph Knowlton and John Fischmann. When is the next one?

Miss McCarthy, of the Minneapolis office, was a recent visitor to our heavenly offices (theyre on the sixth and seventh floors). Miss McCarthy was motoring through Duluth.

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. Mc Brian, Correspondent

W. J. Lang, our manager, has moved into his new home on Kentucky avenue. Mrs. Lang is quite proud of her new house, and quite justly so, because it is a beautiful place.

The first day Harold Hon worked with the company in the sales writing department he was told that our sales of Stanolene were so large on account of the bakeries which bought it to use instead of butter on their bread! All brands still sounded alike to Hon on the second day and after writing the sales of barrel after barrel of Polarine he made this remark: "No wonder the bakeries can't afford to buy real butter."

Harold Berges was in a hurry to get home the other evening and so he was helping the mail clerks get the mail ready for him to carry to the post office. He was just starting to seal the envelopes when the machine stopped. Harold worked on the machine but had no success in starting it—it simply refused to run, and so with frequent exclamations not very flattering to the makers of the sealing machine he sealed all the envelopes by hand. The next morning someone was called to look at the sealer and the first thing he saw was the plug attachment lying on the floor where it had dropped from the socket.

He considers himself lucky who is invited to spend the week end at Ewald Brauns' summer camp up the river. Mr. Brauns has had his camp for several Summers now and everyone who has ever been there

talks about the good times they can have. The occupants of the camp live in the outdoors constantly and get as brown as Indians.

Karl M. Asman has been promoted to salesman from service station No. 31, Evansville. This station has led the field in the sales of Polarine, Finol and other products for the last several months.

Oscar Dausmann, our newest radio fan, has a little daughter, Dorothy, who has already learned that she must be real quiet when Daddy tunes in. One evening, however, she slipped upstairs to her playroom to entertain herself. Suddenly Oscar exclaimed to his wife: "Listen; I have a program now," and was settling back to enjoy the concert when she told him the musician was Dorothy upstairs playing on her toy piano.

Harry Shriver has an invitation from one of the circus girls. We wonder if he will accept it. He was quite popular with the circus people. The clown in the parade accused Harry of being Harold Lloyd.

We can't help noticing the new vanity box on Marie Meyer's arm since Fred Haberer's return from Indianapolis. Good luck, Fred!

Sam Bumpus, our new agent at Thompsonville, Illinois, is getting away to a nice start at this station.

John Plater, attendant at Herrin, Illinois, service station, and his assistant, came back strong after temporarily losing the lead in the race for selling five gallon lithograph cans of Polarine and led the field again for the month of July.

J. Blackburn has been advanced from tank wagon checker at the Evansville warehouse to service station collector, pending the return of Edgar Lee Watlington. Watlington has had a long siege of illness but is improving nicely at present.

E. J. Stikeman has left the Evansville field to take up his new duties in the Grand Rapids territory. His friends were sorry to see Ed go. Mr. and Mrs. Schulte gave a chicken dinner for the couple before they left and in the afternoon a large number of the family's friends came out and brought with them a beautiful silver and cut glass service as a parting gift.

Why does Joe Saberton still go by the Standard Oil plant each evening about five o'clock. Ask Inez.

Shirley Robinson has been given a vote of thanks by the department heads for the care he takes in preparing their meeting place in the basement. The Evansville office is so crowded that the department head meetings usually have to be held in the basement which is none too clean and but for Shirley's forethought would be anything but a pleasant place.

FARGO, N. D.

Melville L. Rufer, Correspondent

Mr. F. A. Sykes, of the advertising department, Chicago, was a Fargo visitor during the past month. We are always pleased to have with us any of our fellow workers from Chicago, but we were especially pleased to see Mr. Sykes, as he got his start in the oil game at Fargo and made many friends while here.

Romance! Grace Lane, formerly of the Fargo office, moved to Minot. Mr. A. J. Pass was also transferred to that point. We are now advised that they have been united in marriage. The number of Standard Oil people who are finding their life partners right in the Standard Oil family speaks well for the social life of the company and reminds us of that old saying, "Birds of a feather flock together."

H. H. Cook, of the advertising department, has been working overtime inspecting signs. It is reported that he found it necessary to strip several plum trees of their fruit in order that the signs might be seen.

Roy Kramer visited Milbank, South Dakota, during the past month.

Miss Marvyl Larson has been promoted to the head of the stenographic department. Marvyl has always been a faithful and efficient worker and her promotion was well earned.

Mrs. R. L. Townsend has been added to the stenographic force.

It is with regret that we report the resignation of Ruthalice Frank and Hilda Ployhar. Both young ladies have been with the company for several years. They are live wires and will be greatly missed, not only in their work but in the social life of the company as well.

Mary Marie Dunn has bobbed her hair. She was very much put out when she heard that her kid sister had followed suit.

Assistant Chief Clerk A. E. Asleson and family had a most enjoyable camping trip in the range district, northern Minnesota. Being accustomed to our balmy North Dakota weather, Art got a little cold sleeping in the car nights.

Mr. and Mrs. Solie, of Cogswell, N. D., have not as yet announced the engagement of their duaghter, Jewel, to I. R. Olson, the elongated station examiner in the Devils Lake district, but it is expected that the wedding ceremony will take place unannounced.

Pandemonium reigned Monday morning when it was discovered that we had no city salesman, warehouse clerk, or head of the stationery department. These three people, including Mrs. Scott, made a trip to the lakes Sunday. They tell us the springs of their car broke and they were unable to get them fixed—how or why, no one seems to know.

O. M. Ranger spent the week-end at Pelican Rapids, having taken his wife and family there. He will return for them this week. Mr. Ranger caught a nice string of bass, and as his father gave him a sack of melons he is now living on fish and watermelons.

C. A. Berdahl, Erwin Proefrock and Leonard Bertell have been added to the stock department.

Keeping in mind the desire of the present generation for something new and novel, Mr. K. E. Burleigh, president of the Social Club, has engaged the Island Park Pavilion for a number of dances. The first party was held Wednesday, the 22nd. All who attended report a very enjoyable time.

After a two months' rest at the lakes, Miss Billie Wouters is again back at her desk.

Mrs. Gerties is on the sick list.

The Overby and Ebeltoft families should be well supplied with jell and other by-products from wild fruit, as Nick and Harry have been out hunting the elusive berries in all their spare moments.

Clark Jesten recently made his regular monthly trip to Fosston.

Mr. Albert Bjorge, of the bookkeeping force, is a proud daddy. It's a girl—she's good looking like her dad, and they cannot pick out a nice enough name for her.

"Junior" Fredrickson has been promoted to assistant order clerk.

A. W. Erdal has rented apartments. We expect there will now be some wild parties where the "Frisco" reigns supreme.

Homer Sands is growing a mustache—to add dignity to his appearance. Homer leaves us for three months to attend the Engineering School, McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio.

The latest to join the bobbed hair ranks are Agnes Kelly and Sarah Olson.

Mrs. F. J. Lawrence, wife of District Superintendent Lawrence, is reported quite seriously ill.

Mr. S. O. Green, agent at Hatton, N. D., has purchased an I. H. Co. Speed Truck. He also has a Ford truck during the busy season. As he secured a new warehouse and an additional storage tank two

years ago, he is well prepared to supply Standard Oil Company goods.

Salesman H. B. Weeks called at the Fargo office recently and handed the order department four orders representing four half-barrels of Semdac. It has been a long time since we have seen Mr. Weeks but if he will bring in orders like this he can come in every day.

Our new service station at Fargo is rapidly nearing completion.

Mr. L. E. Yaple, garage salesman, has resigned. Mr. E. W. Farris will fill the vacancy.

We cannot understand the reason why the district superintendents lose their hats when in the Fargo office. The two latest offenders have been Superintendents Leonard and Lawrence. After a great deal of inquiry and searching they usually find them just where they left them.

The service station at Minot is nearly complete. This station entails quite an engineering feat, as it is being built upon bridgework. The station itself and one of the driveways will be on a huge slab of cement supported by reinforced concrete pillars. (Pix, please.—Ed.)

Mr. M. W. Cox, of the auditing department, has resigned to accept the principalship at Fort Yates, N. D. Mr. Cox intends to teach school this year and the following year he will attend Northwestern university, where he will complete his business training.

Ann Wyand, who recently made a trip up the Great Lakes and Niagara Falls, reports a wonderful trip. We do not know who it was she enjoyed the scenery with, but we know that she seemed to have fond remembrances of the trip when she came back.

Recently, while enjoying a good sleep during the peaceful and quiet hours of the early morning, our Mr. Cook was awakened by the clamorous ringing of the telephone. Upon getting "on the wire" he was informed that one of our cars was stalled some thirty or forty miles out in the country. Mr. Cook was somewhat surprised when he found the occupant of the car to be our Assistant Manager J. P. Beaton. His collar and tie were fastened to the curtain of the car with his horse-shoe stickpin. His first remark was, "Do you think I ought to shave before I leave for town?" He had taken the cushions from the front seat and put them in back and slept in an "x" position all night. Mr. Beaton reports that he hailed three cars without results—they evidently took him for a hold-up. In going through the heavy mud the rear axle gave way, this accounting for his being stalled.

Mr. Frank Wheeler, of the warehouse, has been on the sick list for a few days.

Tom Bock, warehouse foreman, reports that three hundred barrels were filled with lubricating oil at the Fargo warehouse in one day. We would like to hear from any other division claiming a better record.

Notes from Cando Territory—E. C. Lang

Rural Salesman Hanson states that if anyone is looking for a good hay trader he will recommend any one of the following gentlemen: District Superintendent Lawrence, Salesman Lee, or Julius Halvorson, agent at Lisbon.

The new service station at Cando has been completed and was opened to the public on July 25. Matt Haugen, local agent, will also have charge of the service station. Flowers and cigars were given to the visitors and the Cando band favored us with several selections, which were appreciated.

A. K. Aanes, the livewire garage man at Bisbee, has installed a new 5 gallon stroke curb pump to take care of the ever increasing Red Crown trade. We are putting on a Red Crown Canteen Globe top at Mr. Aanes' request, as he wants to advertise the fact that he sells only the best.

Ira Corson, Rolla agent, has purchased another Ford truck, and says that it is keeping them busy taking care of the customers, even with the "fleet."

B. L. Smith, of the Fargo office, favored the Cando territory with a visit recently. Our only fault to find with his visits are that they are too short and not often enough. Come again, B. L.

Art (Churches Ferry), you had better get a few boxes of cigars ready for distribution. You know the boys all like a good cigar, and then tell us if it has, or is still to happen. (We are a good judge ourselves and Art believes in picking the pretty ones.) Congratulations and a happy married life, is our wish.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
K. C. Clapp, Correspondent

Johnny Johnson, of the warehouse, and John the Janitor have reached the third strata of their argumentation, a spasm of which is sure to ensue every time the two meet. Their last debate on the subject of Darwinism ended abruptly when John the Janitor asked "Do you mean to say that you're not far from a monkey?" and J. J. replied, "Oh, not more than two feet away!"

A. C. Anderson wants it distinctly understood that he's buying no hats for anyone, and says that he wants to correct the impression made in a recent copy of the Stanolind Record to the effect that the loss of a bet on Red Crown sales forced him to buy a new skypiece for Ben Bishop and to wear his last Summer's straw this year. More authentic reports have it that Ben lost the wager and was rather tardy in "coming across." Beg pardon, Andy!

It is painfully noticeable that Thorne Brown, in his meteoric flivver, absolutely refuses these days to try to pass even the humblest of Marmons on the way to work. As the famous Mr. Post of Postumville says, "There's a Reason!" Ten and costs don't grow on every bush.

The Vyn brothers of Grand Haven came in for a lot of razzing from their home town folks when, during the rush resulting from the drop in gas prices, they called into service an old tank wagon drawn by a pair of horses. Their two trucks also were in constant use.

Miss Carolyn Margaret, weighing 7½ pounds, arrived Sunday morning, August 12, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Pilbeam. Jay is our attendant at S. S. 76, Galesburg. We may add that he used poor judgment when he assured all his friends that it was to be a boy. However, as soon as he recovers from his embarrassment he will, no doubt, pass around the cigars.

At this writing, the Standard Oil baseball team, Grand Rapids, has piled up a fine record of 17 games won, 8 lost and 1 tied. The last mentioned event Stephen was battled out on the Holland diamond against the Woodenshoe Independents and was called on account of darkness with the count knotted at 8 to 8. The team is about to enter the second round of play in the Michigan State Baseball tournament, having disposed of its first round opponents 6 to 3. The team, in 26 games, has a batting a erage of .355. Three players are hitting above .400, while four others are clouting the apple for percentages of over .330. Some clubbing outfit!

We wish to present to the gang Miss Carline De Vries, entrancing new stenog in the edifone department, recently transferred from the order department.

The Stanolind family extends its sympathies to

Adam Redding, agent at Casnovia, who recently lost his youngest son.

Guess we'll have to call in a traffic cop. The reason for the congestion of traffic in the motor equipment came to work here in August. She has—er—ah—auburn locks, shorn short, and a most persuasive smile—and that ain't all. Best part of it, she's popular with the other girls, too. Introducing Miss Marian Runnels.

Cap'n Angle, former tin soldier, and present boss of the service stations in this field, comes to in visit the office force about once a month. The rest of the time he's right out in the front line trenches directing the barrage of Red Crown and Polarine from the T-65 and T-36-B guns.

King "Tut" Wheeler is the new sensation in the marketing department. He's a bear with the ladies, we understand. King keeps books for the farm sales department.

When the baseball team played the Ionia prison nine recently, Gus Bush wouldn't let the rest of his team mates get very far away from him and he kept a sharp eye on the warden. Gus was afraid they'd keep him there.

It is rumored that the Indians in the wilds of the Northern territory pushed Roy Fonger into Grand Traverse Bay recently, pulled him out, wrapped him in a blanket and tied him to a stake, intending to build a bonfire with Roy as the piece de resistance. Roy, however, started off on one of his fish stories. Before the tale was ended, all the Indians had either fainted or fallen asleep and so Roy escaped.

H. Bomford, efficiency man, paid a visit to the office in August. He seemed to pay particular attention to the stenographic work and palpably is of the opinion that a smile is conductive to the highest type of efficiency. J. E. Hall, auditor, who was auditor at this office two years ago, also spent several days here.

Lambert Maring, agent at Muskegon, is telling the world that he's the stuck-up daddy of a dandy baby girl born in August.

Orson Locke passed around some tasty cigars and candy not long ago when he took unto himself a spouse. Orson spent his honeymoon selling Red Crown and Polarine.

Newcomers welcome:—Herbert Welsh, sales writer; Alice Van Ellen, comptometer operator; Jennie Holmgren, file clerk; Anna Van der Laan, typist; O. L. Cook, check clerk; Holbrook Howe, sales writer; Ray Olds, civil engineer; Ray Sluiter, checking department.

Roma "Wild" West spent her vacation at Niagara Falls. That's a strange place to go alone, Roma. The approved way to visit Niagara is in the van of a volley of old shoes and rice.

Harriet Rose, nee Van Dommelen, is married and happy but refuses to give up her place with the Stanolind family.

While Jane Jannereth was spending a week at Highland Park, Hugo Pierson's chief occupation seemed to be biting his fingernails and regarding everyone with a vacant stare.

Dorothy Perrin has departed to become a nurse at St. Mary's hospital. But don't let that fact encourage you fellows to forget any of our Safety First rules!

Although our dear friend Frank Kirby doesn't work at the office any more, we notice that he drives up regularly in his big blue Davis. Reason—Beryl.

Anne Irrgang has quite recovered from her recent illness and again is busy with tank rentals. She says she has lost weight, but we notice the stairs still creak whenever she mounts them.

Marjorie Sprague has resigned in order to assume the duties of a housewife. She and her husband will reside in Memphis, Tenn.

Blanche Warren, who visited Petoskey on her vacation, was surprised to meet Clyde Wilcox there. Clyde lives in Petoskey, as none could help knowing.

The Lavendar Sweater Club now boasts the following membership: Frieda Frey, Mildred Ludin and Marian Runnels.

A former chief clerk, L. E. Hyde, was a welcome visitor at the office in August.

HURON, S. D.

Harold L. Eves, Correspondent

All owners of homes in the city of Huron are hereby notified that the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) will not be responsible for any porches taken off after five o'clock by Jimmie Hall. If you build your porch so close to the corner that Jimmie cannot make the corner without taking it with him, it is your misfortune, not ours.

The entire force wishes to extend its sympathy to Claire Box in the loss of his father, A. D. Box. Mr. Claire Box is one of the attendants at S. S. 3 located in Huron.

In order to get in several notes for the Stanolind Record, the correspondent put out a circular crying for help. Some bright person dropped a little insinuation in the form of a note into the box asking if said correspondent intended to have his name appear in print . . . What the Sam Hill do you think I get for writing these notes? If a person has to go to all the trouble of collecting and writing them, he ought to have at least the privilege of keeping his own name out of the public press, hadn't he? You got any objections?

Shift your lamps towards Packard; isn't that a nice, fair face of his, all fixed up with powder and his hair laid down with Mica? What's the reason he dolls up so lately?

We now have with us in the office another graduate from the correspondence school of loafing who passed with higher marks than did either Jimmie Hall or Fuzzy Fausnaugh. His name is Elwin Aerman.

Weston says that all the lost cats in town that have lost their homes during the last five years have wandered out and located at his house. From this remark anyone can guess that there is a new arrival at his house—and it's a girl.

The question is: Which will be first, Heine or Pat? Most of us have at least two bits left in our pockets, and there seems to be a rumor that Mel is going to buy each of them a very nice present—ask him what it is when they begin calling you Bennie for a nickname.

What do you folks think of a fellow who would bet on a ball game with a woman?As if that was not enough then to make his cheeks red with shame—a very poor bet was bet for Rude bet a BIG box of candy against a nickel and hoped he'd lose. He did lose and bought a box of candy down at Nick's the other day and mailed it to Clark, S. D. I don't blame him, if kodaks don't lie.

While we are on the subject of candy we want to say that Carl Junker's friend (don't know which one) certainly can make some fine candy due to the fact that the correspondent had several large pieces of this candy and you can look these columns over in vain for any scandal of the credit man (in this issue) for all we put in is news—absolutely no scandal. We do not accept bribes, but doctors say that candy makes the memory poor.

Christie, another Rudolph in this office, is leaving us. He did not exercise his wiles upon the sheikesses in this office but practiced outside, judging from the

light haired girl who is tall and slender who Christie has been with quite frequently of late.

At last the Huron division has been called to the conference of the nations. Our agent, Harry Pershing of Britton, S. D., has received a personal invitation from General John J. Pershing to a reunion of the Pershing family in Pennsylvania on September 18. Harry Pershing says there are about 1,700 members of the family, all of them receiving a personal invitation from General John Pershing to be present at the reunion. Mr. Harry Pershing, agent at Britton, S. D., is a nephew of General Pershing.

Big investigation headed by District Superintendent Olson: Upon finding that Kenneth Meigs was neglecting his sales work, Mr. Olson, after many days and nights of labor, discovered that it was the fault of a girl in this office—Medora Preston. The date has been set for some time in October. Until that time and for at least a month afterwards, one can hardly hope for a great deal of work from Kenneth.

It is rumored that Hawley Fausnaugh is between the devil and the deep sea, but although he has made a trip to Miller by way of a Nash "6" roadster, he still seems able to give a great deal of attention to part of the office force. It can't be done, Hawley; you have got to have one of them and that's all. When you go getting two of them into it they are going to meet just as sure as shootin'.

Did you ever hear of a squaw being described as a nice plump young lady with the only thing the matter with her—her teeth are all out? Perkins seems to have made quite a hit with this Indian squaw. The story follows: At the Round Up at Belle Fourche, Mr. Perkins' curiosity got the best of him and he edged too near the Indian war dance. Said beautiful squaw reached out and gingerly grabbed Perk by the hand and dragged him into the circle. Perkins reverted back the type and began the Indian war dance. The only grudge we have is that Pat Ryan saw it all and did not obtain a photograph.

J. M. Cook and S. L. McGill were called to Sioux Falls this month for medical examination by the Government Service Board.

P. L. Banks is the first man to sell his quota of Semdac mops.

Tom Garrett, our genial janitor, has a cotton field out south of town, and, although some may be skeptical about this cotton field, Tom thinks it's mighty fine and is proud of it and would be glad to show it to you. We were down to see it the other day and it really has balls of cotton in the field. We expect to have a picture of this northern cotton field in the next Record.

Manager A. H. Dodsley and family are enjoying intermittent outings at their new cottage recently built at Lake Byron. Mr. Palm, sales manager, turned this item in but the correspondent saw Mr. Dodsley starting out one Sunday morning to bring his family back from the lake. The correspondent doubts very much if Mr. Dodsley enjoyed *this* outing as much as Mr. Palm reports.

Frank Dwyer and H. B. Palm attended the Highway lettings at Pierre, S. D., this week and brought back some very nice business for the different fields. But, say, fellows, you ought to get Frank to tell you about Tarzan of the Apes at Pierre.

Miss Irish seems to have had a lapse of memory, getting so confused one day that she could not spell *Indiana*. Is he a blonde or brunette, Ella?

We have been informed that one o'clock is a dreaded hour for Gladys and Heine, for one p. m. means parting and going to their respective desks to work and one a. m. means parting again and going to their respective residences. It must be awful!

Bob Van Ardsdale hasn't had a good night's rest since the reduction in price of gasoline. He says his sleep is tormented with dreams and nightmares of tank cars running over him, telephones ringing, messenger boys bringing him telegrams saying that stations are out of gasoline and great big storage tanks making faces at him. Is it your work Bob or a new form of D. T's.? If those tanks take arms and legs and start chasing you, it is D. T.'s; if they stay on their foundations it is just your work. (The above remarks are not from personal experiences, however.)

Part of our old force is back with us again. You can see Evelyn McElvain any day sitting at Form 03.

The file room has been turned into a harem since Christie left us with Miss Feenan in charge assisted by Marion Joseph, an old office employee.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

Doc Jenkins got a foolish idea that he was some sort of cute little frontiersman and proceeded to blaze a few new trails over near Richmond. Contrary to the funny books' version of such explorations, B. E. didn't wind up in some barnyard but he did meet face to face the business end of a 45 "cannon" hung on him by the sheriff. In plainer English, our muchly scared credit man had been touring over a new concrete road not as yet opened for traffic and it is said he slung about three booksfull or oratory to keep from going to the "cooler," instead of into history as he had planned.

Champions of all kinds may come and go, but E. J. (Brick) Hicks has discovered a new one in Herbert Gates, salesman of Brazil, Indiana. Roasting ears (boiled) is his specialty and in support of his claims for greatness in his line, the farmers around Brazil gather at the corn field when, it is tipped off, Herbert is planning a foraging expedition. His style of attack is novel: Equipped with a napkin over each ear to protect his eardrums, he uses expert swimming tactics by inhaling through his mouth and the ear never bent to a morning's sunrise that he cannot munch to the end without shifting gears. Hicks found this new wonder at the famous Oak restaurant where he had already devoured eight ears and was taking a nap until the help cooked up another bushel.

What a big difference one little letter makes. Hearken to this sifting through the phono-ungraphic "foundry". "We will arrange to have the *dust* removed from this storage tank as soon as you advise us it is empty." (That's a rusty one.—Ed.)

The following was handed in by the wit of the traffic department with a dare to possible censors: "Irene McCurdy, compto operator, is going down to the Blue Bell Beauty Shop to have her head waved. Put her out in the rain; wood will warp."

S. S. 102, Indianapolis, will be known as "poet's corner" with Edgar Allen Poe at the pumphandle. And something else—this station is located in Mayor Lew Shank's front yard and His Honor was the first customer.

About the only excitement of note around the plant was the recent fishing trip indulged in by our grand old man, Jake Walters. Leslie Baker acted as guide. Jake spent the day pulling in crawfish which he called some queer sounding names not eligible for print. Baker, meanwhile caught a nice string of bass and goggle-eyes. Jake wound up his "perfect" day by hooking a 6 inch bass, which he gave another chance. Jake now claims that fish was 16 inches long and Baker hypnotized him into getting skunked.

In support of a recent item, Eddie Eick, record department newlywed, admits he is not near as rough as he used to be.

Steve (Slim) Davis of the stock department went to Bass lake to vacation around a little—he did all right. He fell in the lake with his boots on. Slim was out trying to induce some bass to hit his offierings in the way of bait when the boat slipped out from under him and his early training in the Broad Ripple pool saved him from a visit to Davie Jones' locker. Slim fished from the shore the rest of his stay.

Rivaling Grimm's Fairy Tales, a duo put consternation in a recent meeting of "department heads" when Doc Jenkins tried to convince those present that he answered 300 'phone calls per day. W. (for Bill) Teppig was also "there" as usual with an ironclad claim that everybody in the office takes a kick at the Form 3 T W binders.

Curtis Mounsey is back at the office after an absence of eleven months spent in fighting a continuous run of rheumatism and other complications. Aside from a slight limp C. L., we are glad to note, is looking fine.

Well, it is about to happen—'spect around the time the chrysanthemums bloom. R. F. (for Flake) Baity and Pauline Kline will jine hands for the long, long trail. That is Miss Pauline is displaying a hunk of sparkling carbon and Flake took real sick the day he got a bill for the ring.

Bloomington

We have a new one here; his name is Walter Leuty; he is driving a tank truck and is no baby either. (Correspondent's note.—Send us his dimensions, leaving out the fourth.)

Agent Voss Cox is having a run of bad luck. His son was operated on recently and now his father is in a very critical condition. Mr. Cox has the sympathy of the entire force at Bloomington.

Anyone having a tall fence, please ship same to S. S. 11, as Attendants Gaither, Milton and Knight are much inflated over winning the prize for sales on 5 gallon cans of Polarine.

Anderson

Well, we pulled our picnic on July 22 at Miller Hills and everybody that amounted to anything around here was there. This doesn't mean only ourselves, but Pendleton, Lapel, Summitville, Middletown, Frankton and Alexandria. Following plenty of chicken with all the trimmings, games and contests filled the afternoon with features. At the dinner a terrible casualty was avoided when Charley Roberts, Pendleton agent, got his hand fast in a pickle jar. He was finally persuaded to unloosen his grasp on a pint of the contents. Don't 'spect Charley is in love. About dinner time, as could be expected, our old friend Joe Miller dusted up in his high powered Buick yelling for the cooks to save him some chicken but it must be a blonde. We had a ball game in the afternoon, long to be remembered by Harry Shuman, who stopped a high fast one with his eye.

Walter Miller and John Branch tried to promote a horseshoe pitching contest but were called out of order as the day was too hot and the excitement might cause fatalities. Sam Long left a little early much peeved because he didn't get enough ice cream. This was our first picnic ever held with the "B" stations invited and it sure was a dinger.

Ed Harshman, our new attendant at S. S. 38, who comes from Muncie, says he uses Polarine on his hands to keep down the friction from the rake handle.

Carl Norris, just checked in for S. S. 13, comes from the wilds of Carthage. He sure must be a hustler. He reported for work just one hour after being called on the long distance 'phone—and" Carthage was 35 miles away."

B. P. McCord, stake truck driver, before visiting the Safety court at Indianapolis, defied the anti-lobbying act by taking along a box of cigars to aid him in perverting the jury. He reports no luck along those lines so he brought the cigars back with him.

Terre Haute

In order to cover a lot of territory and take as many more chances, even the Indianapolis office is invited to the next big picnic to be slung by John Miller's district at McCormick's Crick, State Park. In case of rain—but there ain't going to be no rain—this is guaranteed not to be any "sob" party and all who can, and do not attend will be fined $50.00.

Charley Lane in his "Rolls Ruff" took in the Old Settlers meeting at Farmersburg and reports a good time. As Charley is an old setter (we mean settler) he, no doubt, saw many of his old time friends. We have heard that these "old settler" meetings get to be pretty rough at times, but Charley was back on the job the next day, all in one unscarred piece.

Glenn Green will not be so liberal with his side of the road in passing motorists hereafter. We are not betting, but he rolled over and over and into the ditch.

Lost: A pair of tonsils. Call Perle Wolfe, S. S. 20. Reward. We don't think.

Wanted: Your best price on soup. Call the same Wolfe. We do think.

Bill Croxton sedaned to Chicago on his vacation. He found it the large city as represented. Bill says the greatest object of interest he lamped on the whole trip was the skyline of Terre Haute as he returned.

Perle Miller is quite liberal with his "puddle jumper." Never locks it. He got it back after two days minus seven gallons of Red Crown and some the worse for wear.

Now that the country is fairly well Volsteaded up, how did the editor of the Stanolind Record ever get Terre Haute over in the Peoria division? See August number. The agent at Terre Haute knows this Charlie Julian from the old Shortridge days and if he doesn't watch out there are going to be some echoes. (He may also remember that we never made a mistake in our whole life. It was the assistant editor who pulled that, and he used to live in Indiana too! Incidentally, if Agent Cox of Terra Haute is the same Cox who once lived on North Illinois street, Indianapolis, and on a certain Thanksgiving day rescued the old I. H. S. banner from a bloodthirsty crowd of M. T. H. S. students, fought his way with it to a West Washington street car, climbed upon roof of said car and proceeded to Washington and Illinois street with said banner flying from the trolley pole, we'll say the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) sure has a fighting agent at Terre Haute, and it ought to be one live station! Is it the same Cox?—C. V. J.)

Anybody wanting information concerning the best home-grown melon patches, see "Spark Plug" Sparks; he knows—even on a dark night.

Alva Liffick has joined our force in the capacity of M. T. driver.

Perry McCarty has lost the pump handle at S. S. 72 and found a sample case and order book in its stead.

Extra! Charley Friend was seen driving on a dusty road. Tell us how come, Charley.

TERRE HAUTE TO CLINTON: We consider the day half gone by 6:30 a. m.

Most recent eligible subscribers to stock purchasing: Arlie Colglazier, Ellsworth Pipes, Bob Hanrahan. That's the time, fellows; we're still hitting on all four and going to stay that way.

A Miss Ketchum, in a Ford coupe, visited three of our local stations recently. The boys say she has a good line, for she sure caught them. Lester Fegeley is trying to collect.

To see "Chuck" Ramsdell handle the lawn mower at No. 35 one would think he was training for a marathon. Go easy, Chuck, and don't burn out any bearings.

Question: When will Ellsworth Pipes surprise Hubert Bond by taking the lawn mower for a walk at No. 3?

Our friend, "Gibby," from the Indianapolis garage, called on us recently and arranged for the "dolling up" of our rolling equipment. 'Atta boy, Gibby; we like the idea of "dolling up."

Bill Oliver is looking forward to his coming vacation. He states he will not spend it at Atlantic City this year. Do you think the Board Walk will miss you, Bill?

Glen Savage at S. S. 23, denies the rumor that he has any intention of going in for auto racing.

"Bills" Moseley states his buddy, Willard Glick, cannot stand the noise made by firearms.

Vernon Gasper has been a frequent visitor in our fair city recently. Come often, Gasper, but keep out of mischief.

McKeesport, Pennsylvania, has tacked the monicker "Indiana Beauty" on Howard Greiner. Beware of girls' names on jacket cans! Ask Howard.

Herman Elbrecht, S. S. 72, is there when it comes touching up a station. For samples of his handiwork, see Terre Haute stations.

"Dutch" Schauber, at No. 35, has acquired a reputation as a philanthropist since he loaned 86 cents to a friend to pay a gas bill.

It is generally rumored locally that Omer Lunsford's tennis game has suffered greatly since he joined our local organization. You should worry, Omer; tennis doesn't pay dividends. When in need of exercise, see Charley Lane or Frank Cahill at the warehouse.

Louis Houchin is all smiles these days. Reason: Mrs. Houchin is home from the hospital after a successful operation. We're glad, too, Louis.

JOLIET, ILL.

C. H. Kniep (field) and Miss Evelyn Reece (office), Correspondents

Mr. A. P. Unmacht, salesman, took a week off recently, rented a flat and to top it off, got married August 28. The lucky girl was Miss Fay Garrigan of Freeport. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Unmacht.

Abe McKinley has been passing the treats for the last couple of weeks. Freeport is wondering who the lucky (?) girl can be and when it is all coming off. Also whether it is really Abe himself or his Jordan? Did D—— influence him to buy those new overalls? Who can tell.

We have been requested to ask Mr. Knauff at Freeport how he keeps the candle stock clean.

Mr. Black, Freeport driver, was recently arrested for speeding. The judge asked him how it happened and he replied that he was using Red Crown Gasoline. Judge replied "$5.00 and costs."

Clarence Brubaker is a new attendant at Freeport service station. His pleasant smile is bound to bring business.

No. 29 service station at Freeport also has a new attendant whose name is Glen Harrison.

Vernon Wolford, tank truck driver at Freeport, has been taking all the honors in the horse races around that town. Spark Plug can do the mile in nothing flat. What did you say about Barney Google?

L. G. Horrie, agent at Gardner, Brenneman of Mazon, Peterson of Reddick, Wadleigh of Herscher, and Brownie of Cabery, enjoyed last Sunday by handling gasoline and Perfection as usual, each putting out from 1500 to 2200 gallons that day.

Pat Leach, our Odell agent, is up in the air since Peoria has taken seven miles away from him and Pat is going to take his spite out by doing more business than any other "B" station agent in the Joliet division the rest of the year. Go to it, Pat, we have no objections.

Chick Hansen, agent at Dwight, now rides around in a new four-door Ford sedan and we notice he has quite a stand-in at Boyer Bros. garage and also at the telephone office. Explanations, please.

Anyone desiring inside information as to what the men who work on the hard roads do on rainy afternoons, can get in touch with Bill Wadleigh at Herscher, who will tell you how to get all of their business.

We would suggest that Al. Watson keep one eye open the next time he visits the Globe hotel at Dwight. They have touching ways there, we are informed.

What's this? What's this we hear about Mr. Fagon, our handsome station examiner, having to back out of town at one of our "B" stations?

We would request that Mr. O. J. Karschrick refrain from making sudden appearances in Peotone, when he is all dolled up. You might frighten the natives, Otto.

Mr. I. J. Pyka is requested to advise just where he eats when he goes to Peotone and why he goes there so often.

George LaVanway is now operating a grocery store in Ottawa. Mr. LaVanway evidently started something as Jay Conlin has also decided to withdraw from the oil cans and become the owner of a grocery store in Harlem.

The following conversation was heard recently at a Rockford hotel: Kinkuski—"What do you think is the cause of that rattle in my Ford?" Motherwell—"Maybe it's behind the wheel."

The office force at Joliet was greatly surprised to learn that Hazel Gumaelius is learning civil engineering from Eben Grundy. Eben says she picks anything up quickly, even his heart.

We discovered the other day that Patterson is somewhat bashful, especially in certain parts of the office.

Have you noticed little Miss Kane recently? We are in search of some inside dope on the reason for all the dolling up she does lately. Is he a blonde or a brunette, Kaney?

Will someone please put a bug in Marty Gable's ear to watch Miss Ann Swenson when she is down town alone. He'll lose her sure, some day, if he doesn't watch out. We hear she was put out of the public library recently while in company with a certain young man.

The office was quite surprised to receive a visit from Mr. Honomichl, formerly chief clerk at Joliet, on Saturday morning, August 25. We were surely glad to see him even though it was for such a short time.

Harold Houck, W. W. Watson, John Peterson, and Harold Hartley attended a dance at Coal City, Ill., Saturday night, August 18. We were advised that two of the above mentioned were in full dress suits, leading the grand march. Also the prize for the best waltzer was awarded to one of them. We believe everyone is acquainted with him. We might also add that the next time they pay a little more attention to the Santa Fe limited that pulls through the above town at 12:30 a. m. so as to avoid another narrow escape.

W. O. Patterson, attendant at S. S. 23, Joliet, has resighed and is now salesman for a candy company in Chicago Heights, Ill.

Hardy is Finol king at Joliet. Everyone who drives into No. 23 pays for some Finol before they leave.

Melville Streuter is the new attendant at S. S. 31, Joliet. He comes from Jacksonville, Ill.

What's this we hear about Mr. Wm. (Bill) Zeich climbing into a baby carriage the other night at a party?

Mr. Wm. R. Battin, our sales promoter, was the recipient of a mysterious package containing his birthday present the other day. Mr. Battin was very pleased with the gifts and wishes to thank Mr. DeGroat for his kind thoughts.

Miss Helen Kramer is a new member of the dictaphone department.

KANSAS CITY, MO.
W. F. McGarry, Correspondent

N. H. Newnham succeeded A. Ward as attendant at S. S. 56, Carrollton, Mo. This station should hum now.

C. C. McCullough is now agent at Emporia. A good man for a good station.

In our last issue we forgot to announce that Mr. W. B. Johnson, former Kansas City tank wagon driver, and now proprietor of the Cliff House, Powersite, Mo., had the honor of the company of W. J. White and his bride on their honeymoon not long ago. Bill White is one of the hustling tank wagon drivers in Kansas City.

Miss Lydia Baird, official secretary to the superintendent in District 4, paid us a visit recently and everybody in the office seemed to be "charmed indeed."

Mr. A. E. Ridge is the new S. S. attendant at No. 78, Eldorado Springs, while D. E. Russell starts in with us at S. S. 38, Fredonia, Kas. Welcome to the S. O. Co., fellows.

Salesman Harry Young is now covering a regular territory, and says he likes it fine. When are you going to send us in that picture of "the boy," Harry?

M. L. Tucker is the salesman now covering Verne Dyer's old territory around Valley Falls. The sales manager's office say they expect great things from this field which has held its own all year.

Mr. T. T. Tennant succeeded A. P. Zeckser as district superintendent in District 3, on account of the resignation of Mr. Zeckser. Mr. A. H. Worrall is in charge of District 4 at the present time.

We have a new agent at Parkville, Mr. H. R. Busch. Welcome, Mr. Busch. Also, F. E. Custer is in charge of the Cedarvale station. We hear Mr. Custer is a live wire and should go strong at this station.

The office picnic was a grand success. The rain which put in an appearance about 9:30 a. m. and lasted until noon, somewhat put a damper on the great crowd which had been expected to attend; but quite a number came out after and even the rain couldn't hold off some of the bunch. Mr. Wilson is one man who goes "rain or shine" when he makes up his mind, consequently was one of the first there. We also took note of the fact that he was one of the last to leave. Hope you had a good time, Mr. Wilson. The athletic events attracted great attention, many beautiful prizes being won. Claude Cochran ran away with the high honors in several, as well as in the tennis tournament. But, say, this gentleman, we understand, was a top notcher at Kansas university. He is also a top notcher in the sales department, and, although a Jayhawker, we are led to believe that he is more or less of a tiger in the Polarine campaign.

Speaking of Polarine campaigns makes us think that Mark Nichols is leading the field at the present writing. This is more of an achievement on account of his being a city salesman. Keep the lead, Mark, and by the time this Record is out you will have won the Polarine campaign and it will be past history.

Salesmen Asher, Fikes, and Beck were seen recently in the Kansas City office. These are three live wires and we wonder how they find time to take an hour or so off to visit the office. Must have been something IMPORTANT.

Mr. K. T. Wenger has been appointed superintendent of District 5 and was introduced to the sales personnel of the Famous Fifth at a meeting last week. After looking each other over, a hearty welcome was extended Mr. Wenger and the meeting turned into one of the most enthusiastic held in the K. C. district.

George Gates was at the picnic. but we did not see him challenge anybody in the horseshoe tournament. However, he ran a close second in the cone eating contest which lasted all afternoon.

Mr. Albert Ware, city salesman, announced over the phone the other morning that the stork had arrived at his place and left a 9 pound baby girl. Congratulations, Albert.

A big surprise was handed us the other day when Peggy Craw ord announced that she had been married since June 30 to Mr. Joe Parsons, formerly of this company. Right on the heels of the marriage of Dan Davison and Miss Hirsh, this was too much for us and we quietly keeled over. But, upon coming to, we are hereby extending to the happy couples the hearty congratulations of everybody in the office.

The big event of the picnic was the boxing exhibition between Gorman Rainey and Joe Wasson. The affair was a draw, but each had warm supporters who claimed a victory for their choice. Not having witnessed this match the writer is unable to make a decision one way or the other.

Howard Houston and Burt Hudnut tried to engineer a water polo game but couldn't get enough entries; consequently turned the affair into a long diving contest. Howard won this dive, as Burt had to come up to expectorate.

On Sunday, August 19, Standard Oil Co. employees and their families at Topeka, Kas., had an all-day picnic at Waterworks Park. The main features of the day were baseball, horseshoe pitching, target shooting, boxing, jumping, running and eating. For various reasons a good many could not get to the picnic, but about 35 had shown up before the afternoon was over, and all apparently had a fine time.

Chas. D. Root, new employee at Independence, Mo., S. S. 61, announced the arrival of a 11½ pound boy at his place. Congratulations.

Mr. B. McKinney, new employee at Independence, Mo., S. S. 101 (known as the 101 Ranch) announced the arrival of a 10 pound boy at his home a day or so ago. Congratulations. Fine place, Independence, aye?

Roy Bauchman claims that he is the "Buffalo Bill" of the 101 Ranch, officially known as S. S. 101, Independence, Mo.

We just learned the reason L. G. King, of the cashier's department, was not at the picnic. He was married on that date. Congratulations, L. G.

Charlie Reid and Fay Trueblood, of the credit department, both distinguished themselves at the picnic; one as director of sports, etc., and the other as ice cream eating champion. Take your choice; which is which?

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Miss Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

Martin J. DeBoer is the new agent at Galesville, Wis., succeeding R. C. Marsh. Everybody watch for the increase of sales.

Art (Herpicide) Amundson is a firm believer in Stanolene. He says it "lubs" the roots of your hair. Eh, Art?

We are very glad to say that G. H. Bailey is again our agent at Soldier's Grove, Wis. We missed you, Gile.

Bernie Volz has been shifting gears and throwing clutches ever since he helped drive that Packard "six" from Chicago. Come on back to the office, Scoop.

Norman Guenther, former agent at Alma, Wis., has been transferred to agent at Chippewa Falls, Wis. Now that Mr. Guenther has this larger territory he will be able to prove his ability of putting over the big gains.

Mr. H. G. Granum, of Minneapolis, Minn., has the territory formerly covered by E. T. Shea.

Mr. O. E. Evenson motored to Menomonie, Wis., where he spent a few days of his vacation.

Mr. H. A. Hanson, price clerk, has had TWO half holidays lately. We think the world must be going around the other way.

Mr. N. R. Grimshaw, assistant general manager, visited the La Crosse office last week.

Put Spike Selbo and Gink together and you would have the long and the short of it.

Mr. B. J. Rudolph, former agent at Chippewa Falls, Wis., has been transferred to service station attendant at Eau Claire. Rumors are that the girls are awfully glad he is there.

It was "Good Morning, Judge" for Ernest Skaff, our office boy, when he exceeded the speed limit in his new Overland car. Now he is spending his time figuring out how many gallons of gasoline he could buy with that $12.50 and how many trips he could make to Winona.

Folks were certainly glad when D. V. Guentz was again service station attendant at Winona, Minn. Doug. has been covering the country territory around Wabasha, Minn.

Mr. C. C. Slater is back again on his old territory at Rochester, Minn.

Excavation is almost completed for the new bulk station at Winona, Minn.

Manager H. E. Bruce thinks there is no other car better than a Buick, but somehow he has found out they won't run without gasoline. Can you tell us about it?

The other day we suddenly noticed a heavy cloud of smoke over in one corner of the office. When it cleared we found it was just Art. Amundson getting out his typewritter analysis of misc. mdse.

Folks usually go fishing once during their vacation, but Edna Greenwaldt isn't even sunburnt. How come, Edna?

We didn't find out who the "kids" were in the office until the circus came to La Crosse. Not mentioning any names, but, Remp and Romie were missing most of the time.

Mr. Bruce, may we have a picture of the fish, and perhaps a description of the kitchen in the Eau Claire hotel?

The Standard Oil Company Social Club enjoyed a weiner roast at Pettibone park last Monday night. Much credit is due the refreshment committee on their wonderful feed. Dancing was the main feature of the evening.

Miss Edna Greenwaldt of the sales sheet department is spending a week at Dubuque, Iowa, attending a "homecoming."

Extra—Rudie has a promotion. He plays first violin—sometimes.

Mr. F. H. Thompson has been installed as agent at Viroqua, succeeding Mr. K. Stewart who has been transferred to salesman.

Meetings of the district superintendents and salesmen have been held at La Crosse, Rochester and Eau Clair the past week.

Mr. E. W. Lewis has been transferred to country salesman. R. H. Hoppin succeeds Mr. Lewis as agent at Grand Meadow, Minn.

Miss Alice Ortwein enjoyed a few days' rest (?) at Lake Geneva and Chicago last week.

Mrs. M. Kane spent Sunday at Kilbourne seeing the "Dells."

Mr. E. W. Lewis and K. Stewart were business callers at the La Crosse office this week.

Maragaret, Alice and Lala have formed a Hiking Club all their own. Their first trip was to West Salem. It's nothing less than around the world next year.

A new drive-in service station was opened at La Crescent, Minn. This station is to be operated by our agent, Mr. F. C. Miller. Fritz says, "Nothing but real service comes from this station."

Bill Trapp has a new Jewett.

MANKATO, MINN.

W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

L. H. Morton, otherwise known as "Cap," is passing around a box of perfectos which he received as the result of his July coupon book sales. Cap, who is in charge of Mankato service station 15, went so far over his July quota that he doesn't even remember how many books he was supposed to sell. We haven't heard of any other Mankato attendants who have sold 87 coupon books single handed.

John Walters sprang into the limelight when he won the July Semdac campaign for his station, No. 14, St. Peter. John is rather modest but we hail his victory as a real achievement inasmuch as he had a regular fight on his hands to win out.

Temporary District Superintendent C. V. Gunion is jubilant over the success of District 1 in selling Mica during a recent campaign. The northwest district didn't give the other districts a look-in and romped home with the victory by a generous margin.

A Legion "buddy" drove up to Faribault S. S. 10 during the convention to secure Red Crown. He was unaware of the big drop in the price but upon crawling out of his car his eye spotted the new price sign. When Ed. Soucy, attendant, asked "May I fill your tank?" the Legionaire shouted "Fill 'er up? HELL! RUN 'ER OVER! Gosh, I wish I'd driven further before I stopped here."

George Muellerleile, agent at Madison Lake, was much in evidence at the big community picnic in that village on August 16. George is one of the mainstays of the community in all matters of civic development and on this day Madison Lake again put herself on the map in Southern Minnesota.

No state or national convention of the American Legion would be complete without the presence of George Schaus, head mechanic. George arrived in Faribault for the state convention in time for the big evening session on Tuesday and assisted in putting some pep into the proceedings.

L. T. Johnson, our agent at Ruthton, in reply to the question "Why is a chief clerk?" answered in part as follows: "Because this desk requires a man with a broad view of the products handled by his company and because the chief clerk must know more about everything in general (from a log house to an Avery tractor) than the manager or a salesman."

E. L. Osten (he of the great length), accompanied G. A. White to Owatonna on the evening of August 13 to attend a sales meeting. Earle filled a notebook or two with timely subjects and stated to the office that he would never miss an opportunity to attend one of these district meetings.

Steve Armstrong attended the state meeting of the American Legion which was held at Faribault on August 13, 14 and 15. (We just knew that that bird would get his name in the Record again.)

Harold Montgomery, who joined our company immediately after graduating from Carleton College last Spring, has left to accept a position with the Rochester, Minn., high school as athletic director.

Andy Schmanski, attendant at Owatonna service station No. 2, is back on the job and going strong after being incapacitated through an infection in his foot.

Every Owatonna tank-truck salesman was in attendance at the Faribault American Legion meet ing on Tuesday evening, August 14. The boys didn't arrive at Faribault until late in the evening but they certainly livened things up after their arrival.

H. J. Palmer, Mankato field salesman, is moving into his new home on Ranges treet, North Mankato. The Palmers have purchased a neat little bungalow in the "Brooklyn" section of Mankato and it is presumed that we will all be invited to a house-warming.

The first meeting of the Fall for the Petroleum Educational Club will be held on Monday evening, September 10, when F. C. Brown will give his paper on "Transportation." The club discontinued meetings during the hot months but a Winter of intensive study is planned.

E. S. Hagerty, credit man, has several opportunities during the month to study field conditions by making trips through the field with the manager. Ed says that actual contact with the field organization is a great eye-opener and a real experience.

Each month it falls to our lot to announce another addition to the Mankato office benedicts. This month we are privileged to announce the marriage of Lawrence Gode to Miss Criska Wolberg, August 5. Mr. and Mrs. Gode left for a short trip to various western points and will be at home in Mankato after October 1. We extend our hearty congratulations.

Mankato office people were tendered a pleasant surprise on August 6 when our old friend and former District Superintendent F. A. Sackett (now with the Des Moines division) paid us a visit. Although the time of his visit was very limited it was plain to be seen that Mr. Sackett's extended stay in the South had not caused any change. He's got a good line and we like to see him even if only every two years.

L. J. Wilcox, treasurer of the Red Crown Club, is going through a trying ordeal trying to collect assessments for the purchase of the new piano. Boys! Boys! You musn't tease the treasurer. Pay up!

E. L. Osten sallied forth on a field trip with the manager early in August and returned brim full of "dope" which he proceeded to hand to various department heads.

F. McK. Blough and wife motored to Pipestone with friends for a Sunday. We had a notion that the missus would be wanting to investigate this Pipestone business before long. Did she discover anything, Mac?

R. M. Ward, head of the auditing force, was laid up for several days during the latter part of August. At this writing "Rube" is making a good recovery and will be back on the job soon. We presume that he will soon gather sufficient nerve to have that troublesome appendix jerked out by a competent "jerker."

We are pleased to announce the marriage of A. F. Pingle of the bookkeeping department who took unto himself a wife on Sunday, August 19. As Alva has not supplied us with usual press notices and as our copy must be sent in, we offer our hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Pingle as we welcome another benedict to our upstairs bunch.

Owatonna Field Notes

Lieutenant Bjerke will be the title of our service station attendant at Owatonna station No. 37 for two weeks during August when he will be in camp with the Minnesota National Guard. Besides being a hustling attendant who has built up an excellent trade at his station, Mr. Bjerke has a regular record with the Marines and "hobbies" on the National Guard where he is an able and efficient officer.

Mike McLin, agent at Waseca, springs into prominence as an expert swimmer and a graceful dancer besides possessing that one supreme qualification—he is a bachelor.

Bill Schultz, Owatonna agent, has an old car which he is trying to sell. Bill's sales talk is a marvel and since hearing it we are convinced that Bill thinks the old can is a 1924 Peerless.

We have long endeavored to secure pictures of Owantonna's beautiful tourist park which is second to none. Read this beautiful tribute to Owatonna from the versatile pen of M. H. Farr, salesman in that field, and you will realize that pictures are useless:

Owatonna is in Steele County, the richest county in per capita bank deposits in the state. Steele County claims to be the Butter Capital of the World. Owatonna's Mineral Springs Park is a wonderful picnic ground and haven for tourists. Come to Steele County where folks prosper and where they really LIVE. Ask any S. O. Co. man who's been there. Is it not to shout for joy?

Our New Richland agent, J. C. Amelon, has a unique memory and one which produces profits in that he can repeat the name of every farmer living in his field and, in most instances, can recall the name of the hired man, all the children, and the dogs. Needless to say, they all know J. C. and Standard products.

Since his bulk plant has been all dolled up with fresh paint, George Sorenson, Meriden agent, is a proud man. His townspeople say that the council should change the name of the town to "Sorenson."

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Miss Marie J. Zacha, Correspondent

As an economist, Art Rosenbrook our Worthy attendant at Service Station 58 of Madison, Wis., takes first prize. Recenly, while doing some painting, the ladder upon which Art was standing, began to slip, but Art having the cost of paint uppermost in his mind managed to save half a pint of red paint, with the result that he received a jolt in coming in contact with terra firma. Look out Art, remember SAFETY FIRST!

Elmer Christensen, agent instructor of the Southeastern district recently appeared at Madison wearing a two by four smile. Reason? A nine-pound baby girl. We extend our congratulations and best wishes.

The following men have entered the ranks of our Madison sales force: Andrew J. Beck and Cecil Johnson, who replace R. S. O'Neil and Chas. Swanson, resigned.

Due to increased business at Sullivan, Wis., our hustling agent, L. C. Curtis was obliged to put on an additional truck. We are always glad to hear news of this kind.

Mr. C. E. Petersen is our latest newcomer, having been employed as agent at Weyauwega, Wis.

District Superintendant Wm. Duncan has been busy this past week giving our Milwaukee county service station attendants some very instructive illustrated lectures on gasoline, and Mr. Dan Sheenan of our lubricating department has assisted by enlightening the boys with his talks and discussions on Polarine Oils. The boys now feel that with the additional knowledge that they can outsell and out talk any rival companies' attendants, and materially boost our service station sales.

We wonder why our ordained Bachelor agent at Belmont, Wis., spends his spare (?) time at the Belmont State Bank. Is it your savings or the Fair Lady that attracts you, Charlie?

A Mahlkush agent, and Hank Gorman driver, at South Wayne have won the horseshoe pitching championship of that locality. We wonder if they can win the championship in tank wagon bucket pitching too?

The Milwaukee tank department recently took up a collection to buy a wedding present for M. O. Parr, our assistant superintendent. This wedding present turned out to be a very nice silver set which caused all the un-married men at the tank department to seriously consider matrimony. Some are hesitating but Louis Joost is trying his best to persuade them to desert the Bachelor's Club.

We extend our best wishes for a speedy recovery of Earl Soper, our driver at Blanchardville, who has been confined to his bed on account of a strained back.

John McDermott, tank wagon driver at Darlington, desires to inform all Standard Oil Company workers that he is not a ladies' man as they were led to believe. He says he never runs after them, but they just naturally bother *him*.

We hear that J. Roth, tank wagon salesman, discovered a new customer at his home. He is going to name the little fellow Ralph. Best wishes to Mrs. Roth for a speedy recovery.

We welcome into our midst Mr. H. F. Martins, who succeeds G. W. Larkin as gasoline reseller salesman in Milwaukee city. Mr. Larkin has been assigned to other duties.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

G. E. Anderson, Correspondent

On Tuesday, July 31, after work, the Red Crown Social Club was invited to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Bardills' home for an informal swimming and dancing party. About 50 couples were in attendance and a wonderful time was had. In spite of the fact that the weather was a little chilly, many took advantage of the opportunity to swim in Lake Nokomis (Nice photos we got.—Ed.) nearby and afterwards returned to Bardills' for lunch and dancing. When it comes to hosting and hostessing, we want to tell the world that Oscar and Mrs. Bardill are certainly there. Trying to feed a hungry "mob" of a hundred odd people is no mean form of diversion but it was accomplished in no time by our hosts. Dancing was indulged in until nearly midnight when the throng went home, everybody agreeing that they had had a most enjoyable time. The Red Crown Social Club wishes to express its sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Bardill for their kindness in entertaining its members and to assure them that their generous hospitality will long be remembered.

Miss Sylte favored us with a number of exquisite piano selections during the evening of swimming and Arch Cameron sang a few of his ever popular songs. Why go to the Orpheum when we have such talent right here?

It is reported around Paynesville that Henry Schultz, our agent, is soon to be married. This report got out once before. How about it this time, Henry?

Albert Dresler, agent at Chokio, certainly can swing a five gallon bucket. Albert is the boy who gives his customers good and quick service.

Martin Mattson, agent at Redwood Falls, said the picture of the Redwood Falls service station in the Stanolind Record for August sure looked nice. Martin we will agree.

When we accused Agent Frank Heiderscheid of Richmond of having a girl, he denied it; said he had none and never did. Frank, she is some girl and we admire your choice.

Ole G. Heen, agent at Maynard, has one of the finest homes in Maynard. Ole soon will furnish us a picture for the Stanolind Record.

Albertine Friberg, agent at Clarkfield, has purchased a new truck. Albertine likes his work and with his new truck he can give his customers better service.

Harry Filer, agent at Kerkhoven, asked us recently this question: "Is there any other agent who keeps his truck cleaner than I do?" The answer is No.

Albert Mogen, agent at Belview, is the undefeated wrestler of Belview. Albert is some basketball player, too. In fact, Albert is an all around athlete.

P. L. Sheaff, salesman, says he wished he had purchased a gray palm beach suit instead of tan. Phil, you look good in tan color.

Salesman E. W. Brock has been transferred from St. Paul to Rice Lake, Wis.

Salesman H. E. Fredeen has been transferred from Rice Lake to River Falls, Wis.

Henry Elleffson has been appointed agent at Dallas, Wis. We are glad to welcome him to the organization.

We want to apologize for misspelling Jake Keilmans' name a short time ago. Jake is too good a fellow to be taken advantage of in that manner and we hope to be forgiven this time.

The Paint Shop Quartette, composed of Messrs. Carl Franzen, Earl Campbell, Charles Uphouse and Joe Mathews, has been practicing all Summer for a series of concerts to be put on this Fall and Winter. You've got to hand it to the boys for getting a lot of "color" into their songs, and it may mean that there will be competition among our songsters.

Frank Pullen, agent at Fairfax, is an old Indian scout. How do you like your new car, Mr. Stemmer? Easy, wasn't it?

Everybody's waiting for Bill Schnabel to produce a photo of his family. What's the delay?

Bennie Dick is now nicely settled in his new home in Albertville.

G. A. Syverson in initials is GAS. Rawther appropriate. He nearly won a five dollar bet from Agent Brown of Buffalo but not quite.

Nestor Anderson, our new agent at Winthrop, blows a snappy cornet, I'm told.

If anyone has a cap they don't need, send it to Agent Bryant, Monticello.

Henry Kubesh can shave in one minute if he has to. Ask Driscolls.

Harry Moran, of the coupon book department, doesn't care for a bachelor's life any more. While Mrs. Moran has been visiting in the country Harry has been trying to buy a regular meal, but he says it can't be done.

Ray Edison Jaeger, warehouse superintendent, is reported to have invented a new fly swatter that will revolutionize the fly swatter business. According to his theory it is most brutal to swat the fly in cold blood and with his new device the fly will be anaes-

thetized before swatting, thereby making the operation absolutely painless.

Walter Eckman claims to have the most modern hotel in the world on his territory. He says they serve soup and gravy to match your vest.

George Mahowald wants to know when and where it is permissible, according to etiquette, to use a match for a toothpick.

We are glad to see that Mrs. J. C. Vincent is again able to attend our social functions and wlecome her back to our midst.

Another delightful Red Crown Social Club swimming and dancing party was held Saturday afternoon and evening, August 25, at the Summer home of Dan Roche, Seton on Lake Minnetonka. Dan generously invited the gang to come out to his house to make merry, which they certainly did! About 50 members were present who indulged in swimming, kittenball, horseshoe pitching and dancing, with a bountiful meal of weiners, Red Crown salad, pickles, buns, peaches, cake and coffee. Dan also displayed his ability as an excellent host and the club feels very grateful to him for his kindness in inviting us to his place, as well as the royal manner in which we were entertained. It is unfortunate that with Winter coming on such parties as these will be discontinued but we are looking forward to next year for more of them.

Carl L. Olson, agent at Anoka, is happy these days. We wonder why, Carl.

Speaking of cold weather, Agent C. J. Boehnke, of Bellingham, says he can remember when it was so hot that the corn started popping in the fields.

Harry M. Bean, our Clayton, Wis., agent wants the world to know that he is absolutely no relation to the vegetable of the same name. (Still, a good bean is nothing to be ashamed of. Ed.)

When it comes to having a good disposition our Agent E. L. Moe, Dawson, is there. He never gets mad at anybody.

Some of the boys are wondering if Oscar Loberg, agent instructor, has been successful in making his Ford run on Perfection yet. How about it, Oscar?

Say Kizer! McDonald tells us you've been putting something over on us on your fishing trip. How about that fish you caught? We should have a photo.

How do you account for the fact that both District Superintendent Keith and Jess Landes' legs appeared badly bent a short time ago?

We would like to make a suggestion for the benefit of District Superintendent Geo. Duncan. Roughing it may be all right when you are in training but even in July it is advisable to have a little more protection from the elements than a blanket when sleeping outdoors on the ground.

Agent Buck Gowan, at Ortonville, is now qualified to be an expert judge of water buckets.

Chief Clerk J. C. Vincent, recently demonstrated his ability as a real disciple of Isaac Walton by landing a seven-pound pickerel on extra light tackle. A small sunfish had already taken the bait when Mr. Pickerel grabbed him and it took 30 minutes of expert maneuvering besides raising the anchor with one hand and rowing to shore in order to land him.

The Stanolind Record expresses its deepest sympathy to the family of Lee Prosser, truck driver, St. Paul warehouse, who passed away suddenly after an illness of only two days.

Robert Lovaas of the machine shop has had his hair bobbed and Oh! girls if you want to get a slant at the latest style take a look at Bob's dome.

Count Waldemar Koslousky, service station attendant at No. 6, has organized a musical club that promises to bring a Greenwich Village to our midst. The Count is an accomplished musician and plays the piano wonderfully. We hope to hear some real music this coming Winter.

Carl D. Krauth, service station attendant, River Falls, Wis., always has a smile and a good word for his callers. That's the stuff, Carl.

PEORIA, ILL.

P. A. Johnston, Correspondent

The humble author of this here "kolyum" hereby begs everybody's pardon for the absence of Peoria news in the last issue. His disability, while but temporary, of necessity prevented the usual monthly "makeup." Of one thing he is sure, however—it won't happen again.

Belva Turner lost her hat on the hard road the other evening. Fortunately, she had assistance in her search.

Livasy is particular about his ink wells. He uses the warehouse towels to clean them. No wonder the ragmen prosper.

Ye scribe, with Messrs Ritchey, Serkowich and Taylor, motored to the Spring Valley ball game as the guests of Assistant Manager Phillips in the latter's Lexington. The rendition of "Back Home In Tennessee," with variations, by Mr. Serkowich, was very touching. Also the duet "Why Don't You Leave Me Alone" by Messrs. Phillips and Ritchey.

Service Station Superintendent Evans, he of the handsome "phiz" left us all sorrowing, especially the ladies, when he departed for Chicago on August 28. Brother Evans was a prince of good fellows, and won his way rapidly to our esteem during his short stay in our midst. May he prosper.

Irene went swimming recently. Got to the pool, and found her suit had mysteriously transformed itself into carbon paper. Olive Meyer had to render first aid. Irene reached home at 11:00 P. M.—still mad. Couldn't get in. Waked the neighborhood.

Why does Agent Moore of Farmington carry a blowout kit on a solid tire truck?

Salesman J. P. Barnes is back on the job, picking up weight and health rapidly, since his operation. Perry and "ye scribe" were partners in convalescence

W. A. Peterson, the third member of the "appendicitis trio," is likewise heading rapidly back to former health.

Joe Steider, Metamora agent, recently lost his 090 book. Hunted high and low—couldn't find it. As last resort, searched a basketful of clean clothes, and found it. But Joe had forgotten to wash his hands—he'd been transferring some Polarine—and oh! what Mrs. Steider didn't say!

Margaret Hanson found out, when up the river the other day, that she's not yet too old to be spanked.

Sales Manager Kenneth T. Wenger, but five months in Peoria, departed suddenly on August 15 to become district superintendent in the Kansas City field. "Katie" had made a host of friends during his brief stay, who regret his departure, but wish him oodles of success.

Ed. Brennan, dapper secretary to Mr. Coleman, put over a surprise on August 10, when he quietly took Miss Helen Paddock of Bloomington to be the partner of his joys and sorrows. The congratulations of the office were expressed in the form of a substantial purse. Ed's speech of acceptance was remarkable for its brevity.

Third place appears to be the location of our aspiring ball tossers for the year. They have been anchored there for several weeks, with no chance for the flag, but with the possibility of a slip down the ladder if they falter. The team as a whole has not been as strong as its 1922 predecessor, although

the play of several has been praiseworthy, notably Jack Quick at shortstop, and Flanagan and Hanson in the outfield. The veteran Rose has also done his share. Lack of effective hurling talent has been the team's biggest handicap all season.

Frank Westphal, Peoria warehouse tank wagon clerk, did not attend the Springfield picnic. He was detained by one Donahue, stake truck driver. 'Twas a fine morning to sleep.

Shorty Johnson says if Donahue could pitch ball as well as he did some things at the Springfield picnic, the Red Crowns would have won the pennant.

That Springfield picnic, by the way, was a worthy successor to the initial effort of the southern boys a year ago. August 4 was the date, and a mighty crowd of Standard Oilers from near and far gathered at the grove just outside the city. Eats, liquids, smokes, a "portable" dance floor and orchestra, everything necessary for a perfect day, had been provided. Ingenious committees had devised games and contests of all forms for young and old, and the grove was a busy, noisy spot until late evening. The writer was unfortunately unable to attend, but from reports ample evidence was gained as to the quality of the Springfield gang as entertainers.

Truck Driver Frank Mounts and family recently drove to Chicago in Frank's big Nash.

News from the field is decidely lacking this month. Remember, everybody, the "Record" is yours. It's up to you to supply the material to make it a success.

Joe Kennell, Peoria truck driver, attended the Grocers' and Butchers' picnic recently. Joe was supposed to tell a story about a saw that was lost for two years.

Ever see Red Ludwig's thumb indicator?

Fuchs has his arm out of the sling, but still wears the sling round his neck. Gives him sort of a-er-Hawaiian look. All he needs is a ukelele.

Service Station Superintendent Evans, now departed, raised a terrible fuss in a Springfield telephone booth recently when he tried to deposit his money for a call, and found all the slots full.

Peoria welcomes W. H. Caldwell, promoted from district superintendent to sales manager, succeeding Mr. Wenger. "Harley's" friends, and they are legion thruout the field, hail his advancement with approbation.

QUINCY, ILL.

Henry B. Hardy, Correspondent

We are mighty glad to learn that Glen W. Purdy is back on the job and feeling as good as new. Glen was shot by hold-up men on July 14, while selling the full line at S. S. 16, Moberly, Mo.

Elmer Hand, of the equipment department, did a tumbling act while on his way to the office one recent rainy morning in which his right hand came in for some hard wear and tear. Better be careful of that hand, Hand.

Harold Gracey, agent at Dallas City, is leading the field in the Red Crown campaign this month, while Frank Wood, agent at Augusta, Ill., is in the lead of the two-barrel tank sales race. Up and at 'em, boys!

Salesman A. L. Millsom has two of his station towns as leaders in the Red Crown campaign. 'Atta boy, Millsom!

Eighteen-forty per ride is pretty expensive travel ing, eh Green? Better hang a governor on that ambitious motor, Herbert.

Agent S. D. Thompson, of Bowling Green, Mo., is all flustrated over the advent of a brand new son. Congratulations, Sam, and tell William Harden "Hello" for us.

M. E. Jolidon, tax, legal and accident clerk, has been specializing in accidents lately. Just now he is tearing his hair trying to frame up a good scheme to get some pix for the Record's Safety page.

Nellie Maxwell, Blanche Perry, Esther Taylor, Joanna Jenkins, B. E. Radtke, E. F. Carlson and Aldo Schwagmeyer are our most recent vacationers. Maxwell had a lovely trip through Minnesota. Perry took in Niagara Falls and the little town where the home office folks pass away the time. Jenkins, Taylor and Carlson did not make such extensive trips but had just as much fun from the looks of them, while Aldo ventured into the wilds of St. Louis and Radtke took a long auto trip into Wisconsin.

While speaking of long auto trips we must not fail to mention those taken by Chief Clerk Ross and Credit Man Neuer. Somehow they aren't at all enthusiastic about their joy-rides (?) though. Coming in from their last trip they were overtaken by some unknown brand of large car which evidently got sore at the way little "Henry" could keep ahead of it so long, because as soon as it passed them it kicked a two pound rock through their windshield. (We had wondered why Neuer didn't go along on the next trip out.)

With the exception of one attempt to remove a section of curbing with her hub cap one evening, Virginia Kohl's coupe has had smooth sailing so far. No doubt that is due to the fact that Virginia works right next to the no-accident man, or, more likely, because all the persons she takes for a ride are girls.

Dorothy Scott is also sporting a Ford coupe. Dorothy says the tires on her car never get a chance to cool. With the temperature hovering near one hundred in the shade that isn't saying a great deal, but we know what you mean, all right.

The Quincy office would very much appreciate any information regarding the week-end trips to Pittsfield made by C. P. Johnson and Harold Lummis. Can you give us any help on this, Hurley?

Carl Slack was the center of interest one morning recently when the news flashed around the office that he and his fair lady had hiked to Ewing, Mo., the day before. Ewing is quite a few miles away and most of us didn't have enough pep to walk around the block on that particularly hot Sunday, so the various comments flew back and forth until hushed by Art Hoar's "Aw, that's nothing. There's a guy in the stock department walks over to Ethel a couple of times a week." ("A couple" is putting it mildly, Art.)

Attention, Milwaukee!

We noted with amusement the mishap which befell Mr. Worley as reported in the July Record, but we aren't so sure that it was the conversation in which he was engrossed. Has he ever told about the time the basement stairs didn't cooperate with him very well—not a bit well, to be exact—and he scattered the laundry he was carrying down over the floor?

Picnic notes, via Blanche Perry: Everything went along smoothly until time for supper when we had to send out a searching party for Donald and Bradshaw. We won't tell where you were but we know—sssh!

We'll back McAdams against any man in the Indiana field in a watermelon or chicken eating contest. Carlson and Smith were kept busy keeping him supplied. They finally gave up and the last look we had of him showed his 300 pounds of avoirdupois trying some acrobatic feat of going over the top of the table for more chicken.

Man alive! How Mr. Ross can sling dishes! Certainly shows his wife has him well trained.

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Harry and Mrs. Snyder were Cheboygan callers the past week. Harry was checking up on the records as to smoke-stack machinery in operation in this field. We made a tour of the paper mill and watched the several operations necessary in the manufacture of paper. The more we see of the S. O. Company's employees' wives, the more we realize what good salesmen they are.

Mark Theobald and wife drove through this neck of the woods while on their vacation. Mark says it was a vacation, but we are of the opinion that it was a second honeymoon. Mark had the rear end of the car filled with suitcases and we have been wondering since if he intended to tour Canada. Better search the car, boys. It isn't far to an oasis from this part of the U. S. A.

We have heard rumors that John Weed has been transferred from the Northern division. If this is so, we feel sad as John sure could bring the sunshine into our locality. A certain garage man in this territory made the remark that John was the best salesman the company had, because John sold him Polarine, while others had failed. We agreed with him, and asked the gentleman if he thought that they would send a dub, after yours truly had tried and failed.

Ben McClelland and Henry Metz, attendants at S.S. 12, are running a race on the sale of Polarine. Ben is in the lead just now, due to the sale of a half barrel to one fellow, and Henry is out on his day off looking for a customer for a barrel.

Henry Metz, service station attendant, has had hard luck in the illness of his wife during the past month, but affairs appear to be brightening for him at this time. Henry says that it is necessary to sell Polarine when you have to engage a nurse at forty-five dollars per week to care for the Mrs.

Reg. Adams begs leave to report that under no consideration will he fall heir to the little black derby, with the white buttons, as he has a younger brother and has made arrangements for him to accept that in lieu of all other property settlements, when the proper times comes. Father Adams, who is our old friend Clyde of former grease days, when interviewed regarding the matter, replied as follows: "That hat will come back in style yet, you wait and see." At present Clyde is using it as a container for the tin washers which go with roll roofing.

We talked with Gene Monaghan at Alpena yesterday and he reported that the sunfish in that locality had been frosted the previous night.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Stewart Chaffin, Correspondent

Walter Beach, the postal bird man, took the Pony Express mail from St. Joseph to Omaha to connect with the transcontinental mail serivce, New York to San Francisco. Of course he used Stanolind Aviation Gasoline and Superla Aero Oil.

Great rivalry exists among the salesmen in the western, central and eastern Kansas districts, relative to which will show the greater percentage of gain on Red Crown gasoline sales. Some very fantastic bets are being made. "Crackelew" O'Neil is wagering with his accustomed abandon. He has put in for good measure five sections of the best corn land in his district. The ten-gallon hat boys in his district are standing squarely behind him. Superintendents Zimmerman and Patton are fully prepared to cover anything the western districts produces. It appears the contest will be very interesting before the year is over and it is hoped bloodshed will be averted.

Frank Mahanna, our new agent at Colby, Kas., has a son, Ivan, who is some Mica salesman.

Agent Sutton, at Menlo, has added another truck. His motto is quality and service.

Agent Crawford, at Rexford, has an up-town office since his station is located a good half-mile away. Says he will not buy screen doors until he is permitted to remain at the office himself.

Bill Arensberg intercepted bread baked by the wife of Sherman Peters, our agent at Kanorado The bread was on the way to a church social.

Several folks have recently remarked about the neat service station at Colby, Kas. Bert Morissey, with the assistance of Col. George Cork, keeps it that way.

A good deal of comment has been excited as to why Clay Waddill and Bill Arensberg patronized a certain lemonade stand at the Fourth of July picnic held at McDonald.

Year-old Bobby Arensberg, son of "Wild Bill" Arensberg, of Colby, is very precocious. He spoke his first words last week. They were "Red Crown, mamma." Bill Sr. vouches for this.

By the way, the Barnard station is putting out two-barrel tanks. It appears Salesman Sam Lloyd will have to buy a ten-dollar Stetson for the agent. Other agents in Sam's territory please take note.

Sunday, August 19, thirty employees of the Standard Oil Company and their families in the northeastern part of Kansas enjoyed a delightful picnic at Sun Springs.

Milo Sekavec has succeeded H. E. Reynolds on the Belleville, Kas., territory. Mr. Reynolds has been transferred to the Hiawatha territory, succeeding H. C. Rhue, resigned.

P. J. Milum is the dealer salesman in the eastern part of the North Missouri District. Charles Quinn occupies a similar position in the western part of the district.

R. F. Rudolph, salesman on the Atchison territory for a number of years, has been appointed acting district superintendent of the newly created Southern Missouri district. Rodney's district comprises nearly all of the territory outside the city of St. Joseph formerly handled by District Superintendent G. W. Coldsnow.

Frank C. Lane, warehouse clerk at St. Joseph, succeeds R. F. Rudolph on the Atchison territory. H. J. Garvey and M. F. Smith, former S. S. salesmen, have become Red Crown special salesmen in St. Joseph.

L. H. Juda is preparing to go out as specialty salesman.

H. V. Stewart has been appointed agent at Skidmore, Mo.

Success to all of the above!

Attention T. V. Warren, Davenport. Col. Shuck, of Kansas City and Brooks, of the St. Joseph office, are looking forward to the time this Fall when they will be knocking them out of the air.

Ronald Worman was recently heard conversing over the 'phone with one of the spirits at Mount Mora Cemetery.

We understand Loren Nuckels wants to trade his Ford roadster for a Buick, as one of the young ladies in the stenographic department refuses to ride in a Ford.

The whole office is wondering how long it will be

before Fred Batcher, our mail clerk, washes his lip.

Owen Hensen is helping support the proprietor of one of the local stationery stores. We understand he is now writing eight letters a week.

Ask Harold Moore about the roast pork sandwich scare he had at the restaurant across from the depot.

Worthy successors to the Castles have appeared in the persons of Miss Lillian Cavey and Fred Batcher. There is nothing of a terpsichorean nature too dificult for these graceful and agile acrobats.

Ed Nash will soon be serenaded by a quartet promenading nightly on his alley fence. They tell us four new kittens are on the milk list at his back door.

We have a hunch that Ted Ridge is taking vocal lessons, or he is very fond of pastries made by a certain bakery in this town.

"He may be old, but he has young ideas." We saw Mr. Bode in the baldhead row at the Tootle theatre the other night "looking 'em over."

P. H. D. Sawyers thought he had a very bad case of the gout in one of his shanks. "Weatherbird" is convalescing rapidly.

Erwin Zeller is doing the unheard of. Although he was married recently, we are told that he and his wife were seen warming a bench at Krug Park. Habits once acquired are sometimes hard to break.

Heard in the steno's room: "Oh! Mr. Cameron killed another golf!"

We hear that Shorty Mortz has been on a mashed potato and bean soup diet. He lost his teeth while in swimming recently, and, notwithstanding heroic attempts by Shag Young as a deep sea diver to recover them, it was necessary to wait until the pool was drained before they could be found.

Cecil Teaford still has us guessing. Remember the saying, "Eventually, why not now?"

Leo Brown says "That's gratitude for you." Leo went to the aid of a dog which had been run over by a truck, and the canine bit his hand. The dog died an hour later.

Concordia

Earl Taylor, our city truck driver, has left us and has moved to Oregon. We hated to see Earl leave us, but hope he will like Oregon.

Leo Ferguson is our new city tank wagon man and Leo is a good one.

Mr. Macy, our traveling mechanic, is back after a week's trip in western Kansas.

Mr. Beilman, auditor, has been laid up at home with tonsilitis. Reason—too much fresh air after dark. Too bad, Karl, you can't use the company coupe for your evenings out of doors.

Mr. White and Mr. Bode, while visiting us, went out to the lake to take a swim. Bob was so enthused over the Kansas belles that he fell off the raft, and almost had to be pulled out. Ask Mr. Bode if this isn't true. Come again boys, always welcome.

Mr. Bowen has been calling on the tractor and threshing trade and has sure knocked them for a goal. We have fifty futures for 1923, and are just getting started. Walt's the boy that can sell them if they can be sold, and the Concordia force will back him to the limit.

Mr. Nash, one of our truck drivers, has sold in the neighborhood of forty two-barrel tanks and we will challenge him against any man in the St. Joseph field in this line.

Mr. Paisley, our other truck driver, goes out and fills up the competitors' barrels. What do you know about that? Isn't that awful for a Red Crown man to do that? Frank says all he has to do is to drive that six cylinder Ford truck up to the barrel, get out, and say, "Mister, listen at her purr," and the customer says "fill her up."

Art Bourne, our efficient warehouseman, is delighted as we have the new roofing on over the doors and windows which keeps the water out of the basement and does not ruin any more candles.

We had a farewell picnic for Mr. Ijames and Mr. Taylor, who have left our organization. Mr. Ijames goes to Chicago to live and Mr, Taylor to Oregon. There were thirty-nine at the picnic. Mr. and Mrs. Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Ijames, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and son, John; Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Macy and son, Harold; Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Nash and daughter, Helen; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Paisley and daughter, Lenora; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourne and children; Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCullough and daughter, Eula Jean; Mr. Fred Householter, Earl Elliott and Leo Ferguson. When it comes to a good time, we had one. And we are real horseshoe pitchers, too.

Ed. Clark, construction man, has just left us after doing some work here at the plant and service stations.

Mr. Zimmerman has returned after a meeting in St. Joseph office. He says Central Kansas is going to go over big this year. Here's hoping it does.

Mr. Floyd Watson, new attendant at S. S. 307, likes his work, and the sales are beginning to roll up as everyone likes Floyd.

Mr. Householter, one of the best S. S. attendants in the St. Joseph field, is keeping his trade coming and he has two competitive service stations on each side of the street.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Miss Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

It is with sorrow that we will soon bid "so long" to summer. Not as much to the season itself, as to what we know must go with it, for instance, Sam's white linen suit—we are used to it now and hate to lose it. If reports have it correctly, our sorrow shall be second only to the laundry's.

George Neitzert returned from his vacation looking kind of pale around the gills. What's the matter, George—did you have to drink the brew before it was ripe enough?

John Sweet got a real Coney Island coat of tan somewhere in North St. Louis. The last report we had on William Doll and John Moehsmer was that they were holding the lead line down on the Meremac.

Charles Good is the proud father of a baby girl, but he has nothing on F. Ruchenbacher, who reports the same event.

Cape Giradeau District

Messrs. H. A. Lewis, A. P. Robinson, C. R. Ewing and Joseph Diekmann made a tour of the Swampeast Missouri District last month. We all enjoyed their visit very much and hope they will come soon again.

A. E. Hunze has joined our big family. He will be our representative at Perryville. You are welcome, Al, and hope you like our family. W. E. Donnell is our new salesman at De Soto. He succeeds J. F. Snider, who has been transferred to Jefferson City.

Springfield, Mo., District.

Harve Stamps of Neosho field and Lee Smith of Joplin field are having a fat man's race; even break so far. Both weigh 220 and are fattening up rapidly.

Clyde Lodge and Ben Greer sell goods to Indians on credit—remember the old story boys.

Joe Diekmann can't swim, but he is a darn good looker.

John Carlson can cuss in Swedish when he wants to—one of John's agents proved it by having John's remarks interpreted.

John Buzzard, agent at Neosho, is very enthusiastic over business prospects in his circuit.

L. C. Huffman of the Carthage field was very ill during July. He has recovered now and is steppin' out.

N. H. Shields, Southwest Missouri, is the ptomaine kind. Sardines in moonshine is his formula. Good way to get hives too, isn't it, N. H.?

Mr. Crumpley of the Ozarks wants to know if Mr. Shepherd still chases snakes with sticks. Crumpley says he can still hear Shep yell, "Get off me snake!"

Mr. Estes, chief mechanic, is having his home remodeled. By the time it is finished, it will be large enough to accommodate all of the "gang."

M. E. Welch, formerly of Sikeston, is now agent at Springfield. He makes a good 'un too.

Did you know a match could explode? Ask Mr. Coward to relate his experience with one.

Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Beals spent Saturday and Sunday recently at Rockaway Beach. On the following Monday, Mr. Beals complained of being "terribly" tired.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

Miss Clare E. Donegan, Correspondent

No copy received by deadline day.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

J. G. Wright, Correspondent

D. Olinger, sub-station examiner, is the proud "Papa" of a new baby boy. What's his name, Devon?

Lyman Harris, garage salesman, promised to work for nothing if we got the Dakota gasoline price. The next day the price dropped. Oh,what a life! says Harris.

Our poet says—"Oily to bed, and Oily to rise, is the fate of a man, when a motor he buys."

Philip prophesies an early frost this season. We've got our eye on Philip.

Miss Ellen Forslund returned from her vacation well tanned and with a long list of motorists whom she had convinced of the superiority of Red Crown gasoline.

Attendants Collins and Farrel at S. S. 40, South Bend, are getting a much needed rest since the streets, leading to their station, have been undergoing improvement.

We hate to see rainy weather. It spoils the office force's Monday ball game. Walter Johnson says he doesn't care, since he had a collision with a storage tank while chasing a fly ball.

"Bruno" Helvey of the repair shop certainly hates dentists. Three guesses why.

S. G. Keiser, tank wagon driver, South Bend, has returned to work after an extended illness. The big Pierce-Arrow doesn't look right unless Keiser is in the driver's seat.

Harold Wulf of the Construction department has resigned, and is going to attend school.

L. E. Simms of the repair shop is wearing a big smile. Reason? He has got his car running again.

WICHITA, KANS.

H. E. Falkner, Correspondent

When it comes to fire fighting, our S. O. Co. department is sure on the job. This month our boys had two opportunities to show their stuff; one, a residence near the plant, and the other a motor truck which caught fire near the office. We are proud to say our fire department extinguished the flames in each case before the City department arrived. When it comes to speed, they can't be beat.

J. F. Whitney resigned his position as station examiner, August 11, to make his home in Long Beach, Cal. Incidentally we understand Mr. Whitney will be connected with another Standard Oil Company at that point. We can safely say the Standard Oil Company (California) is annexing to their organization a fine fellow and a hard worker, and, while we regret very much to lose him, we extend to him our best wishes for his success in this new venture.

That terrible uproar in the machine shop was nothing more than Bob Kalp, mechanic and welder, trying to tell the city that old man "stork" had just paid the Kalp home a visit, leaving a big fine eight-pound boy, August 23. The proud parents named him Lyle Raymond. Congratulations, Bob.

We are sorry to lose our efficient little dictaphone operator, Miss Virginia Bowen. Virginia is planning to enter Kansas University in September, and we wish her luck in her quest for higher education.

J. M. Marx of the Chicago office is now making a visit with us, and we all find him mighty interesting, as well as attractive. Mr. Marx is conducting a school of instruction for our S. S. employees, and we know they will profit much by his experience.

We must hand it to Wallace Hoit, or possibly we never recognized his ability as a "sheik" before. However, there will never be any more doubt as to who deserves the above mentioned praises with those good looking stenos completely surrounding him, and no wonder he is always up in the air about something. Come on, Wallace, give us the inside on how you manage it.

Cecil Cox announces the birth of a fine baby boy on August 10, who has been named Mason Dean. Congratulations, Cox. We now understand that plutocratic air which has prevailed around a certain desk in the Order department.

Owing to the number of golfers at the Wichita office, it has been decided to have a tournament, offering prizes for the winners of flights, and for low scores. There will be a trophy that will go to the winner of the match, to be kept in a conspicuous place in the office, which will be played for twice a year, and each winner will have his name engraved upon it. Three consecutive wins will be necessary to obtain permanent private possession of the cup. The tournament will be played off on the Sims Park course in Wichita, which is considered one of the best public courses in Kansas. Among those who are turning in excellent scores for the nine holes are W. C. Van Horne, who, according to Mr. Postlewaite, is sure "pickling it." L. J. Black, R. E. Morris, I. W. Postlewaite, C. Todd, V. C. Kenney, D. C. Barnum, Thomas Taylor, R. P. Rassmussen. A number of others have threatened to purchase equipment and join in the ancient and noble game of "pasture pool." If any of the other branches have a golf champion, we will certainly expect a challenge after the tournament closes.

* * *

"Class," said the teacher, "I want you all to be as quiet as you can be—so quiet that you can hear a pin drop."

Silence was golden.

Small voice in rear of room—

"Let 'er drop."—*Atlantic Reflector.*

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

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AMOS BALL, Central Division
H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

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Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

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P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
J. H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
R. H. THOMAS, *Assistant Manager*

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E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

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G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
C. H. WAGNER, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

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P. A. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
C. C. LAKIN, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
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J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Asst. Mgr.* (Operation)
H. J. BEMIS, *Asst. Mgr.* (Sales)

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W. T. BANNISTER, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAN.
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W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

What the Standard Oil Company (*Indiana*) Means to You

WHEN the Standard Oil Company was born, this fair country of ours was a land of scattered agriculturists and a few centers of struggling industry.

Power was limited to the physical endurance of horse and man.

Had you lived then you would have enjoyed few of the comforts which today are a common heritage.

In one generation, living conditions in our country have changed completely.

Today, we are a prosperous nation. Our industrial production is intensive. The world is our market.

Petroleum products, created and manufactured by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), have made new industries possible.

Individual opportunities have multiplied in exact ratio to the progress of industry.

New industrial practices and modern refinements have been made possible because petroleum furnished the operating power.

Petroleum supplied the lubricants needed for the speeding up of machinery and the consequent increased production.

With these new practices and the new institutions to manufacture the new products, came new opportunities of all kinds—for labor—for capital—for initiative.

Today you have an automobile—something your father never dreamed of owning.

The fact that you own an automobile is less significant than the fact that the machinery of industry—dependent upon petroleum for its successful operation—has made it possible for so large a percentage of people to own one.

Without petroleum products—the kind of petroleum products manufactured by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana)—the brawny arms of every other industry would shrivel to uselessness.

Without Standard Oil Company (Indiana) initiative and industrial daring your standard of living today would be on a different plane.

Standard Oil Company
(*Indiana*)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

STANOLIND RECORD

Vol. 5 NOVEMBER 1923 No. 1

U. G. SWARTZ

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES
by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)

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STANOLIND
RECORD
Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
C. V. JULIAN, *Editor*
Publication Office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 5 NOVEMBER No. 1

JOINT CONFERENCE ASKS CHANGE IN LAYOFF RULING

Whiting Formula for Layoff Rule, as It Affects Service Records, Submitted to Management for Consideration with Approval of Representatives from All Refineries—Housing at Casper and Other Subjects Discussed at Annual Chicago Meeting, September 17th

Editor's Note: Since the following story was placed in type, the Board of Directors has promulgated a new ruling regarding the effect of enforced layoffs upon service records. While a time limit is still retained, it is very liberal since the period which an employee may be absent under an enforced layoff, without having his service record broken, is extended to one year. The only qualification is that the employee must return to work when notified. The new ruling is applicable to the sales and all other departments, as well as to the manufacturing department, and chiefly affects the employee in his relation to the Annuity Plan and the Employees' Stock Purchasing Plan. The new ruling is printed in full on Page 4.

Upon initiative of the Whiting Joint General Committee, Industrial Relations representatives of six refineries of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), in joint conference at the Congress hotel, Chicago, September 17th, recommended to the management a change in the rule regarding enforced layoffs as it affected service records, asking that the time limit feature be removed. Under the old rule a refinery employee's service record was broken if the layoff exceeded ninety days.

The conference, after some discussion, approved a formula offered by the Whiting representatives and voted to submit it to the management as a suggestion. The suggested form for the change asked by the conference, follows:

"When, at any time, due to a cessation of, or curtailment of, normal operations, it may be necessary to lay off employees, the time lost by such an employee in excess of thirty days, shall be subtracted from the total length of his continuous service.

"The service record of the employee will not be broken, regardless of the length of time of such layoff, providing the employee returns to this company when notified. The employee may work elsewhere during such enforced layoff without inpairing his service record, providing the work is not prejudicial to the interests of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana)."

The clause "providing the work is not prejudicial to the interests of the company" engendered a warm discussion as to whether an employee, under an enforced layoff, who engaged in work at the refinery of another company but returned to this company when notified, would be considered as having engaged in work prejudicial to the interests of this company. Divergent opinions were expressed, but the clause was allowed to remain, it being the consensus that the Board of Directors could be depended upon to rule justly as to what would or would not be prejudicial to the company's interests. (In the new ruling regarding layoffs, printed on another page, it will be noted that the Board of Directors did not include the "prejudicial clause.")

The suggestion for the change in the layoff rule was contained in a paper read by F. D. Rexwinkle on behalf of the Whiting J. G. C. Each refinery presented one subject for consideration by the conference, each having a representative deliver a paper on the subject chosen. These, in addition to the Whiting paper, were as follows:

(*Continued on Page 3*)

Standard Oil Company (Indiana)
Fifth Annual Conference Dinner
Industrial Relation Plan
Congress Hotel, Chicago
Sept. 17, 1923.

(*Continued from Page 1*)

"Financing Homes for Employees," by Peter Holden, representing Casper, Wyo.

"Promotion of Sales of Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Products By All Its Employees," by W. L. Hickey, representing Sugar Creek, Mo.

"Gaining the Good Will of the Public for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) Through Its Employees and the Industrial Relations Plan," by C. H. Derby, representing Greybull, Wyo.

"Cooperation Between Employees and Management," by A. W. McAllister, representing Laramie, Wyo.

"Safety from an Educational Standpoint," by Earl F. Scott, representing Wood River, Ill.

The Casper paper, while devoted to a problem peculiar to Casper, was heard with much interest. Col. R. W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the Company, who had been called from the city by an important business engagement, hastened his return so that he arrived at the hotel just as the reading of the papers was begun. Speaking at the banquet in the evening, Colonel Stewart, referring to the Casper housing problem as he had heard it set forth by Mr. Holden, said that experience had taught the company the unwisdom of making loans to employees, but stated that the Board of Directors would again go into the matter in the hope of finding some solution to Casper's problem.

Space limitations prevent the Stanolind Record from publishing all papers in full, but extracts from each follow:

Whiting on Layoff Rule

"Under the present rules of our company, a temporary layoff due to curtailment of, or cessation of, normal operations may not exceed 90 days. The continuous service record of the employee is not broken by such layoff; but all time off after the first thirty days of such layoff is deducted from the total length of his continuous service. If the layoff exceeds ninety days, it automatically becomes permanent, and the continuous service record of the employee is broken.

"On first thought, this may seem to be a fair rule. It may be said that there must be a limit to a temporary layoff, that the company must have some definite basis to work upon, that service cannot be continuous if employment cannot be given to a man over a long period of time.

"We, at Whiting, as a result of our study of several cases in which the above rule was applied, have come to the opinion that the present rule is not as liberal as it might be, that its application works a hardship on many faithful employees, and that it does not accomplish the results which were undoubtedly sought by the management of our company.

"Of what value to the company is an employee with years of continuous service? Is he of more value than an employee who has drifted in from some other job, who stays a short time and then drifts on to another job? Is he of more value to the company than one who quits here, tries another job for a year or two, returns here for a time and then leaves again? There is but one answer. The steady, faithful employee, who makes his work here his life work, is the one who is of real service to the company. Men of this type are the men who have made this company what it is to-day.

"The management is aware of this and, in order to induce men to be steady and loyal, shows its appreciation of continuous service by issuing service pins to those who have worked ten years or longer, by granting death benefits to the dependents of those of five years or more service, and rewards a lifetime of continuous service by granting an annuity or pension to those retired under certain conditions.

"Undoubtedly, when the present ruling on enforced temporary layoffs was made, it was the intention of the management to protect the service records of the employees and to encourage the return of the employees to their old jobs as soon as possible after an enforced layoff. The rule was adopted in December, 1921, and is an outgrowth of a somewhat similar rule which was put into effect in August, 1921, when the 'Big Slump' came. The August ruling limited the length of a temporary layoff due to curtailment of, or cessation of, normal operations to 120 days, did not break the continuous service record of the employee, and did not

(*Continued on Page 5*)

NEW LAY-OFF RULING

The following ruling has been approved by the Board of Directors in connection with lay-offs and became effective September 28th, 1923, according to a letter sent to managers:

LAY-OFF

"When an employee's service with the company is terminated by the company through no fault of the employee such termination of service shall be designated as a 'lay-off'.

"If the employee who is laid off desires to re-enter the employ of the company he must call in person at the Employment Bureau within ten days after the date his lay-off becomes effective, unless unable to do so for some reason which is acceptable to the company, and request that his application for re-employment be kept on file; he must, at all times, keep the Employment Bureau informed as to his correct address; and, if offered employment with the company, he must accept such offer promptly and must report for duty within ten days from the date of such offer, unless unable to do so for some reason which is acceptable to the company, in which case he may be put to work when he does report provided the company can use his services at that time or he may be offered employment again at a later date. The date of the offer of employment shall be the day on which a letter, bearing the address as shown on the application, is mailed by the Employment Bureau; the day on which a telegram, bearing the address as shown on the application, is sent; or the day on which the applicant is personally notified by telephone or messenger.

"If the employee who is laid off complies with the foregoing provisions and is re-employed within one year from the date when his lay-off becomes effective, his lay-off shall not be regarded as an interruption in the continuity of his service, but where the time lost through such lay-off exceeds thirty days, all time lost after the first thirty days shall be deducted in computing the length of his continuous service.

"If the employee who is laid off fails to call in person at the Employment Bureau within ten days after his lay-off becomes effective to request that his application for re-employment be kept on file, or if he fails to report for duty within ten days after the date on which an offer of employment has been made by the Employment Bureau, as above provided, his lay-off shall be regarded as an interruption in the continuity of his service as of the first day on which his lay-off became effective. If again employed by the company, he shall enter the service as a new employee and his previous service shall not be included in computing the length of his continuous service.

GENERAL REGULATIONS

"Where the foregoing regulations governing continuity of service are in effect at properties of the company where no Employment Bureau is maintained, the functions assigned to the Employment Bureau in connection with these regulations shall be delegated to the person responsible for the keeping of the service records of employees at such properties or to such other person as may be designated by the manager or superintendent in charge of the properties.

"Any questions involving continuity of service which are not specifically covered by these regulations shall be considered as individual cases and in each instance the decision of the Board of Directors shall be final.

"The company reserves the right to modify, to suspend or to annul the operation of these regulations either in their general form or in their application to individuals, at the discretion of its Board of Directors."

The above ruling will rescind Mr. Warwick's letter to the Refinery Managers dated December 12th, 1921, and also Mr. Jackson's letter to the Sales Department Managers dated January 16th, 1922.

(Continued from Page 3)

deduct any time from the length of the continuous service. The December ruling, which is now in effect, changed the limit to 90 days, and deducts the time after the first 30 days from the length of continuous service.

"It must be stated that at the time of the 'Big Slump' every effort was made by the management to care for its older employees. In a few cases, it was impossible to furnish jobs to all of them before the 120 day limit had expired, and some men did not want to take the jobs offered them. There were some men who tried to get back before their layoffs became permanent, but were unable to secure jobs. Consequently their service was broken."

Casper on Housing

"The subject of 'Financing Homes for Employees' has been assigned to me on behalf of the Casper Committee. It is a well established fact that the home owning employee is steadier, apt to be more faithful and interested in the welfare of his employer. The labor turnover, a very costly thing in the affairs of any large corporation, is uniformly less among the home owning employees than among the renters. And this is more apt to be true in those communities like Casper, where the rental situation is acute, in regard to the exorbitant rents charged, the great shortage of rental properties, and the poor housing conditions which prevail. Unsatisfactory housing conditions mean unsatisfied and less efficient employees. And, in many cases, they mean a poorer grade of workman, for the good man can usually obtain work in a community of his choice.

"We have a peculiar condition at Casper. We are in a very rapidly growing community. Our employees average a much shorter time of residence than those of any of our other refineries. Housing conditions in Casper are admittedly a year or more behind requirements. Rental properties are unusually scarce, and excessively high in price.

"Casper in its present form is essentially a new community. While there is considerable wealth in the city, it is largely new money. Opportunities for investment and speculation with possible high returns are numerous. Most of those with funds in Casper are accustomed to this class of investment and none other. There is accordingly none of the money usually available for the conservative 5% to 6% real estate investments which are so prevalent in older communities. Purchases of second mortgages are unknown in Casper. In fact, there are practically no first mortgages purchased in the way that prevails in older sections of the country. Those that are purchased are on a basis of 10% or more, and are seldom for more than 40% to 50% of the market value of the properties.

"One or two of the Nebraska Building and Loan Associations loan some money on Casper real estate on a prevailing payment basis of $13.50 per month per $1,000.00 loaned on their 10-year plan. Such loans, however, are hard to get and while the monthly payment basis is far more advantageous than that demanded by the local associations the interest rate figures about the same.

"There are no local trust companies which do a real estate mortgage business similar to that done by such companies in the east.

"The bulk of the home building financing is done by the local Building and Loan Association. Their monthly payment basis is now about $20.00 per $1,000.00 loaned. The loans run for 84 months and cost the borrower nearly 10%. The companies have practically a clean record of no losses or foreclosures. One company reports that in the 11 years it has operated, it has had to foreclose only one loan. The lowest return it has paid its shareholders during that time was at the rate of 24% per year. Last year the rate of return was 28%.

"Casper has grown from about 3,500 population when the company entered the city in 1913, to about 30,000 population today. In the last three years it has increased 10,000 and gives every indication of maintaining the same ratio of increase for some years to come. In those three years 2,160 houses have been built which averaged four rooms each. This does not include housing for perhaps 2,000 people which has been built outside the city limits and for which statistics are not available. However, it does indicate that the housing situation is growing worse rather than better.

"Last year the company completed plans and started improving a 40-acre, well located subdivision to the city, which it divided into 246 building lots. It has offered these lots to employees at net cost for cash, with the condition that a dwelling be built upon the lots purchased within 12 months from date of sale. These lots at the prices offered are 50% or more cheaper than similarly improved lots, similarly located in Casper. Paving, sidewalks, storm and sanitary sewers, water and gas are all in and included in the price of lots. These prices run from $600.00 to $1,000.00 for fully improved lots except for a few corner lots at a slightly higher price. Immediately adjoining the addition the Community Extension Corporation is selling lots at prices which range from 25% to 50% higher.

"In spite of this, these lots are not selling. This is not because the employees do not appreciate what a remarkable bargain the company is offering them, nor is it because of the location or anything connected with this property. It is solely due to the employees' inability to finance both the cash purchase of a lot and the building of a house. So far only 45 lots in all have been sold.

"It would be of inestimable advantage to employees if some means were available to all of them for the financing of a home. Such a plan, if worked out and made available to employees, should have some provision for safeguarding the employee against over-burdening himself. While it is very desirable to have some workable plan through which the employee may finance a home at easy monthly payments, it should be very difficult, if not impossible, for him to obtain a larger loan than he can comfortably carry.

"It is reasonable to assume that no large corporation wishes to become a creditor of its employees. Except where a financial plan is worked out to the minutest details, and where there is perfect understanding between employer and employee, such plans are apt to be productive of discord and to ultimately defeat their prime object—the furtherance of better relations between employee and employer, and a lessening of the labor turnover.

"A better scheme it would appear would be for the company to provide through some outside agency a home financing plan which would be available to such employees as it might designate. Interest rates charged for such financing should be upon an equitable basis to both borrower and lender, and should be governed by general money market conditions.

"What the employee needs and all he wants is a financial plan of which he is able to take advantage. This will require a moderate but reasonable cash payment, a fair interest rate, and loan spread out over sufficient time—say ten years—to make his monthly payments commensurate with his income. As a suggestion of a workable basis of monthly payments it is believed that $10.00 per month per $1,000.00 loaned would be fair and equitable to both borrower and lender."

Sugar Creek on Employee-Salesmen

"It seems that little if any attention is being paid the employee as a potential salesman. No good reason comes to mind why our Company should not have 26,000 salesmen. This should not be taken as a suggestion that an office clerk, boilermaker, refinery manager or in short any employee is expected to devote all his leisure time calling on his neighbors in the effort to sell goods. It should not be necessary to suggest to each of the 26,000 employees that no chance should be neglected to make known the superiority of the Company's products and the excellence of its service. This can be done tactfully and unobtrusively but persistently, and, finally when a friend or acquaintance finds that the employee is really serious in his interest and that it actually is a matter of concern with him, it is probable that he will respond satisfactorily.

"There is ample evidence of the merits of our Company's products on every hand. Hundreds of thousands of cars and trucks are being operated at the maximum of efficiency—thousands of plants are running economically—myriads of lamps are turning night into day—and a countless number of persons are satisfied with the thousand and one products of our Company. These are facts that cannot be disputed and should so fortify the employee-salesman as to

enable him to approach a prospect with confidence and enthusiasm. Regardless of the outcome, courtesy and good will should never be lacking.

"Our Company has published and placed in the hands of nearly all of the gasoline using public, except its own employees, a booklet 'What is Good Gasoline.' It seems feasible and advisable to have bound in this booklet one or more introductory leaves addressed to employees of our Company making it plain that our Company will be pleased to have their business in petroleum products and also their assistance in promoting sales. Some of the basic principles of salesmanship might well be set forth. This, of course, is merely the thought to be expanded, embellished or altered as those experienced in the preparation of marketing literature think necessary. Each of the 26,000 employees should be given one copy as soon as practicable. After the expiration of several months a follow-up booklet of different text and form should reach each employee.

"The method of distribution should be given consideration. The booklet should not be handed the employee from a stack or armful, but preferably should be mailed to each individual. Also a supply should be on hand at principal places of employment in order to replace lost copies or to supply those who fail to be reached by mail.

"The booklets 'What is Good Gasoline,' which have already been prepared for distribution to the public, should be carried also where they may be available for distribution by employees to the public and where they may be had merely for the asking.

"The further suggestion is made that the legend 'Keep for Reference' be printed conspicuously on the cover of the booklet to counteract as far as possible the first impulse to throw away an advertisement. It should be understood that the booklet suggested is to be printed for and given to employees regardless of the fact that it will contain nothing which may not be freely read by the public. Let 26,000 employees, 26,000 salesmen be our mark!"

Greybull on Good Will

"Various industries have long since realized that good will is a commodity which cannot be purchased with the coin of the realm, and without which no business organization can gain its desired success.

"In the years gone by, when industries were comparatively small and practically all local concerns, good will was obtained through the confidence gained by personal contact on the part of the management with the public of the community wherein the industry gained its livelihood. In later years, times have changed to the extent that organizations, such as our own, which had its birth in a local concern, have grown to where they now have become national and international organizations. It is quite obvious that those who direct the policies of these large industries cannot continue to obtain the good will of the public through personal contact without the assistance of the rank and file who depend upon their production and its sales for their well-being. This has been recently proven through various attacks, which to the fair-minded man have been proven as unjust, and which have been in scope from what may have been individuals with personal enmity to governors of various states and legislative bodies.

"As has been stated before, good will, or might we say confidence, can only be obtained through experience. I do not mean to infer by this statement that each and every individual, whose good will we have obtained, must necessarily have had a personal experience with our company, but rather the idea, which I am trying to get across, is that the public at large must be made to realize the fact that our company is standing four square for fair treatment toward their men, producing a commodity equal to the best, at a legitimate profit and, although we have grown to be one of, if not the largest of the gasoline-producing organizations, that our success has been gained by efficient management in the Manufacturing and Sales Departments, instead of by the obtaining of exorbitant profits from the consumers. However, in order to hold this enviable position in the business world, we must continue to obtain and hold the good will of the buying public.

"It would seem to me, with a family of approximately 27,000 employees who are closely related to a number of people

throughout the United States and Continental Countries to the number of about 350,000, that if those who are interested in the growth of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) would take upon themselves the work of disseminating the proper information or experience to the public at large, that the 'bugbear of ignorance' regarding the truth about our company would rapidly disappear."

Laramie on Cooperation

"We should recognize that the interests of ourselves and our employers are common interests and work accordingly, knowing that employers and employees are essential to each other's success.

"The stock purchasing plan is a wonderful incentive. It keeps the fires of clean desire burning clear and bright, and it inspires the employee to use every talent, every power, every application to the end that his efforts will not only be rewarded by advancement to the company, but that at the expiration of a certain period of time the company has made it possible for him to enjoy the pleasures of life to a greater extent than would have been possible had it not been for the advantages of this plan.

"We must make up our minds to stand to and abide by our determination to fulfill the spirit as well as the letter, and give a full day's work for a full day's pay. We cannot expect the company to give everything. The company in investing in us expects a return on the investment.

"We must try wholeheartedly to make our work and that of our fellow-worker safer and more sanitary so that he will be able to do better work for the company than would otherwise be possible.

"We must resolve that we will strive to provide against the inevitable rainy day. That we will be at work every working day unless sickness or other unavoidable causes prevent, knowing that such a record is a big personal asset. We must hold and offer the same respect and courtesy to our employers when our work brings us in contact with them, that we expect from them when their business brings them in contact with us.

"The Industrial Relations Plan is a milestone in human development and marks a point in progress that ought never to be retraced.

"Employees as a rule are not ungrateful, but they do not want an employer's conception of what they need imposed upon them. Employees are thankful for the employer meeting their real needs, the first of which is a sufficient wage to keep them self-respecting in the world, and after that the employer should go as far as he can with them in meeting their viewpoint, but never imposing on them his ideas of what they may need while at home. It is not human nature to like that.

"The lack of cooperation between officials of various companies and their employees is one of the most vital causes of discontent among the employees and causes a lack of success in the business of the employer."

Wood River on Safety

"Safety may conveniently be classified under two headings, (1) mechanical, (2) educational. Mechanical safety as the name suggests has to do with the installation of safeguards. Educational, on the other hand, does not deal with guards of any kind in the plant, but instead is a program of constant appeal and endeavor whereby every employee is warned to look out for himself, for it is believed that a large percentage of accidents in any industry are caused by the thoughtlessness of individuals.

"To counteract thoughtlessness or carelessness on the part of employees, Wood River, during the past year, has emphasized the educational part of safety to a marked degree in order to eliminate as much as possible the number of accidents in the refinery. The motto of the safety division of the Industrial Relations Department as well as the motto of the Sub-Committee on Safety of the Joint General Committee has been a motto that has repeatedly emphasized, through personal discussion with employees and by safety literature sent out by the refinery, the 'A-B-C' of safety, or in other words, the thought, '*Always be Careful*'."

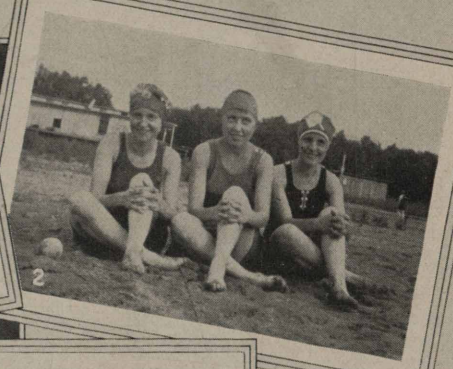
* * *

HELEN—"Who were you out with last night, Mable?"

MABLE—"My aunt."

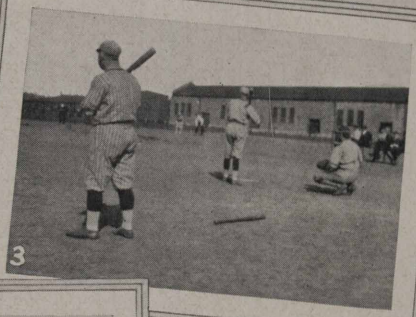
HELEN—"Well, tell your aunt he ought to shave!"—*Exchange.*

THE LAST BATH OF THE SEASON



Evansville Division—Not unlike Detroit, Evansville has been keeping its beauties out of sight of the rest of the S. O. Co. family. But, anyway, the "last bath of the season" found the Stanolind Record fotog on the job. No. 1—Here are (left to right) F. Harberer, W. L. McCutchan, C. A. Taylor, Marie Meyer, Mildred Wheeler, Helen Zachman, Mrs. W. L. McCutchan, Mrs. C. A. Taylor, Edna Wheeler and Tillie Neuman just before (we think) the final plunge. No. 2—Casper, attention! This trio is composed of Tillie Neuman, Edna Wheeler and Helen Zachman. No. 3—Here are Mrs W L. McCutchan and Tillie Neuman. Yes, Laramie, Evansville is on every map. No. 4—Now please, everybody, don't ask for transfers to Evansville all at once. Here are (left to right) Helen Zachman, W. L. McCutchan, F Harberer, Marie Meyer, Mrs. W. L. McCutchan, C. A. Taylor, Mrs. C A. Taylor, Tillie Neuman, Edna Wheeler and Mildred Wheeler.

CHICAGO WINS EDGE IN WHITING BATTLES



No. 1—The battles between the Whiting teams and the Chicago Home Office aggregations were more than a little exciting. Here is where "Casey Stengel" Ehlert of Whiting rounded third on his four-sacker. No. 2—Look on their uniforms for their team's name. These Whitingites are (top row, left to right) Langhor, F. Ehlers, N. E. Miller, Frank McKenna, Pete Liese, W. P. Stenhouse, John Kender; (bottom row, left to right) Frank Schnell, Jim Hanson, H. Ehlert, W. O. Walker. No. 3—Radcliff of the Chicago office is in the foreground. We don't know whether he fanned or hit when he took his turn at bat. No. 4—But what we were waiting for is this pair, C. F. Hatmaker and Albert Arnhorst of Chicago. Both we understand were put in as pinch-hitters. The funny part about it was, both delivered. Gosh!

CHICAGO AND WHITING TEAMS IN DOUBLE HEADER

Main Office Old Timers Stop Refinery Old Timers in Seven Innings by 7 to 3 Score; Chicago Polarines and Whiting Champions Go Thirteen Innings for 4 to 4 Tie.

Chicago Old Timers Vs. Whiting Old Timers

On Saturday, September 29, the Old Timers from the General Office, Chicago, sallied forth to measure swords, or rather bats, with our good friends the Old Timers at the Whiting Refinery.

The battle array was lead by Mr. Hatmaker, Chicago manager, who threw himself into the game in the same snappy manner that he goes after Red Crown sales. By a very timely hit and circle of the sacks he sure helped to pull the game out of the hole.

Then there was our old friend Arnhorst. If you put the ball where he can reach it, he can hit. Anyway, he proved this. He complained rather bitterly that the pitcher was throwing the ball too fast. Perhaps the pitcher thought he was fooling, so he tossed "Arnie" a nice easy one. Well it happened. A nice single to the left field scoring Radcliffe and Hatmaker.

Then there was Bill Roberts. He repeated his home run stunt by socking another one out over the center fielders' head, scoring Eddie Pallas ahead of him.

With the score standing 7 to 3 in favor of the General Office, Chicago, at the end of the seventh inning, the game was called to give the youngsters a chance to show their stuff.

The Chicago Office was represented by C. F. Hatmaker, Bill Roberts, A. E. Persons, Dave Radcliffe, Fred Radcliffe, Gus Leckett, Eddie Rummelhof, E. Utz, Eddie Pallas, Harry Calland, Art Nelson, and George Savageau.

Polarines Vs. Whiting

The second game of the day between the Main Office, Chicago, and the Whiting Champions proved little except that both teams can play good baseball. The score at the end of the thirteenth inning, when the game was called, was 4 to 4.

J. Wyand hurled for the Chicago gang and M. Cole for the Whiting crew. They made it a pitcher's battle.

Up to the seventh inning, the game belonged to Whiting, until the Polarines woke up to the fact that it was getting close to the finish of the game and that they had to do something. The first batter up got a hit. Then J. Wyand swung his bat for a good home run. When the dust cleared away and the inning was over, the Polarines had made two runs, making the score 4 to 2 in favor of Whiting. This was the beginning of a good battle. There was very little doing in the next inning, until the ninth, when the Polarines again started hitting the ball, scoring two runs and tying the score 4 to 4. Now Whiting realized it was high time to try out a new pitcher, which they did. To make a long story short, the game was called at 6:00 P. M., with a score of 4 to 4 with thirteen innings of hard fought baseball.

Credit must be given to the wonderful pitching of J. Wyand, who struck out 25 men in the 13 innings of play.

STANOLAX CAKE RECIPE

Minneapolis Field—We are indebted to Blanche Paddleford for the following cake recipe in which Stanolax is used. The writer was favored with a sample and he says it is delicious. Try it and see.

Sift together all dry ingredients.

2¼ cups Pastry Flour (sift flour before measuring).
1¼ cups Sugar.
2½ tsp. Baking Powder (level).
¾ tsp. Salt.
Slowly stir in liquid ingredients (but do not beat).
1 cup of Water.
8 tbsp. Stanolax.
2 Egg Yolks.
1 tsp. Flavoring.

When well mixed together fold in beaten whites of two eggs.

Will make two large or three small layers.

* * *

Every Employee a Salesman!

SOME OF CHICAGO'S FAIREST

Chicago—More than one field will be interesed in this picture of Mrs. Ellen Gillette, General Manager's department, which was taken at the lake here. Mrs. Gillette is at the right. No. 2—According to our correspondent, this is Ralph H. Reed's better seven-eighths. Mr. Reed is the Home Office efficiency man. The pix was taken at Benning, Cal., on the edge of the desert. No. 3—We don't have to tell you the name of this girl, although, maybe, 'twere best. She is Miss Foote of the General Manager's department. Among her claims to fame is that she is a Stanolind Record reporter. No. 4—Jewel Burton of the same department may find just how easy it is to "roll off a log" if her foot slips. Or, maybe, it were best to say she is "stumped."

SURPRISERS SURPRISED BY SURPRISED SURPRISERS

Decatur Division—The Standard Oil Filling Station, of Jasper and East Prairie streets, was the scene of an odd and fortunate meeting Sunday morning—at least the meeting was fortunate for the two parties concerned and was odd enough in itself.

A group of tourists from Wyoming who were headed toward Ohio to visit friends at Dayton, stopped for gas and after having the tank filled decided that they also needed air. In the meantime they had asked the service man, Carl W. Belsalke, for information regarding the roads and directions out of Decatur and toward their destination. He gave them what information he could and they drove to the rear of the station for air.

While they were still in the rear another car drove up and asked for gas. The service man noticed that this car was from Ohio, and Belsalke saw a good chance for information for the Wyoming people. He mentioned the fact that these people from Wyoming were asking for Ohio information, so the Ohio travelers walked around to the rear.

Exclamations of surprise, delight and astonishment could be heard. Then the next few minutes were filled with excited exclamations and questions.

After the confusion had died down enough for some facts to be gleaned it was found that the Ohio people were the friends whom the Wyoming tourists were on their way to see, and that the Ohio people, in turn had decided to travel to Wyoming to give their western friends a surprise visit!

What brought both parties to the same service station, at the same hour, in the middle-western city between the two destinations is a question, but they were certainly fortunate in making this chance meeting. Some time was taken before the two parties could decide what to do, and which direction to go. The finally agreed to remain in Decatur a short time and then both cars turn toward Ohio.—*The Decatur Review.*

* * *

TOM—Pa, you remember you promised me five dollars if I passed in school this year.

PA—Yes.

TOM—Well, you ain't gonna have that expense. —*Exchange.*

CHICAGO'S CHALLENGE BRIDE

Here is Ethel Thoman, recent bride. The Home Office challenges the whole Standard Oil Company (Indiana) to produce a fairer one.

* * *

ABSENT-MINDED FATHER—We have a new baby at our house.

FRIEND—Well! Well! Girl?

FATHER—No!

FRIEND—Boy, huh!

FATHER—Yes, how did you know?—*Atlantic Reflector.*

* * *

The looking glass beats any detective for locating the cause of most of our troubles.—*Exchange.*

* * *

"My sister has taken a job as nurse-maid."

"Has she had any experience with children?"

"Sure, she used to be a child herself!"—*Exchange.*

SOME CUTE BABIES

No. 1—Pick out the boy. You're right. They are both girls. The one in boy's clothes is Shirley Jane Combs, pride and joy of Orson Combs of the Advertising department. Shirley Jane is quite famous in amateur theatricals in Chicago.

No. 2 — Shirley Jane again. This time she is waiting for applause after a dance. Does she get it? Thanks.

No. 3—Elizabeth Louise Smith and her dog, Princess Pat. Even without having Chief Clerk F. Q. Smith of the Chicago advertising department as her dad, Elizabeth Louise would be a winner. Think so too?

* * *

"How would you classify a telephone girl?" asked the old fogey. "Is hers a business or a profession?"

"Neither," replied his friend. "It's a calling."

—*Exchange.*

* * *

"Are you really content to spend your life walking around begging?"

"No, lady," answered Weary Willie. "Many's the time I've wished I had an auto."

—*American Legion Weekly.*

* * *

Professor (in engineering class): "What is a dry dock?"

Student (in rear): "A physician who won't give out prescriptions."—*Exchange.*

* * *

ANYBODY WOULD

"I'm surprised that Joe didn't get on: he always seemed to have plenty of backbone."

"Oh, he had backbone, all right; the trouble was the knob at the upper end of it was of the same material."—*Exchange.*

STANDARD OIL SERVICE WITH A SMILE

Milwaukee Division — Unquestioning service—the kind that has made the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) known almost everywhere automobiles are operated—was the kind that L. C. Patterson, secretary of the Rockford Overalls Manufacturing Company, Rockford, Ill., received from Pat Murray of Benton, Wis.

Mr. Patterson tells about it in the following letter to Manager T. H. Lang of the Milwaukee division.

"I was accompanied on a trip by my wife and two of her lady friends. Between Cuba City and Benton, Wis., my motor stopped. Upon examination, I found that the trouble was in the gas feed, but was unable to locate the exact point of trouble. It seemed the only way out of my difficulty was in some way to get word to a garage at the nearest point. Just at this time a young man drove one of your tank trucks up behind my car and asked if we were in trouble, and suggested that he might be able to help us out. After examining, he found the feed tube from the gas tank to the vacuum had broken off right close to the vacuum.

"Without going further into detail, will state the young man, who we learned later was Pat Murray of Benton, Wis., with considerable display of mechanical ingenuity fixed the tube temporarily, and suggested that we probably could get into Benton, some two miles away where we could have the broken tube properly fixed. He also suggested that he would follow us up into Benton where he was going, and if we encountered any further difficulty he would give us a lift. When I insisted that he should take some remuneration for his kindness and work, he almost seemed hurt to think that I felt that he might have been doing that favor for pay, and refused absolutely to accept anything.

"It certainly was very refreshing to find a real man, and a busy one, who would take the time and the pains to help us out of our trouble, and do it simply out of kindness, and not for pay."

WORK AND PLAY AT WHITING WORKS

No. 1—The girls of the Candle Works have been having some wonderful times. This photo was taken during a recent Baby-Doll party. They are, left to right, first row: Anna Kornidas, Anna Plemich, Gladys Gilman, Anna Honoula, Mary Seaman. Second row: Mary Demkovich, Helen Leonard, Loretta Wilt, Madeline Varradt, Pauline Kornidas, Ruby Kruzich, Julia Kubeck. Third row: Marie Runick, Theresa Dudeck, Katherine Kraly, Elizabeth Fauth and Julia Kitchen. No. 2—Relative sizes of pumps are shown here. The large pump is an 18x14x24; it is used to pump gasoline from boat pump house to dock for S. O. Co. boats. The small pump is a 3x2x3; it is used to pump boiler compound at boiler houses. H. Berlin, pump machinist, and N. A. Dewey, pump machinist, are leaning against the larger pump. No. 3—A get-together picnic was held by the Foremen's Fellowship Club at Springhill Grove near St. John, Ind. Left to right are George Fortener, Jack Prentice, Warren Renne Mr. Ehlers and Hugo Kock.

CASPER CELEBRATES INDUSTRIAL BUILDING OPENING

Foremen's Club Meeting Given Over to Joint General Committee for Celebration; Foremen Take Charge of Program; Most of Casper Present

By H. W. EBERSTEIN

By a unanimous vote of the Board of Trustees, our meeting, September 4, was turned over to the Joint General Committee and we joined with them in putting on a program celebrating the formal opening of the new Industrial Relations Building.

The entertainment committee of the Joint General Committee turned the matter of arranging a good program over to the Foreman's Club and then helped to make the affair a success.

All Standard employees, their families and friends were invited, and that includes most of Casper. No excuses or regrets were sent. Everybody came. The Auditorium was full, aisles included, at 7:30 P. M. At least 1,000 heard the program.

A large open air dance floor had been laid over the tennis courts. Music was rendered by a well known jazz orchestra. From 9:00 P. M. until a late hour, it was impossible to see the musicians, so thick were the dancers on the floor.

Those of the crowd who could not get into the Auditorium or on the dance floor, took care of the ice cream and trimmings, including coffee, cake, punch and lemonade, served in the new dining room.

Newspaper men estimated that between 3,000 and 4,000 attended the opening. The management and men all contributed every effort to make this the banner event of Standard hospitality in Casper, and we all feel that they succeeded.

The program in the Auditorium was presided over by our master mechanic, W. H. Tolhurst, who introduced the entertainers, took care of things generally, even helping some belated members up the fire escape so they could enjoy the fun.

Messrs. McNamara, Demmon and Lytle sang, while Mrs. W. H. Tolhurst, Mrs. C. A. Fowler and Mrs. Homer Helms gave piano solos. One selection of Mrs. Tolhurst's being her own composition. Vocal solos were given by Mrs. D. M. Lobell, Mrs. Kenneth Bass, Mrs. Sidney Morrison and John P. Arnott. Mrs. William Emmel gave a reading entitled "Fritz and his Betsies Fall Out."

A ladies Quartette, composed of Mesdames Sundwell, Gates, Leschinsky and Osborn charmed the audience. Mrs. Gates and Mrs. Sundwell later sang a duet. A male Quartette made up of Messrs. Tolhurst, Arnott, McCulloch and Williams also did their share of entertaining by carrying the audience "Back To Old Virginy." The "Clan Stuart Kiltie Band" had the audience on their feet with the old Scotch airs, and Master Tommy Stewart gave the "Highland Fling" in true Scotch vigor and style.

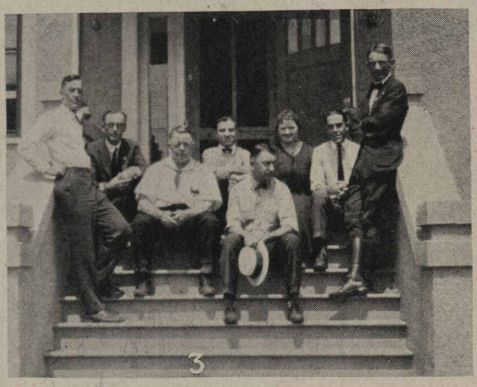
Everyone had been waiting to see "The Trained Fleas," which had been well advertised among the boys. The ticket seller urged the crowd to buy now for the usual small sum and the concessionaire offered for sale everything from toy balloons to safety razors and a prize in each package.

The owner of the "Fleas" came out of the big tent, dressed in appropriate costume, and proceeded to tell the audience of the wonders to be seen within the main show. To prove his assertions, he called from the tent "La Bella De El Paxo La Asora," "Wild Ora," "The Missing Link," "Madam Tincy," "The Butterfly Sisters (large and small)", "La Belle Fatima," "Abolina (the diving girl)", "Prince Mongo," "Princess Paperika," and the son of this Royal couple.

Down through the line he went extolling the wonderful qualities each possessed while each of the exhibits flipped a naughty skirt and looked enticing or added to the mystery by pranks befitting his part. When the spiel was at its height, we all felt as we did when kids years ago, we would have spent our last nickel to see what the big tent covered. Denver costumers had been called upon to

(*Continued on Page 18*)

CASPER OPENS INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS BUILDING



No. 1—Here is one of the latest photos of the new Industrial Relations Department building at Casper. No. 2—Employment Manager R. H. Covington just couldn't keep out of the limelight. So, here he is again. No. 3—On the steps of the I. R. building were snapped (left to right) R. A. Hartzell, Safety Director, Rocky Mountain Division; D. M. Lobdell, assistant Director of Industrial Relations, Rocky Mountain Division; H. W. Eberstein, assistant to Mr. Lobdell at Casper; R. O. Traylor, stenographer, Safety Office; R. H. Covington, employment manager, Casper; Mrs. Philbin, clerk in the Employment office; Lou Dunn, stenographer, Industrial Relations office; B. V. Osborn, Safety Director, Casper.

(Continued from Page 16)

fit out "The Fleas" and they looked their parts to a "gnat's heel."

To cap the climax, "The Flea Trainer" produced from a hat box sitting on a table, Miss Betty Elizabeth Wiederhold of Paris, France, all dressed in fluffy lace and ribbons, and introduced her as a 5,000 watt light among a bunch of candles. She lived up to the introduction by giving us a most beautiful and graceful classic dance.

The orchestra then played "Home Sweet Home", and everyone went to the dance, dining room or home. Practically all talent for this entertainment was taken from our own plant and families and we feel that the Casper Standard Oil family is to be congratulated on such a successful and classic entertainment.

WHITING FOREMEN'S DINNER

The Foremen's Fellowship Club held its regular dinner meeting in the Hammond Masonic Temple Building. The meeting was poorly attended, there being present only eighty-three of the 192 members. Those who attended the meeting were well repaid, for they heard one of the best talks that has been given before the club.

Roy Tweedele, welfare worker of the Standard Steel Car Company, was the speaker. Mr. Tweedele knows the foreman's job and he told the foremen present of his ideas and knowledge, using a delivery that was indeed impressive. Those present were unanimous in expression of their appreciation of Mr. Tweedele's talk.

Musical entertainment was also provided, and various members of the club demonstrated their vocal accomplishments. This statement may be taken either way.

The meeting surely will help to create closer relationships and greater cooperation among Whiting Works Foremen.

* * *

Teacher—"Which letter follows the letter H?"
Freddie—"I don't know, teacher."
Teacher—"What have I on both sides of my nose?"
Freddie—"Freckles, ma'am."
—*"Topics of the Day" Films.*

* * *

HIM (to her little brother)—Your sister's spoiled.
LITTLE BROTHER—Naw, she ain't. It's that perfume you sent her.—*Exchange.*

WHITING CLOSES B. B. SEASON

The Departmental Baseball League of the Whiting Works of the S. O. A. A. enjoyed a very successful season. Six teams started the league season and all finished playing their entire schedule. The race was intensely interesting as the winner was not determined until the last game, and then it was necessary for second and third place teams to play off a tie in order to determine their standing.

As is the custom, all teams were given a banquet at the close of the season. At this occasion the members of the various teams and a number of invited guests spent a most enjoyable evening. W. P. Stenhouse served as toastmaster, and entertainment was furnished by C. P. Wedlake and Vincent Sell. L. C. Moore gave an inspiring talk to those present. Prizes were given at this meeting to the members of the first, second and third teams.

There was one regrettable accident during the year, that of John Kish who had his leg broken while playing one of the league games. Sincere sympathy and financial support have been given to this unfortunate employee and the association and its members.

The standing of the teams follow:

	Won	*Lost*	*Pct.*
Perfections	11	4	.733
*Polarines	10	5	.667
*Red Crowns	10	5	.667
Parolites	8	7	.533
Renowns	5	10	.333
Neolites	2	13	.133

*Polarines won play off for second place.

Names of the players of the first three teams follow:

Perfections: C. Shaner, C. Groat, Wm. Groat, E. Pond, T. Daniels, B. Ikes, V. Hadley, P.McShane, L. Fraley, P. Smith, A. Bell and O. Henley.

Polarines: Frank Radloff, M. Cole, John Jurek, Albert Koch, Wm. Walsko, Mike Mihalso, Peter Liesse, John Hlavach, John Girman, Henry Schultz, John Germick and Andy Kaminsky.

Red Crowns: A. Adley, F. McKenna, J. Moore, J. Feeney, J. Murich, J. McCarthy, A. Dust, J. Kish, O. White, R. Adley, P. Lynch and M. McGowan.

* * *

MOTHER—"No, Bobby; for the third time I tell you you can't have another chocolate."
BOBBY (in despair)—"I don't see where father gets the idea that you're always changing your mind."—*Atlantic Reflector.*

COOPERATION

Kansas City Division—During the Coupon Book Campaign just closed, J. B. Moore, agent and salesman at Independence, Mo., gets the credit for the best idea ever put over in a campaign of this kind. He conceived the original plan of soliciting the Standard Oil Employees at the Sugar Creek Refinery on coupon books. The plan was enthusiastically supported by Mr. Moffett, manager, and Mr. Boehmer, superintendent, as well as by all the foremen throughout the plant. And it proved a great success in every way. One hundred and eleven coupon books found their way into the hands of loyal Standard Oil workers, who were more than anxious to cooperate, in order to bring about a closer relationship between the Manufacturing and the Marketing Departments. In fact, cooperation seems to be the slogan of these Sugar Creek employees.

The success of the plan was greatly strengthened by the whole-hearted and enthusiastic support of W. L. Hickey, who is assistant to Mr. Bruckmiller, and a member of the J. G. C. He personally conducted Mr. Moore all around the plant; and his influence was certainly the means of closing many a sale. We cannot thank Mr. Hickey too much; nor Mr. Moffett, for permitting Mr. Hickey to offer his services.

The cooperation of the plant foremen was especially fine. They directed Mr. Moore to those owning cars and purchased coupon books 100 per cent themselves. This is the spirit that is absolutely essential to the success of a plan of this nature.

Messrs. Hoffman, Sullivan and Chandler, although they are not car owners, personally went out and sold coupon books to friends. How's that for cooperation? Thank you, men!

Mr. Rooney of the Union Tank Line reports his men 100 per cent.

Many employees promised that, while they could not purchase a book themselves, not owning automobiles, they would certainly boost the Company products to their grocery stores, hardware stores and friends. Every booster is a salesman.

Mrs. Belangee, who has charge of the restaurant (and, by the way, Mr. Moore says she is a fine cook), purchased a coupon book. Many departments went over 100 per cent.

The names of those who bought coupon books follow:

R. S. Chandler, J. S. Cartwinkle, J. G. Maddux, Fred Puckett, B. B. Wiler, W. A. Doll, Roy Welch, James O'Hara Jr., J. H. Seaseu, J. E. Bade, Joe Shafer, W. W. Bosey, J. M. Roberts, Geo. V. Hackett, James O'Hara, H. Hinck, J. Smith, Chester McCoy, E. B. Smith, Howard Miles, John Gumsky, L. G. Harrison, Dave Crowe, O. L. Rockhold, Robert Stark, Robert Lohnes, Ralph Lamer, M. E. Lee, H. W. Crofford, A. A. Yates, A. J. Stark, W. F. Bridge, C. W. McMechan, Jack Bennett, A. E. Nylund, J. O. Hinde, O. Myers, J. R. Battey, W. C. Bridges, J. A. Hininger, W. A. Galoway, J. H. Gimlen, Frank J. Lee, Earl J. Cox, Carl Drane, E. E. Lewis, L. C. Howard, H. R. Bachman, J. E. Brewer, G. W. Thompson, R. C. Wetmore, R. L. McMaines, M. A. Butler, J. H. Roney, F. W. Bruckmiller, A. O. Hodges, H. O. Eysell, Ed. A. Webb, G. E. McFarland, Bert Werner, John Walenburg, Dave Stepp, A. Phillips, P. Akers, Charles Street, E. E. Stranger, Sam Gunter, G. N. Legett, J. W. Kelley, D. Davidson, C. E. Rice, E. W. Freudenberg, J. S. Lynd, Carl Smee, Mrs. Lulu Belangee, H. C. Van Smith, R. F. Long, A. B. Jones, Wally B. Hodge, Bert Landfried, G. C. Barnes, H. Shifner, D. Hinthorn, M. T. Willhoit, F. H. Frisby, C. B. Shumate, Edw. E. Miller, John M. Rockey, Thos. Hart, O. C. Hite, R. P. Cook, R. G. Cannell, John Bishop, Harry Leineman, Frank Diesko, J. M. Koler, George Erickson, Harry Coles, John Kobe, William Totty, Curtis Wright, Elfie Grocery Co., and W. H. Knopker D. G. Co.

Sold by F. M. Hoffman, 3; sold by John Sullivan, 2; and sold by Tom Chandler, 1.

Mr. Rooney, Union Tank Line, reports 100% of his men bought books, 5.

WHAT ARE WAGES?

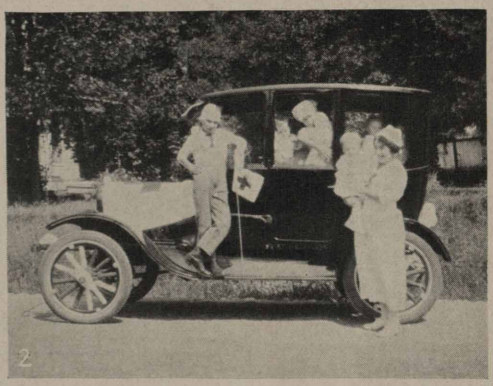
In former times learned men thought there was a "wage fund," or a definite part of the capital invested in industry which was available for the payment of the workmen. We know now that they were mistaken. There is no fund of capital for the payment of workmen, for wages are paid not out of capital but out of production. The wage of the laborer, like the salary of the manager and the interest or profits of the owner of the business, must come out of what the public will pay for the commodities or the services produced.

Workers sometimes are advised to work slowly and inefficiently and restrict production in the belief that thereby they will "make more work" for themselves and their fellow-workers. But when production is thus restricted, there is less wealth to be divided

SUGAR CREEK FOR BETTER BABIES

Sugar Creek—No. 1—Here is a photo of some of the entrants in a "Better Babies" contest held in Fairmount Park by the Sugar Creek branch of the American Red Cross. A healthful lot of children, don't you think? Prizes were awarded under the following rules: Children must be under school age; must attend at least eight of the eleven clinics; must score an improvement over previous condition of at least 75 per cent. Seventy babies were exhibited at a "show" and three competent judges from outside territory officiated. No. 2—Here is the class of "Little Mothers of Missouri," trained by Mrs. Grace Key Mullin, public health nurse (extreme right). At a "baby show" held in connection with the contest, James Mathews, Gilpin, under one year of age; Dorothy Kelly, 822 Ash Ave., under 2 years; Emogene Hadley, Sugar Creek. under 3 years; Joe Rahiga, Sugar Creek, under 4 years; Mary Cary, Sugar Creek. under 5 years, were awarded blue ribbons. William S. Hays, 2023 Poplar, under one year; Geraldine June Young, 718 East Tenth Street, under 2 years; Bernice Yuhas. Sugar Creek, under 3 years; William Robert Ashcraft, Sugar Creek, under 4 years; Lloyd Chapman, Sugar Creek, under 5 years, were awarded red ribbons. Betty Jean Dunlap, Camp de Luxe, under one year; Jack Rodney Stearns, 710 Huttig Avenue, under 2 years; Inez Pugh, 602 Home avenue, under 3 years; Stanley Dickey, Sugar Creek, under 4 years; Mary Toth, Sugar Creek, under 5 years.

YES, SUGAR CREEK HAS BETTER BABIES



No. 1—Here are a few of the babies entered in the "Better Babies contest of the Sugar Creek branch of the American Red Cross. In the judging, three babies showed an improvement of 100 per cent over their condition before they attended the clinics; six with a 90 per cent improvement; three with an 85 per cent improvement; two, 80 per cent; one, 75 per cent. Elizabeth Novak, Sugar Creek; Kathryn Smith, Fairmount; Ruth Marie Smith, Fairmount, were the 100 per cent babies. Majorie Ashcraft, Sugar Creek; Marguerite Mikola, Sugar Creek; Geraldine Young, Fairmount; Lawrence R. Stumpf, Fairmount; Donald Gray, Fairmount; Andrew Jackson Fisher, Fairmount, were the 90 per cent babies. William Robert Ashcraft, Sugar Creek; John Brown, Fairmount; John Searcy, Fairmount, were the 85 per cent babies. Alan D. Smith, Sugar Creek, Helen Rush, Mt. Washington, were the 80 per cent babies, and Gilbert Eugene Carr, Mt. Washington, the 75 per cent baby. No. 2—Mrs. Grace Key Mullin, public health nurse, is shown with the Red Cross car and several "better babies" who took part in a Fairmount and Mt. Washington community parade.

SOME EARLY DAYS OF WHITING, PART FIVE

Settlement at Opening of Standard Oil Company Plant Went Under Four Names; Three Churches Claimed Attention in Early Nineties; Homesickness General Among Women; Lodges, Clubs and Social Gatherings, Bright Happier Life to Employees; Owl Club Organized

On the outside cover of this magazine appears the photograph of U. G. Swartz, author of this interesting series of articles. Mr. Swartz entered the employ of the Company at Whiting in 1891. He at one time published the Whiting Democrat and was postmaster at Whiting in 1898. In 1895, he was appointed by the county commissioner to hold election on incorporation of Whiting; also nominations of candidates for first town officials and election of same. In 1913, he was admitted to the Indiana Bar. Mr. Swartz is now superintendent of the Switching Department.

By U. G. SWARTZ

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At the time of the opening of our story, Whiting was comprised of a post office and three railway stations, all having different names. The name of the post office was Whiting. Berry Lake, situated at the East end of the beautiful little lake of the same name, was the name of one station on the Pennsylvania Railway, Fields was the name of the station on the same road at 119th Street, while the name of the station on the L. S. & M. S. Railway was Whitings. This was located at the foot of 119th Street opposite the post office.

Before the advent of the Standard Oil Company the vicinity was generally known as Whitings. This name is said to have arisen from a wreck of a train on the L. S. & M. S. Railway under the direction of a conductor by the name of Whiting. This fastened the name of Whiting's wreck on the place which afterward became Whitings.

Mr. Cowan did not take kindly to this confusion of names, and at his request the L. S. & M. S. Railway changed their station name to the name of the post office. About the same time the station at Berry Lake was abandoned and the name of Fields was changed to Whiting by the Pennsylvania Company. Later the houses in Berry Lake and Oklahoma were moved to Whiting, the land at Berry Lake being used for railway yards and that at Oklahoma being absorbed into the refinery. Thus the name of the entire community became Whiting.

The rapid growth of the little city, particularly the building of the Company cottages, brought together a large number of families who had been accustomed to the genial relations of well organized society and who were anxious to transplant these conditions into their new homes. While these families came together for the most part strangers to each other they were bound together by a community of interest, not only by the men working side by side in the same plant, but also by the proximity of their homes, for the entire city was from the first built up in compact and solid manner.

This condition was especially true of those who lived in the "cottages." The men living in the "cottages" occupied leading positions on the plant and it was but natural that the families should take a leading position in organizing the various activities of the community. It was but natural, also, that this work was begun at a very early date and in a thorough and lasting manner. The organizations formed at this early period, many of them with but a handful of people, are now, for the most part, strong and vigorous; fit tributes to the efforts of their founders.

Churches claimed the first attention of the newcomers. In October 15, 1890, a small group met to elect officers and to arrange for receiving incorporation papers as the Plymouth Congregational Church. Services had been held for some time previous under their direction in the parlors of the Commercial Hotel, afterwards de-

stroyed by fire. The Rev. D.A. Holman was engaged as pastor and successful efforts were at once made to erect a church building. This building was located at the corner of Center Street and the B. & O. C. T. tracks, and was ready for occupancy and dedication in January, 1891.

The first services of the Sacred Heart Catholic Church were held in 1890 as a mission in the little old school building in Oklahoma, which had been used for school and church purposes by the people living here prior to the activities of the Company. In February following, the Rev. M. J. Byrne was assigned to the parish as pastor and the active life of the church began. A hall was secured over a saloon on 119th Street and regular services were instituted. It was claimed at that time that 58 per cent of the population of Whiting were members of this parish.

About a year later the Methodist church was organized. They conducted their services in the new school building which had been built in 1890, at the corner of 119th and Oliver streets. These were the forerunners of many other churches dotting the city at the present time. With the organization of these churches came the church societies with their activities.

A number of lodges were organized during the same period. The I. O. O. F. was the first. It was organized early in 1892. The K. of P. Lodge was organized about a month later.

But regardless of the organized efforts of churches, school and lodges, Whiting proved a dull place for very many of the women. The upheaval of the sand in the building of houses, the waste of sand in the new made streets, the consequent lack of all vegetation or verdure except the few trees which had been left standing, the barrenness of every viewpoint and the newness of the entire situation led to a species of homesickness, general to almost all, and impossible of control by many. Prolonged periods of well known weeping were general and formed a never failing topic of conversation. One worthy wife is said to have welcomed her husband on his return from work one evening with a packed valise, stating that she was going back to Old West Virginia and requiring an argument to overcome her determination. Sand, sandburrs and sand-fleas impressed themselves severely on the inconsolable ones in their new homes. Few towns have presented a more desolate appearance than did Whiting in the Winter of 1890-91.

Out of this desolation grew efforts for an improvement of these conditions; grew friendships and associations the most genuine and fervent. Social events appeared, at first timid, then bolder. Small house parties were given, dances with more numerous attendance were held in unfinished houses and storerooms on the newly laid floors. Here by the light of lamps and candles the pleasures of social friendship were again enjoyed.

Social order once under way, the atmosphere took on a brighter aspect and life again became worth living.

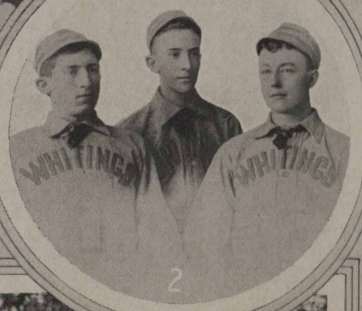
Came July 4, 1891, and a real celebration was planned. One hundred dollars were speedily raised for fireworks and $100 seemed to get a lot of fireworks at that time. The Company gave the use of planks and lumber for seats. These were erected on the sand at the intersection of Ohio and Pennsylvania avenue. A suitable stand also was erected and the whole town came out to the celebration. With the people seated with their feet hanging down in the sand it was a holiday for the sand-fleas who fastened their greedy tentacles, alike, on sear and tender pastures. Boom went the rockets and "Ah's" and "Oh's" resounded at every side. Little ones stayed to see the last piece fired. It was a real Whiting celebration. People were getting acquainted, doing for each other, and chasing the blues.

Berry Lake added to the gaiety with dance halls in which Whiting young men were sometimes interested. Although not particularly noisy in themselves they sometimes wound up with a foot race between some of the Whiting boys and the Berry Lake boys to see whether the former could get to 119th street and safety before the latter could avenge themselves upon them.

About the time of the Fourth of July celebration, Orient Hall was built on Center street by the Sacred Heart Church for the use of their church societies. This was kindly thrown open for the social use of all

(Continued on Page 27)

SOME EARLY DAYS AT WHITING



No. 1—This photo of the Whiting Greys baseball team was taken at Joliet, Ill., in 1895 just after the refinery players had defeated the Joliet team, 1 to 0, in twelve innings. The players are (top row) Carl Duffy, Jack Hughes, F. P. Allen, Harry Marquette; (middle row) Gomer Griffith, Pete Gorman, John Moore, Lee Faurot, Fred Brett; (bottom row) Frank Kelly (unknown mascot) Mickey Ryan. No. 2—Here are three members of the original Whiting Greys. The photo was taken in 1891. Left to right are Clay C. Collins, Fred N. Brett and W. P. Stenhouse. No. 3—Even before the jazz bands took hold of the "Ain't we got fun" melody, people did have fun. Here is a bicycle group off to have a big time in the city on a Sunday morning. Left to right are Edgar A. Gowe, Rose Greenwald (Patton), Wirt S. Rial, Ruth Gowe, Charles J. McGregor, Maby McGregor, Mrs. Sara Gowe McGregor, Charles J. Fitzgerald, Elsie McGregor and Hoxie G. Moffett. In the background are Mrs. U. G. Swartz and Junior G. Swartz. The buildings are company cottages on Pennsylvania avenue.

Indiana State Library

(Continued from Page 25)

who were well disposed and became the center of many social activities. Dances, parties, political meetings and elections all found a welcome and all made use of it.

It was here that the Jefferson Club had its early home. This was a social political club organized immediately after the nomination of Grover Cleveland for president in 1892, and was pledged to promote his election. Cleveland was very popular among Whiting voters at that time and a very large enthusiastic club was formed. Orient Hall was the only available place for the meetings of the club at the time of its organization.

The club held regular weekly meetings from the time of nomination until the end of the campaign. Its membership consisted of those who were partisans of Cleveland, and also of all who wished to enjoy the social relations of the club. The programs of the weekly meetings were sometimes purely social, sometimes consisted of short talks by different members of the club and frequently some prominent speaker from abroad discussed the issues of the campaign, or a debate was held in which speakers from both parties took part.

While the purpose of the Jefferson Club was wholly political, it maintained activities which were of a keen social character. The interest in the club was enthusiastic to the end of the campaign.

Various sports came in for their share in diversion and pleasure. Although the roads were poor and the cinder paved way was rough, enthusiastic bicyclists sought pleasure in riding. Oliver street had been then opened and paved with slag. A continuous course was possible for wheels from Oliver street through Center street to Berry Lake, a distance of between one and two miles. There were no lights along the way nor was the path an ideal one, but Summer nights were full of pleasure as the crowd wheeled from Oliver street to Berry Lake and from Berry Lake back again to Oliver street, repeating the trip till deep darkness drove them away. On a Sunday morning a group would take their wheels and make their way into the city, to enjoy the boulevards and parks with the many hundred others who sought pleasure in this sport so popular at that time.

What a contrast between the ragged cinder paths these merrymakers were forced to accept, and the streets of the present time. But difficulties added zest to the enjoyment, and friendly associations relieved the tedium of shut-in days.

Young men joined in the campaign to put some life into the town. The original "Whiting Greys" baseball team was organized by John Keller in the Spring of 1891. A subscription taken up from the Whiting merchants at that time netted $113.50 to get the team going. Fifty dollars of this amount were required by the Forsythes as rental for the year of the field on which the only available grounds was located. This was West of the end of Ohio avenue, which was at that time the Company's property line and the Western boundary of Whiting. The home plate was located approximately where Frank Long's residence now stands on La Porte avenue.

The remainder of the amount subscribed was used to purchase suits and equipment.

This team played the best that Chicago could offer, notably the "J. J. Dvorsaks," Benson-Rixons, Clarks and other crack teams, besides Pullman, East Chicago and Hammond. They won twenty-three games out of twenty-five in 1891 and continued their winning stride through 1892, 1893 and 1894. The team then passed into the hands of other management who commercialized it and imported players, professional mostly, who received certain compensation.

The personnel of the original team was: John Mack, C.; John Keller and Art Beaubien, P.; Clay Collins, 1st B.; Frank Collard, 2nd B.; Geo. Collins, 3rd B.; Fred Brett, S. S.; W. P. Stenhouse, L.F.; John Friel, C.F.; August Schmittel, R.F.; Chas. Dorman, Manager and extra man.

In 1893, following the activities of the World's Fair, the Lake Side Pleasure Club was organized. This was entirely of a social nature. The membership was composed of about twenty married couples and a few unmarried young men and women. Cards, dancing and masquerades were its principal diversions. While its membership was drawn largely from the Company

group living in the Company houses, it was not so exclusively drawn nor from those employed by the Company living elsewhere. The evenings devoted to cards were spent in the homes of members volunteering them. The dances were held in Orient Hall during the first year and afterwards in Mettier's Hall, one of the later additions of the town's development.

The Lake Side Pleasure Club had a flourishing existence for three or four years. The pleasures of a delightful experience were enjoyed by those who were so fortunate as to be a part of it. Out of it grew many smaller social groups and an impetus to all other social development. More than any one other factor it was responsible for the social welfare of the town. It was an organization strictly of the old-timers, all of whom have held it in refreshing memory.

A later organization of the pioneer period was the Fortnightly Club, a literary club organized in 1894 by a group of women ambitious for the enjoyment of literary pleasures. Its membership was limited at that time to the number of twenty-five. This restriction was gradually reduced and after a number of years was withdrawn. Popular at all times the club has grown to a present membership of 150. It has been a source of inspiration to its many members as the profitable years have gone by.

When the State Federation of Women's Clubs was effected the Fortnightly Club promptly entered the federation. During the past year the name was changed to the Whiting Woman's Club.

*"After the construction work at the plant was finished and the Refinery was in operation the officials of the Standard Oil Company kindly allowed the boys to use the office building for their place of nightly meetings, and those of the 'boys' who are still in the service look back over a stretch of twenty-five to twenty-eight years and remember no favor more highly appreciated.

"In the good fellowship that grew out of this informal club was born the desire to have a meeting-place and club rooms in the center of town near the boys' rooming places, and so in November of 1893 the Owls Club was organized and still lives, a home for the young men away from home and a center of the social life of the town.

" 'The boys,' as they are familiarly known to each other, are now widely scattered but their fond remembrance brings to mind the early days of the Owls Club, and the days before, when they met in social good fellowship and helped to make Whiting a better place to live in. Hail to your memory! You good fellows who founded the Owls Club, and the sentiment, that lingers with us of the old timers who remain, toward you who have gone, is fittingly expressed by the Hoosier poet when he says:

" '*It seems to me now*
That then the world had a jollier time
Than it will ever have again.' "

At the meeting held in the Main Office on the evening of November 15, 1983, after a temporary organization was made the permanent organization of the Club was formed. Those who were present signed the original list of members, to which during the next few days a number of signatures were secured from those who were not present at the organization meeting, but who were considered original members. The charter petition, for the incorporation of the club, which adorns the walls of the club rooms, is dated March 4, 1895. Previous to this charter petition the club transacted business as a club but had no corporate body and no legal title to its property.

The organization meeting was called to order and presided over by W. M. Burton, who all the years has been the patron saint of the club. The writer had the honor of being the secretary of this meeting.

The officers elected for the first year were as follows:

President—W. S. Rheem.

Vice-President—W. M. Burton.

Secretary-Treasurer—U. G. Swartz.

Executive Committee—W. E. Warwick, Edgar A. Gowe.

These five comprised the executive committee and had charge of all the business of the club and held all its property in trust.

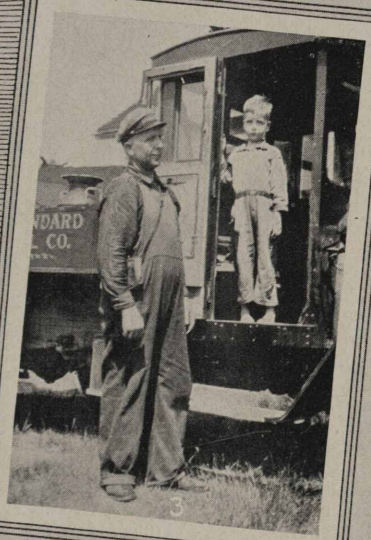
Following is a list of organizing members as shown in the first copy of the by-laws:

*Babcock, F. S.	Harris, W. C.
Bader, G. J.	*Hogan, R. T.
*Barstow, W. A.	*Kirn, P. J.
Beaubien, Arthur	Kuttner, E. H.

*From Thomas S. Boyle's History of the Owls Club.

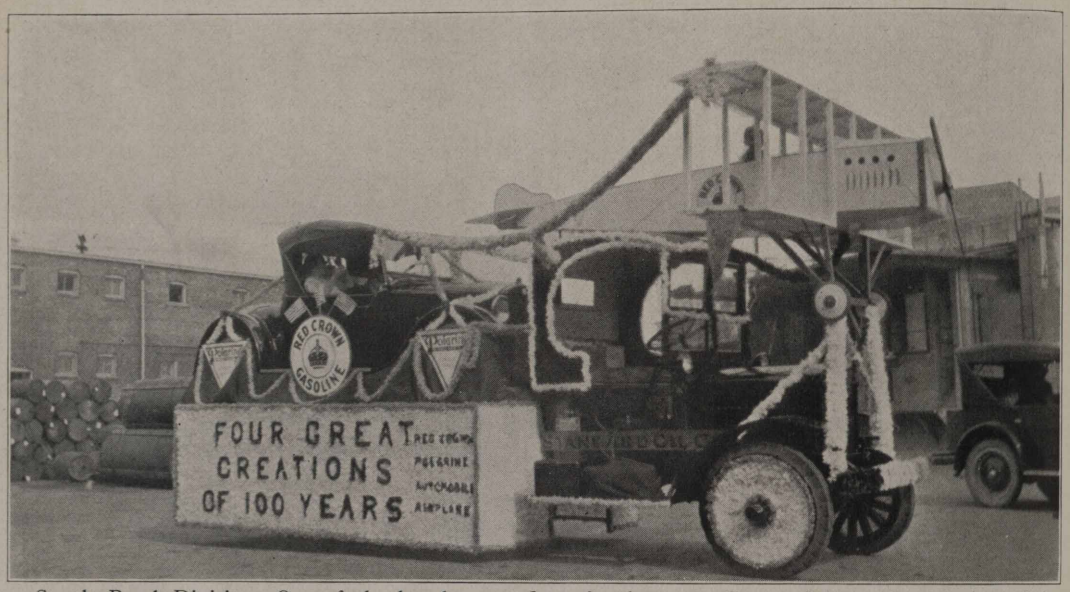
(*Continued on Page 30*)

SOME REASONS WHY WE LIKE GRAND RAPIDS



No. 1—"If," writes our Grand Rapids correspondent, "these Stanolind stunners don't knock your eye out at first glance, you may read from left to right: Christine Veyhl, Frieda Frey, Blanche Warren, and Ethelyn Yost. All but Miss Frey are ediphone operators. Frieda is Mr. L. J. Thompson's steno." (From this moment all letters from Mr. L. J. Thompson received at this office will be given special attention.—Ed.). No. 2—Julius, aged 4, Dorothy, aged 8, and Gladys, aged 6, are already helping out their dad, Agent Andrew Lubbers, of Hamilton, Mich. Recently Dorothy sold ten gallons of Semdac after school hours. No. 3—In publishing this picture the editor of the Stanolind Record scoops the Grand Rapids correspondent. Mr. Correspondent, meet Mr. Stanley M. Zielinski, tank wagon driver operating out of Manistee, and the world's most wonderful child, the editor's own son, known to several hundred ice cream cone vendors in Northern Michigan as "Mr. Dick." Mr. Zielinski has just delivered some Neolite at our cottage on Portage Lake so the editor can see to spend his vacation nights working on the next issue of the Stanolind Record. (Yes, we did!) Mr. Dick has just announced that when he grows up he thinks he'll drive an S. O. tank wagon as does his good friend, Stanley. Since this was taken, we hear Mr. Zielinski has been promoted to agent at Onekama, Mich. It was earned, we think, for on the shores of Portage Lake he and Mr. Brown, of the Manistee office, are acclaimed the most accommodating men in Northern Michigan.

SOUTH BEND CELEBRATES CENTENNIAL



South Bend Division—One of the handsomest floats in the great Centennial parade was that of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). This picture shows the float just before leaving the SOCO shop. The airplane perched on the truck was made in our shop.

(*Continued from Page 28*)

*Beecher, M. C.
Boyle, T. S.
*Brown, J. S.
Burton, W. M.
Clark, E. M.
Coe, F. E.
Curtis, Wm.
Davidson, H. S.
Davidson, Jas. G.
Denham, R. F.
Gavit, F. N.
*Gill, Jas. A.
*Gittings, A.
Gladden, A. E.
*Gowe, E. A.
*Grady, Jno. F.
*Greatrake, W. M.
*Deceased.

Lesser, T. P.
*McGregor, C. J.
*Mattern, L. H.
*Moore, H.
*Moore, J. B.
*Rheem, Carl
*Rheem, W. S.
Schrage, W. C.
Smith, F. J.
Smith, J. P.
Swartz, U. G.
*Tuller, H. W.
*Twitt, Jas. E.
Warwick, W. E.
Webb, H. B.
Webb, W. T.

Out of the barren-sand, out of streets unpaved, having only deep wheel-tracks and narrow trying foot-paths, has grown a city beautiful, luxuriant in verdure with every street smooth paved and clean swept. So out of disorder, out of unorganized social conditions, out of discouragement and disconsolation has come a highly organized social condition, these genial and uplifting friendly relations which endear one man to his fellow. The insular conditions of the little city have made its interest center within itself and has prevented it from assuming a character surburban to a great city.

The influence of the intimacies of the early day association has had a lasting effect in cementing the social structure into a sort of little family group in which each one is intimately interested in all.

This is the fifth of a series of articles on the early days of the Whiting Refinery that is appearing in the Stanolind Record. The sixth and last article will follow in December issue. The articles are copyrighted by U. G. Swartz. Reproduction is prohibited.

EXECUTIVE ORDER

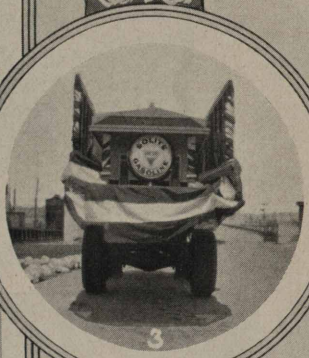
The following executive order was issued October 12, 1923:

"Effective at once, Milwaukee and St. Louis offices will be under the supervision of Mr. Amos Ball, as assistant general manager. Chicago office will be under the direct supervision of Mr T. J. Thompson, general manager.

"Effective January 1, 1924, Milwaukee and St. Louis will appear on all reports under the heading of Central division, and Chicago will appear as Chicago division.

"Effective October 16, 1923, Mr. R. G. Stewart will be manager at Davenport, Iowa, succeeding Mr. George M. Whelan, resigned."

PICTORIAL NEWS OF NORTHERN DIVISION



No. 1—Duluth won the Red Crown plaque for the largest increase in sales of Red Crown gasoline during the month of July, and the handsome and efficient warehouse crew, feeling that their superior service was a big item in winning the banner, had themselves photographed with the plaque and Spike, the Northern division's finest mascot. No. 2—One of our aces in the Mankato division is Salesman M. H. Farr, of the Owatonna field. On Sunday afternoons he and his family make for Clear Lake, Waseca, Minn., and get all refreshed for the week's work ahead. Master F. G. Farr, center, is learning the oil business, and Mrs. Farr, right, is a confirmed Semdac addict and booster. No. 3—Our folks at Superior, Wis., Duluth division, won honorable mention with this float in the July parade. The miniature service station attracted great attention.

FUN AND BUSINESS WITH STANDARD OILERS HERE AND THERE

No. 1—Wichita "let go" with one of the most successful picnics of the year on August 28. Here is the gang as they faced the camera man. We didn't know there were so many pretty girls in Wichita. No 2—Detroit is proud of its fleet of super-tankers, all being five-ton Macks. No. 3—Joe Miller's district of the Indianapolis division had what is known as one wonderful time at the picnic at McCormack Creek State Park on September 2. Our correspondent writes: "Properly press-agented by Agent C. B. Cox of Terre Haute, everybody was there from Greenwood on the East, Abe Martin's country on the South, "Terrible Hut" on the West and Lodogo on the North."

WHITING, IND.

Acid Department

Well, Dr. Myrick gave up trying to hold the Overland down and makes his appearance in a Willys-Knight. We still contend the Buick is a right good car.

Daddy Dreyer recently underwent an operation in a Chicago hospital. Considering his looks and actions since returning to work, his friends are wondering if goats and glands had anything to do with it.

The employees in this department ran true to form in the late fire on the Buffalo Side and were responsible for the fifth stream of water on the fire. Considering the distance they had to travel we call it good work.

The sympathy of the employees in this department is extended to Anthony Wiegand in the untimely death of his father which occurred recently.

John Fenicle's Ford attempted to ruin a perfectly good truck in Indiana Harbor recently and as a result was itself reduced to junk. John escaped with a black eye and some cuts and bruises. His companion (male) was confined to his home for several days following. This is the werry same Ford that caused John to hand Judge Sullivan $40.00 a few months ago. Good riddance, John.

A. A. Ronveaux recently spent a week in the Presbyterian Hospital undergoing an examination for stomach trouble. He returned feeling much better physically and mentally.

Agitator News

Considerable excitement prevailed one evening recently when tank twenty-two caught on fire. Much credit must be given Charlie Parker for the way he handled the situation in the Pump House.

Ernie Deeken lived up to his reputation as an eater, judging from the way he ate the sandwiches the company served.

Henry Holtz has returned to work after a delightful two weeks' vacation spent on his farm in Michigan.

Ray Durbin is with us again after spending a two weeks' vacation visiting old cronies in Casper, Wyo.

Dave Witmeyer is pumping at No. 2 Treating Plant while Lyle Dunning is on his vacation.

The boys on the agitators and in the pump house had their picture taken by the staff photographer last Friday. Harry Etter, being pumper at the time, was undecided as to whether he should change to his good clothes or stay the way he was.

Ernie Deeken just stepped in and told me not to forget to thank the cooks in the cafeteria for the excellent lunch they put up the night of the fire.

William Schweikert spent the week end touring Southern Michigan in quest of grapes.

We are still anxious to know who broke the water fountain in front of the agitator pump house. A reward is to be had for information leading to the apprehension of the guilty party.

If the girls in the Candle Works only knew this Chris Etter they hear so much about, they would soon realize that the fair, "Apollo" is just what she says he is.

The bottom must have fallen out of Mexican Seaboard judging from the action of a certain party in the pump house.

Dad Curtiss says that if the pipe fitters continue to use the basement of the washroom for a garbage dispensary he will have to take some of them in hand. Go to it, Dad, the boys upstairs will help you all they can.

Grant Spurrier has returned to work after a two weeks' vacation. Grant, a fancier of live stock, spent most of his time at the County Fair in Crown Point.

If anybody is in doubt as to the meaning of "executive ability," ask George Wiley.

George Pattinger says, "Never let your head get too big for your job."

Candle Factory

Weddings must be tiresome affairs. It takes everyone so long to get over them. It took Anna Maksimik three days to get back to normal after her brother's wedding.

They need an extra traffic cop when Helen Kollar meets her friend with his Lizzie on the street. They usually hold up the traffic for a whole evening, more or less.

Say, Madeline! It is almost time you were paying attention to your dipping for every time you speak you talk of Johnny Beda. How his ears must burn!

Every time the house 'phone rings at the Candle Factory, Ella Harayda worries for fear it is a 'phone call from her buddy.

Emily Beckman found a new sport in bathing with her friend. How's the water, Emily?

If anyone wants to know how any of the girls from the Candle Factory are dressed, ask Andrew Nagy. If he sees them once he can tell you how they are dressed and whether their eyes sparkle or not.

There must be something wrong with the shipping gang. Next time you look for a case of candles be sure that Clarence Stratton is not sitting on it, Canner.

Hammond Beach surely is a popular place with the Candle Factory girls. Rose Dudeck meets "Eddie" there now.

Mary Seman is so upset about last month's article that she had to consult the "ouija" board to find out who put it in. And strangely enough she claimed it told her who we were.

Elizabeth Rhinesperger and Hazel Miles seem to depend on the rest of the girls for half of their lunch at noon.

Why does Anna Runick have to visit a jewelry store with her friend when she can find diamond rings lying on shelves in the Kalochrome Department? I think she understands the difference between finding them and having them given to her.

Someone suggested that Pete Caflish feed his brother a little bit more so that he would get fat. You're by no means thin yourself, Pete. Why not give him the same kind of food you eat?

Helen Leonard and Gladys Gilman were seen at Forsythe—presumably waiting for the Hammond car. They probably meet their sheiks at the corner now that Hammond Beach Inn is closed.

The Kalochrome girls had better use a dictionary a little oftener. The meaning of deceitful has not been agreed upon yet. I wonder if Anna Guman can give us a good definition?

Margaret Kundrat moved to her new home in West Park recently. She likes the place real well.

We know now why Victoria Kujawa was off the other day. She took a trip to Crown Point and secured a license. But it wasn't a dog license.

We wonder where Pauline Koridas and Elizabeth Haraksin meet their sheiks, now that Hammond Beach is closed.

The matron seems to enjoy reading news items about the girls in the Stanolind Record. We wonder if she would enjoy reading the same things about herself should we dare to put them in.

Anna Kresack was caught flirting with one of the members of the SOCO Band Field Day. Everything was going along smooth when someone told her that he was married. Hard luck, Anna!

Marie Skowronski spent a week down in South Bend. Marie said she went to a wedding, but we have our own ideas.

Just recently Josephine Walendowski was heard raving about a certain Angus from Cicero, Ill., who took her down to Cedar Lake one Sunday and here's what Jo was heard to say, "Oh, boy! Can he show you a good time?"

Henry Schultz and Rudolph Dust put up a bet to see which one would take a certain girl from the fancy room out first. We don't know who "SHE" will prefer but we do hope the best man wins.

Mary Hogan must certainly be infatuated with Paris styles. The other day she was noticed going home with one shoe black and the other brown.

Catherine Drazek was caught with a dreamy look one day and when questioned all she said was "Dominec."

Rumors are going around about Elizabeth Liebert and a certain young man by the name of Paul. Elizabeth describes him as being the most wonderful man in her life. We wonder if they really mean anything.

Mike Walsko was just recently married to a peach from Philadelphia. What's the matter, Mike, aren't the girls around here good enough?

We wondered why Marie Toth always went around with a smile. The other day the puzzle was solved. Marie was seen riding in a Dodge. Who is the lucky guy, Marie?

Anna Palenchar insists that it isn't Charlie she sees at the Hammond Beach, it's Emil. Accept our apology, Anna.

Angeline Lihosek was at Holy Hill Labor Day. We wonder why the sudden transformation.

Victoria Kujawa gave the Candle Factory girls a surprise when they heard that she went for a marriage license. The lucky man comes from Indiana Harbor.

Susan Rohan spent a week in Racine, Wis. It was reported that she was resting after acquiring her new position vacated by Frances Szewczyk.

Lauretta Carmichael is back with us after a prolonged illness.

Vernie Wieczorek has left us making her home in Harvey, Ill., and the girls sure do miss Vernie.

Mrs. E. Radloff and relatives wish to thank the Candle Factory for the token of sympathy they sent at the time of her brother's death.

Both the Candle and Printing departments sympathize with Lillian Wickhorst in her sorrow over the death of her father.

Canning Department

John Henrikson has returned from his two weeks' vacation. John reports a very pleasant time.

"Peanuts" of the loading gang has purchased a new Ford touring car.

P. Petersen has returned from his vacation and reports a pleasant time.

Skinny Larmon of the Can House has made a contract to play football with Notre Dame. We wish you good luck, Skinny.

Notice the swell manner in which Sallie P. comes to work now days. When will it be, Sallie?

John Ward from the Can House has been transferred to the Carpenter Shop as messenger boy.

Well girls and fellows, we'll soon congratulate Mary and Edward from this department.

Joe Siska of the loading gang is sure a fast guy. When is it coming off, Joe?

So "Peanuts" is sweet on the little one from East Chicago, eh? Too bad, you're out of luck Peanuts—J. R.

Mike Semro just got back from his two weeks' vacation. He said he had a good time, only it didn't last long enough.

Art Pelke and Sophie have been stepping out quite a bit lately.

Joe also known as "Fat" is sure stuck on H. G.

Peanuts of the carloaders is riding around in his new Rolls Rough. Some class!

Romeo and Marie were visitors in South Chicago the other evening. They enjoyed the evening very much.

Mary Montich will sing in Grand Opera this season. She is Galli Curci's only rival.

Pressure Stills

The sympathy of the department is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Sheetz in their loss of their baby.

Mervin Whiting has been laid up with a crushed foot. Quit hitting the pipe, Red?

Elmer Whiting has been laid up with a sore throat. He got it barking at squirrels.

John Hruskovich has joined the bricklayers. I though that was an Irishman's job?

Dick Grigson started for a two weeks' vacation, but lost four trying to start his Ford.

A. P. Jones is also gone on a vacation.

Fritz Miers has got married. Fritz is a good scout, may his tribe increase.

I promised I would not write anything about Luke Kelly this time so I won't; but there are several things I would like to know about this bird.

Greetings: Know all ye that Arthur Dust, the popular young pitcher of the Pressure Stills baseball team, has been appointed manager of the Still Cleaners baseball team for the season of 1924. Mr. Dust has accepted this honor, and in a short speech to a large crowd at the Y. M. C. A., he gave a brief outline of his plans for next season in which he expects to win the pennant. Mr. Dust will improve his time this Winter in a study of languages; he speaking one language fluently and frequently.

Ignatz Mazak took unto himself a wife with four children. Lazy bugger! Congratulations, Iggy.

Steam Department

During one of the hard storms lately, lightning struck the smokestack at No. 1 boiler house without doing much damage.

William Willis, ash man at No. 4 boiler house, has moved from the camp to Julian avenue, Whiting. Bill says that he expects to be there for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Taylor extend their thanks to the men of the Steam Department for the flowers sent them account of the death of their son.

Tom Duffy, watertender at No. 5 boiler house, is spending his vacation fighting his old friend, "Mr. Hay Fever." Better give him a knockout, Tom.

Arthur Glans, watertender at No. 5 boiler house, is busy during his spare time painting his home on La Porte avenue.

Sam White and family from Wisconsin spent the week end with his brother Harry White, watertender at No. 5 boiler house.

Paton Richardson of the Steam Department was on an auto trip to Michigan over Labor Day. Say, Rich, come across—what you got up your sleeve?

Pat Coughling, watertender at No. 4 boiler house, is now inspecting the boilers on the plant. His place at No. 4 is being filled by Owen Moore, helper at the same house.

Glen Allen, boiler washer, is spending his vacation with his folks at Lawrenceville, Ill.

Dad Rosenkrans, coal foreman at No. 4 boiler house, has bought a new Star touring car and from all accounts is having the time of his life in learning

to drive the same. Say, Dad, why not hire an expert?

P. J. Bartley, acting helper at No. 4 boiler house, is the proud father of a fine baby girl born September 8 at Mercy Hospital. Mother and baby are reported as getting along fine. Congratulations, Pat, and thanks for the cigars from the boys at No. 4 house.

Gus Thompson, ash man at No. 4 boiler house, has reported back to work after a week's vacation which he spent in Wisconsin. The boys at No. 4 say that he brought back a fine bunch of new jokes with him and that all of them are looking forward to when Gus will take another trip up that way.

P. O. Vandeveer and wife spent a pleasant afternoon at Crown Point recently watching the horse races. Ask Van about the bucking Ford.

Bart Abercrombie, formerly meterman for the Steam Department, is now in charge of the Engineering Department of the Community Center Building. Bart's many friends in this department extend their best wishes for his success.

Mike Reguli, swing fireman at No. 5 boiler house, is reported on the sick list. Hope to see you back on the job again before long, Mike.

No. 6 boiler house is shut down for a few days, while repairs are being made to the stack.

The men in the Steam Department were sorry to hear of the passing on of Jake Wickers, who was formerly watertender helper at the old No. 3 boiler plant.

George Flint, watertender at No. 6 boiler house, is reported on the sick list and Dan Buckley is taking his place as watertender.

No one has heard Don Parks and Paton Richardson talking about bowling this Fall. Say, Don, can't Rich go out evenings?

Still Cleaning Department

If you want to witness a busy place, visit the Still Cleaning Department at any hour in the twenty-four. We have cleaners either coming to work, or going home at all hours. Early in the morning and late at night these sturdy still cleaners representing most of the nations of the earth, are doing their bit in the manufacture of some of the most important products in the world. Polish, Slavish, Austrian, Turkish, Armenian, Swedish, German, Irish and American, white and black, of all races, creeds and religious, are found around the still cleaning Y. M. C. A. any old time, in any old hour. It is the melting pot of the plant and at some times they sure appear, as if they were melting.

Andy Revesz, still cleaner on the 3rd and 4th battery towers, is the proud father of a new eight pound boy. Good stuff, Andy! That's the way Herman got his start.

Our big still cleaner, Frank Murzyn, better known as Columbus, had a bad spill with his new Haynes Sedan, recently. We are thankful no one was seriously hurt.

Jim Vena, chief janitor of the still cleaners' washroom, is still nursing his sore leg, which was injured in 1899. It is a good alibi, Jim.

William Stoll is still the Mayor of Steiglitz Park, and we understand the old burg is as wet as ever. (We mean the park.)

Herman Vater's new Buick has as much pep as Spark Plug ever had. Herman has taken some long tours. He has been to Gary and back and is planning a trip to Hammond in the near future.

Mr. Vater has quite a garden in his yard. He is quite a farmer, but when it comes to raising things ask our neighbor, Mr. Jensen.

Max Ottow is figuring on buying a new auto. You ought to buy the good Maxwell, Max Ottow.

Charles Naef, our chief of staff, has got the radio bug bad. Last Sunday he heard his first sermon in years.

Yes! Wm. Stoll says that some of these Summers they are going to get sewers in Steiglitz Park. We think Stoll has stalled long enough.

Porter claims that some one stole his grapes out of his back yard. By the way, Herman, how is that "grape juice" getting along you were making?

The old timers are glad to see Frank Skiba on the 1st and 2nd battery pressure. Frank is an old timer himself.

John Bodick, one of the conservative representatives of the Labor Department, has thrown his hat into the ring again. Good boy, John!

Laszlo Csonka, also a representative from our department, has stated that his administration has been one of progress. Mr. Csonka has a great personality, and when you come in contact with him, there is something about him you don't forget right away.

Our 9th and 10th battery pressure still cleaners have been working in the coke yard, B. S. gang and at home since their batteries have been down for repairs.

Switching Department

The Switching Department employees extend their heartfelt sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hall in the death of their son, who lost his life in an accident, August 23.

Eric Eckstrom, car repairer, motored to Iowa in his new Chandler, where he spent the holidays.

After many months of illness, Mrs. Baldwin, grand-mother of N. A. Emerson, great grand-mother of Floyd Emerson and mother-in-law of D. R. Parmelee, passed away September 1. The family have the sympathy of the Switching Department.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Emerson are the proud parents of a baby boy. Congratulations to Mrs. Emerson and yourself, Floyd!

Pete Krevich, formerly an employee in the Round House, passed away, August 17, following a lingering illness. The employees of the Switching Department extend their deepest sympathy to Mrs. Krevich and family.

Some young lady has C. C. K. very much interested. Wonder who she is? She must be some Sheba. How about it, Clarence?

Rumors have approached the Switching Department that Ed. Bartuska is soon to set sail on the sea of matrimony. Good for you, Ed. But be careful, it is often rather treacherous. Here is hoping for a good and pleasant journey.

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Curly Paul and Earl Kresge have a broadcasting station at the main gate from 7:10 to 7:50 A. M., so tune in you want to hear them.

J. W. Border of the Salvage Department has opened a grocery store in Sugar Creek which is in charge of his son, George.

Frank Burkhart has a "champeen" squash vine from which he has picked thirty squashes.

John Schneider of the pipe department has, traded for residence property on Huttig street, Fairmount.

Ask Webb Henson where he lost his key while on jury duty.

Ed Fredenburg parked his car in sight of the bathing beach but later the car absolutely refused to leave.

Earl Cox has traded his Dodge for a "road louse."

Jesse P. Reeder took his wife to Southern Missouri for her health.

William J. Miller's wife has been seriously ill; we hope for her speedy recovery.

Mike Onko, P. S. cleaner; has a son, Joe, who is attending Northeast high school of Kansas City, Mo.

L. J. Weaver visited relatives in West Virginia during his vacation.

Dave Stepp is telling of a great catch of fish but has has no pictures to verify it.

James Means, experimental house, was chief chef at a supper given to the winning Sunday school team. He says he will enter no more contests.

Joe Bostian recently wished to be excused from the election board, giving the reason that he wanted nothing to interfer with his attendance at the world series.

R. S. Chandler motored to Texas on his recent vacation.

William Decker is the proud owner of a Ford which he says under stress will make fifty miles an hour.

Mary Hornyock recently took a vacation that she might attend a wedding in Whiting, Ind.

Clarence E. Spitser says he is not the same man during the hunting season.

Katherine Kobe, daughter of Matt Kobe, was married September 29.

Douglas P. Bailey, chemist, has asked for a vacation. It is hinted that he will return with a bride.

Charley Spahr, ex-employees' representative, recently purchased a farm of George V. Hackett.

F. F. Keirns reports the birth of a bouncing boy, September 24.

Jess Nivens, common labor foreman, leads his gang to work with a basket of pawpaws. Some scheme!

Mike Cleary reported that he had been refilling "fire distinguishers."

S. W. Cramer, labor foreman, is completing a new residence on Independence avenue.

Ed Lynn, night superintendent, is building a fine stone garage. He says he will catch the bird later.

E. M. Richmond is enjoying a month vacation back in old Quaker Town, near Philadelphia. He promised some of the boys a little "nip" on his return to Sugar Creek.

H. A. Shondell, wrestling champion of Sugar Creek and vicinity, is going to tackle the "Wild Bull from Little Italy," better known as Lennie Nielson, at the Sugar Creek Association's Athletic show which is now being arranged. The boys are hoping that Shondell puts his famous scissors on him and cuts him to the mat and thereby keeping the belt on this side of the river.

A. E. Hauptley, storekeeper, is back to work after a two weeks' vacation spent in the basement of his beautiful Northeast home.

Joe Breuer drove his Ford at work the other day which is a sure sign of winter. This means that Joe will have to get out his old "Benny" we all heard so much about last Winter.

Bill Hickey, inspection department chief, was kicked by Mike Cauley's Lizzie recently, receiving a broken arm. His sample boys were sorry to hear of this accident and have made Mike Cauley an enormous bid for his Lizzie.

The ducks and frogs at the river will have to beware again, Clifford Howard is back on the job after several days spent in Whiting, Wood River and Chicago. He reports that he had a fine trip, but he feet are awful sore. He says he just can't get used to those old hard pavements and he is certainly glad to get back to Sugar Creek where he can plow through the soft clay on his own old hunting grounds. Bet the drug store cowboys missed him. Clifford purchased a new knife while in Chicago. He says he has to catch up with the boys as some of them are a couple of dry goods boxes ahead of him.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

With the J. G. C. at Chicago. Member Tipton was elected Top Kick of the meetings. He presided as a gentleman and a scholar, and upheld the reputation and dignity of the Wood River delegation. Davis held the banqueters spellbound with his speech on "Limitations and Impossibilities." Scott made some well directed remarks about the value of Safety in Education at the afternoon session and Flanagan made a comprehensive report, both written and verbal, about what a real live J. G. C. can do. The only mistake made by any member of the J. G. C. on the trip, was made by Williams when he exclaimed, at the Alton Station, "Here comes Wuestenfeld, is he going to make the trip?" It turned out to be an undertaker. Jones turned out to be a brother to most of the old timers and to some members of the Board of Directors. Halloran, followed in line by Montgomery, Hall, Slater and others, did the honors when it was found how much freedom was given to those wearing the little badge, and it looked for a while as if there might be a party. After having traveled most of the Western Coast with a certain pair of shoes, Wilkins wore them to the Windy City and they immediately became too small. That Lake breeze is something awful. And feed you! Those boys in Chicago certainly know how to eat. No wonder they wouldn't let more than one Wood River man sit at each table. Stafford made a quick trip, remained one day and came back so he could get a few extra licks on the valve grinding machine. Cason is reported to have made up with several unsteady strangers but could find none so far gone as to give up the secret of where they got it. Hefner might have staid another day but, like Cason, he knew where they kept things back home. Joe Evans gave the boys some good advice in case they were interested in putting up brick houses.

One of our acid stillmen has converted one of the most modern home-brew plants into the finest radio receiving station in Wood River. It has such a range of adjustment that Mr. Stillman heard the chickens cackle in Tokio when the earthquake broke open their houses.

John Eaton, formerly fireman at No. 1 Crude, and "Shorty" McDonough, formerly of the gas absorbers, are now drawing those big plastering wages, $15.00 a day. We wish them success in their new field.

Al Juhlin and Artie Swope are regular attendants at the ball park in Hartford. Al, however, is not doing much rooting for his home team.

John Phipps of No. 5 Crude house requested Mike Gulick to help him catch a pretty black cat with a stripe down its back. Mike almost cornered it at the valve at a run down line to a receiver but after having hold of it, it got away. Mike has never been able to understand the peculiar smell. He wonders if that cat had anything to do with it.

Bum Flagg of the boilermakers has purchased a new hat, the first one in eighteen years. The old one had worn down so his ears poked through the holes.

Mr. Stalhut has quit drinking water since he started working with Bum Flagg.

If you want your grass cut next Summer, get in touch with Steve Bolo as soon as possible.

It is reported that Ed. Kirwin of the machine shop, who has been ill, is back on the job and looking fine.

Carrol Bandy, a progressive young machinist, has purchased a new Ford.

Mr. Kahl of the shop visited the State Fair in a brand new Ford touring car.

Walter Shampine met with a serious accident while cranking his Ford. He gave the engine a spin and the machine pushed him up against the garage. It required all of Walter's strength to hold off the charging Ford and he called Neighbor Evans to the rescue. It seems that the clutch had a way of slipping in unexpectedly and Walter had forgotten to tie the Ford up this particular evening. He has now traded the Ford for an 1898 model Overland. The Overland has many points distinguishing it from the Ford. It will stand without being hitched, it accommodates more hunters and it holds more rabbits, squirrels, blackberries, dewberries, elderberries, pokeberries, dandelions and all such things anyone would think of hauling in an automobile with the possible exception of Charlie Wiggins.

Fred Gerl is back from a trip to New Orleans, and reports a splendid time and a fine vacation.

Mike Skundich sold a dog to Earl Custer the other day! The price was 4½ bushels of potatoes, one bushel of tomatoes, a half bushel of grapes, a peck of plums and other valuable considerations. The dog was of the Airedale breed, a ferocious animal, thoroughly unaccustomed to the missionary ways of our Senior Pumper. On the way home, the dog broke the leash and also played havoc with the seat of his new owner's trousers, but by rugged perseverance, the will of the man prevailed and the dog is now safely housed in a coal mine at Bethalto, Ill.

Roy Frederickson spent several days in the Boilermakers' Department recently, enjoying the change immensely, according to Roy.

Elmer Hunt spent several days down in Shelby County recently. Back home again, Elmer?

F. H. Berry, former stillman at the steam stills, has turned from farming to the grocery business. All his friends wish him success in his new endeavor.

At the time this is written, elderberry season is in full swing. It is a popular berry, judging from the number of stained fingers.

George Oetkin had a vacation spent in West Virginia this year with his wife and family, visiting relatives. George says they have enough coal there to prevent a coal shortage while any of us are alive if the miners will only dig it. Also that they are just as strong for Safety as we are and in some respects have "gone us" one better.

The Red Crown Band gave a concert at Bethalto in September. The concert was given in the park used by the Legion Post of Bethalto for their picnic that day. After the concert was over, the band boys were given a chicken supper by The American Legion. Of course it was greatly enjoyed and, while all the out-of-town concerts given by the band during the Summer were enjoyed by the boys, this affair, this elegant chicken supper, capped the climax. (Sorter got under their skin, so to speak). On the evening of September 20, they gave a concert at South Wood River for the Woman's Club of that place, which was giving an ice cream supper. The ladies served the boys and their wives with ice cream, cake, sandwiches and hot coffee. This concert was enjoyed by a large audience. Neighboring towns enjoy these concerts by the band as well as the home folks.

The latest Safety suggestion comes from C. F. Hall, assistant director of Industrial Relations at Wood River. It covers the subject completely and is very complex in its details. It has to do with the fuel tank of an automobile. Gasoline should be kept in the tank! Indeed, Mr. Hall has discovered that a car will not run very well if the tank is empty and in some instances he has noticed that a Chevrolet will not run at all if the supply of fuel is exhausted. The tank should be examined frequently. There are several ways to do this; one is to use a gauge stick, another is to open the drain cock underneath the tank and another is to drop a lighted match into the tank. However, Mr. Hall advises that considerable caution should be used when the last mentioned method is tried. All of this is instructive and there can be no doubt that it is interesting to know some of the things an Industrial Relations director hauls around in a Chevrolet, but it is also amusing to watch an Industrial Relations director trying to find out why a Chevrolet stopped just half a block from the Harrod Garage on Sixth street and it is more than amusing to see such a director trying to push and guide, at the same time, the Chevrolet to the gasoline pump and finally give up the job and carry Red Crown in a bucket. The audience was silent but appreciative.

Many friends, along with the Laboratory force, join in congratulating Helen Powell and Hugh Christy, who were quietly married at the Presbyterian Manse in Alton, Ill., September 5. The young couple spent their honeymoon in St. Louis, Mo., Springfield and Cuba, Ill.

Miss Laura Wilkening spent several days this Fall back in O'Fallon, visiting old friends.

Teresea Brown, Laura Wilkening, Kathleen Halloran, Myrtle Exton, Loyd Payne and Elmer Schmidt enjoyed a marshmallow and weiner roast at Vaughn's woods recently and report a very pleasant time.

Frank Peterson of the tin shop spent a week-end at the State Fair. Asked to tell what interested him most and said, "Well, they sure had some big pumpkins and turnips."

Mr. Wolf, the boss tinner, is very much puffed up at this time. He is now answering to the name of "Grand-pa."

Philip Kayser, one of our welders, was passing the cigars around. It's a boy, and Phil is as proud as a peacock.

Ed. Fessler and his lady love also attended the State Fair.

Ray McDow, one of our time-keepers, took the week-end to look after his lumber interests in Calhoun County.

"Red" Hamer and Claude Bacheldor are going to publish a book of "rules" on how to pitch horse shoes, giving full details of the game.

Jules Gamer has accepted the position as watchman at the North Gate. Jules looks like a real "Admiral" in his new regalia.

Carl Juhlin, pressure still fireman, has announced the arrival of the prettiest baby in Wood River, a twelve-pound boy.

Herb Powell gives out the information, with considerable pleasure, that among the new arrivals in Wood River, is an eight-pound baby girl at his house. When do we smoke?

Albert Haney, of the asbestos gang, is getting his radio in working condition for the Winter season. Al. says he is in to get all the news possible and expects to hear from Ireland this Winter.

When Carl Juhlin bet five to one,
On "It's a boy" and won it,
He said, "Oh shucks" I knew I'd win,
But we can't see how he done it.
(Thanks for the smokes anyhow, Carl).

Something wrong on the Pressure Stills. The season gone by and not one joke pulled about Rich Dawson and wild grapes. (Just had to mention it some way.)

Simon Halloran is back on the job after a long illness. He was forced to leave work just before the annual picnic in August but managed to take care of his part of the program that day. Glad to see you looking so well S. J. H.

Starr Oulson is a very busy man, he has been a busy man since early in the Summer painting the home place, but expects to have the job completed before April 1, 1924, when he expects to put over some big ideas. This is a hurry up job. He has used the top of his Ford for a scaffold, then removing the top and putting boards across the seats, has made a lower scaffold and using the running board, gets the lower strip of painting. Some suggested that he let the boy run the car around the house and in this way he could take pretty wide swipes with the brush.

"Nic" Alberts tells some weird stories about the Fair they had up home this year. Seems they had a human cow, four parachutes leap from the same balloon at the same time and the big race of the Fair was won by a Madison County Ford. Can you beat that combination?

When I begin to lose faith in my fellows, put me down as a man you should shun.—Silent Partner.

Al. Schueler of the power house is back on the job after a short illness. Glad to see you back, Al.

Charles Wille made a trip to Denver, Col., in his home made Ford. Had no trouble whatever to make an average of 250 miles per day, used Red Crown gas and Polarine all the way. Charles saw the resting place of Buffalo Bill and visited other nationally known places. He bought some watermelons with the guarantee that if they were no good he could return them and when he got ready to eat them, found they were green but was fifty miles away from the dealer. Somewhere in Iowa the roads were so muddy, Red wished he was on the Caterpillar tractor he drives for the S. O. Co. He pulled one machine up a hill and made a hit with an army officer who thought it quite a feat to clear the road in such a way, so he took the party to the next town for a treat.

The hunting season is on now and some of the boys were heard to talk about going out after work to hunt turtle doves along the country roads in the evening. "Be my little Turtle Dove," we can hear them saying. Oh, you bad boys!

GREYBULL, WYO.

The boys from Greybull who attended the Annual Joint Conference in Chicago were very fortunate in securing a through Pullman from Cody. Had it been necessary for them to change cars they would never have arrived in time, because some of them have been two weeks coming back. George Snyder and Claude Derby returned alright on time but the others must have been lost. We believe Gary Whitney stayed away purposely fearing some one would ask him to explain that bath room affair.

We're having great weather this Fall—for ducks. Oh, yes, and some of the fellows have been trying to bag some, too. Messrs. Woods and Meloney motored to the Byron lakes but shot all their amunition away before it was light enough to see the ends of their gun barrels.

The sympathy of the entire plant has gone out to H. T. Dobbs in his recent sad bereavement. His wife was buried on Tuesday, September 25, 1923.

R. S. Olson, stillman helper at No. 2 Plant, has gone to Thermopolis to place his small babe in the care of specialists. The child has been ailing for some time and we all hope for its recovery.

Big game season is open and the Greybull refineries are breaking all records. Almost every one gets his limit, though it takes him ten days. Lee Anchors and Earnie Rice drove into Jackson Hole and brought back two nice elk in spite of car trouble.

Dan McLeod, R. C. Bunting, John and W. U. Loveland and Sam Haslette formed a formidable party, but they got their elk.

Floyd Hullinger procured a fine buck and brought his head down to the plant to prove it.

C. C. Dobbins was not so lucky because just as he pulled the trigger behind a very fine bead on a big buck deer at close range, the deer gave a spasmodic leap into the air and C. C. discovered his gun wasn't loaded.

Horse shoe pitching is wonderful sport, but it seems the team of Fletcher and Hovis has everything out-classed. They make ringers with their eyes shut and we understand they lie awake nights trying to figure how to miss the peg.

Ed. P. Landers and J. P. Newton have no such worries.

During a wonderfully exciting game with "Steve" and "Chuck," the former team proved talkers enough to get two points.

With the lengthening of the evenings, some of the sportsmen seek out the bowling alleys and the first report brings the news of the defeat of "Steve" Krajicek and Rowland Hoppes at the hands of G. W. Snyder and Robert Palmer. None of them would tell what the score was, though, so it must have been good.

John Krcma, laborer at No. 2 Plant, had the misfortune to be badly burned when he slipped into some hot water the other day. He's recovering nicely though, now.

F. W. Reich passed around the "confession" cigars last week with the introduction, "it's a boy!" Everyone is getting along fine, so congratulations, "Spike"!

Steve Krajicek comes into the lime-light again when we find him not only trying to get a monopoly on all the grazing land in the country, but he's endeavoring to get away with his fair neighbor, too. It's too bad that Bill Maloney works shift, though, or he would have had Steves' time beat.

G. R. Simpson has been confined to his home with an attack of pneumonia. He is better now and "we're glad to see you're back, Green."

It seems everyone had at least one outstanding qualification and we all thought Alvin Tucker, of the laboratory, was a demon with the women. He proves to be an orator, too, because the other night he stood up and quoted Ex-Premier David Lloyd George by the page.

We have with us again C. T. Berguson, auditor of the Rocky Mountain Division. Welcome to our city, C. T.

The Engineering Department must be great for work, because every time Mr. Sanford lays off, he gets sick. He had to return early from his vacation and now when he went to Billings to the Fair he came back felling poorly. The only explanation that we have is that work agrees with him.

While everyone is shooting ducks we find B. L. Warren hunting everywhere for a pair of boots that will hold water.

Glen Shepardson, pressure stillman at No. 1 Plant, was pretty clever when he went to Chicago about four days ahead of the rest of the committee. There he learned all the ropes, and was not only able to show the other boys around when they arrived, but ——. Well, it's a good thing he took those four days before instead of after, judging from the newspaper reports of the activities of the federal agents back there.

Christ Schorton is back again after being off some time with a broken arm. Be careful of those Fords, Christ, a Missouri mule hasn't a thing on them when it comes to kicking.

George Haddenhorst didn't need four days start to get ahead of the boys on their trip to Chicago as his wife accompanied him as far as Des Moines and by that time he was well enough versed in the little secrets of travel to make the rest of the trip alone.

M. A. Wales had the misfortune to fall and cut his arm on the bottom of a still the other day, but is back again.

H. M. Williams has been up on Shell Creek spending his vacation hunting and fishing and from the weather they have been having up their lately, there is no excuse for him not bringing back the meat.

J. G. Tatlock has been off sick for some time, but is reported much better.

C. P. Meyers, stillman at No. 1 Plant, purchased a new Gardiner coupe recently. We are rather worried about "Chet" now as this is somewhat of a venture for an old bachelor.

CASPER, WYO.

No copy received by deadline day.

LARAMIE, WYO.

Charles Ray, stillman at Plant No. 2, suffered a broken leg and many minor bruises when Mr. Winchell, stillman at Plant No. 1, and he collided on their way to work at midnight, September 1. Charley was riding a bicycle ahead of Mr. Winchell, who was driving his car and both apparently became aware of the presence of the other at the same time and both dodged, unfortunately for Charley, in the same direction. Charley is at present doing very nicely and we all look and hope for his rapid recovery and return to work.

Fred Brown, of the Accounting Department, has taken a side line of patching and vulcanizing old worn rubber goods. If anyone has anything rubber that is no longer of any use he will give you a top second-hand price.

Mrs. R. S. Morris is now teaching school at Bosler, Wyo. "Doc" drives out to visit her over the week-end, and seems to enjoy the country very much, but is of the opinion that he will not be able to drive that far out of town much longer, his last trip he said he was aware of the fact that we would have a hard Winter since some of the coyotes out there already had wool on them ten inches long.

A. G. Burckert, Ed. L. Wood, H. M. Stricker, J. L. Robay and A. W. McCallister have returned from the Industrial Relations in Chicago, and they all report a very pleasant and eventful time. Each time they go they come back with more praise of the Industrial Relations and what it really means and does.

I. T. O'Neal was the first hunter of the season to bring home a deer, he and a party of friends were successful in getting two the first part of the season. I imagine the one he got was a small one as no one around the works seems to know whether or not the meat was tender.

F. O. Blair, assistant superintendent; A. G. Burckert, assistant director of Industrial Relations, and H. M. Stricker, general foreman, departed September 19 for the Jackson Hole country, armed with every known killing device. They intend to return within two weeks with an elk, bear and mountain sheep each. They have at least made a lot of promises and I know that several of the boys around the works are relying on them to furnish their Winter's supply of meat. This article will be supplemented in a latter issue.

P. A. Ward, storekeeper, has returned from a two weeks' vacation which he spent visiting with friends and relatives in Greybull.

Eddie Searle, of the machine shop, has finally decided that it was better to eat to live than to live to eat. He therefore trades his lunch with the machine shop cat since the latter is supplied with a milk diet that Eddie finds is easy on the place where his teeth used to be.

H. D. Desch, oil pumper, has added to his long list of luxuries, one Ford coupe, and still found that he had enough money left to buy a new house. We are all glad to see him have them but can't help but wonder how he does it.

Old Man Accuracy ceased his raving about the fact that "figures don't lie" the other day, when someone suggested the fact that "liars figure."

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

Cooperage Department

With regret we announce the death of Mr. Oldenburg's mother. We all join in expressing our deepest sympathy.

Collet, Colbert, Rice, Swenson and Nelson expected to hold a picnic in Grant Park a few days ago and then decided it was too cold. So they held the picnic in the office instead with plenty of good eats.

Lynn is wondering what he will do on his vacation, and hopes the city series will be held at that time.

Barney is a busy boy these days among the master key clerks for they are always calling, "Barney, just a minute, please." It's great to be popular.

Have you seen Miss Kreiza's new cape? Some class.

Boys, have you seen Miss Kaiser lately? She sure looks stunning in her long earrings.

Another master key clerk has left to join the bonds of matrimony. Miss Rice is the latest one. We all wish her a happy future.

Bell is back from his annual fishing trip. He reports worms and frogs plentiful at Oxbow Lake, but says fish are rather scarce. For further details see Becker and Carr, fish merchants on the fourth floor.

Manufacturing Department

It is with sincere regret that we announce the death of Arthur Helland's wife, who was our popular Mildred Anderson. Struck by a taxi, she passed away a few hours later at the Augustana Hospital. The sincere and heartfelt sympathy of the Manufacturing Department is extended to Arthur Helland in his bereavement.

On September 15 twenty-four Standard Oil girls including Miss Russell, a former employee, entertained Mrs. Nanninga at a luncheon at the Terrace Gardens. After lunch Bunco was played and judging by the noise everybody had a good time. Prizes were won by the Misses Baar, Valiquet and Mechtersheimer. Watch out for the latter as she sure is there when it comes to "rollin' dem bones." The nature of the prizes was not divulged to the men. But they were given to understand that they were pink. Mrs. Nanninga, who was formerly Miss Grace Iwema of the Cost Department and our 6th Floor editress, left to take up new duties. She will now "cook for two and eat with the boss." Mrs. Nanninga was the recipient of a present of silverware on the occasion of her departure from the services of the company.

Ernie Vollriede, on his way to Shawano, Wis., stepped out on the Milwaukee platform to stretch his legs. A station truck loaded with milk cans

stopped right beside him with a jerk sufficiently sudden to unload one of the milk cans on his head. He didn't have time or opportunity to change clothes, so he arrived at Shawano in a somewhat "limburger" condition. He had to write home for a new outfit and the first day at Shawano he lost his balance and fell into the lake when casting for black bass. He is suing the C. & N. W. for a new suit of B. V. D.'s.

Joe Skorcz, of the Construction Department, lost his watch somewhere on the Tenth Floor. (Wonder where he carried it?)

W. C. Repetto, of the Fifth Floor, found the watch and returned it to its owner. Boy, page Diogenes! (Wonder where he found it?)

We may expect another benedict in the Bookkeeping Department soon. Red Frodin delivered the ring. Incidentally, he hocked his watch.

Bill Wiltgen stopped the hands of time for a few moments up on the Tenth Floor and almost lost his balance in the attempt. In screwing a furniture tag on to a clock he forgot it was hanging on a nail with the consequence that it banged him one on his dome when he was perched on the top of a step-ladder.

Mrs. Wernecke has been promoted from a Buick to a Moon.

McLeod makes a good imitation of horse music. Do they feed him oats?

George Varcoe came back all tanned up from his vacation which was spent in the Bad Lands in the vicinity of Milwaukee and Belmont avenues.

Joe Sohureck is still kicking about the high cost of repairs. He had to get a new set of curtains for his sedan.

Koehler didn't find the Ford Sedan an added attraction for the ladies so he sold it.

Koehler recommends Van Ess Hair Restorer and points to the top of his dome as a shining example.

Something's wrong between Joe Sohurek and Lucy. Don't worry, Lucy, the big boy is evidently working a new prospect. We think we know who she is.

A. R. Smith spends his Saturdays and Sundays superintending the building of his summer cottage at Benton Harbor, Mich. Wonder if the old man discovered the Fountain of Youth, and is again feathering a nest.

McInerney was promoted to the Voucher Register desk without even getting an introduction to the lady billers—and Mac is sure strong for the ladies(?).

Jack Crothers seems to have quite a fancy for auburn hair. Let someone try and say that it's not pretty.

Who'd thunk it? Al Aarlie the proud papa of a baby boy.

Sandquist has the right idea. He can't buy a Packard so he paints his Dort a Packard blue.

Dan Cupid has had a regular fling in the General Accounting Department. Barrett, Ulrich and Miss Burr have all recently tried on a suit of double harness. By the way, in passing George Ulrich's desk, we noticed a pawnbroker's catalogue reposing thereon.

Things we would like to see—
A. R. Smith "A la Marcel."
Kid Wyand without his chew.
Jim Roggen with his hair mussed up.
Schuessler in patent leather shoes.
Knapp at his desk.
Wolfe without the soup strainer.
Miss Lindstrom grown up.
Edna without the biscuits.
Jim Thomas walking down Wabash avenue alone.
Ernie Vollriede "washing dishes."
Bernice without the earrings.
Ann Barr "quiet."
Leo—pitching "righty."
Al Aarlie playing horse with his son.
Marge and Pearl without the giggles.
Oscar in a derby.
Pittinger when he isn't "running wild."
Ella Showalter with bright red hair.
Johnny Crothers with a mustache.
J. E. Sohurek with a new office coat.
Freddy and Agnes on different sides of the street.
Otto Wachholz spend his first nickel.
George Varcoe without his Monroe.
E. J. Hass without that "look of concentration."
McNulty with his pockets sewed up.
Lulu with a bob.
Ed Vail buying a plug of tobacco.
Bill Roberts shooting Jackson Park in 70.
Carlie Nugent minus—"Did you hear this one?"
Ed Miller's kid coming home at 4 o'clock in the morning.
Colonel Weiss breaking a comb in his tangled locks.
Betteldorf on roller skates.
Koehler giving a correct decision, umpiring.
McGahn with a Maxim silencer.
Skorcz wearing blinders.
Joe Valintin wearing suspenders.
Betty Siedl in a knicker suit.
Mary Ashby in a bathing suit.

Distribution Department

Out heartiest congratulations, Rudolph Thorstenson! May your years of single blessedness be followed by many years of married bliss. We notice that night work at the office is slack of late. Cannot state the real reason, but we can draw our own conclusions.

Yes, back to the same old grind, nevertheless we welcome you, Ed. Kelley, for we missed you. Here's hoping that you enjoyed your vacation.

Miss Stockley's sister, of Hutchinson, Kas., who has recently been in Chicago, has renewed her acquaintance with some of the S. O. employees. We all agree that she comes from the same stock for she is just as lovable as our Jeanne.

To Mr. Thon, who is undergoing another boil affliction, we extend our sympathy. They say that every boil is worth five dollars. You're convinced by this time that you would rather have the five than the ailment, are you not, Mr. Thon?

Greetings, Miss Dale! We certainly are glad to have you with us again. Hope our lake breeze deals gently with you this Winter.

We notice Jessie Laing is vamping the boys of late, especially the new ones. Keep on Jessie, there is as good fish in the sea as has ever been caught.

Cruel, cruel world. Why is not a holiday declared on golf tournament day? Anyway, do you think the girls would make good caddies? Just try us!

Fate has not alone dealt kindly with you, Mrs. Shaw, but also with us, as we are not only glad that you have fully recovered from your operation, but we are twice glad that you are with us again.

Behold another groom in the Distribution Department. Congratulations, Mr. Willard. Did you have to go to Fort Wayne to find your better half?

Evelyn Swenson's chief ambition is to get thin. Hope on, hope on, Evelyn! Mary Garden may soon be selling her famous blue pill.

Fifth Floor

Well, since last month's "Record," Charlie and Rudie Thorstensen rode the goat at Edgewater Lodge.

All the heroines don't exist in story books. Miss Beulah Johnson is about to take the fatal leap, otherwise known as the "Dutch act," and although we wish her well we remember 'way back when we were single and happy.

Who turned off the current the other day and stopped Ann Rommell's percolator from perking? Don't like to mention any names but he "joost" moved to Cheltenham.

John Legenza just bought himself a "spiffy" Studebaker and now emboldened by his ability to manage the "big six" has conceived the idea that he can manage a certain little girl with equal success. Be careful, John, you know that old one about "rushing in where angels fear to shimmy." Remember, John, you can always turn in your old car.

Ask Clarence Leiber what became of that gallon of wine.

"Sarge" Henshaw has bought a new home in Villa Park. Walter is going to raise poultry as he says he always was a chicken fancier.

Some "moonshine" artist climbed all over Lou Yocum's car a short time ago and wrinkled up a few fenders and ruined the biggest thing about the machine, the "depreciation."

Did you know Harold Foote had a new "fliver?" Ask him the route to Palos Park and he will probably point toward Kenosha.

Ed Yale's home was quarantined for several weeks recently and he thought it would be fine to "stay out." It wouldn't work though. Ed says he has been married so long he's old fashioned. Anyway, he's up to date in some respects; he, the Prince of Wales and Rudolf Valentino wear suspenders.

General Manager's Office

J. G. Lannin is now away on a two week's vacation. We all hope he gets that much needed rest.

Elmer Larson won two golf balls in the golf tournament recently. Cheer up! You may win some Polarine for your car the next time.

For Sale: Two five-gallon cans of Polarine Medium, by Walter Blodgett. Same having been won at the recent golf tournament. (Having no car, he has no use for same.)

Special Notice: As Nathan Becker is leaving the company after ten years service, any employee looking for real bargains in suits and overcoats, see him. Sorry to see you go, Mr. Becker. The poker club will hang a crepe on your empty chair.

Miss Wilkey says there is more truth than poetry in the old saying, "variety is the spice of life," for she has been enjoying, to the fullest extent, the spices of 1923 since she and her "steady" agreed to disagree. Miss Foote is of the same opinion.

Miss Burton advises the girls never to buy an expensive hat before going to the country for a vacation. You know you can't find things on the dark country road, and Henry Ford does not furnish bright headlights. Tough luck, Jewel.

Miss Tillish rushed in the office the other morning all excited and informed the girls that her "daddy" had presented her with a car, and it's not a Ford either.

When Mr. Daley sneezes, it is difficult to distinguish the noise from an exhaust of a tin lizzie going down Michigan avenue.

Miss Foote is now going to evening school, taking up millinery. Any girl wishing a hat made, put in your order early.

We regret to learn of the death of George Markey's wife on September 26. Our sympathy goes out to him in his time of breavement.

Jimmy, how come you get chocolate bars from the girls? This is not leap year.

Tom Cahill has left the company to work for some large candy concern.

Messrs. Carr, Becker, Cahill and Bell got back from the North Woods on the combination fishing and hiking vacation. They caught one can of sardines and all the hiking they did was to the general store at Winegar, Wis., to purchase it. They wore out six decks of cards up there when they could have done just as well at home. Mr. Becker took a pair of white trousers along, and some woman saw him and said, "little boy, where is your tennis racket." Next time, he will probably take a hiking outfit with him.

Sir Walter ("Raleigh") Blodgett, we are certain, secured his patronymic from the illustrious courtier who endeavored to protect the footgear of his queen from becoming soiled by spreading his mantle on the wet ground before her as she was about to alight from the royal equipage. Walter is adhering to the ancient code by practicing the little amenities daily. T'other noon he found a bevy of girls from the general manager's stenographic department in the doorway of a restaurant, looking ruefully, alternately at the downpour of rain and at their abbreviated raiment. Walter came to their rescue by returning to the office and getting several umbrellas.

Traffic Department

Our friend, Frederic (without the "k") Butler Craver, has confined to us that he has invented a time clock to be installed near the opening of beehives—the object being to check up on their labors. He is now perfecting a plan to educate the bees so that they will punch the right number.

General Accounting Department

The boys of the general Accounting Department wish to extend their best wishes to S. J. Barrett in his new venture. We sincerely hope that Mr. Barrett's added duties upon becoming one of the major stockholders of the Consolidated Combination Hairbrush and Mirror company will not occupy too much of his time.

Equipment Department

If you find you are slipping, see Hank Hansen, Equipment Department, for some P. & P. (Push and Pep) Powders.

CHICAGO SALES DIVISION

Frank F. Wente, Correspondent

The September issue of the Mentor Magazine is "Walt Whitman" number. The article shows a portrait of the poet's mother, Louise Van Velsor. On bringing this to the attention of Miss Van Velsor, of the Sales Checking Department, it was learned that she is a member of the same family.

H. J. Tobin, of the Real Estate Department, got the low gross score for the Golf Tournament by a score of 83. Some shot! B. E. Hodowal, of the S. S. Department, got the low net, class A, score, with a score of 81. Another good shot!

Herman Hamilton, S. S. attendant at No. 58, went all the way to St. Louis to be married. May all his troubles be little ones.

G. E. Jeffery, S. S. attendant at No. 536, died suddenly on September 25, 1923, after a short illness. The Record extends its sympathy to his family.

Mr. Donigan, while escorting one of our young ladies home from the office, suggested that she use Finol for her chapped lips, but was informed that her lips were chapped and not squeaky. What we want to know, Donigan, is how you found out that her lips were chapped.

Miss Alice Johnson, one of our comptometer operators, was secretly married during July. Nobody

was aware of the fact until the day after Labor day when she appeared at the office with a wedding ring. This office extends congratulations.

Karl Graybeal, who was connected with the Real Estate Department, has left this company to go into real estate business for himself. We hope that he will be successful in his new undertaking.

The Stanolind Bowling League started its eleventh annual tournament Friday evening, September 28. The Finol team, captained by E. Nelson of the Ledger Department, was the only team to make a clean sweep, winning three games from C. Kloepfer, Manufacturing Department team. The feature of the evening, however, was the winning of two games from last year's champion Polarine team by the Perfection team. The Perfection team, composed of the following old timers, have a combined length of service of 132 years with the company: A. Bumhour, F. Lau, G. C. Wolke, F. H. Bosworth and W. Juergensen.

All employees are welcome to attend any of the league games which are held every Friday evening at 235 South Wabash avenue, at 8:15 P. M.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

M. Clark, Correspondent

Beg your pardon. We wish to correct our statement in last month edition to the effect that the Single Guys won the baseball game at the Picnic, because they didn't, at least that's what the Married Ones insist. It's hard to know which, if either, to believe. We know from experience that the single boys never tell the ——; that is they sometimes misrepresent facts, so in this case we will believe Mr. Slater an announcee that the game really was won by the Married team.

We hear on good authority that Mr. Krantz, of the Stationery Department, attended Parker's Style Show. He can't decide whether the loosely hung model of English tweed will suit his style of beauty or not. It happened that the ladies' hosiery display was on the same floor as the gent's furnishing department, but that of course, had nothing to do with Curley's presence there. Flo' and Tylle were also at the style show. Now what, do you suppose, was the attraction for them?

Mr. Pollock, of the Legal Department, and Mr. Rogers, of the Traffic Department, passed around the treats this month. Mr. Pollock's new daughter is called Barbara Ann and she is to grow up to be a basket ball player, while the son and heir of the Rogers family goes by the name of Bill, and we are hoping that he grows up to be as tough as his name. The cigars and candy, as usual, drew much applause.

Hawley's Barber Shop, third chair, good looking, yeh, that's him. Coliseum and a date Thursday night. Now we understand why it is that Mae has to have her hair cut on an average of twice a week. It must be expensive, or do you get reduced rates?

When Libbie was asked if she thanked Mr. Pollock for the candy she replied, "Why no, I may reciprocate some day." Guess we'll let it go at that.

Now we may get the new Ford Coupe after all, someone has paid us 50 cents to keep his name out of the Record. We didn't sign any papers though.

Robbins and Westmeier, formerly of the Warehouse, are attending Iowa U. at Iowa City.

Lillian Holmes claims to have another name on her mailing list. We wonder which one it is. She hardly knew Earl and she thought Westy was real cute. Indications seem to point to, well, figure it out.

The wedding bells have sure been ringing around this place lately. Margaret Fay, head of the stenographic department, was married on September 12 to Roy J. Paulsen, with Dotty Burton as bridesmaid. Mr. Paulsen certainly is to be congratulated. Five pounds of candy and the cigars, ten centers, they claim. Five pounds of candy among twenty girls, there ought to be more than four pieces for each girl. There's dirty work somewhere, but as you've heard before, mistakes will happen. Say Margaret, didn't you think the candlesticks we gave you were cute, also the candles from Mr. Warren? On September 19 Miss Ruth Zimmerman of Davenport and Ray F. Welzenbach, pay roll clerk, were married, with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Briceland as attendants. It sounds too good to be true, but Fuzzy claims that his wife gets up and makes his breakfast for him. When Fuzzy came back to work his desk was decorated very elaborately. It looked simply gorgeous. Crepe paper streamers, black and blue. Or where they purple and black? Rice hearts, numerous little gifts, useful ones of course, notes of condolence, etc. We are still unable to understand how come Mr. Welzenbach didn't shed even one tear. He certainly must have great strength of character. Anyway, congratulations, Fuz!

Which of the stenographers do you suppose it was who rushed out to the operator's desk upon being informed that the good looking gentleman waiting in the hall answered to the name of Stanolinsky. She said he was Irish, though!

If everyone in Davenport knew Marie Grady as well as we Standard Oilers do, there is no doubt but what she'd take every prize being offered in the American Legion Popularity Contest. She's the kind of a girl that when her name is mentioned you feel like speaking up with, "I think Marie Grady is a darn good kid." We're backing you Marie.

It seems that a few of the girls in the Check Department haven't yet gotten over their childish tricks. Gladys, Harriet, Marie and Evelyne blew in one morning with their shoes and stockings absolutely damp. It was raining, but the rest of us arrived with comparatively dry feet. They knew all the time they'd get to go home and put some dry clothes on. What's more we think that people who wear suede shoes on a morning when it is raining in torrents should be spanked.

The Order Department seem to be right there when it comes to doing the honors as regards the girls who leave the employ of this Company or get married. So far Mr. Jost shows the greatest perfection in that line of action. Herbie seems to think that he got cheated as far as Margaret was concerned, even though the idea originated with him. Well, cheer up, there'll be like opportunities in the future.

Plain View is a wonderful place for a weiney roast, especially when you can stop off at Mayesville on the way home. Love at first sight, but to whom does it refer, May and Wallie or Roger and Fay? Ask the girls!

Mrs. Valley Forge can't seem to enjoy herself a bit unless she's looking out of a west window.

These A Stations that have to be coaxed to send in contributions. Not so good.

DECATUR, ILL.

W. A. Brown, Correspondent

"Ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'?" All of the employees in the Decatur Field seemed to think so when we received word that Decatur had won the plaque for the largest percentage of gain on Red Crown for the month of August. We received a letter from Mr. Reed instructing us how to ship the plaque to the next winner. No use, Mr. Reed, that trophy says right here and is now occupying a prominent and permanent place in our office.

Again the Grim Reaper has reached out and brought sorrow into our midst. Mrs. Pierce, wife of M. J. Pierce, our price clerk, passed away September 16. The sympathy of the entire organization goes out to Mr. Pierce.

P. J. Cantoni, our credit man, has returned from a two weeks' vacation spent in the sunny Southland. Pete was glad to get back to the garden spot and "The Biggest Little City on Earth."

Walter Boeckenkroeger, clerk in the East St. Louis office, for the past three years, has resigned and gone out West to seek his fortune. We miss you, Walter, and wish you well.

Eugene Courtney, better known as Jean, left the office at East St. Louis some little time ago to be a banker, but he is back with us now and he is a real booster for us, too. Atta boy, Jean! We are glad to see your smiling face with our little office force again.

Uxtra! Uxtra! You should have seen the E. St. Louis Daily Journal September 13. James Hams, our well known agent instructor, routed a burglar from his home at 3:00 A. M. He also routed him from the entire neighborhood, so the neighbors say. Good for you, Mr. Hams, we like heroes.

J. E. Coyne is the new tank wagon salesman at East St. Louis.

"Pat" Johnson sure broke up a dance at the Staley Club House recently. Pat's three false teeth fell out on the floor while the dancing was going on, and Pat immediately called a halt until his "crockery" was recovered.

The following members have been elected to serve on the Safety Court for the months of October, November and December, 1923: W. F. Launtz, sales department; W. H. Owens, office; C. M. Ping, motor equipment; E. A. Acton, truck driver; W. W. Besalke, S. S. Salesman, and Ray Noeacker, warehouse.

From the number of bundles being brought to the office each noon by three of our young ladies, one would think they were getting ready for Christmas. It developed, however, that they have been getting ready for a vacation trip, the last two weeks in October. They expected to take Chicago by storm. We have all heard about the little duck in a big puddle. Be careful, girls.

Merl Cline of the Equipment Department has returned from his vacation which he spent on his farm near Decatur. Merl says he had a dandy time. Not a thing to do but sit around and watch his wife work. You are some farmer, Cline, and you certainly look as though your vacation had benefited you.

C. G. Owens, chief station examiner, was somewhat surprised when he reached the office a few days ago to find his desk decorated with flowers, etc. Ask him about the "etc."

Mr. Launtz, sales manager, says he never could understand why a Standard Oil employee above all others, should ever run out of gasoline. We think he understands all about it now. For further information, see him.

Miss Bessie Delaney has just returned from a two weeks' motoring trip to Gary, Ind., and Detroit, Mich.

The following was noted on Thomas Riste's 029 report for September 7: "Detained at home, reason: Another S. O. Co. Booster, weight 7½ pounds.

Roy Pensinger, who is an enthusiastic golf player (sometimes), made No. 5 hole in one on Nelson Park Course. Come on you Chicago golf bugs. Can you beat it?

A. C. Cooper, chief mechanic in the machine shop, leaves us September 30 to go to South Dakota. We are sorry to lose him from our organization and wish him the best of success in his new home. What is our loss is Huron's gain.

Miss Carrie Delaney, who was called away for a few days on account of the death of a relative, has returned and resumed her duties as telephone operator. Glad to have you back, Carrie. We missed the sound of your pleasant voice asking, "Is Roy Pensinger there? He is harder to keep track of than my man."

The office force is indebted to Mrs. C. F. Spaulding, wife of our salesman at Paris, Ill., for a very fine bunch of flowers. They were plucked from the flower beds at S. S. No. 3 and have had the special care of Mrs. Spaulding the past Summer, hence it goes without saying they were very fine. We all appreciate your kindness, Mrs. Spaulding, for remembering us.

Miss Wolfington seems to be playing in great luck these days. She has her choice of either a coupe or sedan when she wants to ride. She says the only objection she has is that it is too much trouble to make up her mind which one to use. We notice however, it is generally the coupe. Wonder why?

You would think wild grapes were plentiful this year if you could take a peep in Jim Allman's basement. Mr. Allman is one of our tank wagon salesmen at Monticello. But Jim says they were awfully hard to find. We notice that Earl Norris, our agent, gladly furnishes himself and car every Sunday morning to help Jim in his harvest. We don't know whether it's going to be jelly or "what" as they are using such large containers. It will probably be "what."

S. S. No. 2 at Alton claims the most enthusiastic customer for Red Crown gasoline. He was in such a hurry to get the tank of his car filled that he ran into the S. S. fence and knocked off three pickets.

Glen Rucker, our agent at Georgetown, Ill., has purchased a brand new truck.

Stanley R. Schecter, former agent at Pana, is now filling the position of tank wagon instructor in the Georgetown territory.

C. O. (Pop) Spangler, veteran salesman, beat Babe Ruth's home run record at the S O. Co picnic at Daville recently. His flesh kept him from running much. You will have to reduce, Pop. (By the way it seems a picnic was held, and not a word received in the Decatur office about it.)

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

The Bowling Season has started and we expect great things of our team, which is entered in the Y. M. C. A. Industrial League. Bring home the bacon, boys!

Ben Fuller, who has had charge of the TRA records, has been transferred to the tank car order desk.

J. J. Thelan has returned from his vacation spent in Dubuque, his old home. He says he had a fine time and is now an expert on changing and repairing tires as he spent most of the time going and coming, repairing them.

W. E. Swygard, general clerk, has returned from his vacation spent along the Mississippi River near Burlington. Bill says the fishing was fine and we believe him as Mrs. Swygard says she can't look a fish in the face.

Miss Rebecca Strubel, pay roll clerk, is spending her vacation in Dubuque, her old home.

W. W. Janisch, traffic clerk, has returned from a very pleasant vacation spent on the farm of O. E. Abbey near Corning. Lots of young mountains and mud, but loads of fun.

On September 20, Mrs H. E. Hansen gave a miscellaneous shower for Miss Margaret Forrester whose marriage to Gentry Galbreath took place on September 25. Those present were Misses Forrester, Wirth, Murray, Strubel, Daily, Caulkins and Mesdames Thomas, Sackett, Beaman, Forrester, Welsh, Thelen and Hansen. During the evening the guests were entertained with musical selections by Margaret Hansen and Ruth Sackett, and humorous readings cleverly done by little Miss Barkalow. At 11 P. M. refreshments were served, and when it comes to refreshments, Mrs. Hansen in the queen. The same evening a bachelors' party was given at the residence of J. J. Thelen. However, we are not furnished with particulars on this, but we have heard rumors. Note: Mr. Thelen says that it's all a mistake about the bachelors' party. They just had a couple of friends in to help take care of the children. All right, Jack, we believe you!

George Knapp, superintendent of the warehouse, Des Moines, has returned from his vacation. George is complaining of a lame back. We don't know whether it is the Ford, the enormous amount of peaches he ate, or the large number of squirrels he carried in from his hunting trip that is causing it.

Forest Pratt and Harold Carr, truck drivers, Des Moines, had a serious accident recently. On crossing the Wabash tracks after leaving the warehouse in the evening they were struck by a Wabash train. The auto is a complete wreck. Mr. Carr received lacerations and bruises about the head and shoulders and Mr. Pratt suffered the ligaments of his hip torn loose. Both Mr. Carr and Mr. Pratt are recovering nicely.

On September 25, at 9 A. M., occurred the marriage of Miss Margaret Forrester and Mr. Gentry Galbreath at St. Peter's Church. The bridal couple were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Thelen. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple left for a motor trip to Chicago. We wish them both long life and lots of happiness.

Creston Division

Fay Macy is the new S. S. attendant at Leon, Iowa. He succeeds L. W. Gardner.

E. J. Noonan, salesman, has been transferred from Creston to Des Moines, where he will work the city trade. Mr. Noonan has the best wishes of all members of the field he is leaving.

On September 5, Paul D. Richardson, attendant at Greenfield S. S. No. 41, was married to Miss Iva Kent, also of Greenfield. The wedding took place in Des Moines. The Creston District takes pleasure in extending the "newlyweds" their best wishes. We have been unable to find out from Paul whether or not the officiating minister used the word "obey" or not, but we are assured by the wife that the ceremony contained this very necessary word, so our advice to Paul is "be more careful next time."

DETROIT, MICH.

Vance Woodcox, Correspondent

The Entertainment Committee of the Detroit Division planned a real get-together party for the entire personnel at our new office, which was to be opened about October 20. This party was to be the first of a series of entertainments to be given during the Winter months.

Heard in the Iron Barrel Department: Romeo: "It rained pretty hard here last night." Miss Demspey: "Did it rain in Detroit last night? It didn't rain in Windsor." Mr. Schneider: "It's 'wet' enough without any rain over there."

The bowling season is now well under way with eight teams now entered from different departments. Nine games in all have been played so far and the interest displayed has caused the management of recreation much concern. During the two hours or more when the eight teams are in full sway on the seventh floor, so much noise is manufactured that Mr. Huston is momentarily afraid of a riot call being sent in to the police department. The early prediction that the garage salesmen would be the stumbling block for the other seven teams was not proven out in actual play. In fact, the more conservative team, such as the Sales Department, is now leading the league. Below is given the standing of the different teams to date:

Check Dept.	8	1	.888	Spec. Sales	5	4	.555
Sales Dept.	8	1	.888	Garage Sales	3	6	.333
Acctg. Dept.	7	2	.777	River Rouge	0	9	.000
Order Dept.	5	4	.555	W. Detroit	0	9	.000

High Team Total.....1 Game, Acctg.....855
High Ind. Total.....1 Game, Gloss.....236
High Team Total.....3 Games, Sales.....2440
High Ind. Total.....3 Games, Stark..... 556

The S. S. Department claims to have a budding salesman in C. W. Birch, of S. S. No. 111, after reporting that he spent two hours on his off day draining and filling a "school marm's" car in order to sell a 5-gallon Lithographed can of Polarine Oil. "Cigarette" Birch, as we might call him in view of the Station number, believes in Standard Oil service from all angles.

F. E. Zahm, our happy-go-lucky specialty salesman on the West Side, has recently been transferred to the duties of city supervisor. Everyone here is wishing Fred success, and with a few less trips to Mt. Clemens, we believe that Fred will continue to be a success.

The population at our "B" Station at Mason, Mich., is increasing. L. H. Harkness, our congenial agent at this point, reports the birth of a son, Richard James, as another member added to our Standard Oil family.

The success of our candle sales for 1923 is an assured proposition since R. C. Danforth, formerly city specialty salesman, has taken up the duties as special candle salesman in the country territory. Mr. Danforth has made a record for himself as a specialty salesman and undoubtedly will continue to do so in his new work.

John Van Brook, tank wagon driver at Bellevue avenue, has resumed his duties after being at home with diphtheria for a few weeks. Everyone at Bellevue has welcomed John back with a glad hand, and are certainly glad that he has recovered.

The S. S. Department has furnished us with another applicant for a sales position in L. D. Waugh, who comes to the Sales Department highly recommended. Mr. Waugh is acting as specialty salesman in and around Royal Oak for the present, and latest reports show that again the S. S. Department has been right in selecting men for better positions.

McAllister, our good-natured loader at Bellevue, recently paid a visit to his former home at Bowling Green, Ky. "Mac" reports that although he failed to see the Derby, he thoroughly enjoyed himself, especially during the evenings, as he says the moonshine is excellent in these parts. Which "moon," Mac?

The Coupon Book Department has been strengthened by the addition of F. O. Storer, formerly from the S. S. Department, and more recently with the Junior Sales Department. Mr. Storer has acquitted himself very favorably in his previous positions and undoubtedly the coupon book sales will increase now that he is under the direction of our "famous" Edgar.

Louis Kraft recently enjoyed a fishing trip in his beautiful yacht, "Polarine." If the fish were as

plentiful as the yarns he tells, he sure had some catch. "Fighting" McKee, who took his route during his absence, is still endeavoring to find out how Kraft puts out eight loads a day, as he found it impossible during the period he was on this route.

Our display at the State Fair this year was a decided success from all angles. L. L. Judges, one of our newer salesmen, is still looking for a recommendation sheet on a D. S. R. car. It was his duty at the State Fair to distribute the pamphlets on individual cars, and of course, ask each visitor the kind of a car he was driving. One chap, when he came in and Judges asked him what kind of a car he was driving, replied: "a D. S. R." (Being a motorman on our city lines), and Judges spent the better part of the forenoon looking through his stack of recommendation sheets for this type of car. Too bad, Judges! We have taken this matter up with Chicago and undoubtedly will have a leaflet on this particular car later on.

Nearly all of the drug stores in the Polish section of Detroit have the word "Apteka" (which is the Polish for "drugs") prominently displayed on their windows. We recently placed a new salesman, R. D. Dreisbach, in this territory on specialty sales, who, after a few days hard work, reported that he had been successful in selling a new chain of drug stores some Stanolax, stating that this firm had the largest chain of drug stores of any in Detroit. The supervisor, being very much interested, asked him the name of this new combine, and got the reply: "Apteka." Too bad, Dreisbach, to have your hopes shattered in such a discouraging way.

Vern Barthelomew, star ball player at Bellevue, has returned to his work after a pleasant vacation at East Tawas.

Our superintendent at Bellevue, Mr. Kurtz, although not on his honeymoon, spent a very pleasant week at Niagara Falls, on his vacation.

L. J. O'Keefe, our congenial Irish friend, is now enjoying the mysteries of salesmanship, having recently been transferred to the city specialty sales from the Coupon Book Department. Edgar Brown is watching his development with considerable interest, as he is taking all the credit for O'Keefe's success.

Howard Kaiser, of the Tank Wagon Department, has returned from a trip to Huntington, Ind., where he attended a family reunion, meeting eight brothers and four sisters. Being the "thirteenth" does not phase Howard in the least, as he claims "that's the reason he's so lucky."

The S. S. supervisor in charge of Station No. 111 has taken considerable interest in this station since the attendant has purchased a wicker chair for his convenience. As a tip to other attendants, we would suggest that unless you wish to entertain your supervisor for the balance of the day, do not buy such comfortable furniture.

C. V. French has recently been transferred to "B" Station instructor in the Detroit field. This is a well earned promotion for Mr. French and all concerned believe that he will continue to do as well as he has in the past on previous positions.

The Detroit Main Office has welcomed back Mrs. Ann Urda, biller and telegraph operator, after being on a leave of absence for the past three months.

One would think there had been a death around the Main Office first floor, on account of the extraordinary quietness prevailing. On second thought, however, you realize that "Charlie" Rapp is missing; having been promoted to city specialty sales in the "wet" district, comprising Ecorse, Ford City and Wyandotte. Many sales are expected of "Charlie" in view of his ability to let people know that he's around.

Jerry Newton, our city specialty supervisor, is taking particular delight in calling up "Jimmie" Poulson, his former side-kick, who is now inside and telling him what "wonderful weather we are having outside." Jerry says that he can hear the tears dropping, while "Jimmie" is agreeing with him.

Ray Potter, star first baseman for the Royal Oak team, is sporting a new Maxwell Coupe.

"Jack" Syvertsen, of the Record Department, has just returned from an enjoyable trip to Milwaukee. From his reports, we would judge that Milwaukee is just as "famous" as ever.

We are all glad to see Mrs. Blanche Hollingsworth, who has been away for several weeks on account of illness, once more in our midst.

James Frederick, coupon book salesman, was the recipient of an eight-pound baby girl, Gloria Louise, on Monday, October 1. Where's the cigars and chocolates? Congratulations, "Jimmy."

DULUTH, MINN.

S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

Yes, we have no waffles! This phrase, old but still useful, was a climax to a wonderfully arranged waffle party, by the girls of the seventh floor. Everything had been prepared for a feast. Sausages had been purchased, carefully tended to, and a nice fresh batter for waffles had been made. Everybody was humming and things were going along royally, until the time came to bring out the electric waffle iron for the last lap of the preparations. Then it was learned that there was no electricity to be had in the whole building, and probably not all noon hour. Yes, it was a sorrowful plight.

Our agent at the Duluth warehouse, John Myre, recently returned from a week's vacation spent at Eau Claire, Wis. He reports a wonderful time.

N. R. Grimshaw, assistant general manager, was a recent visitor to Duluth.

And a good time was had by all. That covers fully the party given by Miss Ella Foster of the seventh floor at her cabin at Rice Lake recently, for a bunch of her fellow workers of the feminine variety. Oh, boy! Those eats were enjoyed. Those in attendance were Lill Bergstrom, Phrona Currier, Olive Pugh, Eleanor Johnson, Ella Foster, Nona Dwyer, Norma Patterson and Leah Fontaine.

Ralph Knowlton, of the Recording and Marketing Department, recently left for Babbitt, Minn., to take up other work. We extend to you our best luck, Ralph.

John McCabe, of the Recording and Marketing Department, returned recently from a week's vacation, spent mostly on the range.

"Hutch" Hutchinson, formerly of the Purchasing Department, is now with the Construction Department, and is going like a house afire. That-a-boy, Andy!

Earl Seal, of the Duluth warehouse, recently left the motley crew of bachelors for the more settled ranks of benedicts. He claims the lucky girl was formerly Miss Lydia Fisher of Hancock, Mich. Thanks, the cigars were fine, Earl.

A reception in the form of an after work party was recently tendered Miss Mable Borgstrom, formerly an employee of our company, who recently returned from California. The entertainment consisted mostly of eats and a theater party. They sure made a night of it.

Edward Sueck, formerly attendant at S. S. No. 1, Duluth, has left us to enter the Kansas City University.

Wesley Spink, formerly attendant at S. S. No. 1, Duluth, has left to enter Carlton College.

Sydney Harrison is the new attendant at S. S. No. 1, and we extend to you the glad hand. Syd, welcome to our crowd.

Robert Foley is also a new attendant at Hancock S. S.

It closed with a bang! What? The Semdac Sales Contest, held for S. S. attendants in the Duluth Division. Frank Lindenthal of S. S. No. 310, Manistique, was winner of first place; Frank Verant, attendant at S. S. No. 18, Chisholm, was second, and Ralph Schuster, attendant at S. S. No. 310, Manistique, third. It was a hot fight throughout the contest and the winner was never certain until the very last lap. Frank Lindenthal says that a Semdac cloth in demonstration is worth two or three hours of plain talk.

Earling Berg, attendant at S. S. No. 6, Duluth, is back from a vacation and lets it be known that a good time was enjoyed.

Howard Kiley, attendant at S. S. No. 17, Duluth, is a star tackle of the Kelley-Duluth professional football team and he has a model way of gaining new Red Crown customers. Kiley says, "just before I hit 'em, I always tell them first that Red Crown is good gasoline. Being on the opposition, they generally burst out emphatically to the negative, and then I remind them that Red Crown hits just as hard as I do, and let them have it. After they have again come to, they generally concede that Red Crown is good gasoline."

George Sather, of the Order Department, and Ray Lufholm, of the sales writers, are enjoying vacations.

Scott Marshall, our assistant chief clerk, is also on a vacation, but up to this writing no reports have been received concerning his whereabouts.

Robert Guerin, agent at our Cloquet, Minn., station, is on a leave of absence account of ill health. We hope your recovery is speedy, Mr. Guerin. M. E. Peterson is at present acting agent.

Peter Johnson, who has been on a leave of absence, has returned to his former colleagues in the cashier's cage.

We recently received the following clipping from anonymous sources:

"The correspondent of a large business concern had been invited out to dinner by a friend. At the table the host asked him to say grace. It was a new experience, but he was not to be found wanting.

" 'Dear Lord,' he began, 'we thank Thee for all Thy favors of recent date. Permit us to express our heartfelt gratitude. We trust that we may continue to merit Your confidence and that we shall receive many more blessings from You in the future. Amen.' "

There was a faint address written on the envelope and it looks like W. T. Mueller, our refined oil and gasoline correspondent, but Bill claims that saying grace is not by any means a new experience to him.

Superior, Wis.

Our jovial attendant at S. S. No. 307, Albert Tuverson, claims he is on a diet, eating nothing but crackers, milk and ice cream cones. In this manner he hopes to reduce some of the extra avoirdupois that now bends his limbs.

Latest reports lead us to believe that we soon are to support a new floor in our warehouse. We really should arrange a dance to dedicate it, as the boys are loud in their statements that they're going to keep it just as shiny and smooth as any dance floor.

Mr. Ellison was a recent visitor to our place, and viewed Crede Rule's garden with envy. We expect he'll be over again to give it another thorough examination and to see exactly what grows there and if it's as good as it looks.

George Barker is back on the job again at S. S. No. 14, after a week's lay-off due to his tonsils being removed.

Walter Doubie, of the Manufacturing Department, who has been with our company twelve continuous years has tendered his resignation to become effective immediately, and has left for the land of raisins, oranges and Charlie Chaplin. We wish him good luck.

Every time Bill Bowman passes the Russell-Sherman concern, handling both our products and Dodge Brothers cars, he steps in to look over the line. It's Bill's secret ambition to own a Dodge some day.

According to dame rumor, Coad Cooper, salesman of specialty goods, has purchased a nice new bungalow at Central Park. Looks suspicious, and we're looking anxiously for further details.

Andy Burlaga is at the present time enjoying a vacation touring the range.

Our genial office lad, Jerry, has a new come-back now. After every cynical remark he leaves off with, "Ah, you ought to get a job in a bakery, stickin' your face in the dough to make animal cookies." Jerry says it took him three nights of thought to complete that one.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

W. J. McBrian, Correspondent

Our manager, W. J. Lang, has now moved into his new home which he recently built in one of the prettiest parts of the city. Mrs. Lang is still wondering if her husband didn't have it all framed up for Mr. Cochran to come down the day before moving day and take Mr. Lang out of town until all the work and trouble were over.

Ewald Brauns and his family moved in the latter part of September from their Summer camp up the river, where many of the friends of the family spent some of the Summer's hottest days in pleasure and comfort.

Mrs. Ralph Dannetell entertained a number of the wives of company representatives at her home recently with an afternoon card party, after which elaborate refreshments were served.

Mrs. J. W. Limp will be the next hostess for the club.

Mary Lou Ainsworth is happy now. She has moved into a new apartment where there is a real kitchen and now she can cook "Cohn Bread" to her heart's contentment. Don't be stingy with invitations, Mary Lou. The only difference we can tell between her "Cohn Bread" and the more fashionable product is that hers usually tastes a lot better.

Irvin Fink and Ed Walker were having their daily conversation about the feminine sex in general, and their own girls in particular, when Fink had the nerve to ask Walker if his girl returned his love. "No, she keeps it all," was Ed's prompt rejoiner.

Homer Paris must have been thinking of days long gone when he walked to the front of the office the other day with his drinking glass in his hand, placed it carefully under the pencil sharpener and began turning rapidly. It took the audible smiles of the entire floor to arouse him from his reverie.

Charles W. Fisher has won a place on the sales force by his excellent work in selling specialty goods at the courthouse S. S.

The boys at Herrin, Ill., were all glad to see Herbert Adams rejoin them at that point in the capacity of warehouseman.

The correspondent was fortunate enough the other day to visit the new Princeton, Ind., S. S. and become acquainted with the attendants there, who are certainly fine fellows. This S. S. we will put beside any other of the company to be judged as to attractiveness. The boys promised to send in a

picture and now our only worry is that the editor will not publish it for fear of disheartening all other attendants. (Try us and see.—Ed.)

The Evansville office and the S. S. men of Evansville were all glad to welcome Edgar Wallington back on the job after his long and serious illness. We trust you will not have any more such bad luck, Ed.

John Greenwell, of the Evansville garage, certainly hates to admit that anyone can do anything bordering on the spectacular which he cannot do himself. Consequently, after he had been teased for some time over not being able to carry a bucket of water on his head, he determined to do or die. He didn't die, but if the bucket had held a few more gallons of water he probably would have drowned.

The wife and daughter of our Coulterville, Ill., agent, H. G. Knecht, have recently returned from a long visit to Chicago.

Mr. Scholz, of the Bookkeeping Department, has a baby buggy for sale. It pays to advertise, Scholz. Keep up the good work.

All girls efficient in the art of making biscuits should kindly register with Earl Lynn. He is compiling a list for future reference. He says you never can tell what the future has in store. The correspondent hesitated quite a bit about giving the above item he found on his desk, thinking that the sight of it might lead Mrs. Lynn to give Earl earlier use for his list than he had anticipated.

Mrs. Harold Guthrie, wife of our chief clerk, continues to improve steadily and will in all probability soon be fully recovered from the severe breakdown she recently suffered.

The bowlers of the Evansville office have finally succeeded in winning a game and if they can get out of the cellar in the industrial league the correspondent will devote at least half a column to their efforts. Girls, why don't you go out and root for the men. We know Walter Riepe would be 50 per cent better if he had some inspiration to strive harder.

Joe Hammerstein has been in bed for the last week at the present moment. They miss Joe at the S. S. and all his steady customers have been asking about him.

Marion Stevens is now the proud father of a new youngster. This makes two boys and two girls for Marion, who, as in all things else, is thoroughly impartial.

Jack Millen drove home from Chicago in thirteen hours with a Ford Coupe. What was the occasion, Jack, did you overstay your time?

Jay Blackburn was so excited September 8 that he forgot to collect from two of the Evansville S. S. and not until the next morning did we learn the cause of his sudden forgetfulness. On that date Jay took unto himself a bride, formerly Miss Klotz, of Mt. Vernon, Ind.

Our carpenter, Oscar C. Harte, has returned from the big Knights of Pythias convention at Indianapolis.

The "office" welcomes Otto Brill back to his old job as stationery clerk. Otto has just recovered from a serious operation, which necessitated his being away from the office for some length of time.

FARGO, N. D.

Melville L. Rufer, Correspondent

Nick Ebeltoft, Harry Overby and families have just returned from a successful fishing trip.

L. J. Fladseth reports the arrival of a nine-pound baby boy. Congratulations, "Lornie."

Alvina Nelson and Caryl Thibideau will vouch for "Hank" Green and friend as "Romeos" but when it comes to taking the part of Kleo, the great hunter, they're not there. These four people roamed the bleak prairies of North Dakota for hours looking for the elusive prairie chicken. One lone bird who no doubt was contemplating suicide finally strayed in front of one of their broadsides and had its life snuffed out. The argument as to who was the hero and as to division of game was carried into the wee hours of the morning.

Chief Clerk Carnine visited Minot during the past month. He seems to have a preference for Minot. Who is the young lady, Mr. Carnine?

Another Standard Oil family romance! Miss Jewel Solie and I. R. Olson were recently united in marriage. They will make their home at Devils Lake, N. D.

On September 13 an eight-pound baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Roberts Jr., Wilton, N. D.

Salesman W. B. Sherman, Williston, reports: Agent Kilgore of Epping had a narrow escape this week when two young men from Williston, trying to break the time record to Minot, plowed into his truck. Our agent is O. K., but the boys were pretty badly hurt.

Agent Nils Wangerud of White Earth, N. D., has a new baby at his house. Look out for big sales at this station.

Agent Martin Ruud, Cartwright, makes regular calls at the school house in this field, of course to sell Semdac.

Agent-Salesman Pass, Minot, reports as follows: Minot enjoyed a short visit from Messrs. Allen Jackson, T. J. Thompson, N. R. Grimshaw and our manager, Mr. Packard, on Saturday, September 15.

Minot employees all reported a full game bag on the opening of the hunting season.

S. R. Miles, our Minot clerk, is on a short vacation, which he tells us is to check up on the threshing on his farm. When he reports threshing results we will also inquire about the crop of prairie chicken.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

K. C. Clapp, Correspondent

Andy Stratton is getting used to his store teeth.

Christine Veyhl and Ethelyn Yost are acquiring more than a speaking acquaintance with the plaster mines and the outlying sections of the river road.

Homer Daane, genial general salesman at Greenville, went duck hunting recently but all he got was a bad case of sumac poisoning—no ducks.

Ben Bishop has been promised a terrible licking in Mica sales by Andy Anderson, of the Central district. We told Ben of his impending fate which he didn't seem to fear, stating that all arrangements had been made for the Central division's funeral.

Might call this the adventure of two Carrs. A Street Carr and Peggy Carr. The latter was riding in the former, accompanied by the latter's sweetie. Something went wrong with the innards of the street car and it suddenly stopped dead, gave a snort and started running backwards. Motorman applied his brakes but the Street Car, Peggy Carr and all went faster and faster. Thirteen Fords and several other different brands of Carrs were severely wounded by the runaway. The carrnage was terrible. But the Street Carr and Peggy Carr kept right on going—faster 'n' faster. However, the episode ended happily. Peggy's sheik pulled the hero stuff, jumped from the Street Carr and Peggy, blushing and with eyes downcast, jumped fainting into his waiting arms. Despite all this excitement of the night before, Peggy was nearly on time at the SOCO office next morning.

Jim Spearow, former agent at Sturgis, recently has moved to Battle Creek, where he is assuming his duties of tank wagon superintendent.

Neale Pease has been newly chosen by the girls in the office as the authorized successor to Lee Carpenter, who wishes to resign as the Vasselino of the plant. The new Rodolfo has taken a fancy to Roma West, and we fear for the latter's susceptibility.

Jake Vander Ploeg, tank wagon driver at Holland, is wearing a new fall skimmer won recently when a contest on Red Crown and Polarine was carried on between members of the Holland station force.

This is bad news: Leslie Leaf, city salesman at Muskegon, just had all his teeth yanked out. If you think that isn't bad news, try it yourself.

Chuck Dalga, recently discovered in the wilds of the warehouse, has become half civilized and has been moved up to the iron barrel department. It is rumored they had to hog-tie him to get shoes on him and that he shied at the first typewriter he ever saw.

Bob Abbott calls everybody's machine a "crock," but no adequate name has been found for the old wreck of a Buick he keeps out behind the garage.

The Standard Oil Company baseball team representing the Grand Rapids field has just closed a highly successful season on the diamond. Although the gang met a stumbling block in the second round of the state baseball tournament when they lost to the Kelly Ice Creams, 5 to 3, they have piled up a splendid record of eighteen games won and eight lost, an average of .693. At the close of the year, "Dutch" Lund, first baseman, was leading the hitting column with a percentage of .496.

"Lea" Angle, S. S. superintendent, pulled a boner t'other day. Young man came into the office for the purpose of applying for a job. He laid his cap on a desk and Angle, who was just leaving the building, picked it up and stuck it on his head. Rumor has it that Angle wore the lid two or three days before returning it. This may or may not be true.

Cecil Ford, agent at Quincy, was promised a "new hat—a good one" if he should win the Polarine grease sales contest of one week. He copped the honor by selling 1,460 pounds. Ben Bishop was stuck for $6.50. It must have been a good hat.

W. Van Korlaan, who used to be in the iron department here some time ago, has returned to the fold and is functioning as construction clerk. Van was in high finance during the Summer when he sold rubber balloons at Sunday school picnics.

Well, the gals finally kidded Sophia Coeling into wearing earrings!

"If more efficiency men were only like Mr. Bomford!" That's the sentiment among the feminine workers in the office. He sent clear to Chicago for a box of Fannie Mays for the young ladies.

Pat Keating had quite a long siege of illness during September. We missed Pat, his pipe and his punk puns.

Roy Radke recently underwent a serious operation, but at this writing was reported as being in improved condition.

Jack Miller, who used to be in the garage, is now working in the upstairs office.

Hugo Pierson, who wound up the long epidemic of vacations, is back at his place at the order desk. Jolly Jane Jannereth was a regular grouch for two weeks.

The latest in romances—that involving Mary Kohler of the Equipment Department and Ted Olsee.

Elsa Frey and Roma West declare they have taught Dad Winslow a new and pleasant way of developing a waist line. Or did they say "enveloping?"

Among the newcomers: Joe Hessman, ledgerman; Kenneth Turner, assistant checking clerk; Oliver De Jonge, assistant checking clerk; Carry Renn billing clerk; Margaret Smith, file clerk; Vera Laudsche, file clerk; Margaret Bedrick, file clerk, and Mary Kohler, motor equipment clerk.

John Dietrich, agent at Union City, who claims to have the best beagle hound in southern Michigan, is spending most of his week ends hunting rabbits.

Mrs. Louis Nelson, wife of our Fremont agent, leaves soon for Madison, Wis., where she will undergo a minor operation. The Stanolind family is hoping for a rapid recovery, and a quick return to her duties. She keeps books for her husband.

Eddy Venema, the office Shylock, being told that several houses in his neighborhood had recently been robbed, came to work one morning with a Semdac Mop Can full to the brim of nickels, pennies and dimes and requested a bodyguard to accompany him to the bank.

Albin Froberg has been promoted from motor tank driver to salesman in H. E. Potter's territory.

It is apparent that Don Hartman has been entirely cured of his pernicious habit of "trading, unsight and unseen." Not long ago he and the night watchman negotiated a blind swap of time-pieces. Evidently Don got the worst of the deal for he was forced to give the watchman $2.00 to get back his own chronometer.

Alice Van Ellen has been declared the champion smiler of the office.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Garbow spent the evening in Greenville with Mr. and Mrs. Homer Daane recently. Garbow is our agent at Trufant.

The girls of the office are again contemplating organization of bowling teams for the winter.

HURON, S. D.

Harold L. Eves, Correspondent

All the watermelons we could eat! That is saying something, but nevertheless we had that the day that our janitor, Thomas Garret, put up a watermelon feed for the office force. Tom has a watermelon patch out by his cotton field and has raised a great many loads of melons this year. It certainly was a treat to be able to eat all those melons but don't think it was quite fair to Tom to have to clean up the mess after furnishing the melons. Hey, you girls, how do you get that way? If all of you had been half as sick as Ella was, you wouldn't have got half what you deserved. I certainly have my opinion of stenographers who steal watermelons from a hungry office force and make themselves sick eating same.

Ted Schaefer claims the first wild geese of the season, shooting two on September 23. He did not tell us how many "long tailed" prairie chickens he got.

We understand that ducks and chickens are getting the worst of it this year and the community at large is holding its own. But Zapp, Packard and Drew have the ducks so frightened that when this trio appears, they just fold up their wings and drop down, knowing they haven't a chance in the world.

It seems that watermelon stealing has become a failing in the Huron office, but the melon that Jimmie and Si stole was re-stolen and consumed by the girls.

Say, Dorothy, did you see "Stella" at the South Dakota State Fair?

The ducks in South Dakota haven't a chance in the world this Fall for our "273" clerk is now owner of an automatic shotgun and 10-gauge rifle making him a real old-time South Dakota two time gunman. He uses the automatic while the ducks are close and then, if he misses them (supposing, of

course, that he does) he brings the 10-gauge into action and there is no chance for friend duck.

Mildred says that there must be a great many artists in this office force as they all seem able to draw, at least they can draw conclusions. What can you expect us to do when you come to work decked up in "that kind" of jewelry?

We understand that Chauncey Smith is planning a large bed of strawberries next Spring. How about it, Chauncey?

Mel Kenner is the proud possessor of an intelligent combination hunting dog. It is reported that after many months of intensive training Mel was able to train this superior dog so that he now specializes in hunting jackrabbits.

Mr. Perkins, clerk in the Record and Marketing Department, has the only football mustache in South Dakota. You know what a football mustache is (eleven on each side).

Crowe has been taken from the Record and Marketing Department and made clerk at the Huron Warehouse. Good luck to you, Crowe, and don't get lost among the barrels down there.

How long will it be before you will be buying groceries for two, Cy? For heaven's sake wait until we save up another quarter.

Where did you say those chocolates came from, Miss Kelly? You say from Los Angeles. How come? How come? I didn't know he was in Los Angeles, or could it possibly be another? Surely not!

We now present the wooden nail to H. B. Palm, sales manager, as Mr. Palm has spent the last two Saturdays industriously putting up shelves in the cloak room of his office. He says that there is not room on the floor for everything in there so he is going to see that a few things are put on the shelves.

Wait until the efficiency expert gets hold of Junker's records! He wastes entirely too much space on the record in being polite. The following is an example of his instructions to a stenographer: "I sincerely hope that you have condescended to make an additional copy of this letter, and if so, won't you please send it to the agent at this point?" Say, Carl, don't you know those records cost money? You have to shave down that flowery speech.

George Campbell to telephone operator when he handed her a "used record": "Here, take this down stairs and give it a hair cut."

We had a good note about Bud Shields but the correspondent has decided not to print it because it was so terrible. If it was printed, no doubt, it would have broken Bud up with his girl and the police would run him out of town. The correspondent decided not to print this note concerning Bud if he is rewarded with a package of cigarettes. If I don't receive this bribe, this note will appear in the next Stanolind Record. Bud Shields can take care of his own character!

It is reported that the telephone operator claims she lives next door to a wonderful man. Now, Ada, don't you think it would be much fairer if you would tell him that or otherwise he may never find out?

When the house gets as far along as shingling, you can be sure that it won't be long before they start moving the furniture, and when they move the furniture it will cost us all two bits, for it won't be long before the cashier's cage has another married man. They plan on having Pat in Minneapolis for initiation into the lodge of the "rollin' pin."

Anna says that she has a little banjo player all her own. Does he play it under your window like a real "Romeo?"

From Hawley's conversation, we would take it that Ella and he are very good friends. Can't blame you a bit, Hawley, you use "darned good" judgment!

The questionnaires that Mr. Miller passed around the office caused a great deal of hedging for many people had an awful time figuring out the eight-hour day and some figured an eighteen-hour day.

How was the Corn Palace, Newtie? We hear reports of your actions down there and it is very evident that you enjoyed yourself.

She telephoned him and asked him if he was going to be able to come to Mitchell to spend Sunday and when he refused on account of the condition of the roads she volunteered to take the train to Wolsey from Mitchell where he could meet her and bring her to Huron on the gravel road. Now when a girl has it that bad, Carl, don't you think you had better tell her the truth or let her know that your heart belongs to another? You will have to decide pretty soon Carl, whether it is the Mitchell school teacher or the daughter of a land owner. It will have to be either life in a palace or love in a cottage.

It has been reported that Rude Zapp purchased a very nice box of stationery and has used almost all of it writing to the one he thinks of with that "far away look in his eyes." Coupling this with the fact that his meals are growing smaller and he has lost his appetite, there is not the least bit of a doubt that the little mythical person has directed his bow and sent an arrow true to Rude.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

Death invaded our ranks when Melvin W. Spotts succumbed to the dreaded peritonitis on the morning of September 22. Mr. Spotts entered the employ of the company in December, 1913, and since that time had been connected with the bookkeeping department. He had been a sufferer for a long time but even those working with him were not aware of his affliction which he covered up with a remarkable courage. Mr. Spotts is survived by two orphan children, a daughter, Eleanor, and a son, Melvin Jr. Both are extended the deep sympathy of the entire Indianapolis office in the loss of their father.

On September 28 Fred Peine appeared all set for the Palm Beach season by appearing in our midst with a rejuvenated straw hat. Or was he only celebrating Indian summer?

Ernie Kroencke is back from his trip to Chicago, no casualties registered, although he had a few proud moments in getting off the train when he heard the newsboys shouting, "Wuxtray."

Do they "check in" every noon? We say they do. Who? D. A. Russom and Wallace Revel. D. A. makes a better stab at absorbing his boss' commands, while Wallace only says, "Yes" and "Um Huh," to his better half.

Meet some new prospective stockholders: Robert Schmutt, office boy; Hugh M. Braum, traffic clerk; Florence Chadwick, Order Department, and Virginia Lee, Record Department.

The famous Cannon Ball Baker, holder of many motorcycle and auto cross country records called to see Manager Marshall. Miss Myrtle Clark, *ordinarily* the last word in efficiency, muffed as the following was overheard: "Mr. Marshall, a gentleman from the Cannon Ball *Bakery* to see you."

C. R. Hoover, S. S. No. 86, hit the hard luck trail the other morning by dropping his daily report on the street car tracks and an interurban car did the rest, before C. R. had a chance to save his masterpiece.

L. Kirkpatrick had a thrilling experience at the recent fair held in Muncie, Ind. When ready to go home he picked out what he thought was his Dodge "boat" and started quite an argument with the

rightful owner who was seated in the car. Mrs. Kirkpatrick happened along in time to separate the argument and steer Kirk to the right "buggy."

The bookkeeping department has an adding machine bolted to the window ledge. Among those who had tried to pry loose the office building foundation are Ray Kean and Chief Clerk George Ashman. It is heartbreaking, this old game of the nickel under the show-case glass.

The w. k. Walter Thomas, "E" ledger decorator and also baseball magnate, was ushering his club Ohio-ward last Saturday night (early Sunday morning at 4. A. M. to be exact). With a clear road ahead they were sedaning around 50 m. p. h., then a constable took one squint at their passing shadow and telephoned ahead to the next town. Tommy paid the $12.00 fine and said it was worth every cent to get a close up of the scene in the squire's office and if D. W. Griffith had been there he would have made a bid up in the "thousands."

Tranquility was disturbed in the office the other afternoon when our "senior" compto found (?) a mistake on the adding machine.

W. E. ("Red") Warenberg got lost somewhere between here and Greenfield. It's a straight road, too.

Well, we guess W. (for Bill) Teppig, sales writer, had a thrilling vacation, getting mixed up with a snowstorm, catching thirty bass in one day, etc. Wonder he didn't bring back a grizzly or a mountain "goat" to prove he had been to all these high places.

T. E. Jackson, our freehand drawer of coal buckets on S. S. windows, was working on a design the other day when an old colored man rambled by and inquired, "Are you all gwine to handle coal?"

With the heater going, William Frohliger, S. S. No. 43, decided to take no chances in locking the pump hose in the station for the night, so he carried the hose home with him. Safety First. What?

Disasters still follow Harvey Huntsinger, S. S. No. 312. He bought two fine cakes the other noon intending to take them home for supper or "dinner," as you will have it. He laid these by the telephone; a customer in using the phone indulged in a speech with gestures—"ka-blooey" went Harvey's cakes, flatter than that.

George Retz, son of A. C. Retz, S. S. No. 24, Anderson, Ind., on a hike to Los Angeles, Calif., says he expects to visit every SOCO S. S. on his route. He is big and husky, put him to carry out ashes, boys.

Howard Martin, S. S. No. 316, Clinton, brought joy to the boys by being armed with a box of cigars the other morning. The reason appears to be Howard Jr., weight 6½ pounds, stripped.

Bloomington

Here it is verbatim: "At a little outing enjoyed by us SOCO boosters, eating was the principal game played, next to "barnyard golf." Voss Cox, agent, had little opposition in defending his title as champion. The eating contest on ice cream brought out more "heated" competition: Hillerman, 1¼ gallon; Cox, 1 gallon; Gray, ¾ gallon, and Cox Jr. was flagged out on ½ gallon. Leo Flenner arrived in time to wash the dishes."

Shelbyville "throwed" a picnic recently but seem to be able to keep it a secret.

29th Street, Indianapolis

Joe White is our popular driver. Being out on the circuit, he brings in the apples, peaches, plums and paw-paws. The boys all wait for Joe every night. One day's cargo follows: 4 cantaloupes, 2 watermelons, 1 peck apples, 2 dozen pears, 2 hats of peaches and 3 dozen paw-paws. Which shows an assortment grows between the plant and Traders Point.

O. O. DeLong, veteran tank driver, has been transferred to yardmaster. O. O. says between loading trucks and passing out buckets and funnels, it's like running a bargain counter.

M. T. Driver William Pickard and family motored to Dayton, Ohio, to spend a week end. Coming back the "290 F. O. B." laid down on the job, proving a weakness for habits.

John Gahan claims all the dirt around his house is from the new water main they are laying out his way. You can't fool us, John! You are digging in for the winter.

"Keep the tanks filled," John. John Huber walked the last half to work the other morning when he found the old Mitchell was out of R. C.

Circuit Drivers Jerry Dean and Joe White are in a two-day race for new customers. Agent F. F. Keelen is referee.

Clerk Al Vehling dreams of the advent of an adding machine. His late struggle with a column one yard long and five rows wide being one of the reasons.

Harry Dye is the owner of an industrious Ford. He has to tie the rear end to a post to keep it from running away when the motor starts. Agent Keelen explained the phenomenon thusly, "That's all right, Harry, any car that has Red Crown in the tank is always 'rarin' to go."

M. T. Driver William Pacey is noticed touring the boulevards around Riverside Park almost every night. Trying to break the new Star into high society, Bill?

Terre Haute

Sunday, September 2, the employees and families in District Superintendent J. J. Miller's district gave a picnic of real proportions at McCormick's Creek State Park. After everybody had gorged themselves, the gang gathered around to see the presentation of prizes by the district superintendent. J. C. Logan was presented with a gold pen and pencil, as first prize. He was the "B" Station agent who sold the greatest number of gallons of Polarine in August. L. L. Fleener was presented with a gold fraternal button. He won it by being the general salesman who sold the most Lithographed cans of Polarine. W. F. Gray was given a Gillette for having sold the greatest number of Lithographed cans of Polarine in the capacity of driver. "Bob" Baker was the driver selling the greatest number of 25-pound pails of Mica and won an Eversharp. After the presentations, a musical program was offered. Piano solos were rendered by Miss Anna Isom and whistling solos were given by Miss Lucy Edwards. Yes, a dancing act by a young lady was keenly enjoyed by the older married fellows. The big event of the day proved to be a lively ball game, played by the Terre Haute Little Potatoes and the Rosehill Stiffs or Neversweats, from Bloomington, managed by Voss Cox, who played the bench. John Miller umpired the game, and since he lives in Bloomington, it was very apparent from the start that his sympathy was with the Rose Hill Stiffs. (Rose Hill is the name of Bloomington's most popular cemetery). The opening of the set-to showed the following lineups:

T. H. Little Potatoes	*Rose Hill Stiffs*
"Peanuts" Butler, Catch.	Gray, Catch.
"Chick" Gardner, Pitch.	Wynant, Pitch.
"Bill" Oliver, S. S.	Passmore, S. S.
"Speed" Cox, 1st B.	Wright, 1st B.
Elbrecht, 2nd B.	Kingsley, 2nd B.
Fegeley, 3rd B.	Carnine, 3rd B.
Colglazier, L. F.	Logan, L. F.
Sparks, C. F.	Dowell, C. F.
Liffick, R. F.	Brown, R. F.

The game went "nip and tuck" for eight innings,

and in the ninth it was all Terre Haute until Umpire J. J. Miller began to pull his rare decisions, which caused a riot and a forfeit of the game to the Rose Hill Stiffs. Our Umpire, however, showed all signs of being of Big League caliber as he could see nothing where Terre Haute was concerned. He would be good for a pennant with any home town team. Sparkling plays were made by "Bill" Oliver who went far back to grab a Texas leaguer and Kingsley, who speared a hot liner off Cox's bat with one hand. Sparks, playing C. F. and Logan, L. F., both turned somersaults in retrieving drives into their territories. Truly, it was a great day, a great crowd, and will not be forgotten by the lucky ones who attended.

Frank Woods and C. R. Tryon composed the "gang" from Indianapolis. Doc. Clifton ate a lot of pickles. Gates and his suspenders mingled with the throng. Of course, Frank Woods brought along his scenics and put on a candle show. The little SOilers outnumbered the big folks about 10 to 1. Willard and his best girl from West Terre Haute were there, not that Willard has any "best" at any other villages. It was too cloudy for an amateur photographer.

Arlie Colzlazier brought in a report showing 22 tickets covering 10 gallon deliveries. How's that for a record?

Alva Liffick, Ernest Christy and Oliver Wright have joined our force since last issue.

We wonder what would happen if Roy Hay failed to take the S. R. home to his son. We learn that youngster Hay is one of our most enthusiastic readers.

Howard Greiner sighs because Terre Haute did not win the Three-I pennant. He cheered up a lot when told the boys are going out to cop a real rag, the Red Crown banner.

Jay Dawson, general salesman, is not going to move to Patricksburg.

Omar Lundsford has received as high as two pink letters from Cincinnati in one day. Next!

Willard Glick, S. S. No. 66, slipped over to Paris, Ill., to get all hitched up. Mr. and the new Mrs. think they are cute but the whole affair will be published in the next issue without fail and will include pictures, too.

JOLIET, ILL.

C. H. Kniep (field) and Miss Evelyn Reece (office), Correspondents

D. M. Otis, agent at Joliet, has entered into a new profession, that of prescription doctor. No, not that of "moonshine," but for Stanolax, claiming that Stanolax will cure most any ailment and has sufficient proof should anyone doubt his word.

Safety First News: The bird who races with a train to a crossing usually spends in a hospital or morgue the time he thought he would save.—By Daniel Dever, salesman.

Another Standard Oil Addition: Thomas Christenson, crack motor tank wagon driver at Elgin, Ill., wishes to announce the arrival of a ten-pound boy, September 24. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Christenson.

George Johnson, cashier, has returned from his vacation, advising he motored to Detroit, accompanied by his family; also crossed the river, going into Canada.

J. L. Jackson, our candle salesman, gave a demonstration on how he secures big orders, at the Woodruff Inn, recently. Our manager and assistant manager were among those present who viewed the display

More wedding bells: J. F. Buck, Construction Department, was married September 12 to Miss Mildred Mahon of Morris. After a wedding trip to Milwaukee and around the lakes, they will make their home in Joliet, residing at 1402 Clement street. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Buck.

Assistant Manager C. M. Monson seems to like *pop corn*. It is all right, Mr. Monson, the more you eat the more you want, only be careful when carrying same under your arm you don't get your sleeve all buttered up.

William Barge, formerly salesman at Joliet, has been transferred to Rockford, Ill. Mr. Barge made a host of friends during his short stay in Joliet.

Steve Ryan, S. S. attendant at No. 11, has returned to work after being off several days, due to sickness.

J. N. Lovejoy, formerly of the garage, has taken over the duties as refined oil and gasoline man in the Stock Department. Lovejoy is a nice name but, remember, girls, someone else fell for that name.

A sore nose and a couple of bruised knees were suffered by Mr. Roberts the other night while on his way home. He tells us he stumbled in the dark, but that is hard to believe, especially in these days of prohibition. How about it, Clyde?

Anyone in need of an overcoat? We suggest that you call upon R. W. Anderson of the Stock Department. Bob says he has the latest styles and colors for the coming season. Prices are reasonable.

We were wondering why Hazel Gumaelius wore such a sad expression Saturday, September 22. It later developed Mr. G——— left the employ. Why worry, Hazel, there are many others.

Cards were received from Anna Swenson of the Check Department who is spending her vacation in various cities in Indiana.

We would like to have an explanation from F. Davidson regarding a letter addressed to a certain young lady in Hammond, Ind. Said young lady's address was found while unpacking candles and Mr Davidson promptly started to write as follows: "My dear candle specialty." We hope you are successful, Francis, in this venture.

Roy, we understand the way to a man's heart is through his stomach .Is the dancing girl filling the bill?

Frances Smith, what's this we hear about you winning percolators and clocks? From all appearances, we may be losing you soon.

We are advised that Mr. Johnson and Elmer Campbell of the Cashier's cage, have decided to purchase one of Andy Gump's combination hair brush and mirror. What we would like to know is, what use Mr. Johnson really has for same?

Elsie Fritz is back with us again after five months touring Europe. She tells of some wonderful experiences. However, when it comes to dancing, she is for the way they dance in the states, especially compared to the way the boys in Germany whirl you around. How about it, Elsie?

Out little fat friend, Miss Reece, of the Dictaphone Department is on her vacation enjoying a much needed rest. We doubt, however, from the looks of things, whether she will be very much rested after said vacation.

Albert F. Synder and Miss Mildred Krusie of Freeport were married at Rockford, on September 20. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Krusie of Freeport, having resided in Freeport all her life. Mr. Synder is one of the most popular agents of the Standard Oil Company, and at the present time is agent at Pecatonica. After an extended honeymoon trip in Wisconsin, Mr. and Mrs. Snyder will make their home in Pecatonica and an open house is extended to fellow employees who happen to visit Pecatonica.

We are advised of the arrival of a ten-pound boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cartier on September

24. Mr. Cartier is employed in J. D. Quinn's office in Kankakee. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Cartier.

We also learned that R. H. Johnson, salesman at Rockford, was the proud "daddy" of twins, but since regretted to learn of the death of one of them.

Freeport

E. W. Greb, agent, is keeping himself busy nights organizing the new Freeport Country Club.

R. E. Harrison is spending the week end in Warren, Ill., for certain reasons. Last week "Red" played Santa Claus by taking two girls to the circus.

Ab. McKinley keeps himself busy these days keeping the nearby warehouse stocked up with supplies. It sure is a compliment to Freeport to have such an efficient force in keeping up their stock.

Henry Kaiser, one of our efficient truck drivers, spent Labor Day hunting squirrels in the woods near Freeport. He succeeded in pulling down six—not quite enough to invite the gang up for a feed. We are now waiting for coon season to open so that Henry can get some coon for us.

S. S. No. 29 is being painted by request of Attendant Glenn Harrison. He says he has an awful time keeping his friend, Bernice, away from the paint. This same Glenn is a brother of "Red" Harrison, our salesman from Warren.

Kewanee

Another Red Crown and Polarine advocate arrived in Kewanee, August 14, and now the boys are calling L. N. Fredeen, agent, "Pop." This all happened the day gasoline dropped, and between the new arrival and the drop of gas, Fredeen had a most exciting day.

C. E. Foster is having considerable trouble with his "Monroe" roadster, these days. Cliff is a staunch supporter of Finol, consequently decided to use some in his gas. He claims the Finol cleaned all the carbon out, and now the valve stems are about one-quarter inch too long.

R. E. Nelson, formerly S. S. attendant at No. 2, has been transferred to tank wagon driver. He is after the business early, late and on Sundays. If he doesn't get it, it won't be Nelson's fault.

Cliff went and did it! What? Got married! He says he would like to meet the party who put castor oil in the wine at the wedding supper.

Ottawa

E. L. Roades is our agent at Ottawa, and from all appearances and past records, he will be a credit to the city of Ottawa. We look to see our business increase at least 100 per cent in this city.

Yes, we have a "Doug Fairbanks" in Ottawa, at S. S. No. 18. Why the smile, Bill? You, of course, cannot imagine who we mean.

Frank Woolbert is the new driver on the Pierce Arrow Tank Truck at Ottawa, Ill., replacing William Beals who is now our warehouse foreman.

Vince Madden is the new agent at Wedron, Ill. He has started off with a *bang* and will soon be hitting the ball with the veterans.

Field News

Al Scheidt is sure one rapid transfer man. When Watson, Heninger and Dever pulled into Kankakee, the first thing Scheidt did was to transfer them into his coupe, at the same time putting their grips all over the road. The streets from John Quinn's station to the hotel was strewn with grips. Some mover, he.

Ray Walzer, attendant at Rock Falls, S. S. No. 47, was seen at 8:30 A. M., August 25, enjoying the sights at La Salle. How about it, Walzer?

Louis Rahn is our new agent at Geneseo. He is operating a new Dodge and a Ford Truck. He has already started the Red Crown Campaign *via the route system.*

Anyone desiring to learn the art of selling Red Crown, please connect with W. D. Smith, crack attendant at Geneseo S. S. No. 9.

Agent W. F. Hamm, of Granville, is sporting a new "I. H. C." Speed Truck.

During the recent price change, Ross Bealer, agent at Morrison, changed breakfast hour to 5:00 A. M. and supper to 8:30 P. M.

Roy Eberley, agent at Hinckley, who has been on the sick list, is again driving his truck and feeling fine. You can't keep a good fellow down.

H. O. Prestigaard, agent at Shabbona, brought the Shabbona Field through with a fine gain on Red Crown for August. This is something that has not been done for some little time. Much credit should be given to Mr. Prestigaard owing to the competition at that point.

Glenn Niebergall, agent at Sycamore, is a very busy man these days, as there have been about sixty-five oil burners installed in Sycamore and Glenn is desirous of serving them with Stanolind Furnace Oil. He said he will sell at least 30,000 gallons or more this Winter.

"Dad" Clay, the old stand-by for Stockton agent, was operated upon for appendicitis last week. We hope to see you back with us soon, "Dad."

Guy Jones, tank wagon salesman, started a routing station at Warren last week. Every morning Jones and Reynolds, agent, have their morning exercise cranking Jones' Ford Truck.

Cecil Heninger was taken ill while at Sandwich shortly ago. Running quite a temperature, he was inclined to have strange dreams. He said he dreamed he saw Daniel Dever standing on a Polarine barrel waving a Semdac Mop, singing, "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

KANSAS CITY, MO.

W. F. McGarry, Correspondent

Announcing the arrival of a fine baby girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Ware. Congratulations! Albert is a city salesman, and takes 5 or 10 minutes at each store now to tell them about his daughter.

Fay E. Scott did not surprise the bunch at all when he announced his wedding. He received a nice present from the office force, and has directed the correspondent to express his thanks and appreciation through this column. Congratulations!

Frank G. McGowan (otherwise "Jerry") announced the arrival of a fine big baby boy at his home. How these Irish do like to announce the arrival of "a boy." Jerry says he goes to the ball games next Summer.

At this writing, the Blues are in a horse race for the A. A. pennant, and John Francis may get to see the Orioles this year.

When Salesman Asher, Parsons, Kas., was in the office some time ago he requested that we print a story about three dogs, in which "Dutch" Gillet was involved. We are going to withhold this story until we have the verification from Dutch.

Miss Beaverforden succeeds Miss Carpenter, who has resigned. She appears to be getting along fine with those two hard-boiled construction men, Sprout and Johnson. Frank is sharpening up some on his dictation lately, or seems to have a lot of it, anyway.

Fred Oberlander has been transferred from the Traffic Department to the Legal Department, and reports that he likes his new work.

Joe Wilhelm takes Oberlander's place as assistant to Mr. Pott, traffic manager. Joe is a real star, and should go a long way on this job. The reason he

didn't take the position a long time ago is that he thought it was something like traffic cop.

Lawrence Williams, price clerk, looks fine after returning from a three weeks' rest.

This is to announce the arrival of an eleven-pound son on September 11, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Patrick. J. W. is agent at LeRoy, Kas. The young man has been named John Wallace, and will soon be big enough to help his daddy run the truck.

T. T. Tennant, district superintendent, was recently transferred to district No. 3, with headquarters at Iola. No. 3 have welcomed him with great enthusiasm.

E. C. McFarland is back on the job, after an illness of about three weeks. Glad to see you back, Mac.

A. L. Russell was high man in the Polarine Campaign in District No. 4, O. L. Scott finishing second, only fourteen gallons behind.

James Billiard and Angelo Scalet have joined the Standard Oil family. Welcome, men.

New employees: Tom Streeper, agent, Lamar; Elmer B. Lepp, agent, Schell City; Alvin E. Ridge, S. S. attendant at Eldorado Springs, and C. T. Glover, S. S. attendant at Sedalia. Welcome to our family, boys.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Beck announce the arrival of a 9-pound baby girl on September 10. They have called the young lady Betty Louise. Congratulations, Mr. Beck.

Mr. Ferris has been placed in charge of S. S. No. 49, Parsons, Kas., and J. A. Needs has been placed in charge of S. S. No. 91, Parsons, Kas. Watch Parsons S. S. sales this year.

C. E. Leonard is the new agent at Pleasanton, Kas., and J. M. Guiles is the new agent at Parsons, Kas. These agents look like live wires, says our correspondent in the field.

Clifton Cargile is the new agent at Baldwin, Kas. Cargile ought to make things hum at Baldwin as he was formerly on the Sales Force.

H. H. Rimmer will operate the station at Orrick, we have leased. "Howdy, Henry, old timer."

D. Allenson is the new agent at Riley, Kas. Howdy!

J. B. McElhinny is the new S. S. man at St. John and Brighton, succeeding Thurman Pepper, who has gone into business for himself, but is going to handle the good old Red Crown and Polarine. Congratulations to both.

D. D. Dillman is the new attendant at Yates Center, and R. E. McLaughlin is the new man at S. S. No. 24, Coffeyville.

The annual Tiger-Jayhawker Campaign was won by the Tigers. The high salesman in each district follows: V. N. Dyer, E. G. Neel, J. A. Gillet, A. L. Russell, Mark Nichols, E. S. Jones. There is no use talking, when a man sets his mind to win, something is going to happen and we know every one of these men had his heart set on winning. Congratulations, gentlemen. It was some battle.

The high agents were, Ed. Harding, Junction City, Kas.; J. S. Cordell, Gardner, Kas., and G. W. Lee, Parsons, Kas.

The high Service Stations were No. 317, Independence, Mo., and Fourth and Minnesota, K. C. K. It was a close race between these two stations.

E. N. Shallenberger, assistant manager of Minneapolis field, stopped off with his family at Kansas City, recently, while on a trip to Springfield. He was welcomed by H. C. Griffin, manager, Kansas City. We have a little incident in connection with Mr. Shallenberger's visit. It seems that young Mr. Shallenberger, 3 years old, got hold of a Pure Oil Company cap somewhere, and insisted on wearing it. Now this would not do. So, Mr. Shallenberger had to make arrangements for a Standard Oil Company cap for the young man and make a lightning exchange when junior wasn't looking. The last we heard of this, junior was happy in the knowledge that he was wearing a "Pure Oil Company Cap." At three, they're a little young to get the real S. O Co. spirit—but you watch this young gent when he's four, and offer him that same Pure Oil Company cap, and see what he does.

Verne Dyer had a stock of new ones when he was in the office the other day. Come in again, Verne.

The Coupon Book Campaign is nearly over, and we have uncovered some real sales work. An accompanying article will tell all about J. B. Moore, who put over the biggest thing ever heard of in Kansas City. Congratulations, J. B.!

LA CROSSE, WIS.

Miss Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

John Benish, order clerk, figures wife and husband are one, so why should he pay two admissions to the fair. Only one way out for John—Mrs. Benish paid at the gate and John took a fence ticket (no charge for fence tickets). After taking in the sights John and wife left the Fairgrounds through the gate (exit free). We have heard that Fred Schroeder and Art Wanner figured the same. How about it?

J. W. Shields, explaining the Gold Slug he wears on his watch chain, said: "It's pure and unadulterated, just like me."

Harold Thwing is the new attendant at S. S. No. 303, La Crosse.

Bill Trapp, preparing for a twenty mile trip to Bangor, said: "Well I guess I'll have to take a day off, my car needs greasing, my suit needs pressing and I need a bath. Then I'll be ready to start tomorrow." Bill went and said he had a wonderful time.

Edw. R. Sensenbrenner has been installed as agent at Stanley, Wis. We wish you lots of luck.

Fair week and Mr. Hansen took a half day vacation, saying: "I'm going to stay home and take care of the babies, while my wife goes to the Fair." How many have you, Mr. Hansen?

Beware, Bunk, we are watching to see why you always go home West avenue.

Said the Traffic Cop to Ginky, "You are next." When Ginky went up to pay his fine the room was so crowded he could hardly get through. Nothing like being popular, Ginky.

Rudie had planned a trip to Gilmanton, but it started to rain so these are some of the questions he had to answer: "Are we going?" "Is it raining yet?" "What do you think about the roads?"

G. R. Johnson, truck driver at Red Wing, Minn., proved that nothing could stop a Standard Oil truck. During a wind and hail storm, a tree had been blown across the road, near the farmer's house where Johnson was going, so he got out his ax and saw and started to work cutting the tree. It wasn't long before he was able to go his way. Johnson not only delivered his load but made the way clear for the next car. Fine work, Johnson.

Miss Helen Gassert spent a week at Dubuque, Ia. It's a long way from Milwaukee, Helen, or does "he" live there?

Francis Grenison is our new office boy.

Rudie came to work the other morning with his hand up to his face, and upon close inspection we could see that one side was larger than the other. When asked what was the trouble, Rudie said, "I'm cutting my wisdom teeth." Never mind, Rudie, you'll soon grow up.

Miss Blanch Gayman, Iron Barrel department, spent the week end in Brownsville, Minn. Yes, George lives there.

Funny isn't it, Jasper, where these speed cops come from. $12.50 is a rather large donation all at one time.

V. L. Kent, former agent at Claremont, Minn., has been transferred to agent at Dodge Center, Minn.

We don't know the reason, but they say that Rudie passed the cigars.

There are now three times as many oil stations as there were saloons, and they don't give away bologna either.

J. W. Wood, agent instructor, visited the La Crosse office last week.

We wish to express our sympathy to Omar Johnson, assistant cashier, whose mother passed away, September 10.

E. Herrwig spent the week in Eau Claire, Wis.

A. B. Nichols, chief clerk, was called to Washington on account of the death of his brother. The entire La Crosse Division extends their sympathy.

M. J. Harding has been installed as agent at Boyd, Wis.

F. Klick, garage foreman, drove one of the Winther trucks to Milwaukee last week. This truck has been transferred to that division.

Ernie has found out that one can't do two things at once, such as ride a bicycle and carry an umbrella. Next time Ernie left one at home 'cause these electrics are liable to be found on most any corner.

Time—8:00 A. M. Walter Selbo—"Oh, rats! Here I am." 1st Office Dog—"Walter must feel good." 2nd Office Dog—"How come?" 1st Office Dog—"He feels like a piece of cheese."

Winona, Minn.

Joseph Simons, clerk, passed the cigars around recently, and when asked what for, he smiled and said, "It's a boy." Congratulations to you and yours, Joe.

Girls, for your information, Arthur Gilsdorf, country truck driver at Winona, is single and when he started he said he wanted a job so he could settle down. Now don't push.

R. W. Watkins, purchasing agent for the J. R. Watkins Co., wants to know what became of the party that formerly called upon him to sell him coupon books. "She or he?" That's telling.

A. Van Sickle was one of the oldest men in the La Crosse Division, being with the S. O. Co. for twenty-nine years. When he left the company he was presented with a gold watch fob as a token of remembrance by his fellow workers at Winona. Van has been spending some time at his old home in Canada, but his friendly face can be seen around the office now as it is rather hard for him to stay away. He says he got all of ten cents for his alarm clock.

Harry Gleason, although still single, has taken upon himself a so-called car. He is trying to figure out a way of filling four cars at one time, giving them all individual service, besides getting the quart of Polarine in and not forgetting the Semdac they need.

Our new warehouse is under construction and we hope to be able to move in by December 15. George Rennebohm is right on the job and knows how to keep things in fine shape. Mr. Drysdale, our warehouse man, has ordered door mats and has started to issue orders.

MANKATO, MINN.

W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

The entire Division sympathizes with E. L. Randall, Marshall agent, in the death of his wife on August 28. The funeral, which was held at Owatonna on Friday, August 31, was largely attended by fellow employees. The death of Mrs. Randall was totally unexpected and a great shock to the entire community, where she had taken active part in many civic activities.

We venture the opinion that the truck operated by our agent at Lake Crystal, A. J. Bate, is just about the niftiest piece of equipment operated by a commission agent anywhere. Mr. Bate is a hustler who takes great pride in the appearance of his equipment as evidenced by his station and truck.

W. C. Anderson, our genial and efficient agent at Frost, was a welcome caller in the office on September 12. Mr. Anderson is full of energy and optimism and when he left the office he carried a huge bundle of advertising material which he intends to broadcast throughout his field.

The Petroleum Educational Club held its first session of the Fall term on Monday, September 10, at 6 P. M. F. C. Brown was scheduled to give the address of the evening on "Transportation" but illness prevented him from attending and his paper was read by John W. Grimes. The paper was complete in every detail and gave the members much information concerning the Traffic Department of our Company. M. Gretz handled the discussion in a very able manner, bringing out many points of added interest.

September 11 will long be remembered by Mankato office folk because on that day J. F. Wilke was presented with a thirty-year service badge, and G. M. Bergmann, F. C. Brown, J. J. Meyer and G. H. Kelly were presented with ten-year badges. No event ever made a more profound impression. The entire force gathered in the downstairs office to hear the presentations and the responses which, although in the same vein, reflected the thought that true service and loyalty really pay.

E. L. Osten grabbed a vacation during the opening weeks of the hunting season and motored to the neighborhood of Heron Lake where it was reported that the game was so plentiful, a boy could get the limit with a sling-shot. This was good news for the lengthy, would-be nimrod so he hied himself forth with his ancestor's trusty muzzle-loader and a bloodthirsty fox terrier to retrieve the spoils. He might have bagged some of the denizens of the wild. We don't know. We know of no one who witnessed the slaughter nor have we heard of one who was led to a burdened banquet board. Make your own deductions because we are saying absolutely nothing.

The second September meeting of the Petroleum Educational Club was held on the evening of September 24th, when R. W. Pinney addressed the membership on "Refineries—Types, Locations, Ownership." The paper brought out many interesting points which led to a spirited discussion. At this meeting it was voted to prohibit the reading of papers at all future meetings and to make it compulsory for the members to speak from notes, or from memory. This plan, it is believed, will lead to greater self-confidence in addressing various gatherings.

The office bowling sharks are preparing to enter the Mankato City League this Fall where they claim they will make it mighty interesting for all contesting teams. The boys who are at present practicing on the hard maple drives and rivalling Jimmy Smith are Clem Nuebel, George Kelly, John Grimes, R. E. Neubel, Ed Hagerty and Steve Armstrong.

J. F. Wilke spent two weeks, commencing September 17, in a grand and glorious vacation during which time he followed the races at practically every County Fair in Southern Minnesota. Jack reports the time of his life and says the horses

this year furnished some real excitement. We understand, from Jack's remarks, that there should be legislation passed preventing County Fairs from taking the same dates for their respective programs. He claims that this is a nefarious practice and causes him to miss several of the best race cards.

Silvy Bjerke, attendant at S. S. No. 37, Owatonna, commanding officer of the Owatonna National Guard outfit, was with the boys at the state encampment at Fort Snelling. Bjerke's outfit is one of the snappiest in the state and made a splendid appearance at the encampment.

W. R. Clark, formerly S. S. superintendent in this Division and now with the Des Moines Division in the same capacity, stopped off at Mankato during August on his way back to work after spending some time in the north to escape the hay fever. The office folk regret that Mr. Clark was here on a Sunday and that they did not have the opportunity to greet him.

It was to be expected that J. J. Meyer would decamp for the hunting grounds when the duck and prairie chicken season opened and that is exactly what happened. Leaving the equipment department for only a day caused Joe great worry but the call of the open was not to be resisted. Report has it that the Meyer larder is now stocked for the winter with wild fowl.

The office girls had a surprise party on Gertrude Hager on Friday evening, September 21. The surprise feature did not come off according to plans as Miss Hager, who is soon to become the bride of George Kelly, discovered the plans through the perfidy of the office canary. Progressive bridge was played during the evening and Miss Hager was presented with a beautiful remembrance by her coworkers at the office. The wedding will be properly announced in next month's issue of the Record.

Eugene Whitney, attendant at S. S. No. 25, Fairmont, has returned to his station after a short absence in Illinois where he was called by the death of a relative.

Hay fever's annual invalids, Vernon Alm and John Kibbee, attendants at Albert Lea and Luverne, respectively, are back at their work after a sojourn in the northern part of the state to escape this affliction.

Office people acknowledge an August call by T. P. Jones, a former Mankato man who is now at Quincy, Ill. Tom spent part of his vacation in our city renewing old acquaintances.

C. M. Munson, formerly chief clerk at Mankato and a Mankato boy, visited the office during August. Carl is now located at Joliet, where we understand he is just as popular as he was while at Mankato. It might interest Joliet people to know that C. M.'s appellation in Mankato is "Cull," and by that name will he always be known to his many friends in this city.

On a recent Sunday morning, Bill Schultz, our elongated agent at Owatonna, blew into the village declaring that he had bagged nine fine prairie chickens in the wilds of Steele County. Some investigating showed (to the Owatonna force, at least) that two of the said prairie chickens looked suspiciously like those commonly called "Rhode Island Reds." Affidavits covering this statement are on file with Andy Schmanski, attendant at S. S. No. 2 Owatonna.

On Sunday, September 16, Mr. and Mrs. F. McK. Blough celebrated their second wedding anniversary in fitting fashion. The correspondent and his estimable wife were present, and said copy writer hereby affirms that the celebration was eminently fitting although "friend wife" has some doubts.

Captain L. H. Morton, Private Jim Murray, Sergeant Wallie Anderson, Private George Cox and Private Fred Johnson, all of the Mankato organization, have returned to their duties after attending National Guard encampment at Fort Snelling, Minn. Private Cox vouchsafed the information, that "it's too darn cold to play army in September. Let's have the next encampment in July."

Tony Randig and Cliff Adams, attendants at S. S. No. 5, Mankato, claim that they have been slighted in all this coupon book publicity which has been circulated through the Stanolind Record. The boys claim that they have a coupon book record which has not been equalled by any one of whom they have heard. During the month of August, 1923, these hustlers sold 227 ten dollar books. Now if there is anyone who can beat this mark, we'd like to hear about it.

G. A. White, sales manager, went hunting on opening day with a party of friends. They bagged a nice bunch of ducks and chickens and incidentally were caught in a terrible rain storm in the vicinity of Bingham Lake which stopped hunting operations.

Edward Stolen, gasoline salesman, claims the distinction of being the only Standard Oil man who ever shot a fowling piece from a touring car going at the exact rate of 47.5 per hour. We grant him his contention but do not understand why he should be dubbed "Sureshot Stolen" among the men of the Owatonna field, as it is not written that he hit anything other than the clear blue atmosphere.

The boys at Albert Lea are disgusted with the outlook since the Mankato Baseball team came to their fair city and annihilated the Albert Lea Tigers by a three to one score in an eleven inning game for the League Championship. Besides taking the championship home with them, we understand that some members of the S. O. family from Mankato successfully depleted the exchequers of several of the Albert Lea outfit. For the facts in the case, ask Fred Elliott, Fred Luff, C. V. Gunion et all, of Albert Lea. Later: Mankato lost the championship to Albert Lea and the Albert Lea boys have been in hysterics ever since, in fact they are getting so hysterical that they have an idea that they can defeat the Mankato crew on sales of Red Crown gasoline.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Miss Marie J. Zacha, Correspondent

Alice Parish, who had been helping temporarily in the Filing Department, left to resume her studies at Ripon College.

Mart Moran, tank wagon driver at Portage, can give a helpful hint in getting a customer's name spelled correctly. He carries part of the awning of one of his customers in his pocket so as to get the spelling correct on the 090.

In a recent issue of the Stanolind Record the query appeared. "The employees at Cheboygan are wondering who the next party will be on." How about it, Roy? We can truthfully say that not even the shortage of homes prevented cupid from fulfilling his pledge. Roy W. Beernink, our S. S. checker and warehouseman, was united in marriage to Miss Elnore Flader, formerly a clerk at the Standard Oil office at Cheboygan. The employees wish them the best of luck in their undertaking.

Meyer, Eppenberger and Weckmueller, Bookkeeping Department, recently sneaked away from their wives and hiked to the government pier, investing in some fishpoles and minnows to demonstrate their fishing skill to the old timers. They did create some heart throbbing excitement when Eppenberger slipped. Quick action on the part of

Meyer and Weckmueller avoided what might have been a mean splash.

Recently A. C. Powell, general clerk, was presented with a handsome watch, the occasion being his departure to the Decatur, Ill., office. He was appointed assistant chief clerk there. While we dislike seeing you go, Al, we wish you lots o' luck in your new field.

Eddie Reiss, of the Stock Department, sprung a good one. Why, you ain't seen nothin' yet unless you've viewed the new "Eduardo Spliteeno" jeans introduced by Eddie. By the way, we can, with a certain degree of safety, prophesy that the same fate may shortly befall neighbor Kayees, unless he discontinues his milk cure.

G. J. St. Louis has been appointed lubricating salesman in the Northern District.

R. C. Huntoon has been employed as general salesman in the Kenosha territory.

Messrs F. A. Statz and E. Shellestad paid a short visit to Milwaukee office recently. Welcome, boys! We're always mighty glad to see you.

The following is City District Superintendent Duncan's idea of the laziest man in the world: A man who puts a funnel in the top of a radiator and drives down the street in the rain.

We wish to advise C. H. Dibble, our salesman at Kenosha, to be more careful when he calls on his sick friends or else take his own furniture with him. Recently while calling on Salesman Ward Bryant, who has been confined to his bed for some time, he broke off the back of the chair upon which he was gracefully tilted and dented the washstand with his ivory dome.

'Smatter, Paul Glenn? Thinking of buying the Arcade?

We wish Irene Peppey, genial pay roll clerk, an abundance of bliss and blessing. She recently became the bride of William Van Vleet.

Ral Yont, Stock Department, has been confined to his domicile for some time, nursing a disabled leg, which was the result of an automobile accident. Here's for a speedy recovery. (Ral, have you lost your taste for shrimps?)

Maybe it's not for us to butt in, but, Alex, how is that little affair between you and Hilma thriving?

The latter part of September, Margie Roedel, Iron Barrel Department, took Jimmie Berge for her lawful husband until death do them part. Jimmie will be remembered as having formerly been in the Stock Department. Oodles of luck to both of you.

Now, all razzing aside, Len Zobel is getting to be quite the humdinger on the golf grounds.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

G. E. Anderson, Correspondent

Bill Zimmerman, of Sioux City, was a recent visitor to Minneapolis renewing acquaintances. Bill certainly looks fine and we were mighty glad to see him again.

Paul Peterson, E. Lundquist, George Larson, George Lionhard, Roy Woodward, M. Peterson, and "Bill the tinner" went to Crooked Lake a short time ago on a fishing trip. The boys report a very enjoyable time and came back with plenty of fish and ducks.

Paul and George Lionhard got up in the middle of the night in order to get a shot at ducks before sunrise. Someone said they stayed up to enjoy the moon.

They had to tie Roy Woodward in the car on the way back or he would have deserted them at the Indian Trading Post. Better look out for those squaws, Roy, they'll get your scalp yet.

Recently the girls of the Stenographic Department went to the home of Miss Boyum to demonstrate their ability to cook as well as to push the keys. After eating the most delicious lunch that has been prepared for many moons, the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and singing. Ask Miss Tuffley if we had a good time.

Beg your pardon! Last month we committed a grievious error by calling Miss Paddleford "Grace" when it should be "Blanche."

Miss Emma Madse has been added to the Stenographic Department.

We've got to hand it to Miss McCauley when it comes to playing hostess. Recently, she entertained the girls of the Stenographic Department at a luncheon, and if you'll ask the girls they'll tell you that it was s-o-m-e luncheon. (And say, did you know that Miss McCauley is a brand new aunt and proud as can be? We wonder if her name will be Bernice.) The remainder of the evening was spent in playing cards, having with them the Norwegian Whist shark, Mrs. Chandler, after which all departed, voting the evening a most enjoyable one, but regretting that Mr. Connolly wasn't there to help wash the dishes.

The girls of the Stenographic Department have seemed rather lonesome lately. We hope Hank Steffes will soon return from his vacation and all will be well.

The stork left a baby girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herb Beste, Melrose. Mr. Beste is our S. S. attendant.

Leo Hoeschen, Freeport agent, has stopped chewing snuff. What next, Leo?

Gregor Voit, Melrose agent, had a long smile when his August commission check came. Gregor says it was twice as large as for August, 1921.

Agent Swan Thornbloom, Sauk Center, resigned and was succeeded by E. E. Taylor, a Montana cow puncher. We welcome Mr. Taylor.

Andrew A. Fraser, Osakis agent, says he is not afraid of competition.

Duncan, tell us why your smile lasted so long the day after the Stearns County Fair at Sauk Center.

Ben Minnett, S. S. attendant at Sauk Center, joined the ranks. His bride's name was Barbara Zenzius of St. Cloud, Minn.

M. J. Larson, agent at Granite Falls, who had blood poison in his hand is now in his usual good health.

Robert Newman, agent at Wheaton, says his bookkeeping is very little work for him. Mrs. Neuman does it.

James W. Kirwin is our new agent at Morris. Bill tells us he will make some of the old timers step some to keep up with his sales on the full line.

Pat Persen, agent at Willmar, believes the Mica Rubbing Post is something that will bring wonderful sales results. Pat wishes to challenge any agent in the Minneapolis Division on Mica Axle Grease sales.

Bill Broman, agent at Atwater, likes to put up road signs. Bill has a wonderful eye for good locations.

We welcome A. O. Hilden to the S. O. Co. family, who will be our agent at Montevideo.

George R. Blom, agent at Milan, who has tried very hard to reduce his weight is now down to 268⅝ pounds.

Gust Jacobson, S. S. attendant, Stillwater, put one over on the rest of the bachelors on Tuesday, September 11, when he took unto himself a bride. Luck and happiness, Gust.

When Milton Fredeen, S. S. attendant at Hutchinson, hasn't anything else to do, you might find him performing his duties as secretary of the fire

department, manager of the football team, vocalist at the Grand Theatre, or official inspector of the city water wagon.

The Standard Oil Company Bowling League got under way September 24. Manager Cochran rolled the first ball and nearly got a strike. Several 200 scores were rolled during the evening and from the looks of it some strong competition can be looked for during the season.

Eddie Dinsmore, coupon book salesman, has, possesses, and owns the cutest bow tie you ever saw. Aint it, Dinny?

J. C. Vincent has among his various possessions one Ford Sedan, which will run if properly coaxed, but Jesse hasn't much time to do the coaxing so he offers to trade for anything he can use, such as radio parts, cigarette case, telescope, mouth organ or what have you.

Assistant Manager Shallenberger, Walt Eckman, Arch Cameron, Ray Jaeger, Peewee Anderson and George Day made another one of their notorious fishing trips to Northern Minnesota last Sunday, and while we have received no official report of the event, we have been able to deduce the following:

Mr. Shallenberger took some pictures.

Cameron investigated a hornet's nest and got stung in eighteen different places.

Eckman shot a hell-diver mistaking it for an African Penguin. Jaeger captured a crippled sea-gull and had his nose bitten for his trouble. Peewee caught a bass and Day caught a cold. Altogether, the boys had a good time and were glad to get back home.

Recently the Red Crown Diamond Ball Team accepted a challenge from the Cottonwood Team and journeyed to the western town for two games. Ed. Flavin occupied the mound in the first game, coming through with a victory of 22 to 8. Greb Martonik hurled the second game, winning by a score of 11 to 6, proving again that you can't beat Red Crown. The feature of the game was the crabbing of the Andersons, Mike, Ed. and Roy. The bank president was official umpire, but quit after the first inning. The Cottonwood Consolidated Band of nine pieces furnished music for the occasion, and lemonade was dispensed freely during the game. Our boys report that they were royally treated and taken care of by the Cottonwood people and enjoyed the trip immensely.

Salesman Olaf Lee should be awarded a Croix de Guerre and a couple of Pomme de Terres for bravery. He was seen around the office last Saturday wearing a hard hat. Inasmuch as such headgear has been tabooed, we wonder at it!

PEORIA, ILL.

R. A. Johnston, Correspondent

Out ball tossers laid away their uniforms on September 15, when the Commercial League race came to a close. The Red Crowns finished fifth, not a bad showing when it is considered that for nearly their entire second half of the race the team was without a dependable pitcher. Barrett stopped this "leak" when he joined the ranks, but too late for any extensive benefit. His first and last game, on closing day, was a beautiful exhibition. Those terrific clouters, the State Hospital crew, garnering but four safeties. Shaky support cost him a hard game, 4 to 2.

McCready says he's a "playing" manager. So is John McGraw. Perry Barnes, convalescent, got his dearest wish when he broke into the game on September 15, acting as pinch hitter for Barrett in the ninth. As a hitter, Perry proved a good "looker."

Percy Hanson and Jim Flanagan were the outstanding stars of the season, the former, despite his "veteran" status, putting out his speediest work in several years, while the youthful Jim surprised everyone with brilliant work afield and vicious, reliable hitting. His two grabs of liners, each starting a double play, in the game of September 8 against the Caskets, surpassed anything we have witnessed among local amateurs in many moons.

Bloomington's "Associated Press" stuff that we were to get in such quantities, must still be in the mail. How about it, Frank?

Salesman Rainey Hinds, debonair as ever, was a recent caller.

Who got the *pink* envelope, recently delivered at Canton, and addressed "Standard Oil Filling Co., near Interurban Station?"

Now that the skating rink has moved away from the South Side, Chris Ludwig, Peoria warehouseman, will be a more frequent visitor at his own home. Chris kept the rink in operation. "Shorty" Johnson was a rink visitor one evening, and enjoyed himself immensely, although we are not informed as to whether Shorty had skates on with or without rollers.

These gloomy, rainy days are mighty depressing to the spirit. Ben Hamill, Peoria engineer, tries to keep his up by parading through the warehouse whistling that mournful dirge, "Turkey in the Straw."

"Charlie Dressen" would have made a magnificent best man, but he succumbed to "frigipeditis." George Heser's story of "soup and fish" undermined the prospective groomsman's determination.

Manager Coleman demonstrated that he was greatly attached to the office, the other evening. A spring lock door and the boss' coat-tails supplied the necessary proof.

Bernice Moran qualifies as an expert on theology.

Someone evidently informed Clarence Powers of his likeness to Rudolph Vaselino. Witness the sprouting sideburns. Now, if he'll just don a pair of "cornucopia" pants——!

Bill Flanagan threatened violence if we mentioned his name in these columns again for a year, and nearly got away with the bluff, but when we heard the story of how he, veteran jokesmith, fell for the loaded cigar and "dynamite" match down at the stockyards—the stuff was off.

Readjustments in the field personnel have played hob with our carefully worked out plan of reporter service for the Record. Guess we'll have to start all over. News from outside Peoria is sadly lacking this month. However, now that Wilson, the old reliable, is back on the job at Springfield, another thirty days should see some improvement.

Frank Westphal, Peoria warehouse tank wagon clerk, complains that when he sweeps he gets splinters in his fingers. Ever scratch your head, Frank?

Where's all the news that Osborne, hustling Canton agent, promised us when he was transferred to that locality? As a reporter, he's in a class with Dave Lemmel of Petersburg.

Fluff Lindenfelser should be in charge of the first aid kit. D'ja see him functioning the other morning, when Ruth Sutton's bandaged arm needed attention?

Ask Ed. Dalton about his new wireless method that can be used on common carriers.

Bill Hart, "diminutive" Canton driver, wrecks all the barber chairs in town when he goes for a shave.

Remember Way Back When—The Duke pulled over the filing cabinet?

Day before the fair, Jim Flanagan and Ewert

spent all afternoon packing carefully selected samples of greases, etc., for the exhibit, in a big wooden box. Five-fifteen. Job finished. Jim picked up the box—and the bottom came out.

Miss Powers missed a cleanup for her "swear" box.

Oliver Hurst has now learned to trip the light fantastic and is willing to challenge Ralph Waugh at any time the latter feels he is in the pink of condition.

Harry Lessig, knowing the way the ladies fall for a man with a car, takes advantage of the "rent a Ford and drive yourself" garage and from all indications is doing nicely.

They will soon be passing around the Form 41 for Howard and Fern. Have you noticed?

The mail room is now blessed with the presence of Williard Silberstein and Bill Skinner, a good pair.

William Kruse is the cause of all the mistakes made by the comptometer operators these days. William is the new comer in the checking department.

QUINCY, ILL.

Henry B. Hardy, Correspondent

Harold Gracey, Dallas City agent, made good his threats and won the banner in the August-September Red Crown campaign. Harold swings a wicked T. W. bucket when it comes to delivering the goods.

There's no denying that Salesman Ross Wilson has the stuff of which good interior decorators are made. His display at the Green City fair won the first award, and the fair association offered Ross twice the amount of space for his exhibit next year. That ought to repay him for the way he worked and talked during the fair.

Sport Notes: Mac's Apple-butter boys defeated King's Disciples, 6 to 0, at South Park, following the last sales meeting. C. K. Coss, R. R. Hedrick, Wilson, Big Mac and Pepper-box King were the head-liners of the game. After making a careful comparison, Carlson reported that Johnny Golden made more noise than did all the rest of the gang together. Golden and Chester are to meet in a pie-eating contest soon which ought to be great, except for the sickening fear of what may result as the pies are to be furnished by Hoar, O'Donnell and Bramblet, all newly-weds, and—need more be said? You are taking an awful chance, fellows.

"Bill" Morgan, recently transferred from S. S. No. 301 into the check department, had several trying days when his mail was held up for some reason or other. Anyway, a certain girl in Dubuque would have received a message via Western Union if the "held up" letters had not arrived just when they did. It takes a letter a day to keep the blues away for Bill.

Agent B. H. Bryan, Glenwood, Mo., is sporting a new International. B. H. says the old bus was altogether too slow for him.

F. C. Singleton, Safety Director of the Sales Department, spent several days here inspecting the field and organizing a safety court. The first case tried was that of W. M. Cook, salesman, who was found "not guilty" of the charge of careless driving.

Anyone wanting a supply of wickless candles please call Esther Taylor of the Order Department.

After spending several days in Chicago, Thurston Smith is home again, poorer but happier.

Janie Donald is assisting in the Bookkeeping Department and Ot. Frieburg is handling the Credit Department while Neuer is in charge of the collection campaign throughout the field.

Johnson, Order Department: "Say, George, we're still holding up this order." Sohm: "All right, be sure you don't let it fall over."

The daily marathon run by Chief Clerk Ross and the correspondent will soon come to an end without a decision in favor of either. However, they will both continue to run, although from different directions, since, according to Dame Rumor, Hardy will have left the ranks of single blessedness and moved from the east end to the south into a home of his own. Having a lot of "inside dope" on the subject, the correspondent should be able to divulge quite a bit of information pertaining to this event, but since it is rather unusual to chronicle an event before it has occurred we will let it go at that.

Our "Buffalo Bill" mail clerk has had an attack of the "wanderlust" recently. Better join the army, Cody, and see the world—a shovelful at a time.

Extra! Extra! ! "Alma Bradshaw in the arms of a Californian sheik!" At high noon, on the steps of the office building, at that! This is quite unbelievable, but five eye-witnesses are sufficient proof, and we know he was from California by the manner in which he whisked up in a taxi and whisked away again with Alma by his side. Undoubtedly a follower of the famous Lochinvar. Alma was at her desk again at one, but—well, Sohm has been caught sadly gazing at a quarter, and you know what that means. Please don't let it be too soon, Alma, we will miss you so!

It certainly is depressing. Judging by the way Margaret Allar is enjoying the visit of a certain young St. Louisan we are due for another bereavement soon. It's the "two-bits" I'm thinking of. Anyway, he hails from a good town, Marg. We challenge the St. Louis Division to refute that statement.

Ethel Doerr, head sales-writer, spent two joyful weeks in Omaha visiting her former office chum, Helen Schaffer, now Mrs. Joyce. The trip has brought forth some rumors about wedding bells. Ethel says, "'taint so!" But we have heard about a certain young man in Omaha. Maybe "'taint so," but we're inclined to believe "'tis."

He thinks he's getting away with it, but it's quite generally known that our dapper city salesman, Harold Lummis, will soon be first assistant to a clever little housekeeper in a pretty apartment on State. Latest reports indicate that everything is ready and the event will be a memory by the time this issue of the Record is published. Congratulations, Harold!

In the cashier's cage: Boger: "Say, Mike, will you walk out to Riverview Park with me every morning next week?" Thayer: "Huh, what's the big idea?" Boger: "Oh, Doc told me I ought to exercise every morning with a dumb-bell."

Agent B. M. Swearingen, of Maywood, is the latest proud papa. The office extends congratulations, "B. M.," and wishes the young man success.

Did you ever:
Hear Dirks say, "That don't mean nothing to me?"
See Sharp day-dream?
Watch Jenkins flirt?
Run a foot-race with the Chief Clerk?
Get a marcel like Boger's?
Laugh as loud as can Johnny Golden?
Hear of Jolidon telling a joke?
Act as hard-boiled as C. P. Johnson?
Have as much grief as the Equipment Department?
Watch Dean Thomas sing? Or hear him?
Get kidded by the Stock Department?
See Alma frown?
Hear Art dictate a letter that pertains to the sale of tank wagons?
Boy, you don't know what you are missing!

SAGINAW, MICH.
S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

We received a cute little card from our Salesman J. C. Dierich of Flint, announcing the birth of a son on September 25, whom Mrs. Joe named Robert Wallace. Joe say's that next to the happy word "yes" he so joyously received from a blushing maiden. The next anticipation will be "Papa". Congratulations, Joe!

When the girls of the "harem" arrived at work the morning after Ed Wynn in The Perfect Fool put on his act at the Auditorium they hunted up their chairs and thanked providence that this is one place where there is a plentiful supply. They held off till the last moment waiting for some spendthrift to put on a theatre party in their behalf and at the eleventh hour made a rush for the quarter flops. They stood at attention from 5:30 till 8 P. M. only to be advised that the seats were all sold out. They figure Ed had nothing on them.

Mess'rs Soop and Liddle have been confined to their beds with ailments which have caused much discomfort to both. We hope that they will both be on the job ere this issue is published.

Carl Buchbinder was presented with a handsome traveling bag at the time of his departure for Detroit where he took up his new duties.

We are sorry to learn that our Flushing Agent, C. M. Bronson, is confined to his bed with scarlet fever and we all hope for his speedy recovery.

Vera Burt is taking up lip reading so she will be more proficient in picking up gossip as one just can't be everywhere.

Mr. Plowe, of the stock department, has been cautioned about allowing his feet to protrude out into the aisle thus relieving the personnel of the improvised hurdle which is greatly appreciated by those educated before gymnasiums were introduced.

A number of grape stained hands have made their appearance recently, it is presumed they were the result of friendly assistance at jelly manufacturing.

You have probably read so much about moustaches that you can't relish a meal without thinking there is a hair in your soup, but that pseudo mustache of Clarence Young's needs a few applications of glue sizing to make it bristle and a few strokes from some dame's eyebrow pencil to bring it into relief.

Mr. Volz, of the Order department, receives telephone calls from some charming voice that seems to leave him with a satisfied feeling.

Bob Allardyce, our machine gunner of the Billing department, says that he hates to see Winter come as the attending slack in business slows him up so he can't get into training again until the next August.

We are all going to miss the pleasant personality of W. O. Haworth, Chicago auditor, who has been a familiar figure in our office for the last few months. We hope he will come again.

While we cannot say with authority that the reporters at Flint, Alpena, Owosso and Alma have had their arms broken or accute attacks of neuritis, we judge from their silence that something is wrong. This is one case of where no news is not good news. If you think you have nothing to write about just scan Lew Berry's Cheboygan notes. He'd get news in a cemetery.

We note that our blonde of the Credit department is wearing a gentleman's ring and from its size he must be a prize fighter as it has to be bushed up with a bit of garden hose.

Evan Price has purchased a new home. He says "darn them landlords. I never did like a monarch."

Miss Nellie Dooling came back from her week-end as fresh as a daisy.

Klem Kolb is now head stock clerk. He says there's no difference its all loss and gain.

Harold Zuber came back from another fishing trip with a dried herring.

The Standard Oil baseball team has packed their uniforms away in moth balls and bay leaves and turned their efforts to billiards, bowling and basket ball after copping off the trophy of a collapsible drinking jug of aluminum which was awarded for their overwhelming victory over a nine from the Saginaw General Hospital which had just shook off their plaster of paris casts.

Fred Dettenthaler, tank car order clerk, has been feeding up on mushrooms which he has gathered after the fall rains. He says that the fact that he appears on the job every day proves that his judgment was vindicated or in other words no toad stools were snared.

We have been trying to get an excuse for writing up Glen Zuver but it appears that he makes no errors in judgment and thus avoids any scathing remarks in these columns.

Marie Reamer returned from her vacation all smiles.

Welcome ("Goodbye") Oliver has been transferred from the examining force to sales writer.

Ruth Blondheim will spend her time in the Iron Barrel department under the strict discipline of John Leahy.

Loretta Egerer has secured a pair of glasses which has so confused the ice man that he has discontinued the oversized cakes.

John McDonald returned from a pleasant vacation in Canada. We can't understand why anyone fortunate enough to get into the land of 6 per cent lager would concentrate his recitals to the geographical.

Fred Cox, of the Credit department, is a good ledgerman and is also believed to have all the requisites of a first class train caller.

The Standard Oil Philharmonic Orchestra is putting in a few extra rehearsals getting ready for the annual party in April. They are concentrating on "Old Black Joe" with irrigations and expect to be able to play No. 1 in the red book at that appointed time. All they need is a little talent to drown out the charivari effect.

Did you know that our Miss Price is a mean linguist? She was handed a picture puzzle that looked like a permanent record of a fly's toilet and afternoon walk after having gone down for the third time in a bottle of ink. She pronounced it good Spanish and forthwith translated it into a pleasing letter. A few days after she performed equally as well on a letter from France. Now we know why she has no trouble with Dan Hoseli's correspondence.

Last week we were startled at seeing two flashes of lightning and had our feet braced against the cuspidor waiting for the thunderclaps when a dark face with a bugle nose appeared in the door way and offered us raincoats at $2.00 per each. We suggest to Mr. Seaman that he train his salesman along these lines. Sell them oil when they need it not after the gears are in need of false teeth.

HEY! DETROIT

C. A. Buchbinder, head station examiner, has been transferred to the Detroit office as station examiner. We are all very sorry to lose Carl as he had a good disposition and was quite a humorist. He was the hero of every Stanolind Record issue for ten consecutive numbers and was on a par with Andy Gump for popularity. Note to Detroit correspondents. You are getting some wonderful material so strike while the iron is gathering no moss.

After E. R. Soop had worn the bottom out of his boat and padded his hands with blisters rowing and casting on the bosom of Clear Lake in a vain effort to drag his minnow into the respiration system of any kind of a sardine. Bill Reid and Mark Theobald went down two days later and caught the only two fish that every left the hatchery. They weighed three and five pounds respectively. Ed says they were on a hunger strike and he should have stayed a few days longer.

Riddle: When is a Company car not a Company car? (Answer next month).

Elmer C. Geyer has signed up as Ledgerman and he's some guy.

On September 20, S. S. No. 46, Mt. Pleasant, was opened for business, with C. M. Hall, attendant in charge, he having been changed from S. S. No. 309, which is now in charge of J. E. Cole. Go to it boys; show Mt. Pleasant what real service is.

F. F. Thompson, agent at Midland, is convalescing from an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver LaVack, Oscoda, proudly announce the arrival of a fine boy.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Glendon, Hale, Mich., have notified us of the arrival of a baby girl. Bill says, "Now I've got an incentive, I'll show her her Dad is some salesman."

Roy Crist, salesman, sent in an 029 that caused great rejoicing amongst the clerk stockholders when he showed two goose eggs in that space provided for breakfast expense, giving illness as the reason, but when they reviewed the surcharge on the supper preceding the illness and the combination Thanksgiving and Christmas Dinner he devoured when his appetite was restored, they suffered a relapse and marveled at his ability to avoid the undertaker.

A few weeks ago one of our good competitors at Marlette rose from the stretcher at 6 A. M. and got a bird's eye view of Agent Archie Clothier filling up a fleet of circus trucks. Archie got up with the birdies and got the choice worms, leaving the centipedes and doodle bugs for Co-op's.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Leo Hendricks, on August 12, a boy, Leo Junior.

Dean Treat, of the Electric Railway Department, was a visitor of the office, September 13.

Louis Reip was recently possessed with an uncontrollable itch to go over to Montrose and take in some of the wonders of the Taymouth Fair. He finally induced R. A. Lilly to join him and they left Flint at midnight like a doctor trying to outwit a stork. When they arrived at the Fair grounds they found only quiet and darkness. The natives were home in bed hours before and they realized that they had subjected themselves to solitary confinement. Louis lamented over and over the fact that it was the first County Fair he had ever been to and he didn't think they were much.

Mr. Vanvalen, of the Railroad Department, Chicago, was a recent visitor of our office.

The following employees were presented with Ten-Year Gold Service Buttons: E. R. Soop, R. V. Thompson, Harley Church and E. C. Monaghan. W. B. Dunn, of Flint, received a Twenty-Year Button.

James Keho, saleswriter, and Miss Catherine Pinet, of Saginaw, were united in matrimony on September 15. They immediately departed for Cincinnati on their honeymoon. Employees of the office presented them with a beautiful chest of silverware along with their best wishes for a successful married life.

Rube Kern put on an exhibition out at Frankenmuth when he attempted to introduce a new grandstand play showing how possible it was for anyone knocking a one bagger to slide home from first base. He did his part all right but the bases all stretched out of shape and about all Rube did was exchange a pound of flesh and a few pained remarks with a physician. He now carries his arm in a sling and expects to be able to feed on that side in another week or so.

News this month is about as scarce as oysters in a fifteen cent stew.

Cheboygan, Mich.

L. J. Thompson, manager of the Grand Rapids Division, was a caller at the Cheboygan plant September 23. L. J. appears the same as ever and we are pleased that he hasn't forgotten that we are still in the game and bucking the western side of the state as best we know how.

Mr. Soop was a Cheboygan caller September 16. We look forward with pleasure to his visits and endeavor to have things ship shape and Bristol fashion at all times, so that his visit will be a pleasure.

Mr. Fitzpatrick called at Cheboygan September 18 and 19. Plans for building a reclamation room were discussed and perfected.

We were in the Saginaw office September 24 and saw John Weed looking over the map of Michigan to see where his territory started and stopped. John became accustomed to the Northern District and can't get used to the city ways in effect in the Southern District. When asked where he was going, John pointed to a red dot on the map and said, "There." We haven't heard whether he got there or not. Mr. Seeman believes that John will have to have a compass in his new territory.

Joe and Mrs. Joe Follette, of Onaway, were over to visit us one evening this month. Joe brought a few of his friends with him and spent the evening learning more about his lodge work. Mrs. Joe spent the evening with the Missus and the writer's reputation stood up under the test.

Walter Hasse, of Owosso, spent his vacation in this neck of the woods. Mrs. Hasse accompanied him. Walt reports that he thinks he will come between Christmas and New Year's Day and spear fish through the ice. That is all right for pleasure, but when stern necessity demands such action, there is not so much pleasure in it.

Well, we had our first snow September 13.

Ace Pringle gave the sign at S. S. No. 12, a new coat of paint and changed the wording considerable. Ace is there seven ways from the duce when it comes to handling the brush.

Ben McCelland, attendant at S. S. No. 12, went hunting last Sunday and returned with the shot gun. Ben forgot to take salt with him, so lost out for the day.

Ed. Morrow, rural truck driver, went hunting one Sunday with his father-in-law and from all reports they had a big day. Ed. says he don't know how they got so much, but that they sure enjoyed themselves.

Sam Bonscore, rural truck driver, reports that his auto will be out of the garage by Christmas. He says the mechanics learned that line during the war and have never forgotten it.

Bill Schmidt, cashier, looks out of the office window and wonders why it is that everyone has an auto, but him. He says that if he ever gets the piano paid for, he will sell it and buy a Ford.

Reg. Adams, warehouseman, and stake truck driver, has placed his order for a gallon of Superla Clock Oil. He believes that it will make the Ingersol work smoother.

Roy Stakan, agent at Indian River, believes that it will be a long cold winter and has started to get his Mackinac upholstered so that it will weather the storms. Roy has promised tank service to some of his lumber camps and intends to keep his promise.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Stewart Chaffin, Correspondent

Where is Brooks? Down near Atchison putting up signs.

We understand that wedding bells will soon ring at S. S. No. 18, Frankfort.

Out agent, Quinley, of Greenleaf, Kas., who was burned, is improving nicely. Henry is much alive and is glad of it.

Homer Philbrick, son of Charles Philbrick, agent at Bird City, had the misfortune of breaking both arms, also fracturing his skull while playing last week. We sincerely hope for his recovery.

Bert Warner, agent at Herndon, is the proud daddy of a son. Bert says "the boy" will never make an agent for Standard Oil Company, that he sleeps too late.

Babe Hotchkiss, agent at Atwood, and his "Spark Plug" will start next week for the races. Babe says its blue ribbons or none.

When it comes to selling two barrel tanks, Albert Vohs, agent at McDonald, and Driver Leland Tracy don't take a back seat for anyone.

Ray Clark, agent at St. Francis, says he will be glad when the busy season is over. He intends to sweep out the office and get a couple of hours of sleep.

Bill Arensberg and Clay Waddill, salesmen, are mad because no one told them Labor Day was a holiday and they worked all day, but they are going to a big circus in Colby and drink red lemonade until they "bust" just to get even with the rest of the bunch.

Ask George Coldsnow how much it cost him trying to make a four full beat a king full. Col. Shuck knows.

Col. Shuck is short one Dunhill pipe.

John Eidson, agent, Clifton, Kas., was so sure he could go over his quota for September that he took a few days off and attended the fair at Topeka. Hope you had a good time, John.

E. C. Mayfield is the new salesman on the Smith Center territory. What we have heard of Mr. Mayfield leads us to expect big things from this territory.

Jack Johnson, agent at Selden, Kas., has finally been fortunate enough to secure a house in Selden and has moved his family there from Norcatur.

Chief clerk Bode spent a week in western Kansas. He has not failed to bring the usual rain that accompanies visitors from the office to western Kansas.

Agent Haines of Lebanon has sidestepped his hayfever this year and has decided to stay with sunny Kansas and Lebanon.

The construction of the new A Station at Norton is well under way, with George Bruner as foreman. A. J. Brooks, superintendent of construction, has spent some time there during the last month.

Agent Mahanna, of the Colby Station, informs us that if any of the executives of the company want to see him it will be necessary for them to visit Colby between midnight and 4 A., M. as he is on duty at all other hours.

Agent Marion Klontz of Kirwin, Kas., has been baching a part of the Summer while his wife has been on a trip to the mountains. Mr. Klontz is a new man with the company, but is proving himself a very efficient agent.

Babe Hotchkiss of Atwood visited Norton during the fair there.

Salesman Sarvis of Norton has been a mighty busy boy for the past thirty days. Billy says if he should ask for a vacation it would be for the sole purpose of getting caught up on lost sleep.

Fred Manning, who has been agent at Lenora, Kas., for several years, will resign temporarily on account of his health. Mr. Manning has been showing some nice gains this year and we are sorry to lose him. He contemplates going into the hotel business in Lenora.

Ed O'Rourke, Oberlin agent, has two new trucks and is making competition sit up and take notice.

Reports reach us that Ben Wells has turned dog-catcher, and is picking up all the stray canines he encounters on his territory.

Superintendent Zimmerman is so busy that he has no time to write letters. He merely issues a bulletin at regular intervals.

Floyd Woerner, Oak Hill, Kas., agent, advises us collections are slow as some of his customers neglect to keep their bank balance in good checking condition at all times, and all too frequently see *Red*. On one or two occasions he says he has taken a future order check.

Harry Dixon is our new second man at our Goodland, Kas., S. S., and is making the place shine. That's the stuff.

Salesmen Waddill and Arensberg took their families to Colby to see a circus. The kiddies had a fine time watching the elephants.

Floyd Sutton, son of our Menlo, Kas., agent, is better. He was very sick.

To Zim: All the dining room girls out this way use the word "Potlicker." Coldsnow made the territory one trip.

Doyle Crawford, agent at Rexford, was laid up a few days. Bum stomach.

Old timers say the Winter will be long and bad in western Kansas. It has started already. Overcoats have made their appearance.

Arensberg says, "Send out a carton of Camels some good fellow."

Charles Quinn, a recent arrival on the sales force, is doing fine. Mica deals for every store and Finol for every garage have been his leading mottoes and he lives up to them.

Bobby, Bill Arensberg's little son, spoke his first words last week, "Red Crown, Mamma." Incident reported by papa.

Mr. Hicks was in Belleville recently and in talking lubrication with the manager of the ice plant, he did not realize that the engine had ears and the consequence was that the engine went dead and refused to move on any other oil but Polarine.

How about these "old men" playing golf? Ask Mr. Bode. He knows all about it.

It looks like Sam Lloyd has lost a good Stetson to the Barnard agent through the latter's record during the two barrel tank campaign.

"Hiawatha's Standard Oil station is said to be the prettiest, best kept station in Kansas, without doubt the best kept in St. Joseph district. It is richest in flowers, has the best kept grass in town."—Hiawatha World. (Pix, please.—Ed.)

Lowell Campbell, agent, Barnard, Mo., "hit high" on two barrel tanks and still is going strong. Up to September 15, he disposed of sixty-two. Since that time he has been on the Federal Grand Jury, but Lowell soothed the activities of that body so it is all right about the tanks.

Rose Noble is taking great interest in aviation and has almost persuaded Charley Quinn to take her up.

L. H. Juda, specialty salesman, can sell candles, besides other articles. The first eleven days on the road he sold one hundred and seventy cases of candles. His top day was forty-four cases, and he never falls below ten.

"Sunday, August 19, there was a delightful gathering at Sun Springs of thirty employees and their families of the Standard Oil Company from the territory surrounding Hiawatha. A fine dinner was served at 10 P. M., which included oodles of chicken. The Standard Oil Company, out of its gratitude to its employees and for the appreciation of their services in the past, hopes to continue the picnic spirit, and make it an annual affair. H. E. Reynolds, new salesman for the Hiawatha territory, who lately arrived from Belleville, Kas., was very much pleased with the pep and enthusiasm shown by the Hiawatha organization of Standard Oil Company. You are certainly welcome among us Mr. Reynolds and we are pleased to greet you with a glad hand".—Hiawatha World.

At the U. C. T. picnic, at Lake Contrary, the Semdac Mop prize was won by a lady who composed thirty-eight words in five minutes from letters comprising the words "Standard Oil." No men were eligible in the contest.

Dan Patton, Ray Carlson, and Charley Culver attended a snake show in Washington, Kas., recently. We believe it now, after hearing Dan's exciting recital of the event.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Miss Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

The boys of the Main Plant extend their sympathy to John Sweet, in the death of his son, John R. Jr.

We always thought the Duke of the Stake Truck Drivers was a little slow, but now we know it. The other morning while coming to work, our engineer was sitting with the Duke's lady love, when the Duke got on the car. Being a good fellow, the engineer got up to give him his seat, but being so slow the Duke let a 70-year-old man slip into his place.

They all flop sooner of later. George Brethauer went and got married. We don't know whether it took a whole week for him to recover, or whether it was to give him time to get up enough nerve to face the music.

The big Dorris truck driven in the Labor Day parade by our Tank Wagon Driver, Mr. Green, created quite a bit of interest due to the artistic touch of Miss Virginia Hoeller, stenographer, and Salesman William G. Borchelt. The float carried various signs advertising the best and where the best can be bought.

Joe Selle came home to attend the Cape County Fair. A certain blonde maiden from Charleston was kind enough to meet him in Cape Girardeau and attend the Fair, and at midnight he was seen lingering still at the "Shin-dig." Better look out, Joe, the Charleston girls will get you.

Tank Wagon Driver Uelsman attended the carnival so often last week that he has been made a charter member.

Ray Joplin, S. S. attendant, has resigned his position with the Standard Oil Company and has accepted one with the Fuller Brush Company. Good luck to you, Ray.

Since Fred Atchison has been transferred, he is all smiles. He says he can work on Broadway where they have a canopy and he won't have to get wet while testing the oil. Like most boys, he doesn't want any water on his neck.

M. W. Gladish, salesman, is said to be a lover of ice cream cones, as he was seen on Broadway with four the other night, and what was puzzling him was, how he could eat all four at the same time. Warm weather was his only obstacle, but he never misses a bargain, two for a jit.

A. E. Hunze, our new salesman, came to us with reputation of being the banner salesman for selling Fords, and we're sure he will continue with the same reputation at selling Standard Oil Company products.

S. S. No. 45, located on West Broadway, Cape Girardeau, Mo., is all dressed up now, the painters having just finished trimming it up with several coats of S. S. red and white paint.

L. W. Cameron and H. J. Bemis renewed old friendships while attending manager's meeting held in St. Louis recently. Everyone in the St. Louis Office were pleased to see their old friends again.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA

C. J. Von Hatten, Correspondent

Alice Kendall "blew" in on a recent Monday morning, wearing a broad smile and a brand new diamond on the engagement finger. When's it going to be, Alice? We'd like a little advance notice.

Out heartfelt sympathy goes out to Herb. Mann in the loss of his dear mother.

Claire Donegan has left the "fold" and taken a new position in Minneapolis. We wish you success, Claire.

Reports we have of Naomi Swanson, who is spending her vacation on a South Dakota ranch, are to the effect that she is taking her meals a la buffet, due to too much horse-back riding. Naomi writes, "that durned old 'hoss' didn't know what whoa meant after it was headed homewards."

Virgil Link vied with Naomi Swanson for somersault honors. In a recent "crack the whip" play, she turned plenty of them in rapid succession. Virgil, how are you and Bill coming along? Saw some pictures recently of rural life that might mean "love on a farm." What?

H. C. Hansen and F. A. Hunting, two of our veteran salesmen, have been appointed special salesmen, being in charge of the Western and Southern Divisions respectively.

George E. Basom, Ed. Barth, M. M. Wood and H. A. Cowan are new salesmen recently appointed.

H. J. Mann, who has been in charge of the order room, was recently appointed city salesman to succeed J. F. Weber, who now is specialty salesman. We wish you both the best of success, fellows.

Have not heard anything recently in the way of developments as regards the reported diamond purchase by Superintendent Farrell. How about it, Charley? We'd like the latest word.

A genuine picnic and get-together meeting was planned for the park, but owing to sudden showers was held in the garage. It would take a pretty big thunder storm to dampen the spirits of this crew, as from all appearances, they had a most enjoyable time, and from the self satisfied expressions, most of them did justice to the eats.

SOUTH BEND, IND.

J. T. Diltz, Correspondent

Several of the office girls are looking real mournful since Mr. Wright left our midst.

Miss Louise DeGroote is our new stenographer in the Safety First Department. Shake, Rattle and Roll, that's what the typewriter does under her efficient manipulation.

Jesse Diltz has succeeded Mr. Wright in the Advertising Department.

C. R. Jontz, salesman at Fort Wayne, says the reason they are putting four wheel brakes on auto-

mobiles is because they are putting so much more power in Red Crown.

Miss Gertrude Nyberg and Miss Bessie Drone, two of our most popular girls, are leaving us this month. We extend to them our heartiest good wishes.

Out Poet says: "Little corner don't you cry, You'll be a Service Station bye-and-bye."

Marion Goshorn, clerk in the South Bend warehouse, who is off duty due to illness, is reported on the road to recovery.

Bert Long, of the South Bend warehouse, passed around the cigars the other morning; upon investigation a bride was found to be the cause of this generosity. We don't blame Bert. So would we.

Alva McCauley is "pinch hitting" in the warehouse office for Marion Goshorn. The latter is ill.

William Titters was laid up last week. Bill demonstrated the fact that you can't keep a good man down, so he is on the job.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family of K. K. Secrist, salesman, whose death was caused by an accident at Fort Wayne, Ind.

L. L. Perkins has been given a position on the sales force. Mr. Perkins is taking over the territory of Paul Moulder, who is being transferred.

Mr. Deal has been transferred to act as agent at Urbana, Ind.

C. D. Eberhart has been appointed agent at Claypool, succeeding C. D. Walters who has left the service of the Company.

G. D. Kerr has been appointed agent at Monticello; he succeeds G. N. Jacks who has severed connections with the Company.

H. E. Miller, agent at Fairmount, has been transferred to S. S. attendant at Marion, Ind. He is succeeded by J. A. Draper.

A. J. Walters has been appointed agent at Lakeville, Ind. L. L. Perkins, now of the sales force, was the former agent there.

Grant Maddox, agent at Kokomo, has a new Maxwell touring car. Just watch his dust.

Rene Mason has been appointed agent at Kappa, territory near Kokomo. Rene believes in using fertilizer on his farm, and can now try it on the entire Kappa field.

Private Gerald Burgett, S. S. attendant at Kokomo, had a very narrow escape at National Guard Camp a short time ago; upon getting in after taps had sounded, he sat down on his bed, which collapsed on the Officer of the Day's foot. Sergeant Golding, clerk at Kokomo, who was just coming in the door, served as Kitchen Police for Burgett the next day. That's *Brotherly Love* at Kokomo.

Oscar Price, agent at Russiaville, has just finished building a new modern bungalow in the suburbs of Russiaville. It isn't only the bankers that are millionaires.

Jack Emerick, agent at Galveston, selling Mica: "Say, Jack, if you knowed what I know and I knowed what you know, although, I guess you don't know much, I got a hunch you'd be using Mica on them lousy hogs!"

Clyde Hank, Construction department, doesn't look like he used too to his home folks. We wonder if the Vigilance Committee of the South Bend territory hadn't better keep an eye on Clyde.

Roy Curry acted as telephone operator during a few days in the absence of Miss Burns. We noticed that not near so many calls were made by the gentlemen in the office during her absence. We wonder why?

Salesman M. O. Swank announces the visit of the stork to his home, leaving a bouncing baby girl, Helen Louise.

A dinner party was held by a few of the office force as a farewell to Jesse Wright, who resigned the first of the month from the Advertising department. The party was "sorta" dull due to the fact that the guest of honor, through a misunderstanding, didn't appear for the eats.

Right here I want to extend an invitation to each and every employee in the South Bend territory to contribute articles for the Stanolind Record.

WICHITA, KAS.

H. E. Falkner, Correspondent

On Tuesday, August 28, the entire Wichita plant dispersed at noon to hold forth in picnic array for the rest of the day at Heller's Grove, just north of Wichita. The afternoon was spent in engaging in an exciting baseball game between the office and the warehouse employees. Much enthusiasm was displayed, and the ninth inning ended with a score of 25—2, in favor of the office. A tug-of-war was also engaged in, and in this also the office force carried away the honors. Other features of the afternoon were swimming and pitching horse-shoes, in which latter sport Manager P. J. Quinlan starred. By 6 P. M. everyone had a dandy appetite, and so food was had, and wonderful food it was. One hundred and twenty-five chickens had been fried for the occasion, and with all necessary accessories, we enjoyed a fine feed. After dancing awhile, we wended our way homeward, a tired but happy bunch.

Has anybody seen Jim Ross? Well, it's very certain that he doesn't see anyone but that brand new daughter of his—Emma Louise, by name. We all rejoice with you, Jim, and wish to offer our congratulations to you and Mrs. Ross. However, since Jim has promised to raise a football team, his beginning is rather disappointing. We have high hopes, though, of the young lady's athletic ability.

Miss Maudalein Stites is no more. She is now Mrs. Leo McGlynn, and we wish to announce to the world that Leo is a mighty lucky boy. The contract was solemnized on September 11. May their lives be as full of happiness as a typewriter is of click.

We thought J. M. Marx' specialty was service stations, but from our observation, we believe that he would make an efficient telephone operator supervisor. In fact, we know he could quality if all telephone operators were possessed of beautiful red hair.

Not so very long ago, everyone in our office became much excited when Dave Hayden, general clerk, drew the lucky number winning a Ford Sedan at the Elk's Circus, held in Wichita. We all felt very important to have been acquainted with one so lucky, and great was our disappointment when Mr. Hayden next day informed us that he was simply holding the number for his uncle! We consider that pretty doggone hard luck, Dave, but then it is all in the family.

Sterling Lambdin, our agent at Caldwell, Kas., has sealed his fate. On September 6, he and Miss Wilma Gibson took the eternal vows. It is said that Lambdin is so in love that business fails to interest him. We trust, however, that he will soon recover, and that he will take hold with renewed vigor. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Lambdin!

We wish to welcome to our midst Edwin Moorhead in the capacity of assistant check clerk.

Chief Clerk Kenney is in St. Louis attending a conference, and Assistant Chief Clerk Postlewaite is in the field, stimulating collections. In their absence, General Clerk Hayden is in charge of the office, and certainly knows his stuff. Everyone likes to work for Dave.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Northern Division
AMOS BALL, Central Division
H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
C. F. HATMAKER, *Manager*
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
GEO. M. WHELAN, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
J. H. BUDDE, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
R. H. THOMAS, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
JOHN BEATON, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
C. H. WAGNER, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistant Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
P. A. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
C. C. LAKIN, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
T. H. LANG, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Asst. Mgr.* (Operation)
H. J. BEMIS, *Asst. Mgr.* (Sales)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
E. N. SHALLENBERGER, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
H. H. KEATING, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
R. S. ORR, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
A. P. ROBINSON, *Manager*
C. R. EWING, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
D. B. THAYER, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
W. T. BANNISTER, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAN.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Assistant Manager*

Hiring a New Office Boy

THE ideal business organization is one where, when a member of the Board of Directors leaves, there is a general advance all along the line; a new office boy is hired and the machine is complete in every detail.

It is toward such an ideal that the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is striving.

In the selection of employes great care is taken to get young men who may be developed for positions of responsibility and trust. The results of this policy are to be seen by taking a careful check of the higher officers of this Company. Every one of these men has come up through the ranks, many from the lowliest beginning. They have won preferment by unusual fitness, by sheer ability and mastery of the particular work entrusted to their care.

It is this spirit of pure democracy which has made the organization of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) what it is today—a big, loyal, hardworking group of men and women, bound together by mutual consideration, respect and ambition.

The men in the ranks of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) have constantly before them the examples of those now directing the Company's activities. They know that there is an open road ahead, and that for the men who show unusual aptitude in any department of the business; unusual ability to vision the future, or to direct the immediate, there are no limitations placed upon advancement. Such men, taken from the ranks, will be the directing heads a few years hence.

This spirit, permeating every employe from the top to the bottom, keys the entire organization to a pitch of efficiency which enables the Company to render a superior service to 30 million people of the middle west.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO

Stanolind Record

VOL. 5 DECEMBER 1923 NO. 2

Published for the Employees by the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (INDIANA)

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

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W. M. Burton, *President*
W. E. Warwick, *Vice-Pres., Genl. Mgr., Mfg.*
B. Parks, *Vice-President, Asst. Genl. Mgr., Mfg.*
E. G. Seubert, *Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer*
Allan Jackson, *Vice-President*
R. H. McElroy, *Traffic Manager*
E. J. Bullock, *Director of Purchases*
T. J. Thompson, *General Manager, Sales*
John D. Clark, *Vice-President, Assistant to Chairman*

Plant Managers and Superintendents

WHITING

R. E. Humphreys, *Manager*
G. Cash, *Superintendent*
J. E. Evans, *Assistant Superintendent*
H. F. Glair, *Assistant Superintendent*

SUGAR CREEK

G. H. Moffett, *Manager*
H. R. Boehmer, *Superintendent*

WOOD RIVER

C. B. Manbeck, *Manager*
W. W. Holland, *Superintendent*
F. J. Gainer, *Assistant Superintendent*

ROCKY MOUNTAIN DIVISION

Thomas S. Cooke, *Manager*

Casper, Plants Nos. 1 and 2
R. M. Andrus, *Manager*
A. E. Thompson, *Superintendent*

Casper Plant No. 3
M. G. Paulus, *Superintendent*
R. E. Wood, *Assistant Superintendent*
J. E. Rouse, *Assistant Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 1
H. M. Lockard, *Superintendent*

Greybull Plant No. 2
B. L. Warren, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 1
W. A. Morris, *Superintendent*

Laramie Plant No. 2
J. F. Cullen, *Superintendent*

Industrial Relations Department

J. W. Curry, *Director*, Chicago, Ill.
E. H. Fisher, *Assistant Director*, Chicago, Ill.
C. W. Smith, *Director Safety Division*, Chicago, Ill.
W. N. Bercaw, *Assistant Director*, Whiting, Ind.
C. F. Hall, *Assistant Director*, Wood River, Ill.
A. S. Hurt, *Assistant Director*, Sugar Creek, Mo.
D. M. Lobdell, *Assistant Director*, Casper, Wyo.

Joint General Committees

WHITING, IND.

Henry Behrens
J. E. Brinker
H. J. Broderson
R. N. Brown
T. J. Burke
Andro Chilla
Frank Eaton
F. Ehlers
J. H. Fenicle
C. Fitzgerald
George Fortener
Wm. Fuller
L. M. Graham
Ben Imler
Luke Kelly
John V. Kidnay
H. Koch
George Locke
W. J. Lynch
R. T. Myrick
Chas. Naef
A. J. Olson
John G. Palyo
D. J. Paskwietz
P. A. Petersen
C. A. Phelps
John Plath
G. J. Prentice
W. J. Reder
H. Rolph
M. R. Schmidt
Nick Scholl
James Spanier
C. R. Stanton
Warner Sutherland
U. G. Swartz
Chas. E. Thompson
R. R. Tilton
P. O. Vandeveer
Andy Vargo
R. G. Walker
Harry Wheeler

SUGAR CREEK, MO.

Joe Bostian
Max Duckworth
John W. Easterwood
Geo. Gibbons
George V. Hackett
A. O. Hodges
L. C. Howard
F. G. Lee
Luther Lee
Earl S. Moore
Joseph E. Morgan
G. W. Thompson

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

R. Craddock
Arthur L. Davis
J. F. Halloran
Emory L. Hunt
J. G. Jones
J. F. McCredie
Wash. McDonald
Earl F. Scott
J. W. Stephenson
W. A. Tipton
George H. Wilken
W. H. Witthofft

CASPER, WYO.

B. E. Anderson
J. H. Arbuckle
Wm. Augustine
Paul F. Bauer
H. E. Cotton
Pitt Covert, Jr.
J. D. Critchfield
S. H. Diggs
Wm. L. Emmel
J. E. Frisby
J. A. Hefferin
Peter Holden
F. M. Jenkins
D. F. Mahoney
W. R. C. Miller
W. H. O'Brien
J. W. Phelps
L. A. Rhodes
M. H. Scott
L. G. Smith
J. C. Warkley
J. G. Wiederhold

GREYBULL, WYO.

S. E. Crawford
B. C. Godbold
W. T. Hughes
F. N. Sanford
G. L. Shepardson
E. C. Starks

LARAMIE, WYO.

A. W. McAllister
J. L. Robay
Roy T. Stewart
B. L. Walker

STANOLIND
RECORD
Published for the Employees by the
STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INDIANA)
C. V. JULIAN, *Editor*
Publication Office: 910 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Vol. 5 DECEMBER No. 2

"Merry Christmas!"

To My Fellow Employees:

For myself, and for our Board of Directors, I extend to you a Christmas greeting. To have the opportunity to do so is this year peculiarly gratifying, for it affords a medium through which I may express the appreciation of the Board of Directors for the splendid loyalty you have yielded our great company in the year now closing.

I do not refer to the general efforts you have expended in the course of the day's work for the upbuilding of our business—those are the things that come naturally and, when well done, bring their own compensation in the supreme satisfaction that work well done brings always. I refer rather to that finer loyalty, that loyalty which can not be bought at any price; that loyalty so evident in the solidarity you have shown in resenting the unjust and unfair attacks leveled at our company.

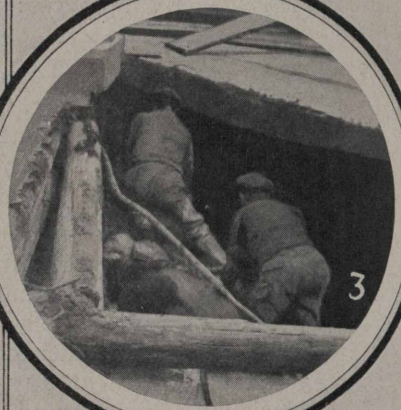
I can not neglect this opportunity of declaring the deep sense of gratification with which this spontaneous support has filled the hearts of the members of our Board of Directors, and of saying to you that it has been an inspiration to us in grappling with our problems.

Despite the difficulties with which we have been beset, the year has been one in which we have wrought well for the continuing and expanding success of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), both as an industrial and as a human institution. For this I thank you, for it is you who have made this achievement possible.

I wish you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

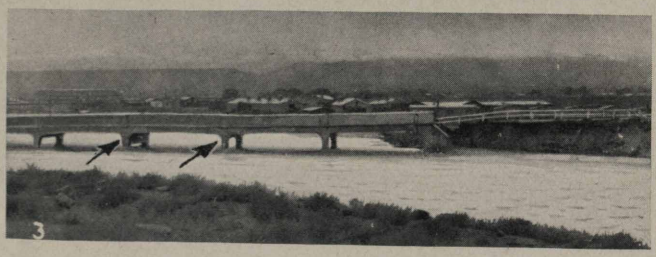
Robert W. Stewart.

Standard Oilers Save Casper County $125,000



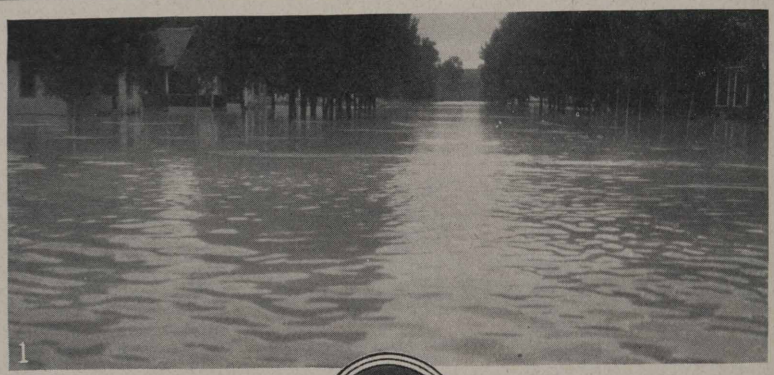
Casper—During the night of September 28, the North Platte and some of its tributaries, mainly Casper Creek, began to send water past the refinery at an alarming rate. Toward morning the County Bridge over the North Platte, on the only road to Salt Creek and points west, was imperiled. A little later, the Casper Creek bridge began to give way. To meet this peril, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) called out men to save the bridges. The foremen were on the monthly payroll and gave their services gratis, saving the Natrona County taxpayers at least $125,000. No. 1—This shows the North Platte during a short lull when sand bags were scarce. A few curious onlookers are shown standing around. No. 2—Here is how the water tore out the pavement and the sub-grade on the east end of Casper bridge. No. 3—A couple of fearless men are shown here making sure that the bulwarks will not be too flimsy.

More Views of Casper Flood Fighters

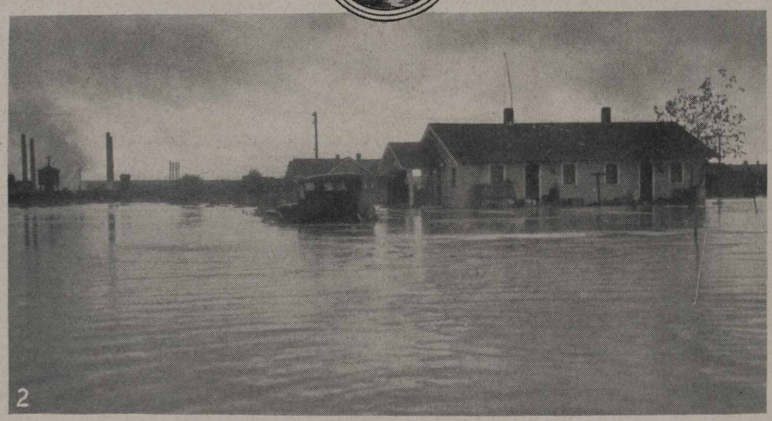


Casper—The victory of the Standard Oilers in their hand-to-hand grapple with the flooded waters of the North Platte River and the Casper Creek was achieved only after a tremendous amount of hard work. No. 1—Not every move in fighting a flood is heroic. For instance, this one. Here several crews are busily engaged in filling bags with sand, which is hard work. No. 2—Here more men are filling sacks, and others are carrying them to points where they were most needed. This picture was taken during a "rest period," when no trucks were at hand. No. 3—Casper Bridge! The two center spans had just about made up their minds to wander off to unknown points in Nebraska when they were convinced that it was their duty to stay. The convincing was achieved only after heroic work. The picture shows the town of Mills in the background. This village gets its supplies across this bridge. The men go to and from work over this same bridge. The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) stretched planks across the railroad bridge in the left background to let in supplies until the flood danger was over.

Moonlight on "Main Street"



1



2

Greybull, Wyo.—The Big Horn River broke all previous records for flood water and as a result many of the refinery boys were kept busy for days taking care of their property and families. The refinery was on high ground and was a refuge for refugee families. In spite of the seriousness of the situation, there were a few amusing incidents. Don Michael, W. P. Medlar and S. H. Minnis procured a row boat and were merrily crossing the Big Horn when the boat started acting up and "Cap" and Henry fell overboard. Henry splashed around for several minutes trying to swim before he discovered the water was only a few inches deep. "Cap" didn't stop with such common sport as mere swimming, but did several fancy flipflops and landed on high ground. No. 1—Here is a marine view, which might be called "Moonlight on Main Street," only it's First avenue—three blocks from where the river belonged. No. 2—This is Fourth avenue. The refinery is in the background, or rather, "backwater."

EVERYTHING BUT RED FIRE IN REFINERY ELECTIONS

Band Music, Parades, Weird Advertising Placards and Much Oratory Feature Campaign to Elect Candidates to Joint General Committees in Six Refineries—Record Vote Polled as 97 Per Cent of Voters on Duty Election Day, Flock to Polls

There was no red fire burned in the campaign in the various refineries to elect candidates to positions on the Joint General Committees, but that was the only thing lacking. Band music, parades, weird advertising placards and much oratory made the campaign resemble those ancient days when Bryan was a candidate against McKinley. The elections were held October 18.

Among the candidates were found many who, like Andy Gump, were 100 per cent for the peepul, while others, with a blackhand touch, decorated walls with drawings of skulls as warnings of what would happen if the electorate failed to choose a certain candidate. Photographs from Whiting, printed on pages 32 and 33 of this magazine, illustrate what the campaign was like.

At Sugar Creek, as the election progressed, bulletins were flashed from Industrial Relations headquarters, of which the following are samples:

Bulletin, 2 P. M. Hodge claims dirty work in the campaign. Claims somebody early this morning pasted sand on his false teeth.

Bulletin, 2:10 P. M. Morgan issues statement that he is in no way related to J. P. Morgan, New York banker, and that he is 100 per cent for the common peepul.

Bulletin, 2:15 P. M. Waller concedes defeat and says Morgan will be elected by a large majority, claiming Sally Starks will vote for him.

It is believed that most of the bulletins originated with the friends of rival candidates.

Election day brought out the biggest vote yet recorded in refinery elections, 6,905 votes being cast. This was 97.17 per cent of those elegible and on duty election day. Sugar Creek, Laramie and Greybull each recorded a 100 per cent vote; Casper reported 99.68 per cent of eligible employees voting, Wood River 98.25 per cent, and Whiting 94.78 per cent.

Of the forty-nine representatives elected, nineteen have had previous service as members of the Joint General Committees.

Names of the members of the six Joint General Committees for 1923-1924, both appointed and elected, will be found on the first inside cover of this magazine. Following is the result of the elections, names of winners being printed in capital letters:

WHITING

Div.	*Names on Ballots*	*Votes Rec'd*	*Previous. service on J.G.C.*
1	WM. LYNCH	227	Yes
	FRANK EATON	187	Yes
	Paul Dobbertin	141	No
	George Korney	70	No
	Fred Haag	66	No
	Herbert Brown	45	No
2	LUKE KELLEY	252	No
	C. R. STANTON	203	No
	Earl Moore	186	No
	W. H. Shoup	124	No
	Harry Rabe	18	No
	Ed Cahill	17	No
3	HARRY WHEELER	195	No
	C. A. PHELPS	124	Yes
	John Chorley	68	Yes
	Chas. Reimer	57	No
	John Wise	56	No
	Robert Gradwell	53	No
4	WM. FULLER	108	Yes
	JOHN PALYO	71	No
	Daniel Foley	65	No
	Frank Barr	63	Yes
	John Pearson	22	No
	John Ongo	21	No
5	ANDY VARGO	164	Yes
	ANDY WISLAYI	137	No
	ANDRO CHILA	133	No
	George Fortiner	104	No
6	NICK SCHOLL	182	Yes
	GEORGE LOCKE	109	Yes
	Wm. Whiting	96	No
	Geo. Kaminsky	86	No
	Wm. Cartwright	28	No
	Geo. Kirchoff	6	No
7	JOHN PLATH	107	No
	T. C. Brown	54	Yes
	Leo Meyers	44	No
8	CHAS. THOMPSON	154	No
	JOHN KIDNAY	139	Yes
	Clarence Scott	94	No
	Frank Radloff	61	No
	George Lynch	22	No
	John Wichman	5	No
9	HENRY BEHRENS	414	Yes
	WARNER SUTHERLAND	209	Yes
	BEN IMLER	182	No
	William Wilson	120	No

WHITING (*Continued*)

Div.	Names on Ballots	Votes Rec'd	Previous serivce on J.G.C.
9	Harry White	116	No
	Charles Haase	47	No
	William Kasch	45	No
	J. L. Trueblood	28	Yes
	Charence Stratton	27	No
10	WILLIAM REDER	89	No
	D. J. Gallagher	83	Yes
	James Gary	4	No
11	JOHN FENICLE	56	No
	Arthur Beaubien	38	No
	B. W. Dreyer	25	No
	SUGAR CREEK		
1	JOE BOSTIAN	64	Yes
	Harry Abbott	31	No
	Chas. Spahr	22	Yes
2	LUTHER LEE	83	No
	H. C. Moore	16	Yes
	W. C. Wright	4	Yes
3	EARL MOORE	39	No
	Homer Cabness	29	No
	John Schneider	25	Yes
4	MAX DUCKWORTH	44	No
	John Sullivan	27	No
	Roy Moore	4	No
5	GEO GIBBONS	24	No
	S. W. Henson	19	No
	E. R. McClary	12	No
6	JOE MORGAN	27	No
	W. B. Hodge	22	Yes
	John Waller, Jr.	5	No
	WOOD RIVER		
1	E. L. HUNT	138	No
	M. W. Manley	33	No
	A. F. Murphy	10	No
2	G. H. WILKEN	75	Yes
	C. M. Smith	25	No
	Wm. E. Wolf	13	No
3	G. W. McDONALD	80	No
	Alex McGuiggan	43	No
	Wm. P. Chalk	22	No
4	E. F. SCOTT	65	Yes
	D. D. Stafford	49	Yes
	Wm. E. Kelly	32	Yes
5	J. W. STEPHENSON	87	Yes
	L. H. Badman	26	No
	H. R. Davis	22	Yes
6	R. CRADDOCK	68	No
	Wm. H. Miller	52	No
	F. A. Ehrhardt	26	No
	CASPER		
1	F. A. RHODES	67	No
	Archie May	27	No
	John Dillon	16	No
2	W. H. O'BRIEN	169	No
	WM. AUGUSTIN	154	No
	John Lynch	135	No
	Ed Stephens	108	No
	Harry Mills	107	No
	Fred Corporan	82	No
3	M. H. SCOTT	63	No
	J. J. Jacobi	41	No
	H. M. Keller	34	No
4	P. F. BAUER	63	No
	Art Lano	57	Yes
	Tom Devine	35	No
5	J. D. CRITCHFIELD	66	Yes
	Ed Wilson	34	No
	Chas. Stevenson	10	No

CASPER (*Continued*)

Div.	Names on Ballots	Votes Rec'd	Previous service on J.G.C.
6	J. E. FRISBY	117	No
	Robert Little	20	No
	Chas. Combs	14	Yes
7	D. F. MAHONEY	96	Yes
	Clarence Snyder	54	No
	Roy Modeland	32	No
8	J. A. HEFFERIN	116	Yes
	Mel Harnan	68	No
	S. A. Davis	8	No
9	F. M. JENKINS	85	No
	Homer C. Helms	58	Yes
	Glen C. Watson	19	No
10	J. W. PHELPS	116	Yes
	Sam Work	66	No
	R. R. Rausch	22	Yes
	GREYBULL		
1	B. C. GODBOLD	58	No
	M. C. Lovelady	30	No
	J. R. Douglas	27	No
2	S. E. CRAWFORD	47	No
	C. C. Dobbins	32	No
	W. J. O'Brien	13	No
3	E. C. STARKS	47	No
	C. P. Meyer	9	No
	G. C. Haddenhorst	1	Yes
	LARAMIE		
1	A. W. McALLISTER	15	Yes
	Geo. Ovens	11	No
	Geo. Weeks	7	No
2	BILLIE WALKER	32	No
	Ed L. Wood	31	Yes
	Frank Riley	2	No

ANNUITANTS

Three more veteran employees have been placed on the annuity payroll, according to E. G. Seubert, vice-president and secretary-treasurer of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). They follow:

J. F. Strang, 618 West Marion street, South Bend, Ind., formerly record clerk in the South Bend office; with company 25 years and 1 month.

Paul Mihalso, 740 New York avenue, Whiting, Ind., formerly still fireman at Whiting refinery; with company 30 years and 6 months.

A. E. Chase, 2958 90th street, South Chicago, Ill., formerly clerk and chemist at Whiting refinery; with company 30 years.

* * *

A married couple had engaged a cook. She was pretty, but her cooking was terrible, and one morning the bacon was burned to such a crisp as to be wholly inedible.

"Dear," said the wife to her husband, "I'm afraid the cook has burned the bacon. You'll have to be satisfied with a kiss for breakfast this morning."

"All right," responded the husband. "Call her in."

—*Exchange.*

'TWAS A HOT TIME IN THE OLD PLANT THAT NOON

Whiting Paraffine Department Celebrates Election of Behrens, 'Suds' and Imler to Joint General Committee of 1923-1924

By MRS. THERESA BUTLER, *Stenographer, Paraffine Office*

"RAH! RAH! RAH! Who are we for? BEHRENS, 'SUDS,' and IMLER! That's who we're for! ! !" sang an enthusiastic crowd, October 19, about 12:15 o'clock. It was a political demonstration of hearty approval for the three candidates who were elected to be Representatives of the Paraffine Department, Division 9: Henry Behrens, whose campaign manager was "Tim" Ryan, Paraffine office boy; Warner Sutherland, whose campaign was managed by "Hank" Haman, Jr., and Ben Imler, who, we are informed, managed his own campaign.

The program started with a big parade, which was headed by a four-piece band (the only band of its kind in the U. S. A.), consisting of a Drum Major, Andy Kraft, whose makeup was a true replica of his name; a Clarinetist, Steve Paulik—who played, oh, just grand; Andy Gyure was the man with the big homemade *Bazoon*, the bell of which was a certain often used but seldom mentioned article of bedroom furniture; a snare drum, nothing short of a first class water pail, played by "Dick" Linke, and the bass drum, played by Joe Gulick, which drum had seen better days in service as a pitch drum. The popular numbers of the day were "Stanolax Blues" Fox Trot, written by Andy Kraft, and "Mary In The Cow Shed Picking Milk," Fox Trot, also written and directed by the famous composer, Andy Kraft. The line of marchers started from the Paraffine Department gate, then to the Candle Factory, where all the fair "Hollywood Stars" carrying banners and blowing horns, joined the forces, and wound up at the Paraffine office, where "Daddy" Behrens and "Suds" delivered enthralling addresses of thanks.

We were fortunate enough to secure parts of "Daddy" Behrens' address, as follows: "This is certainly a gratifying demonstration, and I want to thank you one and all for the confidence you have placed in me by electing me for your Representative. This confidence, I assure you, will not be misrepresented nor forgotten. I did not want to run for this office again, but I heard someone say that no one appreciated anything that was done for them, so I decided to run again to show them that Standard Oil Company employees DID appreciate things that were done for them, and this wholehearted demonstration shows that the people DO appreciate anything

(*Continued on Page 8*)

ANALYSIS OF PLANT ELECTIONS

	Casper	*Greybull*	*Laramie*	*Sugar Creek*	*Whiting*	*Wood River*	*TOTAL*
Number of representatives.	11	3	2	6	21	6	49
Number of representatives having previous service on J. G. C.	4	0	1	1	10	3	19
Number of representatives over 30 years of age	9	3	2	3	19	4	40
Average age of representatives	35.82	42.67	33.50	32.67	44.52	34.17	39.29
Number of representatives married	10	*2	2	5	20	5	44
Average length of service in years	3.76	3.69	3.08	8.51	12.96	8.06	8.78
Number of qualified voters.	2218	286	103	544	3799	1026	7976
Per cent of qualified voters on duty election day who voted	99.68	100.00	100.00	100.00	94.78	98.25	97.17

*One widower

AND ONLY ONE MOUSTACHE IN THE LOT!

Wood River, Ill.—Here is a picture of Wood River's new Joint General Committee. Can any plant produce a finer and more intelligent looking crowd? Top row, left to right: A. L. Davis, Secretary, J. F. Halloran, Vice-Chairman for management representatives, J. F. McCredie. Middle row, left to right: Rex Craddock, J. G. Jones, Chairman for management representatives, E. L. Hunt, Wm. Witthofft. Bottom row, left to right: Wash. McDonald, Geo. H. Wilken, Chairman for elected representatives, W. A. Tipton, J. W. Stephenson, E. F. Scott, Vice-Chairman for elected representatives. If this photograph doesn't show talent, then we are strangers to talent. Wood River is expecting some wonderful results from the work of this committee and we are willing to wager that no one is going to be disappointed. (Sugar Creek sent in a photograph of its Joint General Committee too late for publication this month. It will be used in the January issue. Other refineries have not been heard from.—Editor)

(Continued from Page 7)

that is accomplished in their behalf." (Whereupon, Mr. Behrens called for "Suds" to join him on the orator's stand, and concluded his address by saying: "Now, I haven't any big band here, but I wouldn't give my little band here, nor all the smiles on the pretty faces of these girls here, for all the big bands in America. I will make it short, for I do not want to take up too much of your time, but I want to say to you, in closing, that I will not be your Representative part of the time, I will not be your representative once in awhile, but I WILL BE YOUR REPRESENTATIVE ALL OF THE TIME. I thank you."

The crowd cheered, and quickly quieted down again in eager anticipation of the address of Mr. Sutherland, which ran as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen: It is gratifying to me to see that you have placed so much confidence in me to elect me for a second term, and I will do all within my power to represent you 100%. I will do just as much, if not more, than I had occasion to do in my last term of office, and I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your cooperation." More cheering took place, followed by a song entitled "Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here," and then formed in line to march back to the Candle Factory where deafening cheers again arose and the aforementioned "Hollywood Stars" sang "Barney Google," after which the crowd dispersed to their respective places of business—the 12:30 whistle having given a shrieking blast of warning that the time for such outbursts was at an end. We wonder what might have taken place if that whistle hadn't blown?

We regret very much that "Ben" was not with us, for he deserves his share of the hearty outburst of enthusiasm portrayed, so we cannot publish the address he MIGHT have given. We also regret that "Big Bertha" happened to be indisposed on this memorable day, since we were very anxious to give the Record readers a treat with some REAL pictures of this great band and Sousa's only rival.

ANALYSIS OF VOTE CAST

Plant	*Total Qualified to Vote*	*Total Voting*	*Number Qualified to Vote But Not Working on Election Day*	*Number Qualified to Vote and Working on Election Day But Not Voting For Some Reason*	*Per Cent of Qualified Voters Working on Election Day Who Voted*
Casper	2218	1864	348	6	99.68
Greybull	286	265	21	0	100.00
Laramie	103	98	5	0	100.00
Sugar Creek	544	517	27	0	100.00
Whiting	3799	3253	367	179	94.78
Wood River	1026	908	102	16	98.25
TOTAL	7976	6905	870	201	97.17

WHAT IS CAPITAL AND WHAT DOES IT DO?

If I have $25 of my own and use it to buy a push cart, and then borrow $10 from you to purchase a stock of bananas, we both have contributed capital for my push cart business. But our method of contribution is different, and our interests in the business are not the same. I am the owner of the enterprise. After I have paid back your $10, with interest, the profits of my sales of bananas are my own. If I fail to sell the bananas and then have to dispose of the push cart for less than it cost me, I must bear the loss. You are entitled to nothing but your $10, with interest, but you have an absolute claim for that much, whether I make any money or not. Perhaps I have pledged the push cart as security for your loan, and if I can't sell my bananas I will have to give you the push cart.

This story of the push cart illustrates the way in which capital is advanced for the support of industry. Most of us earn wages through the aid of factories, machinery, ships or railroads, for the purchase of which someone has contributed money. But the money is contributed in two ways, just as it was in the case of the push cart. Some of it is loaned, and its owners usually are given bonds as security. These bonds entitle them to the safe return of their money, with interest at a fixed rate. They get nothing more, no matter how much money is made in the business. Others, however, furnish money for the purchase of stock. This gives them part ownership in the enterprise, and a share in whatever profits are made. But ordinarily they have no absolute guarantee that their money will be returned, and they take the risk of loss if the business is not prosperous. If the enterprise fails, they may lose all the money they put into it. The stockholder and the bondholder both furnish capital, but their functions are not the same. The stockholder is a part owner; the bondholder is a creditor.

Both stocks and bonds are bought and sold in the market, and their values vary with different circumstances. The change in prices of those bonds which are considered safe is relatively small. Even United States bonds, however, sometimes sell for less than their face value. This may be due to the fact that more are offered for sale than are readily bought, or to the fact that current rates of interest are higher than those carried by the bonds. If a bond bears 4 percent interest, and the current rate for loans of equal safety is 5 percent, the purchaser of the bond will insist upon getting it at a price that will bring him 5 percent upon the money he actually pays.

Stocks are subject to the same variations in price as those which affect bonds. They also, however, are subject to other influences which make their price fluctuation much greater than usually is the case with bonds. Since the safety of the money put into stocks usually is not guaranteed, and since the earnings depend upon the prosperity of the business, the value of stocks goes down when business in general, or the business in which they represent ownership in particular, is depressed. Often a decline

(Continued on Page 10)

"AND CHARITY WILL COVER A MULTITUDE OF SHINS!"

Whiting

The last word in style from the Whiting Can Factory girls—

"Yes, We Have No Stockings!"

We won't wear any stockings this winter; that's the style.
We'll face the chilly breezes and bear them with a smile.
With little painted figures, we'll decorate our limbs
And bravely we will follow the last of fashions whims.
We'll save a lot of money, for paint won't cost us much.
Landscapes from knees to ankles we'll draw with dainty touch.
The stocking trust will holler, and suffer for its sins
And charity will cover our dainty little shins.

By Our Poet J. Clingenpeel.

Continued from Page 9)

in stock prices comes merely because people think a business depression is likely to set in. On the other hand, in a period of prosperity the prices of stocks may rise much higher than those of bonds, because the dividends upon stocks usually are not limited to a fixed percentage.

When a man makes extraordinarily high gains upon the money he puts into stocks, it is likely to be either because he has taken an extraordinary risk of loss, or because he has bought stocks when other people's lack of confidence in the business situation had forced prices far below actual values. Many business enterprises have been able to secure capital only because, at the outset, investors took great risks of loss in the hope of making unusual gains. In such cases, the earnings of the stockholders are really in part payment for taking risks. Those who believe that the earnings of capital should be restricted to a small percentage, overlook this element of risk.

For the average small investor, the stock of a risky or uncertain enterprise is not a wise purchase, even though the possible gain is high.

* * *

George: "You just look sweet enough to eat!"
Agnes: "I do eat. Where shall we go?"—*Exchange.*

* * *

Madge: "Would you marry a man to reform him?"

Mable: "I suppose I shall have to—there isn't one of them that suits me the way he is now!"
—*London Opinion.*

TO GEORGE WHELAN

Upon learning of the retirement of G. M. Whelan, manager of the Davenport division, who entered the bond business, Al Teaters, salesman at Rock Island, Ill., who is also a professional poet, writing for several national magazines, expressed the sentiments of all who knew Mr. Whelan in the following poem:

Some claim the Boss is going away,
How can that be,—I ask?
Just exactly as you say?
When he never drove us at a task!

A Boss,—my friend,—as you know
Is one whose word is rough,
He'd rather hand you out a blow
Than tell you—that he likes your stuff.

We have no Boss at Davenport!
But rather, we have a FRIEND,
A man you can see at any time,
Who'll help and advise you to the end.

A man we love,—as well he knows,
For he's filled us all with pluck!
We'll be mighty sorry if he goes,
But we'll all wish him the best of luck.

ATTENTION, REPORTERS

The Stanolind Record will discontinue the use of series of "gossip" items under the headings, "Things we would like to see," "Things that never happen," etc., so please do not send series of that character.

EXECUTIVE ORDER

November 20, 1923.

The following changes have been made to take effect December 1:

MR. D. B. THAYER, manager at Sioux City, Iowa, retired on annuity.

MR. A. P. ROBINSON, manager at St. Louis, Mo., retired on annuity.

MR. C. C. LAKIN, former manager at Joliet, Ill., to assistant manager, asphalt department, Chicago.

MR. J. H. BUDDE, former assistant manager at Decatur, Ill., to manager at Decatur, Ill.

MR. L. W. CAMERON, former manager at St. Joseph, Mo., to manager at Joliet, Ill.

MR. P. A. RAUPAGH, former assistant manager at Chicago, to manager at Milwaukee, Wis. Present manager at Milwaukee to be transferred to other duties.

MR. T. B. CLIFFORD, former manager at Decatur, Ill., to manager at St. Louis, Mo.

MR. C. H. WAGNER, former assistant manager at Grand Rapids, Mich., to manager at St. Joseph, Mo.

MR. H. J. BEMIS, former assistant manager at Milwaukee, Wis., to manager at Sioux City, Iowa.

MR. R. H. THOMAS, former assistant manager at Des Moines, Iowa, to manager at Mason City, Iowa.

MR. JOHN BEATON, former assistant manager at Fargo, to manager at Minot, N. D.

MR. J. W. WILSON, former assistant manager at Kansas City, Mo., to assistant manager at Chicago.

MR. G. F. PHILLIPS, former assistant manager at Peoria, to assistant manager at Decatur.

MR. W. C. VAN HORNE, former assistant manager at Wichita, to assistant manager at Milwaukee.

MR. A. R. MAULSBY, former district superintendent at Des Moines, to assistant manager at Peoria.

MR. G. W. COLDSNOW, former district superintendent at St. Joseph, Mo., to assistant manager at St. Louis. Present assistant manager at St. Louis to be transferred to other duties.

MR. F. H. FILLINGHAM, former district superintendent at Detroit, to assistant manager at Grand Rapids.

MR. K. T. WENGER, former district superintendent at Kansas City, to assistant manager at Kansas City.

MR. W. J. RIEPE, former district superintendent at Evansville, to assistant manager at Des Moines.

MR. H. E. HANSON, former district superintendent at Des Moines, to assistant manager at Mason City.

MR. J. W. ROSS, former district superintendent at Wichita, to assistant manager at Wichita.

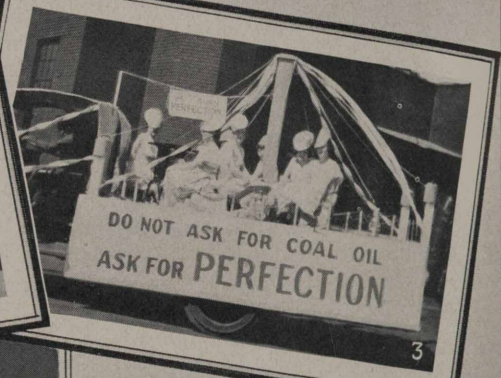
MR. H. H. HATHAWAY, former district superintendent at Fargo, to assistant manager at Minot.

MR. R. H. DODD, former district superintendent at Fargo, to assistant manager at Fargo.

Very truly yours,
R. W. STEWART,
Chairman of the Board.

Attest:
E. G. SEUBERT,
Secretary.

Quality Girls, Quality Products, Quality Floats



Wichita Division—Concerning the International Wheat Show parade at Wichita, Kans., the Wichita Beacon said about the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) entries: "The floats of the Standard Oil Company were easily the most outstanding in the procession. Mounted on huge motor trucks they represented phases of industry dependent on the oil business." No. 1—R. E. Morris deserves all the credit for this beauty. The girls' names? Sorry. No. 2—The question has arisen, "Was Harry Faulkner celebrating his own birthday with this cake?" We don't know, but Harry was the sponsor of the float. No. 3—"Don't ask for coal oil, ask for Perfection." After seeing the float, who wouldn't? The girls' names? Sorry.

Yes? We Have Some More Fine Floats

Wichita Division—This service station float at the International Wheat Show, Wichita, Kans., caused a sensation. Two reasons are standing beside the door. The other reasons—well, look it over. No. 2—Everything would have been all O. K. but we don't know the names of these four. Gee, somebody blundered. Anyway, they were at the Wheat Show as Standard Oilers. No. 3—Yes, this Semdac float tells a story.

So-O, Boss! 400 Bottles, Please

Whiting, Ind.—A few months ago arrangements were made through the Joint General Committee to have certain designated persons go to the gates just before the noon hour to meet the milk wagons parked there and for them to bring milk into the plant. No. 1— Nellie Tokarz of the FFF plant is purchasing a supply of chocolate-milk. Nos. 2 and 3—These pictures show part of the noontime rush. About 400 bottles are bought by Standard Oilers each day.

WHITING DEDICATES BEAUTIFUL MEMORIAL COMMUNITY HOUSE

Five Thousand Attend Opening of New Social Center, Given to Whiting by Standard Oil Company (Indiana), Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as Memorial to Standard Oil Employees Who Served in the World War, and as Testimony to the Interest Mr. Rockefeller Still Feels Toward Oldest Refinery of This Great Company

Editor's Note: Notice of the plan to dedicate the Whiting Memorial Community House on November 12 was not received by the Stanolind Record until November 8, when material for this issue of the magazine was all ready for the press. At that late date it was impossible to make room for more than the following account of this important event. However, photographs of the dedicatory exercises will appear in the January issue providing Bob Curtis and Dr. G. Cash live up to their reputations as expert photographers.

By Elmor L. Fogelsonger,
Assistant Editor, Stanolind Record

More than 5,000 people, most of them employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), attended the dedication and formal opening of the beautiful new $550,000 Memorial Community House at Whiting, Indiana, Monday, November 12. The opening exercises were continued on November 13, with a program of community singing.

The Community House is a gift to Whiting from the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the Company donating $375,000, the elder Mr. Rockefeller $100,000, and Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., $75,000. The building is a memorial to the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) employees who served in the world war, and the gifts from Mr. Rockefeller and his son express the interest they still feel in the people of the city where is located one of the oldest and largest plants of the Standard Oil Company. The gift from the Company represents merely an extension of the whole Industrial Relations idea, as represented by the Industrial Relations Plant itself, the Annuity Plan and the Employees' Stock Purchase Plan.

Dedicatory exercises were held under the auspices of the American Legion, Whiting Post, No. 80. J. L. Dickinson, Jr., chairman of the national rehabilitation committee of the Legion, and Frank Henley, state adjutant of the Indiana department, were the principal speakers at the morning exercises.

Col. Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Directors and executive head of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), and Dr. William M. Burton, president, gave short talks on behalf of the company at the afternoon session, which was held in the auditorium of the Community House immediately after the afternoon band concert. Other speakers were Mr. E. T. Lies, special representative of the Community Service headquarters, New York, and Mr. A. J. Parkin, director of Community Service at Whiting. Mr. J. E. Evans, assistant superintendent of the Whiting Works, and chairman of the board of managers in charge of the Community House, presided.

"It has been, and is the constant aim of myself and my colleagues on the Board of Directors to better the condition of our fellow employees in every practical way," declared Col. Stewart, "and the Company's donation of $375,000 to this building is a further manifestation of that spirit, which had already found concrete expression in the Industral Relations Plan, the Annuity Plan and the Employees' Stock Purchase Plan.

"The gift of $175,000 from the two Mr. Rockefellers is one more evidence of the far-seeing vision and kindly hearts of these two men. Throughout the whole world, wherever there is a practical opportunity to do a real service to humanity, the influence of the Rockefellers is felt. In the combating of diseases which afflict mankind, and in the

(*Continued on Page 16*)

(Continued from Page 15)

advancement of education, history affords no parallel comparable to the accomplishments of the Rockefellers. The power of their great fortune is being devoted to the welfare of mankind, and that power is being applied in a thoroughly practical way, with a business-like efficiency that is bringing results which the whole world is beginning to acclaim. In making this gift to the people of Whiting, the two Mr. Rockefellers are not only giving one more demonstration of their willingness—nay, eagerness—to do practical good to their fellow men, but in this case they are also manifesting a special interest in the employees of a plant which was once a most important part of the old Standard Oil Company, of which Mr. Rockefeller was the head. He still remembers the old days, and the rank and file who made Standard Oil what it is, and his gift is an earnest of his continued interest.

"Like the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), the two Mr. Rockefellers are also believers in Industrial Relations, in the best sense of the word; believers also in such well-nigh revolutionary economic ideas as employee ownership, brought about by such methods as that you see in operation in the Employees' Stock Purchase Plan of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). They also, are not believers in paternalism, and in making this gift they, like the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), have attached no strings to it. They have joined with us in placing in your hands the instrument with which you can build up Community Service to broaden and brighten the social life of the people of Whiting. It is now up to you. The building is a beautiful one, and wonderfully equipped, but the building alone is nothing. It is the interest and backing, the soul you put into it, which will spell success or failure."

While the Company will in no way interfere with the management of the Community House, the Board of Directors will watch its operation with intense interest, Colonel Stewart said, as it is an experiment which will provide valuable data when the time comes to establish similar institutions in Wood River, Sugar Creek, Casper, Greybull and Laramie.

Speaking of the building proper, he described it as "a monument to the good sense, ability and intelligence of the Community Service Building Committee."

It was with a gifted touch that Dr. W. M. Burton, president of the company and "graduate" of the Whiting plant, struck a responsive chord in the hearts of other Whiting "old timers," and brought a sympathetic smile to the lips of the younger folk.

In comparing the present social opportunities with those of thirty years ago, Dr. Burton described the first dance ever held in Whiting. This was in 1891. The dance was held in one of the company's houses at New York avenue and 119th street. The party was enlivened by a two-man orchestra, composed of Billy Meyers, who played the fiddle, and Dr. Burton, who mistreated a guitar.

"Do you wonder that even in those days the need of a community center was felt?" Dr. Burton asked.

Concluding, Dr. Burton declared that it was largely to the efforts of Colonel Stewart that Whiting owed the new building. "From the first, Colonel Stewart has always been an ardent advocate of the plan," Dr. Burton said,"and it is to his broad-mindedness and aggressiveness that the employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) owe not only this beautiful Community House, but also Industrial Relations, Annuity, and Employees' Stock Purchase Plans. And in making these things possible to the employees, he has had the wholehearted support of the Board of Directors."

Mr. Lies brought greetings from the National Community Service officials to Whiting and urged that all take part in the various activities, pointing out that only in that way could the House fulfill its destiny.

Mr. Parkin expressed appreciation for the gift on behalf of the people of Whiting and declared that the House would maintain the high standard of Community Service. He read a telegram from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. which stated that Mr. Rockefeller regretted that he was unable to attend the opening and dedication services but hoped he soon would have an opportunity to visit the Whiting institution.

Mr. Evans gave a short history of the rise of the Community House idea in Whiting.

Music for the occasion was furnished by the Standard Oil Band with Mr. Morgan L. Eastman as conductor. Following the speeches was a community dance which lasted until 11 P. M. The Commercial Club entertained the dedication committee at dinner, which ended in time for the committee to attend an athletic exhibition in the Men's Gymnasium, a bowling match between Fred Lau and Charles Henrikson, Whiting, and Fred Thoma and C. Collier, Chicago; and an exhibition by expert pool and billiard players, Al Taylor, who (the program stated) is instructor in billiards at Ann Arbor university, and John J. Duffy, Whiting. Parades, airplane stunts and other forms of entertainment featured the morning program.

The community house has been declared to be the finest in the United States.

The building, which is brick, has been turned over to the city completely furnished. It is two stories high and has a full basement. The structure has been divided into three main divisions: An auditorium with a seating capacity of 1,000; a general lobby, with administration offices and secretary's counter; adjacent, the billiard room, with eight tables, social and reading rooms and refreshment lobby. The clubroom on the second floor will be the headquarters of the Whiting American Legion.

The woman's department contains a social room, gymnasium, director's office, locker and shower rooms, and separate entrance to the swimming pool.

The community house will be under the supervision of a board of eleven persons, composed of five trustees, employees of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) at Whiting, and six citizens of the city. J. E. Evans heads the list of trustees and also is chairman of the board of managers. Other trustees are T. S. Boyle, J. D. Melvin, H. F. Glair and Dan Gallagher.

The trustees and the following Whiting citizens compose the board of managers: Mrs. William Rought, vice-president; Mrs. James Judson, secretary; John M. Thiele, treasurer; Mayor Walter Schragge, Joe Chilla and Judge R. E. Green.

GUID NICHT!

Grand Rapids Division—Everybody knows that Bill Withers, agent at Lakeview, Michigan, is Scotch, but none realized he was so typically a Sandy as this photo indicates. Mr. Withers and his daughter are here shown in Sunday attire.

BARNYARD GOLF

Whiting—The final results of the Whiting S. O. A. A. Fall Horseshoe Tournament follow:

Player	*Won*	*Lost*	*Pct.*
Frank Radloff	11	1	917
Floyd Banks	10	2	833
Walter Beach	10	2	833
Jas. Bell	9	3	750
Jas. Hanson	7	5	583
W. N. Bercaw	7	5	583
R. Carlson	5	7	417
N. Daily	5	7	417
Thos. Jancosek	5	7	417
R. Ferdinand	3	9	250
I. Gazda	3	9	250
P. Paliken	3	9	250

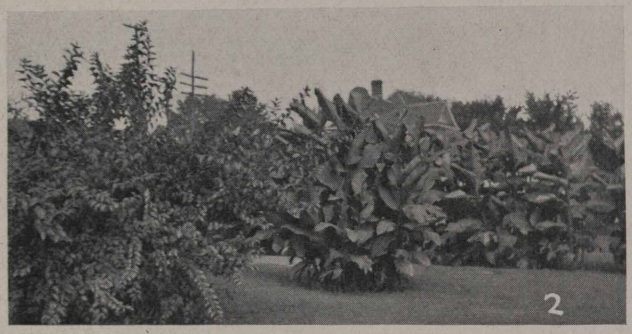
First six men won prizes.

* * *

Willie (poring laboriously over his arithmetic lesson): "Father, I can't find the common divisor."

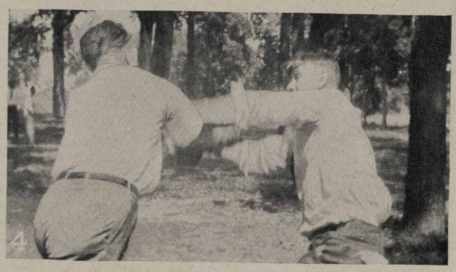
Father: "For goodness sake, haven't they found that yet? They were looking for it when I went to school."—*Exchange.*

Giving Other Stations the Minnehaha?



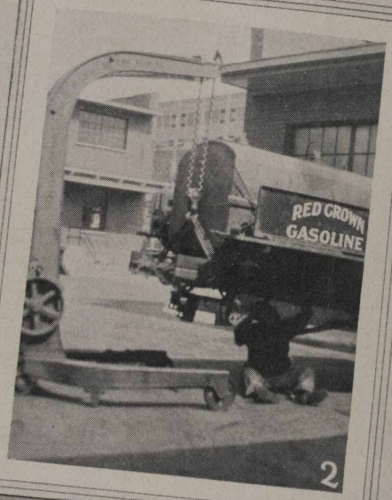
St. Joseph Division—No. 1—This shows the "most beautiful S. S." in this division, located at Hiawatha, Kans. No. 2—This is a view of the "floral paradise embowering the station" (the correspondent's own words). No. 3—And this one is called "one of the more simple corners of the grounds." (After taking one look at the caption of this layout, the assistant editor, who thinks our humor is very punk, opines that we would better explain that Minnehaha was the sweetheart of Hiawatha. Oh, very well, very well.—Ed.)

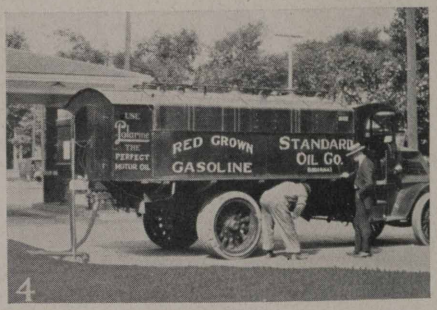
FUN IN PLENTY AT TOPEKA



Kansas City Division, Topeka—No. 1—Here is the lull before the storm. All the picnickers of the Topeka force managed to curb their appetites long enough for the photographer to snap this pix. Then they ate! No. 2—Don't get any in your ears, John! The fotog who snapped this one of Agent White had to wait until John had destroyed three melons before he would quit eating and hold still long enough for this pix. No. 3—After this, don't feed John White any more melon. Look how he's being forced, as the sport scribes say, "into a neutral corner," by Chief Clerk C. W. Kelly. No. 4—The two with the mitts on are Bill Sherman, city salesman, and Will Lux, tankwagon salesman. The picnic was held at Waterworks Park, Sunday, August 19.

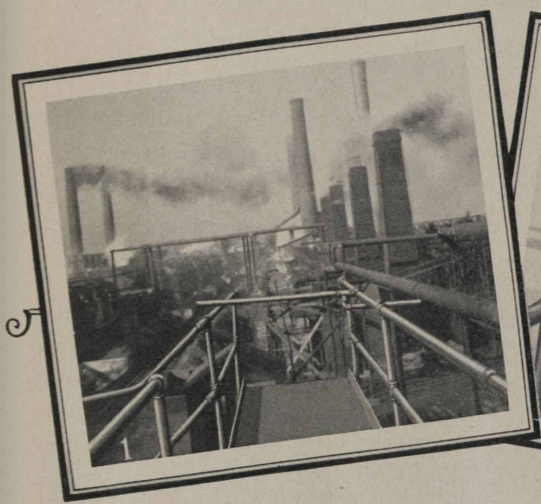
SAFETY FIRST — *The Right Way, The Wrong Way*





No. 1—Here is the SAFEST WAY to support a truck while undergoing repairs. Note the small "saw-horse" in connection with the "Lifting Crane." No. 2—The absence of the "saw-horse" or "stationary blocks" makes the work more hazardous. Remember the old saying, "An ounce of precaution is worth a pound of cure." No. 3—The driver of this truck is doing exactly what every other driver should do while filling at the Service Station: stay at the rear end until the tanks have been filled. *Avoid overflows. Use the grounding device.* No. 4—A moment's inattention might result in an overflow and the possibility of a bad fire. *Don't forget the grounding device* either. The above illustrations and data were furnished by Mr. R. E. McIntire of the Detroit office and is in accordance with a series of photographs on the *Right and Wrong Way* to be submitted by other Tax, Legal and Accident men throughout the field.—F. C. SINGLETON, *Safety Director, Sales Division.*

Brought to Light—Safety First



THE FLOP RAIL

The safety director feels that he is successful only when the majority of the employees are making every effort possible to prevent injuries. In the flop rail (No. 1) we have an invention of the Acid Works Department at Whiting. This flop rail is used on an approach to a ladder from a high walk. Many of our walks about the refinery are many feet above the ground, at the end of which is placed a long iron ladder leading to the same. With the use of the present flop rail it is impossible for a man to walk off into space as he approaches the end of the walk. No. 2 —You will note that the flop rail is so fixed that when it is raised, one end of the flop rail hits the middle handrail on the walk before the flop rail reaches a perpendicular position. Therefore, it is impossible to leave the flop rail open. It flies back into place as soon as it is released from the hand. All approaches to ladders from high walks should be guarded in this manner.

C. W. SMITH
Director Safety Division

and

F. W. LAU
Safety Director, Whiting, Indiana

SOME EARLY DAYS OF WHITING—Concluded

First Efforts to Incorporate Whiting Made in 1892; Fear of Taxation Expense Causes Failure; Hammond Annexes City; Court Fight Ensues; Congressional Nominations Bring Victory to Whiting

By U. G. SWARTZ

(Copyright, 1923, by U. G. Swartz)

The first effort to incorporate Whiting as a town was made in the Spring of 1892. For this purpose an informal public meeting was called in Soltwedel's Hall, a small lodge room in the Soltwedel Building near 119th street and Pennsylvania avenue. A preliminary organization was formed by the election of Dr. W. E. Putnam, chairman, and U. G. Swartz, secretary, and a map showing the boundary lines of the proposed town was presented. This covered the territory from Indiana Harbor Canal to the state line lying north of a line through the lakes Berry, George and Wolf.

The spirit of this meeting indicated an enthusiastic eagerness for incorporating all this territory into the future city. Some committees to arrange for the details of the incorporation were appointed with instructions to report at another meeting two weeks in the future. Apparently everything was set for a successful denouement.

But making new cities is not always easy, as the future disclosed. When the next meeting was held there was found a complete reversion of sentiment on the part of many and others who were not present at the first meeting came to protest against incorporation. Arguments of all kinds were made against the project.

Underlying all of them was the question of the expense to be borne by taxation. What had appeared so near at hand in the first meeting was, in this second meeting, put over into the dim future. However, the question was a great and a public one and could not long be set aside. Fate brought it again to the forefront in a forceful and terrifying manner and from a most unexpected quarter.

On the evening of July 17, 1893, a group of seven wandering strangers came to the Hunter's Resort of William Timm in Robertsdale. This was situated in a sparsely settled place between the Pennsylvania Company and L. S. & M. S. Railway tracks. A murderous assault was made upon Timm and when the fight was over, two of the attacking force lay dead and another was so seriously injured that he died a few weeks afterward; while Timm and George Dorsch, who had come to his assistance, lay seriously injured.

The incident demonstrated the urgent need of municipal protection. All the attacking party who were uninjured made their escape. There was no one to take charge of the dead or injured stranger. The sheriff's office which had nominal charge of the enforcement of the law and order was thirty miles away over roads, largely, very bad. The injured man was securely fastened to a tree with a chain, there, with the dead, to wait till the next afternoon, when representatives of the sheriff took charge of the situation. Strange as it may seem the cause and purpose of this attack was never discovered, nor the identity of the men.

Such an experience shocked all sentiments of humanity. Fear, too, seized the hearts of those living in Robertsdale. This name embraced the territory lying directly northwest of the village of Whiting. Whiting having refused to incorporate, the citizens of Robertsdale presented a petition to the mayor of Hammond, Thomas Hammond, to annex their territory to his city. Their appeal met with success and Hammond annexed all the territory lying between Atchinson avenue and the state line.

There was, at that time, some doubt whether a city in Indiana had the legal right to reach out in this way and incorporate sparsely settled territory a distance of five miles from the city proper. But Hammond owned their water works on the shore of Lake Michigan in Robertsdale and a large water line from there to Hammond. They relied on this for justification for their annexation ordinance.

Thus the opportunity for a greater

DETROIT GETS FINE NEW OFFICE

Detroit Division—The new office building of the Standard Oil Company, Indiana, located at the corner of Lafayette Boulevard and Fourth Avenue, has been completed. It will be occupied on Monday, October 22. The new building is very complete and the result of carefully worked out plans which anticipate the future needs of the company. More stories may be added when the need arises. On the first floor will be located the construction, engineering, and service station departments, as well as an assembly room with a seating capacity of 200. The executive offices, marketing department and records will be located on the second floor, while the third will be devoted entirely to accounting. On the Lafayette Boulevard side a drive-in canopy has been built, which houses three pumps. This takes the place of the drive-in service station which formerly occupied this corner. This is the first move of the main offices which has been made by the Detroit division of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana in 30 years. Up until 30 years ago the offices were located in a building at 46 West Jefferson Avenue. At that time a complete office structure was erected at the West Detroit plant, 3405 Scotten Avenue, and it is this building which the company has occupied up until the present time. The present office force numbers 140, while the number of employees in the Detroit division, which comprises Detroit and eleven counties, totals nearly 1,200. The executive officers of the Detroit division are E. P. Galbreath, manager; R. F. McConnell, assistant manager; and A. A. Kirn, chief clerk.—*The Detroiter.*

Whiting was forever lost. But the end was not yet. Esau not only had traded his birthright for a mess of pottage, but also stood in increasing danger of having his pottage taken away from him.

Mayor Hammond had never been in favor of the annexation of Whiting territory, nor of Robertsdale, but had yielded to the stress of the petitioning people of Robertsdale, and the patent need of protecting the Hammond water works.

Not so with the Hammond administration that followed his. The burden of taxes in Hammond had increased year by year and the only relief appeared to be to annex Whiting, the property of the Standard Oil Company, and the unoccupied thousand or more acres of land belonging to Jacob Forsythe, lying north of the inland lakes.

With the year 1894, came a change of administration in Hammond, and risking the question of legality the Hammond City Council passed an ordinance annexing all Whiting territory, except the cottages and the plant of the Company. In so doing, the plant was not to include the Company property at first, believing that the Company would not raise any objection to the annexation of the other territory; and that having once established the other territory

A WEE TRAFFIC COP

Indianapolis Division—Barbara Jane Burke, 1 year old, is boss on the busy intersection at S. S. No. 99, Clinton, Ind. Attendant D. J. Burke is her pa.

as part of the city of Hammond, they could then annex the cottages and plant of the Company without any legal difficulties.

But the Hammond Council's plans went astray. Following their annexation ordinance they put Hammond policemen on duty throughout the annexed territory. This was the signal for a long and bitter fight in which the Standard Oil Company, Jacob Forsythe and the citizens of Whiting joined hands and legal forces, taking the question into the courts, where a two years' fight ensued.

Aside from the efforts in the courts this fight took the form of every variety of activity on the part of Whiting citizens to induce the Hammond Council to dismiss their annexation proceedings. Scarcely a meeting of the Hammond Council was held without influential people from Whiting being there on this mission. Without avail, for in this contest the council thought they had everything to gain and nothing to lose. They did not at that time see that, with all this display of determination on the part of the Whiting people, there was a spirit of antagonism springing up in Whiting which would finally be keenly detrimental to Hammond.

In May, 1894, the Whiting Democrat, a weekly newspaper, was established by the writer of these sketches. It swung at once into the incorporation fight. Week after week, issue after issue, it fought for the freedom of Whiting. Setting out the injustice of the annexation of its city, it urged its people to stand firm, to endure the ills due to lack of municipal protection till the people of Whiting could acquire self-determination.

At a mass meeting a committee was appointed to take charge of the incorporation efforts. This incorporation committee tirelessly did everything possible to secure victory in the courts and also to induce the Hammond council to dismiss their suit in the courts and repeal the annexation ordinance.

The legal fight drew itself out at great length. In June, 1894, a formal petition for the incorporation of Whiting was signed by Whiting residents and filed with the county commissioners, the territory embraced in this petition included that part of Whiting which had been annexed by the Hammond council. On June 10, this petition was granted by the commissioners and June 27 was set for the date of holding an election to vote on the question of incorporation.

To this the Hammond Council took an appeal which annulled the order. It was not until February 6, 1895, that this appeal came up in the Lake County Court at Crown Point. Then the Hammond Council through their attorney asked for a change of venue to the Porter County Court claiming that, on account of prejudice, they could not obtain a fair trial in Lake County. The hearing on this appeal was held in March, 1895, and was decided in favor of Whiting.

At the following session of the Lake County commissioners, on June 3, an order was issued to hold an election on the

incorporation of Whiting, the date of which was set for June 18, 1895. Henry Schrage, U. G. Swartz, and C. V. Crane were, by the same order, appointed inspectors of this election.

The election day was fair and warm, and great crowds thronged the polls all day watching the stream of voters coming in, many of them expressing their enthusiasm for the project. Interested visitors in the afternoon were W. P. Cowan and Jacob Forsythe, who expressed their delight at the prospective outcome of the voting. It was a "yes" and "no" ballot and when the ballots were counted the result announced was 685 ballots "yes" and only two ballots "no."

It was a joyous day for Whiting although there was much speculation as to what Hammond would do next, as an appeal was still possible. On June 25 following this election, Hammond withdrew their policemen from the contested territory.

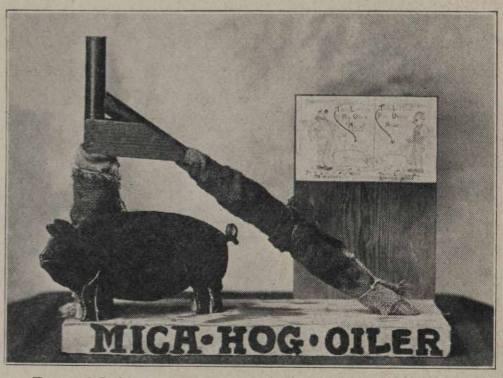
At the next session of the county commissioners, September 3, the first business taken up was to order an election of officers for Whiting. The date of this election was set for September 30, 1895. The men who had been appointed inspectors for the election on incorporation were reappointed inspectors of the election of officers. It was their duty to divide the town into wards; to publish the notice of election; and to prepare the ballots for the same, in addition to conducting the election itself.

The effort for incorporation having been carried on without any reference to party politics, it seemed to be the general opinion that the first officers should be selected without party strife. But it soon became apparent that there would be great rivalry for these positions.

The committee on incorporation thought that their work would not be done until they had prepared a ticket for the first election. Accordingly, they held a committee meeting and arranged to call a mass meeting at whch to present a slate. This mass meeting was called for September 18, to be held in Mettier's Hall.

The enthusiasm of the people was demonstrated by the crowd which attended this meeting, every foot of standing room being occupied.

EVERY HOG HIS OWN OILER



Des Moines Division.—Hogs of Des Moines division owe a vote of thanks to S. S. Attendant Chris B. Nelson who made this Mica Hog Oiler. The cartoon, rather indistinct in the cut, shows one fat pig who went to market and a little skinny pig who stayed home. Which pig used Mica? You're right.

Fred P. Allen, the present head of the asphalt division of the sales department of the company, was elected chairman of this meeting. The incorporation committee reported their slate. There was a babel of voices of the many who wanted to speak. Above the uproar was heard the noise of the gavel and the stentorian voice of Mr. Allen, saying that the motion was carried and the ticket nominated.

The candidates named were W. S. Rheem, First Ward; H. Schrage, Second Ward; Fred J. Smith, Third Ward; George W. Humphrey, now deceased, Fourth Ward, trustees; Fred Fischrupp, clerk; P. A. Hickey, treasurer; Wm. Emmel., marshal. The ticket was called the Citizens Non-Partisan Ticket. The nominations of the mass meeting were afterward confirmed by a signed petition, in order to comply with legal requirements.

On September 18, another mass meeting was called by other citizens and another ticket, called the People's Ticket, was nominated. The candidates named were E. B. Green, First Ward; Wm. Collins, Second Ward; Geo. Soltwedel, Third Ward; Herman Vater, Fourth Ward, trustees; Geo. Paul, clerk; Geo. P. France, treasurer; F. Horlbeck, marshal. George P. France, who was at that time superintendent of the plant, resigned from the ticket.

September 30 was election day. Everyone seemed to feel the great importance of the day, and voters crowded to the polls early. Of the election inspectors appointed by the commissioners, Henry Schrage was disqualified for service on account of being on one of the tickets, and C. V. Crane was disqualified on account of not being a property holder or resident householder. This left only U. G. Swartz of the original inspectors to take charge of the polls. After opening the polls he called upon the bystanding voters to elect two from this number to act as judges. F. P. Allen and Peter Byrnes were so elected. They also elected R. N. Andrus and Thomas J. Payne, clerks; Thomas Matthews and James G. Davidson, sheriffs.

The voting place was the office of the Whiting Democrat. The voting proceeded rapidly and orderly. Six hundred and twenty ballots were cast. The official count showed that the entire Citizens Non-Partisan Ticket was elected. W. S. Rheem, majority 227; H. Schrage, majority 173; F. J. Smith, majority 214; George W. Humphrey, majority 162; Fred Fischrupp, majority 145; William Emmel, majority 100, and P. A. Hickey without opposition.

The night was spent in building bonfires, shooting fireworks, and other suitable jollification. This celebration was speedily brought to a close the next day when it was learned that on September 26, four days before the date of the election, the Hammond Council had taken an appeal from the order for the election given by the county commissioners, and the election was of no force.

However, on October 5, the Board of Trustees met and organized by electing W. S. Rheem president of the board, and thereafter for more than a year the board met every two weeks and adjourned without transacting any business. Meantime, the fight for self-determination was continued.

After months of this fight the end came as suddenly and unexpectedly as the original annexation of Robertsdale.

In June, 1896, the nomination of the republican candidate for congress in the Tenth District of Indiana was to be made. The contest for this nomination was hard fought. The candidates were Edgar D. Crumpacker and Frank Hanley. Now it happened that Edgar D. Crumpacker was a brother of Peter Crumpacker, who, in turn, was attorney for Hammond. It was reputed in Whiting that Edgar D. Crumpacker was an assistant of Peter Crumpacker in the annexation proceedings against Whiting. In the congressional campaign the Hammond Council and its attorney, Peter Crumpacker, were lined up intensely for Edgar D. Crumpacker. This situation brought the prospective congressman definitely into connection with the incorporation fight, for Whiting was entitled to two delegates in the congressional convention.

These were selected at a mass meeting of the republicans of Whiting, and although Crumpacker was distinctly the favorite with Whiting republicans, aside from his reputed connections with the Whiting annexation suit, on account of this reputed connection the two Whiting delegates were unanimously instructed to vote against Mr. Crumpacker for congressional nominee. These delegates were W. S. Rheem, later president of the Standard Oil Company of California, and now deceased, and Dr. W. E. Putnam.

When the congressional convention convened it was found that the votes of the two Whiting delegates would determine the nominee of the convention and the rivalry for them became intense. The Hammond people were made clearly to see that it were better for neighboring cities to live together in harmony. Accordingly, during the time of the convention, preliminary to the balloting, the Whiting delegates were given satisfactory assurance that Edgar D. Crumpacker was not at that time an assistant to his brother in the annexation suit. They were also assured that the majority of the Hammond Council were sick of the strife with their sister city and that they felt that the annexation suit was a tactical mistake. The representations and guarantees received by the Whiting delegates were deemed so dependable by them that they felt that they were relieved of their home instructions. Accordingly, their votes were cast for Edgar D. Crumpacker, who thus received the congressional nomination with a majority of one-half of one vote.

On October 6, 1896, Alderman Richard Schaaf Sr., introduced, in the Hammond Council for the sixth time, a resolution to dismiss the incorporation proceedings. This resolution, rejected five times previously, was then passed; all but three members voting for it.

On October 10, the writ of dismissal was filed in court and the three years fight for self-determination was ended. Whiting was her own.

On October 14, 1896, a monster celebration was held. Features of this were a gigantic parade and a public meeting where appropriate speeches were made by Whiting officials and representative men from neighboring cities.

The Board of Trustees immediately began to function. A franchise was granted for electric lights. Ordinances were passed to install water, sewers and sidewalks; to police the town, and to provide a jail and to take care of the many other needs of the new municipality.

The western limit of the populated part of Whiting at that time was New York avenue. The entire population was about 3500. What incorporation meant to these in municipal conveniences and protection, only those who have lived in similar conditions can appreciate. But the results of incorporation were of even greater importance. On incorporation depended civic pride and the right to expend local taxes on local improvements. Upon these depended the growth of all those local institutions which make a beautiful and contented city. The growth of Whiting, the development of her civic institution, the fostering of her local manufacturing interests, the erection and endowment of her beautiful school buildings and finally of her unrivaled community building, all depended on the outcome of this issue. Those who fought so long, tirelessly and effectively, may well take pride in their achievements.

Who are "Old Timers?" They who trod through the deep sand in streets without paving or sidewalks; they who strove for sanitary conditions without sewers to aid them; they who fought typhoid without pure drinking water; they who walked the streets in darkness waiting for the time when light might come; they who had the vision to see a future city in which might be had every convenience and protection that an enterprising municipality might afford; they who have endured the hardships, the trials and privations of pioneer days; they who experienced the friendships and associations of by-gone times and cherish their tender memories—these are the "Old Timers."

This is the sixth and last of the series of articles on the early days of Whiting. The articles are copyrighted by U. G. Swartz. Reproduction is prohibited.

WEDDING BELLS

Wood River—From the time Walter Van Dusen started in as a quiet messenger boy to the present time, his many friends have been predicting some unusual success for him and one look at the picture of the beautiful bride above would convince anyone Walter has arrived. Miss Lucille Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Smith of Alton, became the bride of Walter Van Dusen the latter part of October. The ceremony was celebrated at the home of the bride. The entire house was decorated with flowers and many close friends of the families were present. Walter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Dusen Sr., are residents of Wood River and the Father has been with the company many years. They will make their home in Wood River. In the picture above (lower) Mr. and Mrs. Walter Van Dusen; (above) Charles Van Dusen Jr., brother of Walter, and Mrs. Velma Avery, sister of the bride.

* * *

"Mamma," said a little boy, who had been sent sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it is brown?"—*Exchange.*

* * *

It is getting so that in order to succeed these days a fellow must keep his nose to the grindstone, and a girl, hers to the powder puff.—*Exchange.*

STANDARD OILERS, PRESENT AND FUTURE

No. 1—George Sodt, Waldron, Mich., agent, of the Detroit field is willing to pit these four against the world. We would like their chances, too. No. 2—Doesn't he look fatherly? He's "Big Hank" Duyser, refined oil and gasoline correspondent at Grand Rapids, Mich. The children are neighbors. No. 3—W. G. Smith, attendant at S. S. 328, Glenwood, Minn., of the Minneapolis field, has a pair of can't be beat helpers here. They are Loyal, aged 7, and Kenneth, aged 2½. No. 4—Here are Frances and Louise, daughters of Elwin Borden, Buffalo Lake, Minn., agent, of the Minneapolis field. He has a right to be proud of them.

S. O. SERVICE—ANYWHERE, ANYTIME!

Peoria Division—Driver Beasley of Lincoln is shown here demonstrating what is meant by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) slogan, "Service, Anywhere, Anytime," by going into a prosperous central Illinois farming community with his tanker.

POLARINES WIN CHAMPIONSHIP

Chicago—The Polarine Baseball Team won the championship of the Cosmopolitan League by defeating Dryden Rubber Co., 4 to 2.

Polarines and Dryden Rubber Company were tied for first place when the league closed, each losing three and winning twelve games, therefore this tie was played off.

The boys of the Polarines played a wonderful game, not a single error being made. Our pitcher, J. Wyand was in big league form, allowing only five hits and striking out nine men.

A trophy was awarded to the team by Thos. E. Wilson.

* * *

Ethel: Did Gladys announce her engagement to Tom yet?"

Clara: "Announce it? Why, my dear, she broadcasted it!"—*Exchange.*

* * *

Undertaker: "Are you one of the mourners?"

Pat: "Sure I'm thot. The corpse owed me five dollars."—*Exchange.*

* * *

SAFETY FIRST.—(As burglar enters the house of Banker Johansson) — Mrs. Johansson — "John! There's a strange man in the room!"

Banker—"What do you want?"

Burglar—"Money!"

Banker—"What security do you offer?"—*Sondags Nisse* (*Stockholm*).

COOKS, LAY OFF!

In the last issue we printed a cake recipe, supplied by Minneapolis, in which Stanolax was used as an ingredient. The medical department of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) states that Stanolax should never be used as an ingredient in food, and, in fact, should not be taken immediately after eating. Used with food, it is likely to give one indigestion. Apparently the Minneapolis folk can digest anything, and as to our Saginaw correspondent, who claims to have eaten at one sitting four pieces of cake made from said recipe, with tremendous enjoyment and no sad effects—well, he is a near relative of the Minneapolis folk. His name is Johnson, you know.

ANNUITANT DIES

It is with regret that the Stanolind Record reports the death of James C. Worden, an annuitant, who died on September 25. Mr. Worden was formerly a carpenter at the Whiting refinery and was in the service 27 years and 2 months. He had been on the annuity payroll since July 1, 1922.

SOME OF FARGO'S PRIZE YOUNG 'UNS

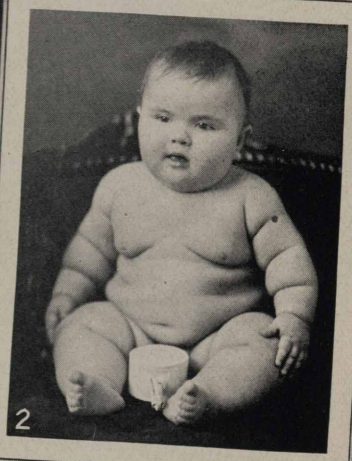
1

2

3

Fargo Division.—No. 1—Maybe they want the moon, we don't know. But we couldn't blame H. A. Gauper of the Construction department if he tried to get what they want. H. A. is their dad. Oh, yes; we'll introduce them. Harold Jr. is on the left and Helen is doing the pointing. No. 2—This trio is at grandma's now. They are (left to right): Maclynn, Miles and Dustin Smith, sons of B. L. Smith of the Fargo office. Live wires, what? No. 3—Marjorie June Holland is going to make some man a good wife some of these days. We might crack a joke and say that the way she wields the broom points that she will make him a good husband anyway, but we won't. Marjorie is the daughter of Salesman E. C. Holland.

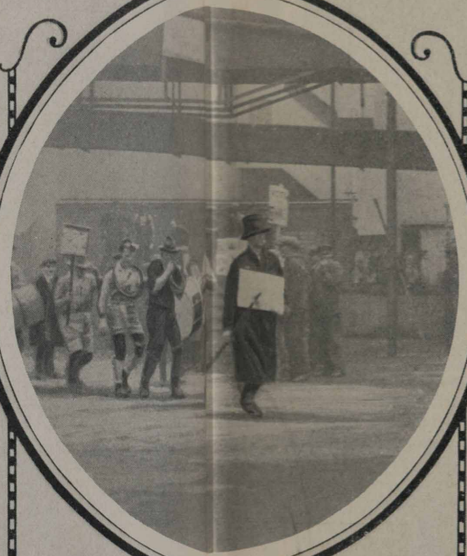
THE YOUNGER SET AT WHITING



No. 1—Maurice James Ritter is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Maurice Ritter. J. E. Evans, assistant general superintendent of the Whiting Works, is mighty proud of his grandson. Blame him? No. 2—Miss Loretta Gobberg was seven months old when this photo was taken. She weighed 40 pounds. Cute? She's the darling daughter of Z. Gobberg of the Welding department. No. 3—Here's the youngest deck officer aboard the steamship Renown. He's Charles Smith, son of First Assistant Engineer C. W Smith.

"Pointing with Pride" and "Viewing with Alarm" at Whiting

1



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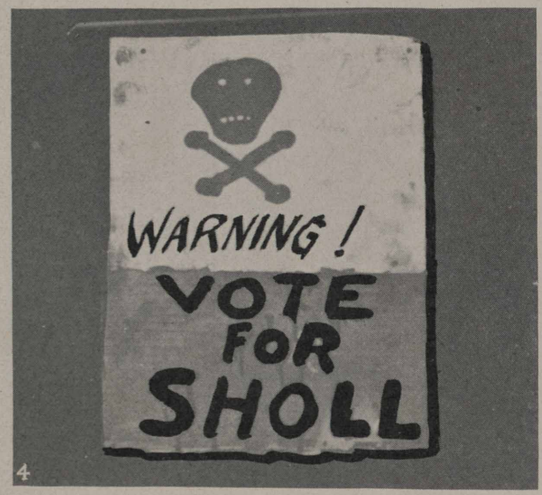

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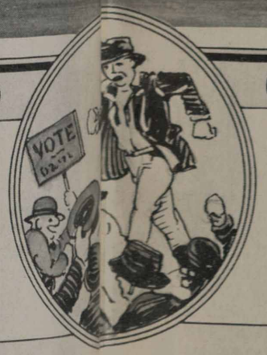

Whiting—Harmony may have been lacking in this bunch who set out to elect Paul Dobbertin representative from Division 1 in the Joint General Committee election, but noise was present in abundance. The "band" is composed of (left to right) Charles Mahnke, B. Williams, C. Groat, William Cinnotto and P. Dobbertin. No. 2—This clown band kept enthusiasm at fever heat by parading through the plant during noon hours. No. 3—"Haase, why not?" "Let Wilson represent you." Those campaign banners and the tooters gave the plant the appearance of a presidential election. No. 4—"Warning, vote for Sholl." And the voters heeded the "warning." Nick was elected. No. 5—Moore and Rabe believe in signs. No. 6—Here are the results of some evenings of work. The signs tell their own story.

WHITING, IND.

The Standard Oil Athletic Association Bowling League of the Whiting Works has organized for the present season. Ten teams have been entered, the following departments being represented: Switching, Barrel Houses, Tower Stills, Industrial Relations, Laboratory, Machine Shop, Electric Shop, Pressure Stills, Main Office and Welding. The games for the first half of the season schedule will be played at the Slovak Dom Alleys, and the remainder of the games will be played in the new Community Building. Considerable interest is being displayed, and this year promises to be one of the most successful that has been promoted by the association.

When the golf sticks and the weather man agreed to become partners for a few hours at a time, Dr. Bransky was seen on several occasions at the Hammond Country Club laboriously mastering the art of golf. On one particular occasion he was playing with C. J. Fitzgerald. During the course of the afternoon they decided to satisfy their hunger by buying a few sandwiches. Mr. Fitzgerald, realized that it was Friday, so asked the lady at the lunch counter for a whale steak, then for carp fins. She replied, saying she had nothing but ham. Fitzgerald said, "All right, give me one. The Lord knows I asked for fish." Dr. Bransky, pointing to the pile of ham sandwiches, asked for one of those veal loaf sandwiches. The young lady explained that they were not veal loaf sandwiches, but ham, to which he replied, "I did not ask you what it is."

Still Cleaning Department

Men of the still cleaning department were very sorry to hear of the death of Joe Tokarz and to his brother, Andy, extend their sympathy.

"Ninety-seven J" was back on the job in the wash-room for a few nights entertaining the boys with stories of his adventures on land, sea and air. In fact most of his adventures are air stories.

Everybody was glad to see Wm. Mitcham back on the job after two weeks of sickness. They would like to see him buy an alarm clock also.

Andy Vislay, Andy Vargo and Andy Chilla, famous as the "Three Andys," were elected October 18 from Division No. 5 after a clean and brilliant campaign. These three still cleaners sailed into office with little or no opposition.

A new road running past the Y. M. C. A. is now under construction, the name has not been decided upon yet, but it will probably be Tinkish boulevard or Still cleaners avenue.

Sickness in the family caused Joe Peterson to lose a few days' work. At present the folks are improving.

James Vena is at the Illinois Central Hospital in Chicago being treated for an injury to his leg.

John Haan, our neighbor, is some sport, he cares no more for a dime than he does for his right eye. After making a large bet on Zev in the recent race, he rocked 7,862 times from one foot to the other trying to collect.

Agitators

The boys of the refined treating department extend a glad hand to Dr. Myrick who has recently been appointed assistant to Dr. Broderson.

One hundred and twenty years of continuous service are divided between four men. Is that not a record to be proud of? The men who make this record possible are Henry Holtz, Grant Spurrier, George Wiley and Oren Mackey.

It is rumored that Pat Hayes will pull anchor from the water gardens and set sail for his old neighborhood on the South Shore in the near future.

John Johnson had the misfortune of spraining his ancle while duck hunting in the wilds of Hammond recently.

Harry Etter and George Pottinger have the radio craze. It is hard to say which one is the most affected at the present time.

Father Stork worked over time the last month delivering babies at the homes of Dave Witmeyer and Joe Rausch.

Heinie Smith reports good hunting on the Slews, south of Hammond. He has caught a good cold and H——ll when he got home for being late for supper.

The coupe is gone; but Chris says "he still has his Lizzie."

The water situation has improved wonderfully since John Mack announced his intention of running for Mayor. It looks like they are afraid of you in Hammond, Jack.

Judging from the way Charlie Parker eats Earnie Deekens cookies he must not like them.

I wish Dave Gingher would do something so that I could write his name in the record once in a while.

Ed. Baiden says, "Judge not, lest thou be judged."

The rat catching contest is at a dead lock. Heinie and Pop Curtisbo both having caught seventeen.

Condolences are offered to Fred Haag by the boys on the agitators in his recent defeat for representative. Better luck next time, Fred.

Ray Durbin was off for several days having had trouble with his eyes.

All news is good news, let's have it. See Bud Griffith.

Tower Stills

We are informed that the daughter of Wm. Lynch, stillman of the rerunning stills, is to be married November 12. Who is the lucky boy, Bill?

The last representative election was one of the dryest and most cigarless elections we ever had. What is the matter with all you politicians?

Mike Novak, a notorious gunman from Stanolite Stills, please return the tin cupboard box to gas engineers. Nothing will be said.

We are still wondering when we are to receive ciagrs from a certain stillman on Stanolite Stills. How about it, Joe? Otherwise we will have to put you in the class with Root Connors and Dover.

Mike Christoff, fireman on the Stanolite Stills, has been transferred to the clean-up department and has taken place of Patrick Dowling (deceased), better known as "Black Patty" at the rerunning stills.

It is the belief of certain men on the tower stills that Herbert Brown should hire the services of Brennan (Dever's Campaign Manager), for his next campaign. What say, Herb. Sign him up, he's a good manager.

For home study course in hunting see Prof. Plumchak, rerunning stills.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen: Tower still reporter. Finder please return same and receive reward.

Irwin: "Gee, boy, I got a date with a swell Jane downtown tonight." Gilbert: "Let me take your place, Irwin. Is she good looking?" Irwin: "I don't know I haven't seen her yet." How about it Irwin? Is she there, and did you have a good time?

It is rumored that John Pulor is going to start a harem. Better ask Judge Sullivan, John?

John Graves has applied himself to ex-president W. Wilson's policy of watchful waiting. Say, Freese, did you order that cigar from the Eskimos at the North Pole?

First sign of real Winter: Jerry Stack with ear laps on his ears.

As yet we have no information whether Jack Connors and Mike Adley are on speaking terms.

Say, Jack, why not give Mike a ride in your Rolls Royce and see if that will make him talk.

A few slogans which were used by different candidates in recent Representatives Elections:

"One Good Term deserves another"—Lynch.

"A Full Dinner Pail"—Dobbertin.

"Give a Helper a Chance."—Brown.

"A Fireman that will do his best."—Korney.

"Throw away your dinner pail and eat all you can."—Eaton.

"100 per cent for Labor."—Haag.

Heard at a recent bowling game when one of our good bowlers happened to have a streak of bad luck: "A split! Gosh, ding this leg of mine. You know I just can't bowl! Every time I move this leg of mine it pains me so." But (5 minutes later his turn again) a strike! Not a word said!

What has happened to Paul Dobbertin since the election?

Did you hear about Andy Kubeck's 1914 Ford towing Herb Brown's Oakland home. Say, Herb, you can't beat a Ford.

Everybody is trying to save, save and save. Even Gilbert Dahnkamp is trying to economize by saving as many nickels as possible. He did not wish to spend a dollar for two seats in a theater, so he decided to take his girl to church (no charges to church), which to his satisfaction was a fine idea. But upon arriving in Church saying a few prayers and singing a few hymns, the missionaries took up a collection. Just then Gilbert happened to realize he only had a $5.00 bill and no small change. Naturally he donated for the good cause.

Paraffine Department

WHEREAS, the Paraffine Department has taken upon itself to make its grand DEBUT in this issue,—RESOLVED, that all who are interested in any current events, social or otherwise, relative to said paraffine department, will kindly contribute any items in their possession to the Record, via the correspondent at the Paraffine Office.

Can you tell us: Why Ed Wonnacott uses the city phone so often—he has been married a long time to be so attentive to his wife, y'know.

Why Bill Bohnsock does not purchase that machine, which he often speaks of? He has the garage in readiness. Like having a cart and not a horse, huh?

When Russell Butler was not "on the job" at 4:30 to view the Candle Factory girls on their way home. S'too bad the twelve to eight shift ever originated, isn't it Russ?

When William Schurke went home all by himself at five o'clock?

Who has ever seen or heard of:

Ralph Eberly taking his time about anything?

"Hank" Haman Jr. yelling over the phone?

Erna Vater without a giggle?

Mary Lawler without an interesting story, or telling all about a dream she had?

Gertrude Thieme not saying "Now you stop, Mr. ? ? ?

"Tim" Ryan, our office boy, has an important way of saying, "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Georgie" is the wit of the Paraffine Department tribe. Oh, his last name is Wilt. Know him?

Ralph Eberle of the paraffine office staff who was operated on for appendicitis and tonsillitis is reported to be getting along nicely and is expected to be back with the bunch in the near future. We've missed you terribly, Ralph.

George Winslow, who has been ill for the past two months, is improving, and the boys all wish him the best of luck and hope to see him back here with us again.

Bill Biesen had the misfortune of falling off his bicycle a few weeks ago, which resulted in a broken finger. He is on the job, but the finger is very much in the way.

Pressure Stills

Julius Kish, My Boy Julie, who broke his left hind wheel, is back to work again. His wife said she was glad to get rid of him as he is an awful pest. We agree with her. And also Julius is the proud father of a young baseball player. Thanks for the cigarette, Julie.

Stanton and Kelly were the choice of the Pressure Stills for representatives to the Joint General Committee. More power to them.

"I wish to thank my campaign committee for their work and support in the last election. But I really think that the only thing that beat me was that Canadian Stuff. I did not have enough for all the boys. Again thanking all the boys and wishing success to Stanton and Kelly and assuring you of my appreciation, I am, Yours truly, Eddie Cahill."

Yonko Dust was not in the running at all. Gee, he was *boiling*.

P. J. Sweeny is back to work again having recovered from an accident. He is looking good. Well, he should after all the chicken he ate.

The boys all sympathize with Jim Spanier in the loss of his mother.

Felix is still feeding his chickens cheese.

How is it that McGowan only had his picture taken with the ladies Labor Day?

Bill Driscoll and Eddie Cahill announce that they are candidates for representative to the J. G. C. next year.

L. C. Moore was elected president of the S O. A. A. for this year. That is the way L. C. We are athletes from the superintendent all the way down. Watch the A. A. hum this year. Bunch of good men.

Red Seliga took the big jump—got himself a wife. Best of luck, Red.

Steam Department

William Willis, ash car man at No. 4 boiler house, resigned to go south for a few months.

The many friends of P. J. Sweeney are glad to see him back on the job again.

Pat Coughlin, water tender at No. 4 boiler house, is now on his vacation after inspecting all the boilers on the plant.

Paton Richardson, meterman, is playing football with the Whiting Friars this season.

Jacob Vena, helper at No. 2 boiler house, has doped out a hand guard rail for handles on wheel barrows. I'll say that took some headwork, Jake.

Wm. Hero, ash handler at No. 2 boiler house, has been off sick for a few days.

Clyde Tucker, fireman at No. 5 boiler house, lost a few days account of sickness.

Gerwasio Gennorelli, coal unloader at No. 2 boiler house, has been promoted to ash car man at No. 5 boiler house.

Peter Dutchard, ash handler at No. 2 boiler house, is off account of sickness.

Clide Gooden, boiler washer at No. 4 boiler house, is back on the job again after a short layoff account of a accident received while at work.

Chas. P. McDonald, swing watertender on the Refinery Side, has been serving as teller during the plant election.

John Zaller, boiler washer at No. 4 boiler house, is reported to be on the sick list.

Mike Regulia, swing fireman at No. 5 boiler house, has been transferred to the Canvas Room of

the paffe department while his arm is healing up from a recent operation. His many friends trust that he will soon be back on his old job.

Jacob Venna, helper at No. 2 boiler house, and Matt Yokov, fireman at No. 1 boiler house, received their 10 year service buttons this month.

John Jurik, coal unloader at No. 5 boiler house, has been promoted to ash handler at No. 2 boiler house.

Mike Pluko, helper at No. 5 boiler house, was called home account of the sudden death of his brother-in-law.

Mrs. P. O. Vandeveer, has been visiting friends in Iowa and reports a fine trip there and back.

John Ryan, boiler washer at No. 4 boiler house, is back on the job again after a trip back east.

Harry White, popular watertender at No. 5 boiler house, made a good run for representative in the 9th division. The steam department as a whole was interested in his election as Harry stacks up as mighty good material for that position. Although defeated, he, through his clean cut campaign, looms up as a big factor in the next election.

Thurman Doman, flue blower at No. 5 boiler house, has returned to work after a vacation spent in Colorado and side trips to Idaho and Utah. He reports Colorado as being a fine place but likes Whiting the best of all. I wonder why?

Main Office

The Main Office "Devil Dogs" would like to see:

William F. Graf take a joke. (On himself.)

Jimmy Kelleher win a dirt track race with Barney McKenna.

Marian Westby in his car on State and Madison.

Juriga send some of his famous "Poems" to the Record.

Frank Gilmurray working six days a week.

Tom Brown turning down a chance to make a few nickels on the side.

Harry Brown leaving the lunchroom hungry.

Chas. Knitter put wings on his Nelson machine with the Aeroplane motor in it.

Mike Silvasi, Leo Myers and Jim Markey quit kidding Ernie Lustig.

And the rest of the guys would like to know why:

Bill Sullivan talks with a foreign accent.

Vinc. Hynes never hits a foul ball.

William W. Walsko has his hair marcelled.

Leonard Lustig, Leo Myers and Joe ("Ziggie") Cigrand got married.

Henry Schultz has his Oldsmobile parked on Roberts avenue so many times a week. (We know her, Schultz, old boy.)

Bobby McClelland's hair is so sheikish and still he don't use vaseline. (We recommend Proxide, Reddie.)

No one admits having sent these "Whys" to the editor.

George Soroka doesn't move to Gary to save gasoline. (Yes, he has a Ford coupe.)

Can Factory

November 2 the Whiting Police saw a gang of strangers gather at the entrance of a local bowling alley. Thinking it to be a Ku Klux Klan meeting they immediately prepared to throw the hooded mob in jail, but learned that it was only the new Can Factory Bowling team. Ed Kammer was the first to the front. He drew back to wallop the pins when the ball slipped from his hand, hitting Pete Petersen. Andy Semancik then made a desperate plunge forward. The ball lofted high, breaking the big electric light fixture near the ceiling. Next came John Roman. The pride of the Can Factory made a forward pass and followed the ball half way down the alley. The next man up was John Henrikson. John surprised the boys making 1 pin in the first inning. Pete Petersen and Emanuel Broholm came near scoring. Last, but not least comes Jim Mullaney, the big Irishman from Goose Island. Jim made a good showing.

Anyone knowing a cure for a lovesick boy, please notify Joe Siska.

Bill Schmittel has taken unto himself a corn-cob pipe. Watch Bill make the smoke roll, boys.

Anyone wishing information relative to music, ask Louis Csoka, member of the Hungry Five.

A. Schurke, gas house foreman, is teaching several members of our Gasoline alley how to properly adjust their radiator caps.

Things that never happen:

L. E. Anderson driving 12 miles per hour.

Art Stross selling his Ford.

J. W. Humphrey knocking the "Earl."

John Roman staying away from Homerlee ave. on a Wednesday.

Emanuel Broholm taking Minnie to the movies.

Jake Behrens working on a Saturday afternoon.

George Mehalso going to a burlesque show.

Joe Siska coming to work without Hattie.

Mary Montich staying away from a dance.

Robert Garrigan bringing Sally a box of candy.

Julius Miklosy shaving his mustache.

Arthur Stross took a trip to Texas to attend his parents' 50th wedding anniversary.

Max Broholm, foreman of the loading gang, spent his vacation in Minnesota.

Sophie Benko was riding with some of her friends; when they go to the East Side Sophie wanted to get off to see Arthur Pelke. Do you pass the cigars soon, Art?

Mike Jacko of the Box Factory is taking up singing. We wish you good luck, Mike.

Keep your eyes open at the racetrack, fans. At the rate Edward is driving Henry Ford, they will soon have him entered in the races.

Ed. Kammer is looking for some "snake charmer." What's the matter with Shurke's or Minnie's room, Ed.?

Rocky of the Box Factory will take a trip to St. Louis for a few days. It's his old home town. We wish you luck, Rocky.

The automobile agents were after Ed. Horlbeck. Ed. said, "Nothing doing, you can't have a machine and keep a family at the same time."

Jim of the Box Factory enjoyed his two weeks' vacation motoring through Illinois.

John Sturbavy, otherwise "Peanuts," of the loading gang, was out to a fish supper the other night at the Point Cafe, as a guest of the SOCO Baseball Team. We just heard from one present that "Peanuts" won first prize for being the best fish eater there.

Steve Bendis of the Gas House was given a new name by the girls. They call him "Our Little Sunshine Steve."

Candle Shop

The office force noticed one day that Lillian Porter could hardly lift her left hand. When an investigation was made they discovered a brilliant sparkle on her engagement finger. The lucky fellow is Edward Christianson from Hammond, Ind.

If you want to hear all the latest gossip, come down to the Candle Factory office at noon.

The Candle Factory extends its sympathy to Hattie Wenglarz in her sorrow over the death of her husband.

Clarence Stratton has a mistaken idea of color. He thinks that ruby glasses are blue.

We wonder what motive prompts the matron to worry so about other people's troubles. The other day she was worried because her train was being pulled by a "leaky" engine as she claims the conductor informed her.

John Zato tried to play a joke on us. He persuaded Jennie Pospychalla to marry him and thought we wouldn't find out. But boy! Our secret service is in good working order.

Helen Fordyce advises that the foreladies needed to use a little more patience when they were dealing with her. But they cannot be patient when they try so hard to find out what drug store she buys her complexion at and she won't tell.

Every time Mary Olear takes a day off, rumors go around that she is getting married. But Mary says not for another ten years yet. And Mary still has hopes.

Anna Juriga was heard saying that she cannot wait till 1924 comes in. She insists that she will propose to every tenth man till accepted. Why wait for every tenth, Anna?

Not so very long ago Anna Maksimik and Gladys Gilman were overheard talking about going out in the evening to pick watermelons. We don't know whether they had any luck because Anna and Gladys don't mention it any more.

Now that Christmas is almost here most of the Candle Factory girls are seen busy crocheting at noontime. Gladys Gilman looks suspicious. While Cina Stratton is making up for lost time. Wilma Foreman is always tatting. Emily Beckman is busy, too, and last but not least Anna Hlebasko is making a necktie. Everybody thought it was going to surprise Tomatoes but Anna says it's for her father. Our sympathy with Tomatoes.

Madeline Verradt doesn't realize that long skirts are in style. She is with the flapper age yet, wears her skirts above her knees and claims Flo Ziegfeld doesn't know there are beauties at the Candle Factory.

Florence came to work one morning with and the next without her diamond. Can anyone help clear up the matter?

Elizabeth Rhinesperger gets a stick of gum from the watchman every night. But we wonder what she pays him for it?

The girls of the Kalochrome department are sure making use of the advantages offered at the night school. Emily Beckman says she's going to attend and take lessons in lovemaking in order to win back the love of her lost friend.

Ruby Kruzich will take a few days off to help prepare for the wedding of her sister which will take place in Frankowski's Hall on October 21. We suppose she will have to take a few days off after the wedding, too.

There are some very curious people in the Candle Factory who would like to know why Elizabeth Haraksin has to go to 63rd street to meet her sheik.

These same curious people have asked if Stella Stefanski wasn't making enough money at the Candle Factory without trying to make a little extra by driving a cab at night and on Sundays.

Pauline Kornidas, we need your assistance. Some of the Candle Factory workers object very much to stumbling over your friend's bicycle at night. They suggest that you put it in the garage because it might get stolen. Or better yet persuade him to get a car, then he can stay a little longer. They also suggest that you do your courting in the parlor instead of on the front porch.

Drafting Room

Warren Beaubien, Donald Monro and Wallace Matthews attended the Stadium Dedication and Illinois-Chicago game at Champaign, November 3.

Normand Ranstead and family motored to South Bend November 3 to attend the Notre Dame Home-Coming Game with Purdue.

SUGAR, CREEK, MO.

Frank Phillips has the sympathy of all his fellow employees in his recent bereavement. His 2 year old son died October 26.

Alex Nylund recently came to the First Aid room for treatment saying that he had been in an auto wreck as he came to work, he blames the women for everything. (He said a woman driver collided with him).

Carl M. Chambers, pipe department, is proudly boasting of the arrival of a fine girl at his home, October 30.

F. F. Stinnett, stillman on the continuous stills, told his helpers that he had purchased one of his sons a $40.00 gun to kill big game. A few mornings later the son was seen with a live possum.

John Hornyock is remodeling his home. When completed it will be one of the prettiest in Sugar Creek.

Frank Searcy has an old car. Hallowe'en he put a sign on it telling the merrymakers to drag it away. Next morning it was the only thing undisturbed.

Robert A. Johnson, laborer, has four children in the high school and one in Junior College and is buying 10 per cent stock. Can you beat it?

J. J. Wirthman has developed quite a reputation as a nimrod during the duck season.

John Beal Jr., son of John Beal, asbestos coverer, and Andy Pavola Jr., son of Andy Pavola, toolman, still cleaners, recently put on an interesting boxing exhibition at the Athletic Show, October 20.

Joe Strako, watchman at the north gate, wonders why the men want to set his clock back five minutes just before noon.

John Mulhearn complains because "Doc" Hall, veteran jitney man, will not leave with his load after work hours until P. J. Dunn has had his daily bath

George Gibbons, newly elected Employees Representative of the 5th Division, has begun making preparations for his trip to Chicago next Fall. Has ordered a new suit and says he is paying for it like a small insurance policy, $3.00 first week, $2.90 next week, $2.80 next week and so on until he has it paid for. Has also placed an order with an Independence harness-maker for one pair of light weight shoes, especially designed for ducking street cars, taxicabs, etc.

We will soon see whether brotherly love exists between Frank and Luther Lee. Frank was appointed again as Management Representative and Luther was elected by employees in the 2nd Division. Now is the time for Monroe to ask for fewer hours and more money.

Wonder if Max Duckworth will vote with or against George Hackett?

"Youth Wins Again." W. B. Hodge put up a good race but Joe Morgan of the inspection department finished with the highest score, beating Waldie by five votes. Maybe the sample boys will get better working conditions, now.

Al. Shondell (better known as "Toots, the Skull-Buster"), champion wrestler of Sugar Creek Refinery, successfully defended his title at the S. O. Co.'s Athletic Show, held in the Sugar Creek School Auditorium, October 20, when he won two falls from Lennie Neilson, better known as the "Wild Bull from Little Italy." Shondell has bumped all the prospects around this locality. Why don't some of the other refinery wrestlers challenge him? He hasn't been able to find anything in this part of the country that

can even make it interesting for him. Neilson was our best and he wouldn't have lasted as long as he did had it not been for the difficulty Shondell had in getting a hold on him on account of his greased body slipping out of his grip.

Pete Akers, Bill Beatty's asistant at the tin shop, is going to build him a beautiful box car bungalow in the near future in Independence. Pete was the high bidder for the old car inspector's shanty.

Mr. Parker, Sinclair Pipe Line Company's operator, says he believes he is going to like his new home. He thinks the S. O. Co. boys are a big hearted bunch and hopes to make Sugar Creek his permanent home.

It has been reported that A. B. Jones drove his Cleveland six down town the other day and arrived back in Sugar Creek without a single accident.

Clifford Howard returned from a very successful duck hunt on the Missouri River. However, it should be explained that the success was all on the side of the ducks. Mr. Howard claims the ducks are wearing trench helmets and tin overc oats this Fall. Clifford is experimenting with a flexible barrel shot gun which he says will shoot over a hill or around a corner.

The Sugar Creek Foreman's Club gave an al fresco (whatever that may be) fish fry recently. The degree of F. F. E. (fish fry engineer) was conferred on Frank Lee, Herbert Van Smith and Dr. Eyssell. The general enjoyment of the affair was somewhat marred by G. V. Hackett's painful experience with the bones.

It is rumored that G. W. Thompson, main office, is writing a serial to be called, "Meet Me Under the Old Bridge and Bring the Wrecking Crew."

Dr. H. O. Eyssell announces the arrival of a fine boy who threw the scales into consternation with 10 pounds 7⅞ ounces.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Phillips wish to express their appreciation for the many kindnesses extended them at the time of the illness and death of their beloved son, Wallace Junior Phillips.

George Dumsky, paraffine press cleaner, came to work October 20, all excited, saying, "it was a fine boy."

Matt Kobe, paraffine press cleaner, passed around the cigars. A son arrived at his home, October 27.

Steve Kobe, son of Matt Kobe of the paraffine department, and Tony Manure, son of Andy Manure of the acid works, put on an interesting boxing bout at the Athletic Show October 20.

WOOD RIVER, ILL.

The election held in October for representatives to the Joint General Committee, was warmly contested, especially in Divisions Nos. 3 and 6. Wash. McDonald won out in the third division, it was his first effort in politics and he showed his appreciation by passing the cigars. He is the youngest member ever elected to this position. Scotty was re-elected in his division.

The Red Crown band has acquired a new member in the person of William Holland, son of Dr. Holland, superintendent. He will play the snare drum.

Roy Streeper of the welders has been hunting every Saturday afternoon and comes home with the limit of ducks. Wonder that you wouldn't remember some of your friends, Roy.

Due to bad judgment in picking winners in the World's Series games, Frankie Peterson of the tin shop spent part of the time in October walking to and from work. Frank lives in Alton. It is a distance of some five or seven miles. Fortunately, only seventy-five cents were lost.

Harry Hanaham of the pipe shop declared he could tell the winner of the recent election by cards. But his winner proved to be a two to one loser. Now, Harry, don't pick me.

Ben Forsting, the well known bowler, took his best girl to the Hippodrome in Alton the other evening but, somehow, used too much "Hoyt's German Cologne" on himself. The next time he asked her to accompany him, she refused to go.

Since the new paved road between Wood River and Roxana has been completed, Henry Long's automobile has withdrawn from the ranks of the I. W. W.'s and is running and working fine.

Mr. Slaten of the main pump house has left the employ of the company and will take up work with a construction company in Central City, Ky. His many friends wish him success in his new work.

E. L. Hunt, newly elected representative, promises many things. Watch his smoke, boys.

George Harr, steam still stillman, spent two weeks recently vacationing in and around Chicago. Geo. came back apparently much refreshed and rosy cheeked. He also spent a few days of his time in Whiting, Ind.

Walter Haller presented Louis Wolf with a beautiful new brown hat. Now Wolfie goes to the locker to change hats.

The following poetry was found on a tank car at Wood River works by H. Davis:

"Here lies the remains of Saphead Hank,
Who had no regard for a leaking tank.
Its placards read 'Keep fires away',
He lit his pipe so let us pray."

We were wondering if the boys had started to rush the "hot dogs" yet. You know Tony also ran and you know the slogan: "Vote for Tony and you won't have to eat Bologna. Get 'em while they're . . . hot."

Barring cartoons from the Record certainly had no effect on the Tank Artists at Wood River.

You could hardly say that Rex Craddock's break into political publicity was a bad break.

J. O. Kochan of the treating department is the proud father of a fine baby boy. We understand it has already been called J. O. Jr.

The quartet from the Lub. end of the plant, Wash. McDonald, Don Naef, Toots Halloran and Forrest Rhodes, have received good offers for their services to sing Christmas Carols.

Garrett Burch (better known as Hawkshaw), our pipe fitter, has lost his soulmate, Joe Stepson, to the paraffine department. Hawkshaw called Joe his Blue Eyed Sparky.

Henry Dryden of the lubricating department spent his vacation around Whiting and Chicago. Wonder why these boys go toward the Canadian line this time of the year.

George Veach of the machine shop spent a week-end up in Calhoun chasing wild game. He came back with 5 ducks and 5 squirrels. Very good, George.

Harvey Moore has moved to the country. He left early in November. That is a safe time of the year to go to the farm but we expect to see him back on Penning avenue when the first crops are ready to go in.

Miss Myrtle Exton of the laboratory inspection department and Rudolph Horstman of Alton stole a march on their friends and were quietly married in Alton, October 17. Miss Exton is the charming daughter of Worthy Exton, Louisville, Ky. For the past three years she has been employed at the Wood River Refinery, first as a telephone operator and then as distillation operator. Rudolph Horstman is connected with the Alton Automobile Company. Their many friends extend heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

Miss Illah Hancock spent a week with her parents in Jerseyville when she was unable to perform her duties at the switchboard on account of an infected thumb. Glad to say she is again able to be with us.

A host of friends wish to extend their sympathy to William Meisner in the loss of his mother.

Walter Heideman is building something in the back end of his yard that looks like a garage. It has everyone in the neighborhood guessing. But, as someone remarked, it surely can't be a garage.

R. Buck, Herman Schuler and Jake Foster claim they had an interesting trip to the air meet. Of course it was interesting, but why do they think their trip was more interesting than other folks had?

WhenCharlie Eads accompanied his wife to Alton to do some shopping on his thirty-two off, he fell asleep on the steps of one of the leading stores on third street while waiting for his wife to come out. When he came to life, his hat was in his hand and in it he had 87 cents, 6 chips, 8 tokens and two transfers.

Latest ravings in the Lab.:

Theresa Brown: "I'll tell you what time it is." (Anxious to display her new wrist watch that (?) gave her.)

Loyd: "I'm going up to Pietown to-night, kid, where I can have a wild time." (Loyd recently has imagined he is a wild man, leading a wild life).

Elmer, following in Loyd's footsteps, keeps saying: "Bull-leave-muh, this is modern times." Elmer thinks he is quite a modern chap.

Hugh Christy never tires raving about married life. (Hugh has only been married eight weeks at the time of this writing. Wait a year and hear him rave.)

Every time the telephone bell rings, Mr. Buck, very much excited, says, "I'll get it, Miss Brown."

Laura, always making trips to the country: "Oh I got the best apples up in the country yesterday. I only bought five to eat." No wonder Elmer calls her Powerful Katrinka.

William Cook was seen wandering around the vicinity of Collinsville on a recent Sunday in his touring car. Not only wandering, but wondering. It seems he started for Scott Field.

Tom Pratt of the boilermaker's department has been ill and away from the plant for three months. He spent part of the time at Hot Springs. Tom's health has about returned and by the time this item is read, we hope he will be with us again. Recently several of the boys, H. Ford, W. Beiser, W. Yenny, J. Hamilton, Rex Hamilton and others, made Tom a visit that may set him back some. The boys took with them some hard pears and apples, some weiners and three large onions. The last mentioned is Tom's favorite.

Henry Dinker and his cousin are on good terms again and it looks like another fine hunting season for Henry.

Larry Hunt has moved into his $12,000 home on State street. He has ordered a new grate for the furnace and is all set for cold weather.

John Crow took a day off recently to try out his new Chevrolet with the dished wheels. Grafton was one of the places visited so he could try it out on some big hills.

All the boys at the boiler shop are pulling for Gus Dietz next year. They know if something does not turn up for Gus next Leap Year, he will be S. O. L.

It is reported that Dwight Stafford is considering contesting the recent election. It was a rainy day and after most of the boilermakers had gone home, the boys came around with the ballot boxes.

Aid to digestion—After being absent from the company lunchroom for many months, our director of Industrial relations, Mr. Hall, has come back. He returned at the time the ladies came to the lunch, room. Mr. Hall left on account of indigestion. Good company does make the meals more attractive and also seems to be an aid to digestion.

You saw in one of the recent issues of the Stanolind Record, a question: "Why do they call George Searcy, Horsefly?" After much sleuthing, we have found the answer. Here it is: Down in Kentucky is a large rock quarry which requires a large supply of nitro-glycerine. This explosive is shipped in five-gallon cans. Now, everyone has heard of the hogs that roam, half wild, in that section. One of these hogs came upon a half empty container of nitro-glycerine and consumed the remaining portion. Our supposition is that nitro-glycerine is not very good for hogs. The hog began to squeal and rubbed against the hind legs of one of the mules. At that time a large Kentucky horsefly stung one of the mules. Enough rock was blasted to build a road from Henderson, Kentucky, to Wood River.

Harry Camfield, one time water drawer at the main pump house, is now enjoying the manifold duties of pumper at the pitch stills pump house.

While Wood River Foremen do not have an "organized" Fellowship Club, they certainly practice fellowship when they get together as they did October 30. The Program consisted of a fine Gridiron Dinner, some music and several well discussed subjects. A telephone monologue executed by John Halloran, wherein his Irish wit worked wonders, did "gie to ithers the power to sie thimselves as ithers sie thim" and several telegrams to a number of the guests furnished much pleasure to the other guests. The supposed recipients of the telegrams were relieved of the trouble reading them by "Red" Maxwell. These revealed some startling information. John Halloran acted as Roast Master and the Roasts were all well done. The following persons and subjects were discussed: "Mr. C. A. Halsey, The Efficient Foreman," portrayed by Mr. Jolley, who told of Mr. Halsey's tiresome efforts throughout the day's work and of his splendid co-operation with everyone; "Mr. A. Wuestenfeld—Refinery Operations," portrayed by J. Maloney, who said much about the unruffled temper of Gus and of his habit of putting it up to the other fellow to have something to say about it; "Mr. F. J. Gainer—The Secret of My Success," portrayed by J. Halloran, who showed that very great respect should always be given to book learning as compared to actual experience; "Mr. C. F. Hall—Safety and Industrial Relations," portrayed by "Doc" Flanagan, who said that concerning this work, it seemed needful to keep in close touch with Chicago; "Mr. J. F. Halloran—How to Run a Refinery," portrayed by C. F. Hall, who showed everything was in good hands and revealed the fact that, although John has gone for a long time under the appellation of John Halloran, his real name is Andy Gump; "Mr. J. Kocher—How I Maintain a 100 per cent Department," portrayed by Max Hartwig, who disclosed the fact that an early life in Switzerland with a diet of carrots and other blood building materials helps toward the 100 per cent, "Yes, I'll fix him;" "Mr. J. J. Maloney—Early Days in Wood River," portrayed by Bert Halsey, who told of the early struggle of a near mine superintendent from Pennsylvania and how he got to the top by sheer ability. The purpose of the meeting was just to get all the foremen together for a good time and this was certainly accomplished, but another result, regardless of the purpose, is the creation of a finer feeling of fellowship and co-operation. About seventy foremen and heads of departments were present.

Jule Kocher has erected a fine brick building, 128 feet long and 25 feet wide which will be used for bowling alleys. This is certainly giving the bowlers a lot of room for their strength. Then there is a kitchen and hall back of the alleys. The bowling season is just starting and it is expected that there will be many Plant teams this year. Last year bowling proved to be the Winter's most popular sport.

CASPER, WYO.

Clifford Simmons, pipe fitter helper, is back in the pipe department again after wandering which took in nearly every corner of the country.

Owen Stanbro, pipe fitter foreman at Plant No. 3, went on his sixth annual deer hunt recently, with the usual result.

Bill Lang, pipe fitter foreman at Plant No. 3, says he bagged thirteen ducks at Sand Springs, recently. When someones questioned this tale he referred him to Dick Brammer as being able to corroborate this statement. Oh, Boy!

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Jackson are the parents of a fine baby boy. Mr. Jackson is in the pipe department.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Edwards announce the arrival of a baby at their house, October 14.

Charles Elliott, an old timer in the pipe department at Plant No. 3, has left for California. Good luck, old man!

If you want a marriage ceremony performed in a highly efficient manner, go to our fellow employee, Judge J. A. Murray. We hear he has gained quite a reputation lately in tying such knots.

Vernon Sundwell, employed on tower stills at Plant No. 3, lost his wife and baby by asphyxiation from natural gas fumes last week. His fellow employees extend deepest sympathy in this bereavement.

Judge Murray is now assistant to D. M. Lobdell in the Industrial Relations Department.

Bill Sword of the garage force is passing the cigars. A fine girl, of course. Congratulations, Bill!

J. W. Curry, director of Industrial Relations, and C. W. ("Safety") Smith, director of Safety, both of the Chicago office, paid the Casper plants a visit of several days in October. Come again!

W. H. Tolhurst, master mechanic, spent a week recently in the big game country of western Wyoming. No reports of game bagged have been forthcoming up to this time.

A movement is on foot to organize basketball teams at Plant No. 1 and Plant No. 3. These plants had the two leading teams in the local basketball league last season and we hope the Red Crowns and the Polarines will make as good a showing this year.

Mike Kellar is all puffed up these days. While Mike is very reticent, we understand on good authority that the cause is a baby, who recently arrived at the Kellar home.

A. E. Erickson, janitor at the main office, has been passing the cigars all because he can now claim the title of granddaddy.

Alex Law, pressure still fireman, announces the arrival of a 7 pound girl.

Join the Shiftmen's Benefit Association and protect the wife and babies.

A. Siefkers, pressure still fireman, announces the arrival of a 7½ pound girl. Mother and daughter are doing fine.

Fred Stinar, still fireman, has bought a new Chevrolet.

O. O. Haggard, Wm. Swartfager and H. C. Cracker, all of the pressure stills, have left the service of the company.

Cliff Miller, Wayne Stevens and Rex Fanning went up to the Bates Hole country last week and each got a deer.

John Long of the main office force has resigned to open up a law office. Somebody asked John if he had any cases yet and John said he had three in the basement of his house. That's probably what encouraged John to start out for himself.

E. E. Barnes of the labor distribution desk is from Massachusetts, but he speaks American fluently and intends to become a naturalized citizen.

Jean Mignolet is having another vacation. Jean is always having something. The last time it was boils.

Edmond Knittle, son of the present city engineer, is the new member of the main office force. We don't wish Ed any bad luck, but everyone who has had that job has come to some bad end. Bangert went to the yard office, Kirk got married and Johnnie Long turned out to be a lawyer. It seems to get worse.

Mac Laughlin, our genial outside machinist foreman at Plant No. 3, had to have all his teeth removed, that is, what was left of them. It is also a noticeable fact that Johnny Luxon stands closer to Mac while talking to him than before Mac lost his molars. Johnny says he has passed through several showers of essence of snooze and that was the reason he had to start wearing rubber collars.

Mrs. Ray Conklin, Billy Conklin, and Mrs. Goodwin spent three weeks in Chicago, visiting friends, during September and October.

Mrs. R. V. Heinze spent several weeks in Whiting, visiting with her folks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Fowler Sr., grandpa and grandma of Beth Fowler, came all the way from Omaha, Neb., to spend the Fall with their son Charles A. Fowler Jr.

Dr. and Mrs. Paulus are gone again.

Bill Lang to Mike: "Honest, were those great big ducks you got?" Mike: "Yes. One of them weighed eleven pounds."

George Shea, lead burner helper, had a double load of sorrow heaped upon him on October 20. His friend, Art Pickell, was killed in a railroad accident and the same day the Industrial Relations Department informed him that his father had died. George has the heartfelt sympathy of his fellow employees.

Will Wittlake of the Sharples plant was released from the hospital, October 25, after a siege of nine weeks illness from rheumatism. We are glad to have Bill back with us again.

Mrs. Isabell Christianson, telephone operator, is leaving to join her husband who has been working in Chicago for the last few months. Best kind of luck in your new home, Isabell.

We sure have had a new crop of girls lately. Miss Agnes Snykal (Babe) is the new operator, who replaced Mrs. Castleman who left our employ recently. Mrs. Marie Borsh is the new operator, who replaced Mrs. Christianson.

Mrs. Irskine, Mr. Lobdell's secretary, replaces Mr. Dunn who left for the University of Michigan.

Miss Jean Lowne is the beautiful blonde who has become Mr. Rouse's chief wax smeller since Mrs. Van Berg left with her husband for California.

Miss Jean Ellenwood is the little lady who has become the laboratory stenographer.

With all these new acquisitions we ought to see at least, Cy Rynalski in a rented swallowtail wearing a silk topper. We shall consider it quite remarkable if such a splendid young man is not captured by one of these beautiful young ladies.

F. E. Cooke, our manager's father, came all the way from Buffalo, N. Y., to visit his grandchildren here at Casper. T. S. Cooke has had his father with him since October 19.

The Foremen's Club met in regular session in the Industrial Building at 8 P. M. The orchestra opened the program with an overture entitled "Magic Fire," and it seemed to communicate the fire of enthusiasm to those giving the subsequent numbers. After a short business session, a special program was given as follows: Address—"Extraction of Gasoline from Natural Gas," by W. R. Finney, Midwest Refining Company; Address—"Sidelights on Early Wyoming," by L. G. Smith, Casper; Address—"How to Live a Clean Life," by L. G. Semdac, a very polished gentleman from Whiting and Chicago; Piano Solo by Mrs. W. H. Tolhurst; Vocal Solo by Mrs. D. M. Lobdell; "High Jinks" and "The Merry-Go-Round Waltz" by the orchestra. The program as a whole was exceedingly well rendered and enthusiastically received. Mr. Finney took us from the mouth of the well where the gas is collected, through all the compressors, traps, scrubbers and other various processes until he finally delivered the gasoline through a four-inch line to the Refinery yard at Casper. Mr. Smith began back in the early wilds when we were not yet a nation and traced all the white men that came to visit what is now Wyoming. He had some very interesting incidents to tell us and gave the credit for discovering Yellowstone Park to the man who first visited it. The address showed careful study and preparation. We all enjoyed it. In order to help our product selling campaign along, Mr. Semdac agreed to give us an address on "How to Live a Clean Life." He had a full sized window display along and put literature on Semdac and its uses into the pockets of all present with instructions to deliver the literature to the lady of the house at home. Those present took Mr. Semdac at his word, for only two copies of pamphlets were found on the chairs the next morning, and these might have been duplicates. We all understand now that substitutes can never replace our friend Liquid Gloss Semdac in our homes and offices.

GREYBULL, WYO.

D. O. Crandall, pipe department, is the daddy of another brand new boy. The youngster weighed 10 pounds. The smile has not left D. O.'s face yet.

Roy ("Rudolph V.") Hunsberger, laboratory, just returned from his annual vacation. He spent most of the time in Montana but returned several days earlier than in former years. Afraid to trust the rest of us too long with his Greybull interests, we bet.

The disability list has taken in three new members recently: J. M. Johnson, pipe department, suffered a dislocated shoulder; L. M. Smith, works office, fell down and broke his ankle; L. L. Elston, carpenter, was attacked with a stroke of paralysis. The above, however, are all recovering rapidly.

D. E. Yandell and R. P. Coontz returned from a hunting trip to Jackson Hole. Aside from being delayed for some time on account of high water, they report a very enjoyable trip.

"Steve" Krajicek took his vacation two weeks ago. We haven't learned yet all the places he visited.

H. E. Williamson was off for several days with a sore back. We are glad to see him back on the job again.

Ed. Landers, pipe foreman, has had a vacation, too. He left just before our flood, so missed a lot of fun as well as work. He went to Chicago and other places East and stopped at Cheyenne on his return trip.

Ask George Patterson if the schoolmarm has learned to drive the Reo?

After sparring around for some time our friend, "Chet" Meyers, fell for a Gardiner coupe. "Look out, girls."

G. M. Whitney, chemist, is averse to photographs taken of himself 'tis said, but when Monty Fletcher and Bill Hovis decided to take a picture of him before he left for Casper, we all knew they'd do it. They had to use a lasso rope, however. Bill says if the pictures are good he will show them to all of us.

P. L. Truax underwent an operation at St. Luke's hospital recently and is doing nicely.

C. T. Berguson and W. T. Hughes went hunting in the Big Horn Mountains but came back empty handed. The weather was too stormy for "Bill" so C. T. went out alone. He saw his game all right but ran out of ammunition before he could hit one. H. M. Lockard had better luck however, and came back with a fine big buck.

Lewis Enochs was called to Montana recently on account of the death of his brother-in-law.

During the baseball season, "Big Jim" Bluejacket never did anything but fish and play ball. Now, however, he has proved himself a good horseshoe pitcher as well as baseball pitcher. With Lee Anchors he caused the defeat of the crack office team, "Chuck" Warne and "Capt." Medlar. That's the eye, "Jim," keep the old flipper in shape.

Mary Ruble, laboratory steno., has left her position here and has gone to Portland, Ore. We hate to see Mary leave and extend our sympathy to Dave Patterson of Plant No. 1. Time heals the deepest wounds though, Dave.

Adolph Graf has been promoted to office janitor and has been breaking in during the past few days. He may be a good janitor but he can't take "Bob" Palmer's place with the ladies.

Rowland Hoppes has been transferred to the loading rack, but we hope that won't interfere with the receipts of his "daily mail." That's all right though, "Hoppey." If you miss a day ask Tucker of the laboratory. He gets a daily, too.

L. G. Smith is here from Casper and has been enjoying some good duck hunting with Superintendent B. L. Warren. They get their birds too, because B. L. always scores and Smith, it seems, picks them right out of the clouds.

LARAMIE, WYO.

C. G. McClintock, stillman helper of Plant No. 1, is the happy father of a baby girl which was born October 11. The boys accepted his cigars and extended their hearty congratulations.

Ross Moudy, the chemist, has returned from his vacation from parts unknown to us but we take it for granted that he had a very delightful time.

George Ovens, stillman on Plant No. 1, spent a few weeks on the banks of the Mississippi River where he visited old friends. He also tells us of the hard time he had to get into the Wood River Refinery where he first worked with the Standard. He was allowed about seven minutes on the Plant, so he says.

R. C. Fergerson of Plant No. 1 was one of the lucky hunters who brought in a nice big buck deer.

Ferris, stillman on Plant No. 1, bought a new 67 mile Studebaker, but these roads certainly give him a long face. He doesn't appear to be happy. (67 miles to Fort Collins.)

The hunting trip that was taken into the big game country by F. O. Blair, A. G. Burckert and

H. M. Stricker proved to be very successful. They encountered much snow and rain but that had little effect upon them. They could not be bothered—too many big bull elk to contend with.

The Plant mourns the death of our fellow worker, Harold Lund, who died while on a leave of absence. Mr. Lund was gauger at Plant No. 2 and had worked here several years. It was just in recent months that his health began to fail him.

Walter Jackson is the goose hunter of this plant and he gets all the boys stirred up when he comes strolling in with one of those birds. The rest of us seem to have tough luck when it comes to getting them.

Charles Hofmann, stillman on Plant No. 2, recently returned from his visit in Kansas and Missouri.

CARLINVILLE, ILL.

Mrs. William Graham and Miss Elizabeth M. Harkins, Correspondents

The first social meeting of the local chapter organized under the Joseph A. Holmes Association was held at the First Aid Training Station, formerly the Mine 1-A Office Building. Members of other chapters in the County and a number of leaders in the work were present and contributed to the success of the evening. James Boston, who for a number of years has been directing the First Aid and Safety First Movement at the mines of the Superior Coal Company, Gillespie, stated the benefits to be derived from the work, and in a very able address outlined the study of preventative and relief measures so urgently needed by every man connected with the industry. John G. Millhouse, state mine inspector, and Henry Knoemueller, county mine inspector, were present and brought out the need of education to dangerous conditions and practices in the industry and showed the possible benefits by reduction of the 75 per cent of preventable accidents. Short responses were made by James Clusker, superintendent mine rescue station of Springfield, Ill., William Kent, Safety Director at Livingston, Ill. and T. W. Paul, W. J. Fries and W. R. Smith, connected with the local operating company. Local members, Thos. Scott, Sam Davis, Thos. Carylon, W. E. Mason, Mike Delaney and Thos. Irvine of Gillespie, entertained the meeting with a varied repertoire of song and readings. The closing number of the evening's program, a real show alone, was a wrestling bout between Berry and Schoper, Berry mine being represented by Maurice Head, one of the mining engineers. Ralph Bridges, a real husky, upheld Schoper's honors. Referee Inspector Millhouse was compelled to call time after one hour with the first fall an undetermined issue and the boys from each mine still pulling for their men. The local Chapter are affiliating with the parent organization of Pittsburgh, Pa., and have organized with the following officers: T. G. Daust, president; P. J. Murphy, vice-president; Oscar Beitel, secretary-treasurer; John Martens, Educational and Safety Director, and a working committee of Forest Nifong and Thos. Carylon. The association has recognized a great need in the mining, metallurgical and allied industies and has fittingly adopted its name as a memorial to the late Joesph A. Holmes, whose energies and talents were devoted to the work which the membership will carry on. It is the aim of the local chapter to enroll as large a membership as possible and for the benefit of those eligible it is stated that "the field of effort shall embrace the holding of meetings and the conduct of work looking to: (a) The prevention of accidents and the improvement of health conditions in the mining, metallurgical and allied industries. (b) The providing of opportunities and facilities for the training of its members in mine rescue, first aid and other safety methods, and for keeping in practice those of its members already trained in such methods. (c) The promotion among its members of educational, social, and recreational activities, including cooperation with Federal, State, and local agencies, in vocational education in mining and metallurgical work." Meetings will be held every Thursday evening, one meeting a month being devoted to a social program. There is no initiation fee but monthly dues of 25 cents per month will be charged to defray expenses of the social meetings. The organization bids well to enroll every progressive and thinking employee of the industry in its field.

Talk about surprises! It took Miss Ambrose to give us the surprise of our lives. We were very innocent and unsuspecting, and she literally took us off our feet, when on October 5, she announced her marriage to William G. Graham. The ceremony was solemnized August 28, in St. Charles, Mo., while the bride was on her vacation, presumably visiting friends in southern Illinois. Both of these young people are in the employ of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). Mrs. Graham has been a stenographer in the general office for the past five years, while Mr. Graham is in the electrical department at Mine No. 2. We all extend congratulations.

Mr. Black is suffering from a sprained back, which he incurred endeavoring to lift a platform scale while standing on it. Wonder if you could take some of that squirrel soup you were talking about, Blackie?

We regret to report the death of Louis Fuller, which occurred at our Schoper Mine, October 19. Death was due to injuries sustained from a fall of rock, Mr. Fuller living but a short time after the injury. The deceased is survived by his wife and one daughter, Gwendolyn. Funeral services were held from the Presbyterian church, and were attended by friends and fellow workers. The pallbearers were members of the United Mine Workers of America. We extend our deepest sympathy to his bereaved family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bloomfield are at home to their many friends in a cottage they have recently taken on South West street.

Mr. and Mrs. Omar Hagaman have the sympathy of their many friends in the death of their infant son.

Mrs. William Saville entertained at her home in Stratton Place at a miscellaneous shower in honor of Mrs. William G. Graham. Delicious refreshments were served and the bride received many lovely and useful gifts. Mrs. Saville proved herself to be a most entertaining hostess.

"My wife's gone to the country, Hooray!" is the song "Slim" Kasten has been singing for a week, as his wife and children are visiting with relatives in Decatur.

Top Foreman J. R. Dunn at Mine No. 2, has been wearing an unusually broad smile. Reason? A brand new baby girl at his house. The young lady has been called Mary Kathleen.

B. A. Tarwater Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Tarwater, has returned from St. John's Hospital, Springfield, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Jake Werner has been endeavoring to determine if his saw was really sharpened by trimming the trees. He was so high up we could hardly tell whether it was Jake or a bird.

Miss Katherine Burns, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Burns, is a patient at St. John's Hospital, Springfield.

W. R. Smith, R. E. Hessenauer and Roscoe Black attended the Air Races in St. Louis recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Ryan are the parents of a son, who will answer to the name of Dale. Mr. Ryan is an employee at our Mine No. 2.

Mr. and Mrs. William Barrick are mourning the loss of their infant son. Their friends extend sympathy.

"Han" Glanders, Mine No. 1, is now driving a new Overland touring car.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hill have returned from a visit with relatives and friends in Duquoin. They made the trip via motor.

Everett L. Cameron, genial and courteous weighmaster at Mine No. 2, has resigned his position. He is now employed by the Southern Light and Power Company of Gillespie, Illinois.

Ernest Whittler, sales agent, has left our employ to take up new duties with the Superior Coal Company of Gillespie. They will continue their residence in this city.

Maurice Head, surveyor's helper, Mine No. 1, is now a benedict, having recently been married to Miss Gertrude Gowin. Congratulations!

Cuyler C. Miller, who has charge of the Standard Oil Company houses, is now the proud owner of a Chevrolet roadster. Mr. Miller is single, but in this new car is room enough "just for two." We are keeping quiet, but just wondering.

Howard Reynolds is now on our pay roll, having recently been employed as truck driver.

C. W. Clark continues a golf enthusiast. We thought his enthusiasm might wane with the season, but we have another guess coming.

Miss Garnetta Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hall, and Orville Gowin, were married at the home of the bride's parents on Saturday, September 15. They made a tour of the Niagara Falls region on their honeymoon, also visited with the groom's sister in Connecticut. The trip was made on a motorcycle. We extend best wishes.

The train carrying our men to Schoper Mine also has as its passengers several young lady school teachers, who are teaching in the school at Standard City. This is an early train for young ladies to take five days a week, but while they are doing this they do not need to take the early morning walk, now so much in vogue. That makes me think. Virgil Land has been getting out in the wee morning for this walk. He has taken to this just since the swimming days are gone. Talk about your fancy diving! We saw Mr. Land demonstrating, and from the looks of his face when he came up, we'll wager he doesn't fancy the "mud dive."

Miss Elizabeth Harkins has returned to her duties as stenographer at the general office, after a week's absence on account of a severe case of tonsillitis. Miss Harkins says she'll have her tonsils removed soon. She says she's a little shaky. Don't get cold feet, "Lib."

HOME OFFICE, CHICAGO

The female contingent of the traffic department attended a luncheon Saturday, October 27, at Field's given in honor of (and to the surprise of) Rose Eichinger (nee Engle) who is resigning her position in the traffic department to serve a life sentence in the Eichinger kitchen. The only one in favor of this move is her hunsband. The luncheon was a great success. It proved to be a surprise all around. The majority were surprised at the non-arrival of Misses Shea, Johnsen, Kinsch and Salmon, who became separated from the main party and were surprised to find themselves in Mandel's tearooms. No further mishaps occurred. Dull knives were furnished, so there were no cut lips among the casualties. Helen Buldman came out ahead in the argument as to who had the prettiest place card doll. The waitress was very appreciative of Jeanette Shea's efforts to leave nothing edible to be cleared away.

After Catherine Hayes' exhibition of skill in knife and fork juggling, we are rather inclined to doubt her statement that she eats like a bird. Olive Johnsen proved quite tractable upon being informed that the fern leaves were for decorative purposes and were not included in the salad course. Maude Lamb found it necessary to leave early, to attend a matinee, she said. Our private opinion is that she became alarmed at the disappearance of the chicken and, having in mind what has happened numerous namesakes, decided to beat a graceful retreat. We hate to seem suspicious, but we noticed Mae Vacovsky eyeing the table linen closely. She has just started keeping house. Also, Gertrude Potter informed us she was going to get a new lamp shade, and the shades on the table were of convenient size for carrying under a cape. The featherweight class, Anne Hegner, Collette Canty, Bernice Kinsch and Irene Dulen, experienced some difficulty in keeping up the pace set by C. Hayes. At the close of the gastronomic marathon, a pretty farewell speech was delivered by Rose Eichinger and a few vocal selections were very well rendered by Adelaide Kuhn, accompanied at the piano by Edith Swanson. To anyone desiring the services of expert caterers, we are glad to recommend the Misses Emma C. Cornils and Florence A. Johnston. P. S.—Betty Zuschlag did not arrive at the office, Monday. "Moitle" Kelliher was able to put in an appearance about noon. Draw your own conclusions.

Miss Juergensen of the analytical department is a pronounced man-hater. Can't some of the good looking sheiks of this office change her mind? (Mr. Swanson, take notice.)

Aloysius Peters (no kidding, that is his name), is very fond of the latest song hits. His favorite right now is "My Sweetie went away."

Say Ethel, next time you sneeze let us know about it beforehand. We've got a weak heart.

The Misses Ashby and Galligan are knitting socks. The poor dears do not know the war is over.

Good thing Bill Sturm has lots of blubber where he sits down. He rose up rather suddenly the other day from his seat and found a ⅜″ tack imbedded in his person. He didn't even need the Pasteur Treatment.

One of our stenos was heard to remark that Koehler will be getting a kink in his back from throwing out the windy part of his chest.

A. R. Smith has bought a partnership in the Consolidated Combination Hair Brush and Mirror Company, Inc.

Jack Crothers says he's got a friend who knows a fellow who's got a friend that knows how to make it minus the fusel oil.

Charlie Heybach feels so much at home in the inside office that he has learned the art of manicuring his nails.

Now we know why Harmon sits down in the cost department. See him each morning conversing with the newest arrival in the billing department.

Bob Kofoed takes a delight in getting down early in the morning so that he can open up the office. He has no garage for his flivver so he does not go to bed at night.

Did you ever hear Frodin pull this one? "I ain't no sheik but watch 'em fall when I begin to talk."

Heimerdinger at a bowling game the other night

was willing to bet two bits he could knock a pea off a mountain. No, he does not think he's a good bowler.

It certainly is hard luck on one fair lady to have Enholm remove himself three desks away and then to find out that McInerney is married.

Betteldorf thinks the girls are admiring his socks. Pull up your shoes Roy or wear pants like old Abe Lincoln did, with those cute little straps underneath.

Benny Wolfe must have worked for a railroad in his young days. His baby buggy carries two green flags at the front.

If Sandy doesn't think it's right he's got to be convinced. Hello, Skorcz.

General Manager's Department

Miss Pearson has now gone to California to make her future home. We are wondering what her sheik in Rockford will do now.

William O'Connor has been transferred to the tax department. Willie, all the girls in the stenographic department miss you very much.

We did not know that we had a celebrity among our stenographic force until Miss Edith Stonehouse told us that she used to sing for the Radio in Winnipeg, Canada (from whence she came, recently), and has announced that she intends to sing for the KYW here in Chicago at some future date. Watch the papers!

Mr. Kluender recently bought a Packard car and Albert Fischer offered to drive him home (Kluender not knowing how to drive a *Packard*). Going down Roosevelt Road, he hit it up at fifty miles an hour and a few of the passengers who went along, said hereafter they would ride on the A. E. & C. R. R. even though they have a collision every week. Mr. Longhenry was so jarred up that it took him a couple of days to get over it.

Frank Carr thought he was doing something wonderful when he moved out to Austin, but he did not figure on the time it would take him to get to work. He should get himself an automobile. Mr. Carr, you might be able to pick one up cheap on Ninth St. at noon.

Vollmer ("Jimmy") Reehoff still believes that the Cubs are a better team.

Don Juan Fernandez is now teaching ballet dancing in Waukegan. Here is your chance girls to learn fancy dancing, so that we could have some home talent once in a while.

Fifth Floor

Well, they're still falling! Cora Fatland and Rosalie Shreyack have joined the "bobbed" brigade. The worst of it is that we all liked them so much too.

How come, Miss Carlson? We have been informed that the girls don't ask about your iceman any more but are now inquisitive about the lawyer. Don't be, bashful, tell us all about the change.

It is rumored that Ella Sells has quit playing poker. She had too many bluffs called.

Percy Curtis of the distribution department insists that it's cod liver oil. Maybe so, but it looks *suss*-picious!

Elsie Seeberger, Tom Garner and Rudy ("Benedict") Thorstenson of the distribution department enjoyed their annual vacations during the sunshine period in October. We don't know the conditions under which Seeberger and Garner took advantage of their vacations, but Thorstenson took his blushing bride to the old Iowa homestead, via mud and "Lizzie Ford."

Dora Dale is now back in the line-up feeling better than ever. Her co-workers are happy to have her with them once again.

Johnny Jaeger is now the proud owner of his own home. He can drive a nail in the wall if he wants to without having his rent raised. More power to you, John!

Among the new faces this month in the distribution department are those of V. O. Walker, R. W. Baker and Millard Kaesback. Welcome to our family circle.

The Bowling season is now in full swing and if Thorstensen, Roberts, Yale, Grebe and Olsen ever get going better than an average of 125 they might win a game. "Bill" Barrett isn't bowling with the Superlas this year due to a "flat wheel." Bill injured his foot several months ago and it is mending rather slowly. Connie Olsen the whirlwind salesman is back in the league this year and says if they extend the season six months believes he can shoot a 200 game.

Talk about millionaires in disguise. "Uncle Bim" Meyers came around a few days before pay day asking for change for a $10.00 bill.

Henry Hansen has taken out an "accident" policy with London Lloyds.

Oh, Boy! No ashes to carry out this Winter! Ed Yale recently installed an oil burner and it works while he sleeps. Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?

Advertising Department

Twenty years hence, when Miss Shirley Ann Webster, aged four months, achieves fame, there will be scores of "baby" pictures of the lady for the press to print, for her proud Daddy takes a series of pictures of her each month, just as regularly as he writes lubricating oil copy for the monthly trade papers.

Orson Combs, the Cusack of the department, is looking 'em over up Saginaw way. We mean billboards, of course.

Art Windett, Comb's understudy, is holding the fort in the latter's absence. Art's smart. He was the luncheon guest of the rest of the department for a whole week, having picked the football winners the week before.

Miss De Hart says the meanest man in the world is he who perpetrated the daylight robbery of her apartment. Little, other than a piano, gas range and a Persian cat, was left.

Miss Mrazek stops, looks and listens at each street crossing since she and a big truck collided. The department was delighted when, after 48 hours, she was able to return to the office.

Some day we may farm out Howard Rudd to the Cubs and Carl Olson to the Sox to announce "the batteries for today's game." Wonderful lungs. In mileage and power their voices rival Red Crown.

Manufacturing Department

Upon reaching his sixtieth birthday, a man delights in relating his early experiences to young folks. Witness, Ed Vail telling Joe Sohurek about the Wild West in the early eighties.

Fred Koehler is thinking seriously of "cornering" Wall Street. But Fred's "better half" won't allow him. Take her word Fred and let Wall street alone.

What-is-the-name-please?—Joe Hyams was promoted to the Billing Department.

Our office boy, "Lightning," wrote to President Coolidge, inquiring about the ZR-1. Poor "Lightning" forgets that the war is over.

Ernie Enholm and Ann Baar were watching the ZR-1 sail over Grant Park. After the sailing, a lunch for two was served at the Canton Tea Gardens.

To whom it may concern: Those contemplating a trip to Los Angeles or Hollywood and wishing a letter of introduction to some famous screen actress. See Bob Swanson of the Sixth Floor.

Marge says there are a lot of fellows in this office

that have fish hooks in their pockets but they'll got no scales on their backs.

Miss Ross misses McLeod very much. He used to keep her stirred up so with his Barney Google.

Since Allan McLeod left for Hollywood, John Knapp can be heard singing "California, I hear you calling me."

Jim Roggen the Sheik of the bookkeeping department has all the stenographers wild about him.

A. W. Thomas, alias "Silk Shirt Tommy," was looking through the auto Blue Book for the best route to Crystal Lake. She spends the week-ends home only, Tommy, and maybe she knows the route.

Otto Wachholz spent a very pleasant evening at the College Inn. He acted as chaperon for a poor simp giving his girl a diamond ring. When will you need a chaperon, Otto?

Schuessler of the cost department made some changes in his "Batch Sheets" and the following correspondence took place with Whiting:

"Please corroborate this change." W. B. Haas.

"Am pleased to corroborate this change with econominms for your perspicacity." W. P. Stenhouse.

Look our Brenner, Schuessler packs a mean wallop!

Jack Crothers and Joe Skorcz feel compelled to take a daily promenade at noon down Michigan avenue to give the girls a treat.

A collection was taken up on the Sixth Floor for the benefit of Joe Valentin. He was even forced to hock his shirt to pay his debts after the World Series, City Series and the International Horse Race.

Martha Wernecke looks very lonesome since Lorimer left the incoming freight department.

DAVENPORT, IOWA
M. Clark, Correspondent

Mr. Crantz is sort of avoiding the limelight these days. We'll have to get a smart young reporter on his trail. He's pretty smart though, a person to get anything on him would have to be doggone slick.

Speaking of slick, reminds us of Hugh Janney's hair. Patent leather is not to be compared to it.

By the way, does anyone know who the charming young lady in black was that Pete was looking after so devotedly down at the "Col" the other night? Perhaps she was a widow and he was trying to cheer her up. Be careful, Peterson.

Wonder how Johnny Ball and Red enjoyed their yachting trip. Bet they backed all the rest of the tugs off the river.

Lillian, did you say you bought those eighteen pumpkins? Oh, you found them. Very fortunate, weren't you?

Tylle and Florence dated to Linwood recently. Hope they didn't have anything to do with the fist fight that took place that night.

Party Gossip: Standard Oilers, we're proud of you. That certainly was a party what was a party. Cornstalks, pumpkins, crepe paper, the marvelous Resista, apples, cider, doughnuts, music and dancing. Two hundred, most of whom were masked and in costume, took part. Confetti, smiles, laughs and noise made everything gorgeous.

Mr. Bowlby makes quite a Swede, doesn't he? In trying to disguise himself he only brought to light his true character (at least we think so).

Mr. Warren was quite the stepper of the evening. He got some of the stiff, sedate stenographers out on the floor who had never danced a step in their lives before.

Gladys Nelson and Billie Haywood expect to be placed as S. S. attendants very soon now. If they would run a service station with the enthusiasm that they attend a party, the competitors could quietly retire.

Mr. Streiter and the boss' steno seemed to get along quite well together, n'est ce pas?

Miss Musing and Miss Frye certainly are the dainty ladies. How the boys did flock around.

Mr. Bragg's pallor was very becoming, but what was it due to, stage fright? We think not, because as they say, he sure did shake a wicked hoof.

We think Mr. Watson should really be a little more cautious, promising to buy a girl a new pair of shoes. She might have taken him up on it.

Did you notice the scared look on the faces of all fortunate beings who had their fortunes told by Resista. She must have told them a mouthful. Some people were even able to discover an added gray hair or two after the ordeal.

My, wasn't the cider good? If your imagination were good enough you could begin to get dizzy after the sixth glass as May Foster did. Yup, she had to quit then.

What a dashing Romeo Mr. Warren made with Mr. Bowlby's derby!

The Chamberlains had them all guessing. If we had had any sense though we could have told who they were by the quality of their dancing. Don't believe they ever miss a step.

We sure did like that orchestra. We don't believe they could have been beaten by even the famous Rudie's musicians.

Harriet and Joe were rather the height of exclusiveness. Some might have called it cruel, but love is blind.

Didn't Harry Franck make a beautiful baker? Why he even had a pocketful of flower.

We were gladder than tongue can tell (surely you wouldn't criticize that expression) to see all the wives and children there and in costume too, not to mention the lady loves and the boy friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart enjoyed themselves at the party.

How did you like that one fast one-step, with the mob throwing confetti and Flanigan and Scharnberg racing around the floor?

Bill won the race at the picnic last Summer but has decided that he was intended to run a Ford and not on foot.

The decorations were very good. We understand that J. Howard Clark did the supervising. Why don't you take up interior decorating Mr. Clark?

Didn't Red Roland look petite in his pretty little outfit, so slender.

We didn't recognize Libbie, she looked so thin.

Vivian Dodds had the whole gang guessing for a while. Curls, and natural ones at that. Lillian's natural bob was at the party too, but not on her.

How some people get by is beyond us. Bud sure did when she got a refund of $1.00 from the Hamburger Joint, claiming that she had been short changed the day previous. J. H. Clark thinks he might try that some day himself.

Cedar Rapids

Ask N. W. Bowlby, lubricating engineer, about the deed for the property sold for Cedar Rapids friends. Some alibi, eh?

W. C. Heavrin, a recent visitor in Cedar Rapids, is worrying about his gray hairs. It can't be old age.

We all wondered at the broad smile on Earl Meskimen's face. The reason? Earl Junior, 9½ pounds, on October 20.

Ask Wm. Stewart who the "soap box orator" is.

How would it seem if:

Bob Heaton took his hands out of his pockets?

Beach were not in a hurry?

Mr. Reeves never lost his glasses?
Mr. McLeod got his stumps chopped up?
Bob Brauss were not on the job?

Burlington

Mr. Mowery under the weather three days, out again. Mighty glad to have him with us, and so is the trade.

Too bad they took Romeo to Davenport and left Juliet all alone. But she is still in mighty good company, Storer and Brunat are here.

The new S. S. on Agency street is coming along fine, thanks to Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Boughner, two S. O. Co. work eaters. (Who'd have thought anyone would ever say that about Pat.)

The Coffee House in Burlington insists on men taking off their hats. Pat again.

H. E. Radasch is in bed with a sore leg, his left one. Sprained it jumping a ditch while working out of Mediapolis. Here's hoping Hank is out soon with crutches at least.

John Lewis has bobbed his mustache. New style for men. He'd bob his hair too, but you can't do anything with something you haven't got.

Auditor Kroeger, a citizen of Burlington for a few short months, moved back to Davenport. The old saying, "gone but not forgotten," applies to this bird nicely.

James Storer had his California coupe stuccoed again. Looks fine, neat and attractive. He says he hauls the Governor around in it. That's nothing, we all do that.

Kindly consider this a standing invitation to the entire Office force, Plant force and all others to visit the Burlington Office any time. We like to see the folks in our division.

Items from the rest of the "A" Stations:

Not a darn thing.

DECATUR, ILL.

W. A. Brown, Correspondent

Salesman Dawson has written a letter to Santa Claus asking for a new Ford coupe for Christmas. He is now carrying a sack with him in case the old Ford roadster falls completely to pieces so he can carry it to a garage.

Agent Bundy of Hammond was unable to do much work on the afternoon of October 18 on account of eating such a good dinner with the Lust Brothers and their mother in the country. He never refuses an invitation to dinner.

H. C. White's report of October 29 reads: "Did not work today, the reason is, *it's a boy.*" Mother and son doing well, and Doctor says "Father" may recover. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. White, and we hope he will be a great comfort to you.

Doc: "What are you going to get Jack for Christmas, Carrie?"

Carrie (looking troubled): "I don't hardly know what to get him. If I felt I could afford it I would like to get him a cow, it's about the only thing he wants right now." Seems as though Carrie might compromise and give 'im a calf.

Mrs. Edmonson, wife of our Blue Mound agent, returned home from the Decatur and Macon County Hospital after ten weeks' stay for goiter operation, and is recovering nicely at present.

Carrie Delaney is on her vacation, dividing her time between the two cities, Chicago and Walker. Even if Walker had a population equaling Chicago, Carrie would have eyes for only one person.

You can tell Doc Patterson is anxious to get back for she nearly broke her neck recently trying to look through the third floor windows from the service station across the street. Doc and Carrie allows how they had a pretty good time for two weeks, only difference Doc went to Oconee instead of Walker.

Homer Thompson's announcement in a recent issue of the paper that he was about ready to enter double harness caused the usual stir and inquisition on the part of some in the office with the result he was asked if it were true. Home replied: "Well, that's what the paper said." Sort of leaves the impression that probably Homer doesn't know anything about it yet. Well, it's true a person will learn a lot from "readin'."

It is still a mystery where "Walters" puts all those towels. Gardner and Barnhart vouch for the fact that the laundryman is fleeced out of a new one each week. Must be a "hope chest."

Roy Pensinger better take a hint and use "life savers" after this. Then he might not have to go home on Sunday night before nine oclock.

E. V. Kendall is the new salesman taking the place of C. C. Dusthimer in the Champaign-Bondville-Mahomet circuits.

Ellis Coon, former S. S. checker at Muskegon, Mich., has accepted a position as tank wagon driver at Urbana plant taking the place of J. F. Sanders.

Driver Rollis Rhodes is sporting a new Chevrolet touring car and he keeps our S. S. attendants busy every evening filling him up on Red Crown.

The S. S.'s in Champaign and Urbana had a record day November 3, when the new Illinois Stadium was dedicated at Chicago-Illinois game. More than 55,000 seats were sold which is twice the population of the Twin Cities.

New S. S. attendants at Champaign-Urbana are Clyde Ricketts, R. K. Huston and Leon Miles.

One morning, recently, Louie Pensinger was heard talking to P. B. Simcox in the basement:

Louie: "Howdy, Porter, how are you?"

P. B.: "Oh, I'm all right, but I was supposed to get up early this morning and catch a train for Whiting to take inventory and missed the train." Does this account for the sad expression on Porter's face, or is inventory preying on his mind?

DES MOINES, IOWA

W. W. Janisch, Correspondent

Paul Groom of the order desk is a very enthusiastic hunter. He made an appointment recently to start hunting at 4:30 on Sunday morning, but when 10 o'clock came he was still in the feathers. You know Paul, "Early to bed and early to rise..."

On Sunday, October 14, occurred the wedding of H. T. Klove, stock department, and Miss June Radohl. We wish you both a long and happy life. The cigars and candy were fine.

Gene Matthews has returned from a trip to the Oklahoma oil fields. Gene says he didn't know there was that much oil in the world.

The Red Crown Bowling Team of the Industrial League is leading all teams by a good margin, having won 17 games and lost 4. Keep up the good work, boys.

The sympathy of us all goes out to M. E. Landess, whose wife died recently.

Wichita seems to think they have a real golfer in W. A. Van Horne. We would like to arrange a match between Mr. Van Horne and E. G. Wright of the Des Moines office. Let's hear from you Wichita, if you can get Mr. Van Horne to count all the strokes.

The sympathy of all is extended to Ed Tobin, tank car order clerk, who lost his father on October 30.

Lloyd Kingery, former auditor, is now special collector of accounts in the Des Moines field. We wish you luck, Lloyd.

Miss Anne Hamilton, bill clerk, has now joined the ranks of the bobbed hair beauties.

F. A. Sackett, sales manager, has joined the ranks of the Star Fish Club. This is a club of bowlers who bowl under 100.

Miss Ruth Van recently spent a week end at Centerville. She says Centerville is sure a nice town. We believe you, Ruth.

L. J. Rowley says his razor scratched his face. We dun'no, Verne, we dun'no.

Frank DePuydt, former station examiner, is now back in the equipment department. Welcome home, Frank.

R. L. Peterson, stock department, says he spent his vacation among the Bermuda onions in his garden. That's going strong, Pete.

Miss Bertha Wirth spent her vacation at her old home in Dubuque. She says the old Mississippi still flows right by the town.

H. E. Jackson, formerly of the Des Moines office and now in the banking business at Rippey, Iowa, was a welcome visitor recently.

J. F. Gregory, attendant S. S. 337, Des Moines, is the proud father of a new baby girl.

Mystery. Who is Maude Spencer's new man? The one with the Cadillac sedan.

Miss Loretta Egan says she spent her vacation at home and had a fine time. How come?

The Red Crown Social Club gave a party on September 29, at the Masonic Temple. Music was furnished by the Happy Five Orchestra and Chairman Matthews provided a wonderful moon for moonlight dancing. During intermission we were entertained by Messrs. Running and Carlson in a banjo-piano number and a vocal solo by Mr. Ewoldt. Miss Daily provided a dandy lunch and that with the cider added to the pleasure of the evening. Mr. Matthews is to be congratulated in arranging for such an enjoyable party.

William Swygard is wearing a big smile as his baby daughter has her first tooth.

If you want to know how it feels to go duck hunting and get fined $30.00 for shooting before the sun gets hung out in the morning and the following week at the same place have your boat capsize where the water is only 12 feet deep and 6 degrees below zero, ask Chet Wright about it. That guy can tell you of more bad luck to the square inch than a black cat has fur.

Miss Elsie Stigney, dictaphone operator, says she spent a very enjoyable vacation at Superior, Wis., and the swimming was fine. She says she won't tell all that happened. But we think she had to break the ice before going in, as she says she enjoyed a snow storm there the first week in September.

Frank Steinbring, general supply clerk, has returned from a vacation spent in Morris, Minn. Frank says the cows and *chickens* look the same.

We all know now that winter has arrived, for W. H. Beaman, chief clerk, has appeared in a brand new green overcoat. How can you do it, Mr. Beaman?

G. A. Moseley, salesman at Boone, is the happy father of a new baby daughter, born on October 27. The young lady has been named Jane. Congratulations, Mr. Moseley.

R. Liljigren, the Dayton tank wagon agent, has traded his IHC truck in on a new Reo speed wagon, as he expects to speed up to take care of his increase in business at Dayton. We will take off out hats to Rubin now.

Edward A. Ryan, agent at Varina, underwent an operation for appendicitis at Des Moines recently. We all wish him a speedy recovery.

Our former auditor, O. W. Fowler, Marshalltown, has been transferred to Iowa Falls and will have charge of that field as a salesman. We are sorry to have him leave Marshalltown, but we wish him success in his new field.

Clarence Pangborn has resigned his position as S. S. instructor and returned to Mason City to take charge of his old S. S. 95.

Alfred Saliger has taken up his new duties on the furnace oil tank wagon and says he gets lonesome to see the corn and pumpkins once in awhile. You'll soon get used to city life, Al.

Roy Sloan has resigned from S. S. 95 and taken a position with Uncle Sam. He bought a new Ford to carry Rural Free Delivery and is a constant booster for Red Crown Gasoline and Polarine.

George Hughes, our congenial agent, admits of late that Mason City is a good place to live, so has severed his relation with the Mankato field and intends to stay with us.

Attendant Howard Shafer, S. S. 35, has resigned and returned to his home at Hampton.

Employees of Mason City wish to extend their sympathies to Miss Fischer, who was called to Carroll on account of her father's death.

A. M. Marsh, former district superintendent, has moved to Hampton. We all wish him much success in his new field.

W. R. Clark, S. S. superintendent, gave us a call recently. He appeared much better after the northern trip around Lake Superior.

The agents in Homer Wroten's territory enjoyed a picnic and outing at Pilot Knob, State Park, on Sunday, October 7. This was a real "get together" and all voted a "return date." Those present with their families were Chris Jacobson, John Hughes, Jens Jensen, Jack Poort, J. F. Maddick, Geo. Humphrey and Homer Wroten.

DETROIT, MICH

Vance Woodcox, Correspondent

At last, we wish to announce to the whole world and especially to the twenty-five other divisions of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), that October 20, 1923, A. D. is by far the most important date in the history of the Standard Oil Company, at least from Detroit's standpoint.

On that date the 140 office employes gave up their duties and became for the day mere slaves, for this was moving day. After many years of conscientious effort on the part of each succeeding manager, assistant manager and home office officials, we are now located in a magnificent new office building in the heart of down-town Detroit. In fact, we have a proof on file from Allan Jackson that, without exception, this is the finest office building of any of the twenty-six branches of our Company. So once again Detroit leads.

Many strange sights were witnessed on moving day. For instance: our honorable chief clerk, Al Kirn, clad in convetional overalls, and with perspiring brow, directing a fleet of motor trucks that rivaled our Motor Transport in the late War.

The success of our Moving Day was amply proven when Monday morning dawned and found that "business as usual" was the order of things at our new office.

We regret to hear that A. T. Rosenau, the office representative of the garage salesmen, has accepted a new position as assistant purchasing agent with the Detroit Screw Works.

Our entire organization was saddened to learn of the sudden death of Oscar Blum on October 14 while enroute to Houghton Lake. In the company of three other men, Mr. Blum left early Sunday morning on a two weeks' vacation. At Grand Ledge, a few miles

north of Lansing, Mich., they punctured a tire and it was while Oscar was taking the tools from the back seat that one of the guns exploded, the charge striking him in the chest. Mr. Blum entered the service of the Standard Oil Company as agent at Addison, Mich., July 21, 1910, and through faithful service and conscientious effort was later made agent at Tecumseh, Mich., on January 1, 1914, and still later as a country general salesman, which position he held at the time of his death. He has been a resident of Tecumseh, Mich., for ten years.

Jack Powell, attendant at S. S. No. 54, was presented with a $5.00 Trade Certificate by our manager, E. P. Galbreath, on Friday evening, October 26, as a prize for selling the greatest gallonage on Semdac during September.

Through underground news passages, we are advised that H. Dickey, attendant at S. S. No. 57, has took unto himself a wife.

We have never had occasion to suspect our friend "Doc" Holland, city specialty salesman, of violating the Prohibition Laws. However, he is having a hard time explaining why he took one of his room-mate's shoes with one of his own to the repair man the other night. We understand that he has now been compelled to take his room-mate's other shoe and have it repaired in order to square himself.

C. Wellhauser, former "B" station agent and more recently "B" station instructor, has been promoted to the position of country general salesman. Mr. Wellhauser, in carrying out his duties in his two other positions, has done exceptionally well and there is no doubt that he will continue along the same lines in his new position.

All Monroe is welcoming back to S. S. No. 182 "Sunny" Roberts, former attendant there, who has spent the past year in California. We might add that he didn't acquire this nick-name on account of being in California, but has earned it through his treatment of patrons at his station.

E. F. Patterson, our jovial agent of Jackson, is suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism at the present writing. The whole organization wishes him a speedy recovery.

It is only fitting and appropriate that with the advent of our new office building into the lives of the employes of the Detroit division an opportunity should be given every employe to help dedicate this new edifice. This accounts for the big general salesmen's meeting all day Friday, October 26, and the house warming party that followed that evening. The general sales meeting during the day was planned to give the salesmen an opportunity to conduct the meeting. Bill Theis, the "bull-dog" of the garage department, very ably represented that department.

Jerry Newton, ex-marine, and now supervisor of specialty salesmen, expounded the virtues of the city specialty salesmen.

Tom Cade, the famous spellbinder, lauded the country general salesmen to the skies.

Raymond McDuffee defended the city lubricating men and took us on a trip through the big automobile industries of Detroit.

In addition to the exposing of several orators among our sales force, we found a soloist in "Baldy" Allen, who very kindly consented to sing two popular "hymns."

The specialty department cropped out with so much harmony that they were invited to sing for the entertainment of all present. The contractors who just completed our new building stood in odd silence while the entire "gang" sang under the able leadership of Howard Chambers. They were momentarily expecting the roof to come down, but their skill was justified when everything remained safe and sound.

The salesmen's meeting during the day can hardly be compared to the house warming party given that evening. The Employees Entertainment Committee can be well commended for the able way in which they put over this party. A corps of workers were at hand at 4:00 P. M. when the office was closed, to start decorating. Eight o'clock found every nook and corner decorated with corn stalks, pumpkins, orange and black paper and Autumn leaves. Two barrels of Volstead cider, plenty of apples and thousands of dough-nuts were on hand for refreshments. As the crowd began to stream in, an orchestra concealed behind a bank of autumn leaves in the assembly room on the first floor, started their work. At the same time on the top floor another orchestra provided excellent music for square dancing.

A near riot resulted from the announcement of the Balloon Dance at 10:30, when all were informed that among the 600 balloons to be turned loose on the dance floor, one contained a $5.00 bill, and five others contained $1.00 bills. As the balloons were brought on the dance floor some "get-rich-quick-Wallingford" thought he saw the $5.00 bill and for the next ten minutes a survival of the fittest was in order. It was soon discovered, however, that the balance of the balloons held German marks so that each one was richer than before. (How much, is in question.)

We are pleased to announce that L. D. Waugh, former junior salesman at Royal Oak, has been promoted to city specialty salesman on the West Side, taking the place of our friend, Fred Zahn, who has taken up the duties of city specialty supervisor in this section of the city.

"Peck" Taylor, city driver at Monroe, has purchased a Dodge coupe, so that now he is driving "both day and night."

For the benefit of all the single fellows in the organization who room out, Dick Jones, city specialty salesman, wishes to announce that it doesn't pay to get into an argument with your landlady, especially on a rainy day. Dick is suffering from a swell case of tonsilitis caused by looking for new quarters during a rain storm.

We are advised of a new stock-holder in the Standard Oil Company, Miss Virginia Montgomery, who arrived November 1, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Montgomery. Mr. Montgomery is attendant at S. S. 53, Detroit.

We are advised that James Snyder, tank wagon driver at West Detroit, has disregarded all the advice given by more experienced men at this plant and taken the fatal leap into matrimony. He and his bride, Helen Crisko, are honeymooning in New York.

For the information of all the Main Office employes, it will be unnecessary from now on to attend any vaudeville shows down town, since Mr. Curwen, our fantastic price clerk has passed his examination as a finished actor. His examination was given on the Main Floor of our old building in which an odd set of lost earrings played a prominent part.

DULUTH, MINN.

S. O. Sorenson, Correspondent

To start with, everybody congratulates Elmer Wimmer on the arrival of a baby girl at his home. Thanks Elmer, the candy and cigars were sure fine.

George Madsen, formerly agent at Moose Lake, Minn., is now agent at Crosby, Minn., succeeding Mr. Nelson, resigned. W. F. King has taken over the reins of the agency at Moose Lake succeeding Mr. Madsen.

Recently, while using the dictaphone, Percy Trevathan, cracked the mouthpiece. We were not aware that Percy used that sort of language.

The girls in the transcribing room now have a new name for Percy Trevathan; it's Percy Tavertine.

Hereafter Jerry says he's going to build a vault in the back by his desk to keep from touching hands, the candy he consumes daily.

After winning the banner two times in three months we have now dubbed "Wild" Bill Mueller the "Banner King." Long live the king and may the banner grace our field as often as we deserve it.

Phrona Currier of the purchasing department recently returned from her three weeks' vacation at Toronto, Canada. Certainly, from her healthy looks and from her tales of the times she had while there one can see she had a wonderful time. She even became acustomed to riding horses, stealing apples and other pleasant adventures.

You can't keep a good man down. While our company had offices on the six floor of the Lyceum Building in Duluth, we had for a janitor, Pete, and though he was high up in that building he comes to visit the offices here on the seventh floor. "Just to get up higher once in awhile," he says.

For observation purposes our seventh floor offices can't be beat. Recently there occurred a pretty large fire, consuming one of the large salt sheds in Duluth, and the view from the office windows while fire was at it's height was appalling.

During the noon hour on October 31, Hallowe'en, a combination birthday and Hallowe'en party was given in honor of Esthyre Pomroy's birthday. The tables were prettily decorated with goblins and so on but we are very sorry indeed to report that though the correspondent tried his best he failed in getting an accurate age of Miss Pomroy. After receiving reports that ranged from 16 to 21 years, he decided that they could not any of them be relied upon and therefore no age can be mentioned in this item. Those in attendance were Eleanore Johnson, Norma Patterson, Esthyre Pomroy, Anne Lynott, Olive Pugh, Edna Nelson, Myrtle Lindstrom and Phrona Currier. The party was a huge success.

Frank Fitzgerald of the iron barrel department returned from his week's vacation the other day. He reports the entire week spent in helping his wife clean house. Frank relates how his wife sent him to clean the carpets, via the rug beater and broom route, and he had no sooner started out than a vacuum cleaner salesman confronted him, requesting permission to demonstrate his product. Frank thought he had pulled a good one on the salesman in letting him clean all the rugs thoroughly, but my reports are that the salesman has a little laugh coming himself. He sold one of the darn things to Frank.

After purchasing and using a quantity of terradermalax (and it comes in barrels) John McCabe, statistical expert, is now improving his looks considerably. John states he does it just to give the girls on the street car in the morning a treat.

Bill Bell, "Handsome Bill" of Purity Hall fame, has not been up to the seventh floor since he has been back from his leave of absence because, as John McCabe puts it, he is afraid of being vamped by some of the weaker sex of that floor. Maybe, that's what brought Susnoski down from the seventh floor to work amongst the crew on the sixth.

Lester Forgy, William Murphy and Clarence Dahlquist, all of the stock department, recently resigned to accept positions with other employers. Good luck to you boys, we hate to see you leave.

Everyone will be surprised to know that we have a he-vamp among our male sex on the sixth floor. He answers to the name of Garnet McRostie. It all comes about, it seems, by the way the girls on Superior street take a very noticeable interest in him while he is on his way to football games on Saturday afternoons. It's tough to be handsome, Garnet.

Mr. Chase, former station examiner, is now "chasing" accounts with the bookkeeping department.

Ed. Stehlin, former station examiner is now agent at Hibbling, Minnesota, and is going great guns.

J. Beaupre and "Buck" Shea, former station examiners, are now station agent instructors.

EVANSVILLE, IND.

W. J. McBrian, Correspondent

Unlike his namesake of Bibical history, Gideon Des Rocher, our new agent at Bush, Ill., does not believe in blowing his own horn, but he must be blowing the Standard Oil horn, so to speak, judging from the size of his daily reports.

Ed Harrer of New Albany gave a big spread early in October for all the tank wagon and service station boys of New Albany and Jeffersonville. The dinner was such a success that they all decided to hold others in the future. Among the guests of the evening were V. F. King, travelling auto mechanic, who made one of the addresses, and George Gymer of the office.

W. R. Ried, our Sparta, Ill., agent, waited until he had all his front teeth pulled and then came up to visit us in the Evansville office. You needn't have done that Ried, we knew the moment we heard your laugh that you could not be very ferocious.

All of the former examiners have now joined us in the office: Ed Eberhart is now in the stock department. George Gymer is trying to get back the iron barrels. C. A. Ramsey has charge of the stock department files. And Walter Stadler is head of the check department.

After having been away from us for about three years, Frances Childress will be welcomed by the entire office.

Irwin Finke must be preparing to start a campaign for some lady love's affections. He has just acquired one of the classy new Ford coupes.

William Mofield of Harrisburg, Ill., took unto himself a bride, Monday, October 1, but he is so bashful that we would not know about it unless we had heard quite by accident. No, he hasn't followed the advice Mr. Brauns gave him.

Helen Zackman was heard to complain of her back and spine the other Saturday morning and the next night she was seen out riding with a young and good looking chiropractor. We haven't heard any more complaints (that is, from Helen). Helen has also been seen riding with a young undertaker, but we don't believe she feels as bad as that.

Sales of Finol have increased materially due to all our sportsmen getting their guns out and oiled for the hunt. Morris Williams, Bill Schulte and Homer Paris have been counting the time from the close of the last season until the opening of the present.

Norval Chittendon, Evansville tank wagon man, had a piece of bad luck the other day when a can fell on his foot, badly mashing it.

Walter Wright has been advanced from stake truck driver at Sullivan, Ind., to the agency at our new station in Hymera, Ind.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to J. D. Gibson, our Flora, Ill.,agent, in the loss of his wife during the latter part of September.

We regret that space does not permit us to inclose a picture of William C. Kohl, our night watchman at New Albany, Ind. Mr. Kohl has an enviable record in that he has been on duty for five years and six months without missing a single night. Kohl is single.

Anyone having any information as to why Nettie Klein wears the key on the chain around her neck will please broadcast the information. Why keep us in suspense, Nettie? Whose heart doth this key unlock?

Pete Bernhardt must have thought all the noontime clabber hounds were asleep when he trumped the ace of spades and then led his ten of spades right back. It makes a good count, though Pete, if you get by with it.

Gilbert Heldt seems to have lost all his old time skill in this popular indoor sport.

W. J. Riepe, anchor man for the Polarine bowling team, promised a total score of 540 for October 19. Inasmuch as Riepe's average amounts to about 154 he must be spending his spare moments studying the downfall of the maples. Well, luck to you, Walt.

Captain Harry Shriver of the Polarine bowlers is surely having tough luck with his splits and misses. These come regularly every game recently.

We would suggest that Marie Meyer be on hand early some noon hour to find out who it is that takes up Fred Haberer's time on the dance floor.

Edward Vessels of the traffic department continues to arrive at the office five minutes early since his wife has gone to Kentucky visiting relatives.

Geff C. Dark has succeeded his brother as our agent at Boonville, Ind. It would have seemed very strange otherwise after Clyde left us.

Did "Bink" Lowe have Mary Lou Ainsworth in mind when he purchased that new car? Anyhow, she occupies the seat beside him to and from the office.

It was with the deepest regret that the many friends of Salesman Arthur E. Baird, both in the office and field, learned of the death of his mother following the accident wherein she was struck by an automobile in front of her home.

FARGO, N. D.
Melville L. Rufer, Correspondent

Paul T. Vaaler, formerly salesman in the Hillsboro territory, has resigned. Paul will enter business at Grand Forks, N. D.

Messrs. Scott, McCloughan, Kincaid and Grimsgard have made several successful hunting trips during the past month.

H. H. Cook of the sales promotion staff is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

V. R. McCloughan, formerly assistant city salesman, Fargo, has taken over the Hillsboro territory.

Messrs. Asleson, Burleigh and Carnine recently made a trip to Chicago. It is reported that they found a few spare moments to visit the Chicago offices.

Francis Grimsgard recently entertained at a duck dinner. His fortunate guests were Overby, Shanks, Ebeltoft, Rufer and Jesten. After the dinner, a theatre party was enjoyed.

H. O. Reetz, formerly a salesman in the Fargo field, has departed for Buenos Aires, South America, at which point he will work for the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

Assistant Manager J. P. Beaton managed to get in two days of his allotted two weeks' vacation.

Salesmen B. F. Leonard, Charles Ball, H. B. Weeks and A. L. Pierson were Fargo visitors during the past month.

Three more bobbed heads! Martha Lillevold, Marie Tiber and Florence Nelson lately parted with their long tresses. Next——?

It is with regret that we report the death of A. R. Transeth, who formerly acted as agent at Stanton, N. D.

Miss Rose Meyerle of the order department is enjoying a two weeks' vacation. Miss Meyerle will visit Chicago and several points in Michigan. It is rumored that her name will not be Miss Meyerle when she returns.

E. N. Lund, agent at Kenmare, N. D., reports the arrival of a bouncing baby boy.

Miss Josephine Hill of the mailing department had been Mrs. Rasmussen for about a week before the office force became aware of the fact. Some women can keep secrets.

Ralph Wilkinson, equipment inspector, has been passing out cigars. Why? A 9½-pound baby boy. Congratulations, Ralph.

Salesman W. B. Sherman, Willison, reports as follows:

Agent P. W. Kilgore, Epping, N. D., was called to Indiana this week on account of the serious illness of his father. Mr. Kilgore arrived at the bedside of his father a few hours before his death.

Robert Graham, agent, Watford City, who was very badly burned while unloading gasoline, is getting along nicely and will be back on the job in time to make his Mica quota.

Thomas White, agent at Ray, N. D., attended a duck supper at Williston this week. Tom needs several big feeds, as he has been too busy to eat this summer, delivering Red Crown and Polarine.

Agent Martin Ruud, Cartwright, has some very fine agates and sapphires, which he found in the gravel about his station. Some school teacher is likely to remain in Cartwright when the term ends.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
K. C. Clapp, Correspondent

Kid Murison started out the front door of the office with a pair of 5-gallon gasoline cans, bound for the sealer of weights and measures, and as he went down the front steps someone yelled at him, "Kinda early to go milkin', Peewee!"

Dora Walters is looking rather severe of late. Perhaps it is because she has been acting in the capacity of jurywoman. Dora makes an attractive Portia. (There is one thing has always bothered us about this woman's suffrage and maybe Dora can relieve our mind. Would she vote to hang a handsome man?—Ed.)

A. C. Anderson writes in from Muskegon that he's too busy hunting up a place to live to submit any news for the Record this month. He promises to go H. E. Potter one better next month in the way of interesting items.

It is rumored that Roy Fonger is afflicted with writer's cramp, while other reports have it that he is snowbound in his northern home. Anyhow, the Stanolind correspondent has failed to hear a word from him for several months.

To date, the downstairs office indoor team has a margin of 5 games won over the upstairs office. Joey Pettit's gang of ball-murderers has won 8 and lost 3 to date.

They've moved Dad Winslow back into the marketing department. In fact, the whole office has been changed around. Stutie and his record department, newly created, are settled in their new home; the edifone staff, reinforced by Esther Davis, Peggy Carr and Elsie Wagner, has been shifted to a room upstairs (Carl De Vries, notwithstanding), and the

Motor Equipment Department has been backed up further toward the wall. Mr. Knapp, our chief clerk, nearly had nervous prostration for three days prior to and a week after the housecleaning.

It has been noted that Mary Kohler of the Motor Equipment Department, seldom finds it necessary to walk to work in the morning. This is as it should be, or what would be the advantage of working in that department.

Jack Fuhrman, salesman in the downstate district, spent several days visiting the office force recently—mostly on business. Jack doesn't appear to get much taller and we're afraid those long black cigars may have stunted his growth.

A committee will be appointed in the near future to petition Mrs. Johnson that she cook her cabbage and onions so that the enticing perfumes from these justly famous vegetables do not so thoroughly permeate the entire office and its environs.

Elsa Frey 'lowed she had a purty good time daown in Detroit during her vacation if it hadn't been for so many automobiles. She nearly got bumped when she tried to cross the street and look at the big electric Red Crown sign at the same time. It is understood that she paid a purely business (?) visit to the Detroit office.

Roy Radke has been launched on his career as city salesman, his place in the Specialty Sales Department having been taken by Mr. Marshall, promoted from S. S. attendant.

Marvin Brower has acquired a detestable habit of chewing cabbage (au naturel) during office hours. It's for vitamines, or something like that. No wonder Harry Ellis has a haunted look.

Benton Harbor

The Benton Harbor "Eurekas," master bowlers, must have a little jinx following them, for in two bitterly fought contests, they have succeeded in getting off with nothing but the consolation prize. Honestly, the team should be good, as it consists of Ray Johnston, tank truck superintendent, Salesman M. Clemens, S. S. Attendant Oscar Myers and Tank Truck Drivers Leo Merchant and Henry White. Individual scores improved considerably in the second game, but not quite enough. However, indications are that the "SOCO" of Benton Harbor will have a team worthy of representing the organization. Leo Merchant, the captain, said that in a short time his alley demons would be whipped into such shape that they would be open for most any contender. To date, Ray Johnston is his high score man and is leaving marks to jump at.

Elmer Coblentz, who hails from Northern Michigan, was called home by the serious illness of his mother. On his return he reported her condition improved.

Frank Bedunah recently joined the ranks of the Benton Harbor Standards. We're always looking for big things from such good looking boys as Frank.

Don Preston, attendant at S. S. No. 75, had the misfortune to back into an elevator shaft. He returned to his work a few days later. He said he now has more respect for movie comedians.

Albin Froberg is still receiving congratulations on his recent promotion from city tank truck driver to city salesman. Keep on climbing "Al," we're watching you!

We understand that Ray Johnston made a bet with Dave Cowgill, our star rural truck driver, that he wouldn't be able to dispose of a certain amount of Mica Axle Grease on one of his trips. At this time we have been unable to discover who won the bet, but we did see Mr. Johnston, the other day, giving Dave's truck a cleaning and a Semdac polishing. Nice of Ray, wasn't it?

John Whitney, who formerly was our stake truck driver, has been transferred to the Equipment Department as mechanic. We are glad to hear, however, that he is stationed at Benton Harbor. We need a man like John to look after our cars and trucks.

HURON, S. D.

H. F. Lutgen, Correspondent

We understand that Orvis Nayes is awaiting promotion to assistant file clerk. In the meantime he is rapidly becoming master of *everything* in the file room.

We have with us in the office a man whom we feel sure should claim discovery of the long sought "perpetual motion." When it comes to chewing gum, this man has the world beat, for he can talk, smoke, eat, etc., and never miss a stroke on his precious gum. We claim that Oscar Rundquist has perpetual motion worked out to perfection.

We didn't know it was getting so close to Winter but after reviewing the events of Saturday, October 20, 1923, we are convinced that Winter must be here. The following have left the ranks of bachelors and are now driving in double harness: Lloyd Patterson (our wild assistant cashier), Harvey Tyrell (Si, we'll miss you at the club this Winter), and Kenneth Meigs, formerly a salesman on the Webster field who chose Miss Medora Preston, clerk in the check department, as his wife. They will make their future home in California. Pat and Si, we are glad to state are still with us. We sure enjoyed the cigars and candy very much. (Mr. Lutgen, are you a student of the sayings of Frederick the Great?—Ed.

We are glad to see Assistant Chief Clerk Bode with us again after an absence of about three months due to sickness. You look a lot better than when you left us, Walter.

Mrs. Peterson of the Main Station office was hostess to the Bachelor's Club in honor of Cy Tyrell and Pat Patterson who are about to join the ranks of the benedicts. We sure had a wonderful feed. The correspondent happens to know because he was fortunate enough to be one of those present.

Salesman Stoner of Lemmon, S. D., has been receiving treatment at a hospital at Aberdeen and is again able to be about his work.

Hawley Fosnaugh doesn't care if they do discontinue the advertising department this winter as we see him getting instructions on how to operate a "transophone" almost every noon. It's all right, Hawley, we are all with you and we still have a quarter left.

George Campbell (alias Caruso) was down in the credit department recently and remarked that the bunch seemed unusually jovial, suggesting that as a final touch Bill Brasskamp do a "Highland Fling" in original costume with Gladys Mapes giving vocal accompaniment.

EXTRA! EXTRA! Ada, our beautiful telephone operator, while walking past "A" ledger dropped something which looked suspicious for awhile but the mystery was solved through the diligent efforts of Jimmy Hinton, the hero of a recent drama.

Helen Larkin, one of our comptometer operators, had a serious attack of "mother-in-law" recently, but is now convalescing nicely.

Salesman Ryan of Aberdeen was laid up with the grippe a couple of days this week but says that there is no keeping a good man down, especially with the medicine he takes. (Ah, our old friend Pat? The man who once threatened to clean up the whole Stanolind

Record staff. If a little germ could put you down for a couple of days, imagine what a full sized editor would have done.—Ed.)

Ted LeValley says that he can almost taste that "turkey" that he is going to win in the Mica drive. Ted is some salesman when it comes to selling Mica and his Mica greasing post. We hope he gets the prize for he has agreed to invite us to the feed.

O. E. Olson is now comfortably located in Aberdeen and is head-over-heels in work, but says his latch-string is always out and he is never too busy for a vist from the Huron folks.

Assistant Manager Bailey and Chief Clerk Miller went out to audit stations the other day, and presume they did, for we have not heard them calling for any Parowax for cleaning purposes. Miller says it's easier to let the women clean the fowl, anyhow.

Salesmen Stephens, Cook, McGill, Flannery and Wilkinson were in the office one day this week and not a "durn" one of them even mentioned hunting —much less bringing in a sample.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
W. W. Harshman, Correspondent

Harry Scully got back in the office just in time to "back" the Giants. In the last decade, Harry has lined up with the National League, also with varied success.

They have doubled the guards around the local dog pound since Chester Tryon has taken up residence in Indianapolis. Chester's weakness surely runs to hounds and such.

Garnet Aikens, tank car dopester, is all wrapped up in 'izes since the arrival of Ethyl. He's trying to figure out a pun.

Quoting from a letter which still stands as a masterpiece of the Traffic Department: "Warehouse Foreman A. Bode is foreman of our warehouse." Anyway, the said Bode is back from his vacation spent up and over the young mountains of southern Indiana. He took his 1890 model Reo along and taught Packards and everything a few lessons on how to make grades. The boys around the warehouse are inclined to believe that Adolph is showing a lot of crush in bragging over that old dilapidated "boat."

O. C. Gleichman, S. S. 52, Broad Ripple, made his much planned auto trip to Chicago in a very efficient manner, using up 17½ hours of perfectly good time and not stopping for meals. Boy, page Cannon Ball Baker.

Tuesday night, October 23, Edgar Allan Poe, S. S. 102, faced the usual command, "Stick 'em up." Ten minutes later the two same bandits were in the hands of the police as Poe got the license number as they sped out the driveway. (And quoth the bandits "nevermore"?—Ed.)

First floor gossip has O. V. Sappenfield about to return to "when I wrote on your slate" since eating at a restaurant frequented by some very charming schoolmarms.

The old cooper shop doesn't look quite natural since William Cleaver has left in favor of S. S. 65, Aurora. Bill had been our barrel roller since January, 1912.

Adam Fisher, our silent as the Sphinx warehouseman, has blossomed out in a new suit of clothes, overcoat and a Chevrolet coupe. It mustn't mean but one thing and that is Adam's bachelor days are numbered.

New duties at S. S. 84, North Vernon, are putting turmoil in the family affairs of J. O. Mechem. His wife brought his supper the other night and forgot to leave it. He closed up that night and left his car standing in the driveway. Walking home he found that his son was missing. The youngster was asleep in the car J. O. forgot all about. This might be called "getting all balled-up."

Twenty-ninth street S. S. welcomes two new motor truck drivers, Koert Wilber and William Smith.

Madison

At a meeting held in the office here, Agent Walter Judkins of Dupont, Ind., got so excited over the eloquence of Salesman Tommy Plunkett that he fell through the window. Costs for repairs were 70 cents, including the putty and labor.

Driver Fred Clements is suffering from an attack of lumbago.

Eddie Wilde, new stake truck driver, ran his truck off the road and almost upset. Eddie says that a bunch of girls in swimming had nothing to do with it.

George Black, our veteran driver, now a 20 year man, takes quite an interest in politics and is no mean spellbinder himself. He addressed the Women's Voters League recently on the subject, "The League of Nations." George thought he had gotten by in great style until he heard some of the audience talking after the speaking. One said, "I wonder if the United States could win the pennant if they joined this league." It was then George beat it for home, both hands in the air and no gun or robber in sight, either.

And also, Watson, the facts are these: George Austermiller, agent at Madison, Ind., STILL extends an invitation to *any checker* player under the SOCO banner for a series of games by correspondence. (Correspondent's Note: This is a lot of territory, but George, they do say, shoves a mean checker.)

Clinton

Our sympathy goes out to Roscoe Call, S. S. 311, over the loss of his 4-year old son. The youngster's death was caused by scarlet fever and on account of the quarantine the burial at Rockville was private.

Clinton to Terre Haute: "We can't remember the date when you were even beginning the day at 6:30 A. M."

Howard Taylor was presented with a big 8 pound girl on October 23. Howard may add such articles as knitting needles or threshing machines to the "full line" to keep his feet on the ground.

Terre Haute

The "Hut" hasn't recovered from the picnic and Agent Cox is working nights to get out an "echo" on Editor Julian. It will probably run something like the Fifth Reader version, "And none were left to greet me, Charley and few were left to know * * Just forty years ago."

Bill Croxton is now a proud father, William Jr. arriving October 30. Bill says if the youngster had been a day later he would have named him "Inventory."

JOLIET, ILL.
C. H. Kniep (field) and Miss Evelyn Reece (office), Correspondents

Dixon

A dark, deep mystery has put its appearance at Dixon. We, too, would like to know who the new correspondent is. He promises to be a good one.

Bill Beaman wishes to advise that he had a good time the other night, even if he did get stuck in the mud at Polo. What we would like to know is—what was Bill doing in Polo?

Why do Matthews and Wenstrom always come

into the garage in the morning laughing like two maniacs, when each knows just what the other was doing the night before?

When is it that H. E. Dusing is intending to start that chicken farm?

Grand Detour seems to have a decided attraction for R. M. Schmaling.

Frank Kness is trying to find out whether the two boys who borrowed his sedan the other night, stating that if they liked it, they'd buy it, really meant what they said or whether they wanted to give their girls a ride.

We hear you like tobacco, Mr. Good.

C. E. Poisel is getting rather sporty lately, having traded his $50.00 Ford in on a new Chevrolet.

Drivers at Dixon want to know why S. E. Thomas can afford to wear black kid gloves on a tankwagon while they have to wear canvas ones. He may be overstocked from last Christmas.

Freeport

Not long ago, E. W. Greb entertained the Freeport employees at his Summer cottage at Krape. Steaks were fried over a charcoal fire. Everyone enjoyed the feed and left in time to get to work in the morning.

Salesman Unmacht: "Throw your bones on the floor, please." R. L. Prussing: "What's the matter, are you going to make the rounds when we get through?"

Tankwagon Driver Irvin Black has almost completed his book which he is writing on "Carbon."

Earl Bennett Thomas, our smiling cashier, is building a garage in back of his house. He expects to have a new buggy before long.

Malcolm McKinley, warehouseman, has been appointed official usher and collector at the Tabernacle.

Vernon Wahlford, our boy athlete, has moved to a flat on E. Stephens Street. This will make a nice home for Vernon during the Winter months.

Jerry Gantz, stake truck driver, motored to Pearl City for the week end. Jerry reports the crops in good shape.

Lowell Coomber is setting the pace so far this month in selling Mica. He, having been a farmer boy, can explain with great emphasis, the importance of the "Great Mica" on rubbing posts.

We are glad to report that Mrs. A. A. Graff wife of S. S. Attendant Graff, has recovered from her recent illness and is again able to be out.

No, Attendant Bray at S. S. 303 is not losing his mind. He is practicing high jumping and long distance running in preparation for the Y. M. C. A. track meet.

Sterling

A. H. Zanger, cashier at the Sterling office, has been transferred to S. S. attendant at Rock Falls.

R. W. Crawford is now cashier at Sterling office to succeed Mr. Zanger.

Messrs. Campbell and Motherwell, upon their arrival at Sterling very bright and early one morning, were accused of staying all night at a free camp ground, but even though they denied it, appearances were against them.

C. E. Tousley, tankwagon driver, seems to have considerable difficulty with the little brown wallet, but it usually shows up in good condition. (Sometimes?)

Stake Truck Driver L. E. Schneider wants it announced that he wishes all employees to meet him face to face, as he is of a nervous temperament.

L. W. Dauen is now sporting a new Chevrolet touring car, having disposed of the Ford speed buggy.

R. C. Walzer, S. S. attendant at 25, Rock Falls, reports that he is still single, but why the furniture, Ray.

Other Field Notes

We hear Fred Heppe is going to start a lunch room, when he leaves. Cash or credit, Fred?

Agent Snyder of Pecatonica has taken unto himself a wife.

Stanley, who operates the second truck, is hard at work on tankwagon routes now, so will probably grow a beard in addition to the mustache, which was pretty nifty, but required a lot of attention.

Agent Sager of Lena is kept busy keeping his brother-in-law busy and between the two of them, they manage the speed wagon quite well. John used to treat his speed wagon like a pair of new shoes, that is, leave them home on rainy days, but now is stepping out in rain or shine.

Fred Miller of Rock City is making his quota every month on Red Crown and Perfection.

H. M. Noble of Orangeville is on top for Semdac sales. He has just about run out of prospects, but if he doesn't get the ice cream parlor lined up soon, the general salesman is going to steal one on him.

Ray Heine of Pearl City is a good supporter of the routing system. If the general salesman takes him out to any more farmers in order to convince him that the steady caller gets the business, Ray is going to have his phone taken out as he won't need it. Pearl City recently put on a mileage test and it sure has helped Ray lose weight delivering the goods.

WANTED: A week off and a flat, so that Pete Knauff, Freeport stockkeeper, can reach the decision of either boarding at his girl's home or buying his own groceries this winter.

John Ehrler is our new agent at Elizabeth.

Fred Moran, Rockton agent, is as good a cook as he is a salesman for Red Crown. At least the two little Morans think so.

Shorty Rees is the happy daddy of a little Rees. Mrs. Rees is proud of the youngster, too, but Shorty—well, it's a boy, so you know. We all wish the little fellow a world of happiness and 100 years of good luck.

Roy Johnson Jr. and Mrs. Johnson are getting along fine at St. Anthony's hospital in Rockford.

We hear Matt Harmon and Mildred have purchased a new bungalow at Elgin with a lot on each side. Mrs. H. says she is now going to raise chickens.

Office

We would like to know who is the red haired young lady who has Fred Jahneke under her thumb. The boys at the warehouse are quite jealous.

Richard Ernst, our flashy young chief engineer, has been thinking seriously of embarking on the sea of matrimony. Congratulations, Dick. Don't forget to pass the Bull Durham around.

We would suggest that Roy White refrain from calling a certain young lady up on Saturday night. Why don't you watch Kline's perfume sales, Roy?

What was the reason F. Davidson, our stationery clerk, slipped into the office on the noon of October 11 with his face all powdered and painted? What young lady is responsible for that, Red? Surely not "candle specialty?"

We have heard of gold shoes, but it isn't good policy to use the polish to gild radiators, is it Mil?

See C. P. Tindall on how a Ford can be run without gasoline. J. C. Arthur may be able to help solve this question, also.

From observation, Miss Helen Kramer has become quite a book-worm. Chicago street is a good location especially on Saturday afternoons. A tall

blonde sheik enters the drama. We know no more.

Since Miss Fritz's return from Europe, the mail between Ottawa and Joliet is quite heavy. Does the other one know, Elsie?

Mr. Robbins of the Order Department recently purchased a beautiful Ford touring car for $20.00, but for some unknown reason said car was always parked about a half a block from the office. Recently, the police were called to investigate the party living in the house where the Ford was parked as it was believed to be a stolen car. We would like an explanation from Mr. Robbins as to why he should hide his Ford under a bushel basket.

Bill Watson spent his vacation in Chicago, visiting all the windows he knows. Bill just loves to hang on gates. He admits it.

Mike Philbin, S. S. 14, is now taking vocal lessons on North Broadway. What is the name of that song, Mike?

Neivelle Streuter, S. S. 31, Joliet, was presented with a brand new razor by the other attendant. They were afraid Mr. Streuter was trying to join the House of David gang.

We hear that Miss Patricia Morrissey, otherwise "Pat," has been appointed chief assistant to Harold Hartley, office boy. Experience is a good teacher, Patricia.

The next time Mr. Motherwell goes to Dixon, we are requested to ask that he shave before he powders. It would look much better, Motherwell.

Miss Eva Corp of the cashier's department pulled a swift one on the office bunch, October 20, and we didn't know about it until the next day. Eva is now Mrs. Arthur Henschen. We all wish her all sorts of good luck and happiness.

On October 20, Bob Anderson of the stock department was married to Miss Inez Larson. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. We also wish you all sorts of good luck.

We also want to thank Bob and Eva for the candy and cigars they sent up to the office bunch.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

W. F. McGarry, Correspondent

We are glad to have with us K. T. Wenger, who is helping to put District No. 5 out in the lead. From the way the salesmen are responding, there is no doubt as to the outcome.

The Special Gasoline Squad, consisting of John Willis, Ed. West, George Gates, Elmer Staples and Mark Nichols, are doing some fine work in the way of knocking off the big ones.

Flavel Johnson is trying to sell a million pounds of candles, together with the rest of the full line, before New Year's.

We are informed that Mrs. Clifford, wife of our popular salesman, Ed. Clifford, of the Lubricating Department is on the sick list. We hope you are feeling better by the time this Record is out, Mrs. C.

W. B. Reed, hustling agent at Independence, Kans., has been given charge of the city sales at that station, and we are betting on a big finish this year at Independence. Joe Sullivan tells us that this man Reed is a whiz-bang.

J. A. Fortner has been promoted to the sales force. Joe is a live wire and strong with the stuff that it takes to make a big success. Congratulations, Joe.

Glad to see H. T. (Claude) Rees back in the harness again, after a protracted period of sickness. He has been assigned a regular territory, and says he is going to hang up a new record for sales, commencing immediately. Incidentally, his territory is adjoining Joe Fortner's and the race between these two live wires should be interesting to watch.

Bill Reno charges the boys for their lessons on drawing to a pair.

John Condon is now a full fledged salesman with a full fledged territory. We always knew Johnnie was cut out for a salesman. Now watch him go.

Bert Worrall now has charge of Topeka station. C. W. Reno goes to Leavenworth, replacing Carl Behrle, who is operating a service station there on commission basis. Here's hopin' you sell lots of Red Crown and Polarine, Carl.

Glad to have Tom Tennant with us in the Kansas City office once more. Seems like old times. K. T. Wenger says this "efficiency" stuff will get you, though, Tom. Better watch out.

Freddie Crabtree is on his vacation. Wondered what made it so quiet around here. Hurry back, Fred; we need you.

George Wood has just returned from a long vacation. How did you work it, George? Bet you carry the rabbit's foot in your vest pocket all the time. How's the cider, hard yet?

Billy Merrick has a new definition for a "dry doc." Ask him.

Extra! Kansas City, Mo., Home of Champions. Baseball Junior Champions in the Junior World Series. We tell the world and Phil Hutchings. Phil says, "As birds, the Orioles are cuckoos."

E. A. Olson, agent at Edna, Kans., was married on October 20. Congratulations.

Jack Gephart and Carl Sapper were scheduled to fight a duel not long ago. Wonder, over whom?

Carl Nichols announced the arrival of a fine 9½-pound baby boy on October 9. Mother and baby doing nicely. Carl is proud as can be. Everything lovely. Congratulations, folks. Please send in his picture.

Miss Summers is the new stenographer in the Sales Manager's office. The writer has been requested to find out her first name for several bachelors in the office; but has advised them to make the inquiry direct to Miss Summers.

G. T. Terry has been checked in as agent at Garden City. We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Terry in the office before he went to Garden City and predict a big year for the Garden City station. Welcome to our family, Mr. Terry.

L. D. Williams is the new attendant at S. S. 346, Riverton, Kans. Watch them drop in at No. 346 from now on. And we don't mean maybe.

W. M. Beck takes the place of R. A. Gregg, who has resigned.

For the benefit of George Coldsnow of the St. Joseph Division! We hear that he is still trying to get that ten back from G. Y. S. but vainly. Try him on some other game, George.

Clarissa Wells has just returned from her second vacation this year. How do your work it?

Miss Allen is just as fresh as a daisy after her vacation.

Charlie Reed, Claude Cochran, Claude Rees, and C. E. Cressler were at a recent Shrine dance. Miss Lucille Bulson was also a guest at the same dance.

Jerry McGowan just reported back from a well spent vacation. He has J. F. up to 11 pounds now, in his stocking feet. As long as the Ford runs, J. F. sleeps. He seems to be a 100 per cent Standard Oil man.

Miss Daisy Tooker, our popular cook, has enjoyed a ten days' vacation. However, she is now back making those hot biscuits. Great stuff, we say. Just like mother's cooking, only better.

LA CROSSE, WIS.
Miss Mabel A. Baker, Correspondent

Gene: "Just think of how deep they'll have to go with the foundations for the new sky-scraper in place of the Madison Square Gardens." Moor: "I don't believe in those things." Gene: "Why?" Moor: "That's what causes the earthquakes in Japan."

Miss Helen Fergerson has returned to her duties in the sales sheet department after a week's vacation at her home in Mauston.

The La Crosse division extends sympathy to C. J. Stokke, shipping clerk, who recently lost his mother.

A new drive-in S. S. has been opened at Rochester, Minn. Douglas Williams, formerly at S. S. 12, is in charge.

Preparations are being made for the Social Club dance to be held at the K. P. Hall, November 5. We'll tell you more about it later.

"She's just a little different from the other girls;" "She's pretty;" "She's a good dancer;" some of the remarks made by Ernest Skaff after one of his week end trips to Winona. We'll say he's gone.

A. H. Lohman has been installed as agent at Goodhue, Minn.

We heard that Al Jungen had to back out of the office the other day. What was the trouble, Al?

Harry Lofgren has been employed as general salesman to cover the territory formerly covered by C. C. Slater.

Who is the young lady in the Ford coupe, Erwin? (Believe they will bear watching.)

E. J. Roberts has been transferred from motor truck driver at Chippewa Falls to agent at Stanley, Wis. Lots of Luck, E. J.

Erna has a reserved seat in Rudie's car. What's the matter Rudie, did George get wise, or did you agree to disagree?

A new one, E. R. Remp, M. D. He diagnosed Bill Schwalbe's case, prescribed for him, and even offered to assist in the capacity of a nurse, but Bill would not listen. At least, there's no improvement as yet.

The following is a clipping taken from one of the Eau Claire papers: "J. A. Groenert, an automobile expert, is in the city this week at the Standard Oil filling stations diagnosing and curing auto diseases free of charge. Mr. Groenert is a past master of the art of tuning up gas engines so that they purr like milk-fed cats." Mr. Groenert is sent out by the Standard Oil Company at La Crosse, Wis.

MANKATO, MINN.
W. P. Scherer, Correspondent

We regret to chronicle the death of Mr. John Bach, father of Nick Bach, our Lismore agent, at New Hampton, Iowa, on October 12, at the age of eighty-two years.

Following a protracted illness, Mrs. Mary Bieberle, mother of Jos. Bieberle, Mankato truck driver, passed away at St. Joseph's Hospital on October 27. Our sympathy is extended to the Bieberle family in their bereavement.

Another bowling team was organized at the office for a second Mankato city league, the games of which are to be played on the Loyola Club alleys. The first practice of the new outfit was held on the Loyola drives on October 28 with shocking results. Some of the gang give promise of becoming future Hank Marinos or Jimmy Smiths and with a little more practice we may be able to publish the names of the team members soon.

Miss Anghild Nordgren, stenographer, suffered a painful injury on October 27, when her typewriter desk became unruly and fell, badly crushing one of her fingers. Miss Nordgren was able to report for duty again on Monday.

An untimely argument with a motorcycle placed Lavina Wacknitz in the hospital during the last week in October. Luckily no bones were broken and, aside from a severe shock, no serious results are anticipated. We all hope to see Miss Wacknitz at her desk within a few days.

We want it distinctly understood that "hunting items" will find no place in the Mankato column of the Record unless proof is furnished. The mere statement that certain nimrods fared forth and bagged the limit is not sufficient for this correspondent. Visible, tangible, and edible proof must be supplied, not as a bribe but as an evidence of goodwill. This applies equally to Messrs. White, Meyer, Osten, Pratt and any other hunters who would have us rave in these columns concerning their prowess as baggers of wild fowl.

The first Fall party of the Red Crown Club was a great success. Practically every member turned out on October 26 to celebrate Hallowe'en and to assist in making the opening of the Club social season a gala affair. The party was opened with dancing and card playing but these amusements were interspersed with clever stunts concocted by the entertainment committee.

We were grieved to learn of the death of T. J. Renn's father at Wilmont on October 25. Mr. Renn is our agent at Wilmont.

Charles Hirschy, Pipestone agent, grieves because his name has not appeared in the Stanolind Record thus far. Here it is, Charley!

For the best kept service station in the Mankato Division the boys will have to remove their chapeaux to Art Schweppe, S. S. 13, St. James.

Herbert Linschied, agent at Butterfield, writes that a 7½-pound Standard Oiler arrived at his home. He didn't state whether the new arrival is a truck-salesman or a stenographer, but we heartily congratulate the Linschied family.

A short circuit in the ignition system of his truck caused George Muellerleile, Madison Lake agent, to sustain a fracture of the wrist on October 22. George didn't let a little thing like that stop him from giving service. He found a helper on his way to the doctor's office and, after getting the injury taken care of, he was on his way to the rurals.

Angelene Hunt and Lillian Paulson entertained a bevy (or is it called a flock?) of Mankato office girls on October 22. Progressive five hundred was played as much as possible and considerable eating was accomplished, but aside from that we know nothing except that Minda Johnson grabbed the prize to the extreme mortification of several "sharks."

The "better one-halfs" of the Mankato office men had a shower on Miss Madelyn Balzer at the home of Mrs. J. J. Meyer on October 16. Madelyn received many pretty and useful gifts to assist her in starting up housekeeping. A delicious luncheon was served by Mrs. Meyer.

J. R. White, salesman in the Worthington field, is the proud father of a 12-pound baby girl born on October 10. This makes a majority of three-to-one for the suffragettes in the White home. When J. R. attended the sales meeting at Mankato on October 13 the boys separated him from a box or two of smokes which Joe cheerfully dished out.

Miss Gertrude Hager and George Kelly were married at St. Peter and Paul's church at Blue Earth, October 17. Congratulations!

N. R. Grimshaw was a visitor in Mankato on Friday, October 12.

P. J. Carlson, for many years our agent at Comfrey, paid the office a pleasant visit on October 15. Pete spent some time in the office exchanging thoughts and reminiscences with department heads. They were all glad to see you, Pete, and they all want you to come again.

Chester Olson hopped into Mankato the other day from his bailiwick at St. Peter and then immediately hopped out again. This Scandinavian makes things lively in his vicinity and we hope that he'll have time to pay us a longer visit soon.

G. M. Bergeman, order clerk, was confined to his home for more than a week early in October with an abscess. Although suffering severe pain, Mr. Bergeman kept up his spirits and returned to the office full of health and vigor.

A. A. Rabe has been assigned to the St. Peter field as salesman commencing October 1. Ab has made good in several other fields of endeavor with the company and will undoubtedly make things hum in his new location.

Enlarged responsibilities were given to L. C. Hedberg on October 1, when he was assigned the Mankato field in addition to the Janesville field which he had covered theretofore. "The Swede" is a hustler of the first water who will give a good account of himself wherever placed.

Jake Armstrong, stock department, took a whirl at the warehouse clerk's job while Jos. Weingartz had a brief vacation. Jake "got by" on the job all right, but heaved a sigh of relief when time was up.

Carl Kuehne, the unconscious humorist of the bookkeeping department, wore a brand new pair of rubbers to the office recently. One of the wags asked, "Where'd you get the rubbers, Carl?" whereupon Carl blandly replied, "Bought 'em. That's the only way *I* can get hold of 'em."

"A doggone lucky night" is how T. H. Devinney, Hardwick agent, characterized the evening when he found a little dog and secured the promised reward of a crisp ten-dollar bill. It seems that T. H. had put up his equipment for the evening after a long, hard day but that he received a call from a customer in the country who had used up every bit of Red Crown for his tractor that day and now needed some immediately in order to pump water for his stock. Service is Devinney's middle name, so once more he hopped on the truck and headed for the country but had only gone a short distance when he found the doggy, hopelessly lost. He rescued the pup and carried him to town where he soon heard that the owner was frantically searching for his pet and offering a ten spot reward. "At that," says T. H., "Service always pays."

Joe Warner, S. S. department, is hopelessly bewildered. Joe had just displayed a pretty, new sign announcing "Free Crank Case Service" at a certain service station, when a rural customer observed, after reading the sign, "That stuff may be all right for the women folks, but, by golly, a man can crank his own car."

We regret to chronicle the death of Salesman E. J. McGovern's mother at Waseca on Thursday, October 11. Standard Oil people extend their heartfelt sympathy to Mr. McGovern in his bereavement.

Everybody that knows George Schaus, truck superintendent, knows that he went to the American Legion convention at San Francisco. George hasn't missed any National conventions yet and says that he isn't going to.

Mrs. Kircher accompanied her husband to the American Legion convention where he went as a delegate from the Mankato post. We expect to hear vivid descriptions of this trip for some time to come.

John Grimes, traffic department, vacationed a week during the middle of October. We understand that John spent about ten hours per day on the bowling drives so as to get in shape for the season during which the Red Crowns expect to grab the pennant.

The first October meeting of the Petroleum Educational Club was postponed for various reasons and this program was presented at the meeting of October 22: C. J. Jensen spoke to the membership on "The Value of Appalachian Brightstock as Compared to Mid-Continent." Mr. Jensen had spent a great deal of time in the preparation of his material and showed a thorough basic knowledge of his difficult subject. C. J. Nuebel, who led the discussion, described in detail various refinery methods. These gentlemen, who worked together in the preparation of the material for this meeting, were heartily congratulated for their efforts. Heretofore it has been the custom for members to read a prepared paper, but this policy was abolished with this meeting and both gentlemen gave their talks from notes. The address of the first November meeting will be given by J. W. Grimes on "Petroleum's Part in the Great War."

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Otto A. Petersen, Correspondent

P. O. Sundt, one of our hustling salesmen, has taken unto himself a bride. Mrs. Sundt was formerly Miss Marjorie Miller. We extend our best wishes for a happy life for both.

Miss Irene Peppy, pay roll clerk and stenographer for the chief clerk, is about to become Mrs. W. B. Van Vleet. Many happy returns of the day, Irene.

Some time ago we inquired why our agent at Belmont, Wis., was spending so much of his time at the Belmont State Bank. Reports now confirm the previous rumors that it was the fair lady at the bank and not his money that drew him there. Mr. Forman recently took the fair lady with him on a vacation and made her Mrs. Forman. Congratulations to you both.

We are very glad to know that Earl Soper, tank wagon driver at Blanchardville, Wis., is again on the road to recovery, having been confined to his bed for some time past. Our wishes for a speedy convalescence are with you, Earl.

We never knew that we had a radio fan among our agents, but it has recently been brought to light that Melvin Phillipson, our Argyle, Wis., agent, has been for some time trying to get China on his outfit. His alibi for not succeeding is that they do their broadcasting in the daytime, when he is busy swinging tank wagon buckets.

We are very sorry s hear that Ward Bryant, one of our general salesmen in the Kenosha circuit, passed away after a short illness. We extend our sympathy to the widow and family in their bereavement.

We hope that the boys in the field will send in more material than they have been doing in the past, so the Milwaukee field will not be short of news.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

E. H. Kellberg, Correspondent

The Standard Oil Bowling League is now on its third year and it is known as one of the classy handi-

cap leagues in the Twin Cities. Everyone is requested to come out and see the good fun. Ask Axel Wilbur, the champion rooter. We have the entire alleys to ourselves from 7 to 9 P. M. every Monday night. At the present time Dyer's Red Crowns are on top with the Renowns and Tanks barking at their heels. So far, Peterson's 257 looks good for high score, but it's early yet so keep rolling, Pete. Hook'em Hanson leads with an average of 192. Following are the average of leading pin getters: Hanson, 192; LaVallee, 175; Kellberg, 173; R. Anderson, 171; O. Lind, 169; Stutsman, 168; Bauman, 167.

W. O. Jehn manages to buy all the girls in his department a nickel's worth of candy every day out of an allowance of 25 cents which his wife so generously allots him every morning. You must understand that carfare and lunch money is also included in the above amount. Anybody who wants to know how Mr. Jehn can do it can get the information at his desk without charge.

Why does Roy Carlson, S. S. 26, Brainerd, make so many trips to Fort Ripley?

Recently, after work, the girls of the stenographic department enjoyed a supper at Minnehaha Creek and Cromwell Drive. The supper consisted of fried hamburger, buns, pickles, potato chips, cake and the most delicious coffee ever made (Miss Boyum said so). The potato chips must have been good too, because Miss Stickler proved it, and the next time Miss Tuffley is going to be watched when she cuts the cake. After supper, the girls were invited to the home of Miss Sylte, where games and music were enjoyed, Miss Sylte favoring them with some of her favorite tunes.

The check department, after a strenuous Summer, reports that they are now batting 100 per cent. Why not, when with such competent help as Miss DeMars, Miss Emond and Miss Francis? They qualify in both speed and style.

Guy Wilson, attendant at S. S. 36, does not have to make trips northward for wild fowl. There is a hole in the driveway that fills with water after each rain, and when he was filling a car recently, two geese settled quietly in the pond.

J. H. Connelly, our credit man, is anxious for the next Red Crown Social Club Dance to try out a new pair of dancing shoes. Jim shakes a mean foot.

The weight reduction contest between Conners and Klebba is creating quite a stir. Klebba has the lead now, although their respective weights still run into big figures.

Harold Quackenbush, our genial S. S. superintendent, has returned from Wisconsin after spending a two weeks' vacation on the farm with his grandparents. He now feels capable of doubling for Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy."

Miss Marie Meyers is a new member of the stenographic department. We welcome her into our midst.

Miss Thompson surprised the office when she shied in with her hair bobbed. We'll say it looks pretty nifty.

Miss Ardis J. Osgard has been transferred to the payroll department.

We welcome the following new agents in our field: Erwin S. Davidson, River Falls, Wis., Albert Lindvig, Milltown, Wis., and Lemoyn Guerkink, Baldwin, Wis. We wish you success and know you will get the business.

Miss Gladys Ginsburg returned Monday from her vacation which she spent at Winnipeg, Can. She says they have good stuff up there, but how is anyone going to prove it when she didn't bring any back with her?

Hot Shots from the "Hit or Miss" Party at Gull Lake, October 21.—High boots and old clothes were all the rage. Arch Cameron made a hit with the bottom of the boat when some one pulled on the rope. (Oh, Boy! What a hit it was!) "Bill Hart" Shallenberger made some remarkable shots with his new rifle and his old pistol. (Two hits out of ten shots.) Mr. Cochran showed to best advantage spearing fried chicken and baked squash—he never missed once. Eckman and Jeager, the musical twins, made a hit with the natives on the violin and ukelele. Major Rossitor hit the feathers early and hard. He ought to—he toted the largest cannon in the crowd. Arnold Arneson tried to corral a few members of the finny tribe without success. Change your bait next time, Arnie. Paul Peterson lined the bottom of the lake with lead. All he hit was the water. Peewee Anderson hit a trail through the woods toward Nisswa. Peewee is some hiker with his magic boots. Everybody hit only the high spots on the road back home.

PEORIA, ILL.

R. A. Johnston, Correspondent

Nearly lost two of our office force the other day. Little Willie Ewert and Margie Hanson, playing tag down Jefferson Street, mingled with the Greeley school children and were taken for pupils.

Agent Swanston of Oneida tipped us off recently to the fact that he was all set for Thanksgiving. One of his "hundred per cent" Standard Oil customers supplies him annually with a husky bird. Need any drivers, R. J.?

The live wire Brown, over at Rantoul, reports the arrival of an eight-pound girl October 16th. Attaboy, Brownie. Now watch the Red Crown go.

Bernie Fuchs acted as "pinch hitter" for Frank Lotts during the latter's vacation. Frank is still telling Bernie how rotten he was.

Attendant Hook, S. S. 2, Peoria, may open a pawn shop. Recently he received the following as security: 1 overcoat, for 5 gallons; 1 Ingersoll watch, for 2 gallons.

Salesman Gones, Attention! First five letters of your first name, reversed, spell—what? N-A-L-O-R! Now, will you stay away from the switchboard?

Jimmy Gibbons falls over the waste basket and says, "Excuse me."

Girls of the office gathered at the home of Mabel Gorsoline on October 26, for a Halloween mask and "stag." Meager reports are available, just enough to whet our curiosity, the inference being an evening full of fun and surprises. (Sorry. Picture too dark for cut.—Ed.)

Agent Roberts of Roberts, a newcomer in our ranks, recently joined the benedicts. Congrats, old man. Two things no man will ever regret—getting connected with the Standard Oil and getting married.

J. Ed. Dalton, debonair and sophisticated, wants to know why the Polarine watch fob has a "dog" on it. Our reporter remarks that it's probably a watch dog, Ed.

Mrs. J. Munea reports glowingly of a vacation spent motoring through Illinois and Wisconsin.

What's the mystery about this name Evans? Every chap of that name we get sends our young ladies into a state of soulful rapture. In the October issue we noted with regret the departure of C. B. Evans for Chicago. Now comes new Salesman F. M. Evans, likewise six feet, a husky Adonis, who knocked the female portion of the office cross-eyed as soon as he lit. Let us break the sad tidings, girls. He's married.

Wilson of Springfield, your short association with those depraved station examiners evidently spoiled you for the Record. You used to "make the Line" every month. Now—the Capitol City is painfully silent.

A. S. Coleman is back at Peoria once more in charge of the machine shop. Glad to see you, Art, but how will the Springfield ladies survive their loss?

Bornholdt's conversational trend of late: "Now the other night, when I hit 'em for 275, etc."

Gram and Serkowich would go well as a prelim at one of Jim Mullins' shows. We haven't had anything like that since "Sailor" Rose and his haymaker.

Kosseick disappointed us this month.

Assistant Manager Phillips and Elmer Eberle attended the recent dedication of the new Shrine Temple at St. Louis.

"Charlie Dressen" didn't go to Mt. Sterling on his vacation.

Agent Gus Johnson of Orion, veteran hustler from the "Northwest," paid us a visit recently. Gus is a live one in every way and we're always glad to see him.

Mary Roach says, "It might have been worse." Now, what is the meaning of that?

Why do they call Walter Swanson "Hot Lips"?

Ernie Peterson "stepped off" Saturday, October 6, when Miss Lorraine Cludin became the partner of his joys and sorrows. Good wishes of the office took the form of a beautiful array of table linens and Ernie, taking the hint, promptly invited everyone to come out and put the gift into use. Ralph Waugh made the presentation speech.

Ruth Sutton has solved the problem of going visiting without a suitcase. Wear 'em all. Reporter checks Ruthie coming back from Springfield, wearing "as far as we can tell," 1 waist, 1 sweater, 1 suit and 1 coat. (Whattaya mean "as far as we can tell?")

Sympathy of the office goes out to Ted Hellman in the recent death of his father.

QUINCY, ILL.

Henry B. Hardy, Correspondent

Carl Slack put a neat one over when he got himself roped for life and put miles between himself and Quincy before we knew a thing about it. The fatal words were spoken on October 9, and at four o'clock the next morning they were on their way to Springfield, Ill., hoofing the country roads. The office force enjoyed the smokes and candy while speculating about the whereabouts of the "hikingest" couple in Quincy. The best of good wishes to you, Carl and Pauline. The shoe-dealers wish there were more like you.

According to a recent item in the La Belle Star, Agent John Starr of Laredo has some real competition in holding first place among the agents in maintaining neat and pretty bulk stations. The Star has the following to say about Riley Culpen and his station: "There is at least one beauty spot in La Belle and that is the Standard Oil station located on the railroad in the west part of town. The buildings, storage tanks, pump house and grounds are kept in the very best shape by the local representative, Riley Culpen. Everything is neatly painted, while the grounds resemble a park, the lawn surrounding the place being so well kept." Pretty fine, Riley, mighty fine!

When the frost is on the pumpkin, the business end of a yellow-jacket is still "hotter than" according to Assistant Manager T. P. Jones, who plucked one along with a nice ripe pear one recent morning.

Agent Loren Minton of New Canton, reports the arrival of an 8-pound boy on October 15, who has been named Joye. Must anticipate his showing you a good time, Loren. Congratulations!

Our peppy white-haired agent at Gorin, Ed Boltz, was in the office recently, stating that he had made the trip to hear the world series broadcasted by radio. Ed indulged in a little broadcasting of his own, although it sounded more like grand opera than baseball.

Not everybody can get their name in the Chicago Tribune. Several days after our tank car order clerk took unto himself a wife the following item appeared in the "A Line O' Type Or Two" column of the Chicago news-sheet:

TIED TIGHT

(Headline Quincy, Ill. Whig-Journal.)

"Miss Pauline *Loose* and Carl H. *Slack* were quietly married Tuesday evening."

Tank Wagon Smith recently took up golfing and upon returning from his first game he proceeded to tell Carlson, who is a past master with the crooked stick, what he did. "I made it in 56," said the modest Smith. "Marvelous," said the master. "And I'm going back again tomorrow," said Smith, the genius, "and see how long it will take me to make the second hole."

Oh, Heinie! The plant bunch are still waiting to be surprised.

Aldo Schwagmeyer is now a member of the stock department.

OH, DES MOINES!

Did we bury J. H. Ross? Not so you could notice it, we didn't. You ought to know better than that. However, murder will out, so henceforth you may expect to hear the worst. To begin with: The above mentioned J. H. Ross, chief clerk, has hounded the salesmen, poor lil' fellers, about unauthorized credit delivery collections until they have resorted to every imaginable method of bringing home the bacon. Witness this letter from Salesman W. M. Cook: "While Hurley Smith (Pittsfield, Ill. agent) and I were trying to collect old unauthorized tickets today; if we couldn't get the money we took chickens and pigs. On one account we took in two pigs and brought them in on the back of my coupe." Later advice from Hurley is to the effect that the pigs have been named Red Crown and Polarine and are getting along fine. Pix of them have been promised us. Of course as long as C. V. J. declines to print any pix from this division that doesn't mean anything to us. (Why don't you try us with some live ones?—C. V. J.)

Saxton says that Charlie Heitz has four of the prettiest and whitest teeth she ever did see.

Agent R. V. Delaney of Paris, Mo., is the winner of the Red Crown banner for September. R. V. is pepping them up in his neck of the woods.

The Mica campaign is two weeks old now and going strong. R. L. Wilson is leading the race. Lenhart and McConnell are following right at his heels.

The correspondent has also forsaken the ranks of single blessedness. On Saturday, October 13, to the tune of falling rain and a pair of chattering knees, he waived away his constitutional rights to life, liberty, etc., in favor of one Ethel Meyer, who, if the truth were only known, has been making life quite pleasant for the above mentioned gossip-gleaner.

Virginia Kohl, "Mike" Thayer, Carl Slack and Henry Meyer are away vacationing at present.

Note, all ye agents and salesmen: Each time the copy for the Record is forwarded the management express their regret that the field news items are so few and far between. Give us your help, fellows, "kick in" with some news and gossip, and everybody will be happy.—Correspondent.

SAGINAW, MICH.
S. P. Johnson, Correspondent

I. E. Younkman says it takes a clever Ford to renig on him. One day when it locked tighter than a deposit vault he climbed out of said floating divan and before a mass of flabergasted spectators picked the unruly culprit up by the front wheels and shook it like a rag carpet until the tail light nearly cracked off. He then stepped back inside and the car ran home on the spark. Simple as getting a nickel out of the baby's bank, eh?

Ruth Zander says that if you want to find whether the world is overcrowded with honest men just drop your glove, not your pocketbook.

Our Onaway Agent, Joe Follette, was presented with a baby girl. Congratulations, Joe.

Mark Theobald felt so bad over the loss of his dog that he hied himself off to a fortune teller.

We understand that R. D. Keating, agent at Cass City, was married on October 23. Congratulations.

Prospect to Salesman John Weed: "Why I wouldn't use Polarine on a Jackass." John: "Don't do it, use Bovinol; that tames him down so he is contented and won't kick. Polarine will put the kick in your car where you need it."

The Saginaw Bowling team composed of Messrs. Younkman, Bryson, Symons, Kern and Thompson invaded Reese the early part of October and defeated Ed Gugel's strike specialists composed of A. Neuenkirk, P. Bierlein, R. Schrader, H. Manley and E. F. Gugel. It appears that the Elixir served in the anteroom imparted a surveyor's instinct to the participants that kept the attendant busy racking up sets. Rube Kern swore that every time he knocked nine down the kid reinstated eleven. The boys all enjoyed themselves and pronounced the Reese opponents real sports and are figuring on another match.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Goodrich on October 21, a son, Bernard Edward. Congratulations, Earl.

Ruth Zander and Irma Kawfield spent the week end in Detroit and returned much exhausted both physically and financially. It was Ruth's first experience in being away from home in a great city and a luxurious hotel without receiving mater's goodnight kiss. Miss Helen McPeak was also a Detroit visitor.

Miss Vera Crane enjoyed the football game at Ann Arbor in which Michigan defeated Ohio, 23 to 0.

As these notes go to press we are very glad to inform the many friends of our office associate, William ("Bill") Liddle, that he is convalescing from his illness in a very favorable manner and we expect to see his pleasant face in our midst before long. We were a pretty gloomy bunch when we were advised all hope for recovery from his acute attack of appendicitis and peritonitis was given up.

We are sorry to announce the death of Clarence Ribble's mother who passed away November 5. Mr. Ribble is our Metamora agent and we all extend to him our sincere sympathy.

H. A. Wilson, Fairgrove agent, came to a Grotto meeting at Saginaw and on his way home completed his third degree in the ditch.

C. F. Dawson, general clerk, is sporting a queer looking eyebrow which is set in paint. He attempted to move a stepladder with a gallon can of paint on the dashboard with the result that the paint fell off on the floor and splashed all over the ceiling depositing some in his eye for good measure. Camerson say's it's a simple method of painting the ceiling if you're not particular about the floor and are handy with a blind man's cane.

We had a Red Crown Campaign that covered the period from August 1 to October 1. Grand Blanc with I. R. Lyon, agent, and H. G. Ruth, salesman, had all the other contenders outclassed. Linwood was a close second with a gain of 209 per cent. Grand Blanc had a 244 per cent, while Metamora, Harrisville and Elkton had over 100 per cent gain.

J. C. Ahrens, formerly agent at Port Huron, will assume general salesman's duties on the West Side, Saginaw, calling on trade formerly served by F. M. Brieske. Mr. Brieske is now in the S. S. department and you can bet your Winter overcoat that the stake truck will be busy hauling package goods to his station.

Warren Vanderbeck has sold his chariot of many rattles and four distinct knocks and will soon be piloting a car with real streamlines. We know where he can get a 1923 license plate cheap.

M. E. Hunt, agent at Emmett, was a recent caller of this office and was introduced to the department heads. He is a jolly fellow and we don't see how any one else has a chance in his territory.

Louis Reip recklessly bet a dime on the "Yanks" in the first game of the World's Series and nearly worked the telephone operator loco gaining intelligence on the innings. He was chewing his finger-nails like pretzels, when she mis-informed him that the Giants lost. *He* forthwith proceeded to collect the bet with a greed that would have made Shylock blush. When she corrected her mistake he crompled like an old pie.

Herman is now Papa Lang, his wife having presented him with a fine baby boy on October 6. He figures that now he's got to be right on the job as he can't afford to have the young lad say, "Did you beat Stafford this month, Dad? He's got to know it." Thanks for the cigars and candy.

Well, Cheboygan doesn't get the "berries" any more. From now on all they get is the "big red apple." Lew has been transfered to Saginaw.

The secret is out. The cats whiskers are covered with cream. Mr. Volz, price clerk, has acquired a bungalow and if he doesn't own a cook stove next we'll know he's decided to use gas. (How about it, "Bookie," don't you gas so?)

Joe Dierich used to hum latest jazz while he dropped $2.00 in a barber shop, but now since he cuts his own hair and shines his own floats, he hums, "Bye Baby Bunting."

Frank Schulz, tank wagon driver, figures he's got to get up a cook book telling how to make edible dishes from Eureka Harness Oil, Mixa Axle Grease and Polarine Transmission grease with graphite as he has so converted the patrons on his route that they are anxious to find out its uses as a table necessity.

The Grohman Floral Company sent us a complimentary box of beautiful roses which were rationed out to the office force and all the married men were evident by their manner of carrying one. Mr. Keating wore his on his bosom in toreador fashion while Dan Foley put his in his pocket lest some of his observing friends from without might think he had a diamond ring on his hip.

Bernie Hoerauf, cashier, says the only difference between a dime and a quarter is fifteen cents. A

remarkable deduction we calls it. Wonder if he can telephone from a baby cab.

E. R. Soop, we are all glad to note is again on the job after a brief illness. He looks kind of run down but a few hundred miles in the Buick will fix him up.

Benjamin E. Watkins, the new agent at Breckenridge. Welcome, Mr. Watkins, we hope you get all the oil and gas consumers into your fold.

Paul Black has played pedestrian for so long he has shifted the belt to someone else and is going to be *it* for a while. If your correspondent is a competent judge, we perambulators will be developing limbs like bull frogs if he is allowed to run at large long.

Clarence Young plays a banjo and unlike other instruments of this species it is always in tune. He says it is in tune with every factory whistle in town. If the neighbors keep contributing bricks to his father's front yard on his rehersal nights he intends to put up a modern house.

The day the ice house caught fire, James Keho, newly wed, received a second alarm from his good wife to come home and protect his home which was about to be burned. Jim made the main floor in two steps—the landing and the front door—while his coattails stood out like a sparrow's tail.

One of our teetotalers discovered a worm floating on top the water used for drinking purposes, supplied with the claim that it has a very low bacteria content. Mr. Lilly called the vendor and the conversation ran something as follows:

Ral.: "Hey! we have a bottle of water here that looks like an exhibit from some acquarium." Vendor: "What's the matter with it? Ral.: "Why there's a worm in it." Vendor: "Only one?" Ral.: "Yes." Vendor: "I'm so glad, I thought you was going to have a complaint."

Alvin Fierke proved too heavy for one of the stock department stools and when it relaxed Albin did a falling leaf. If he breaks any more office equipment we'll be obliged to give him a swinging scaffold to work from. He was built for a telephone lineman, not a lounge lizzard.

Welcome! Glover Oliver sports a Buick Six but still recognizes his plodding Ford enthusiasts.

Claud Avery Salesman has the Polarine business of the Thumb territory in the palm of his hand which is a deformity we'd like to have nothing else but.

"Clay" Nienstedt, former merchant of Minden City, now salesman in that vicinity, thought he knew all the farmers but finds that there are lots of strange faces all anxious to be members of the Polarine family.

H. B. Butlin has been handed added responsibility, handling the smoke stack trade in Port Huron. If Breadth, weight and a good disposition count for anything, he is above par.

D. H. Shepherd has charge of the Port Huron Station. It is suspected that he will stay out of the tunnel on account of his generous height.

Percy Duchane, former salesman, will assume clerical duties at Alpena "A" station. We'll bet some lonely maiden will be glad.

Bill Richter, after one day's work in his territory, boasted that there was going to be more Polarine sold in his field. From a review of his 029's we guess he wasn't over enthusiastic.

Harry Ruth, veteran salesman, made two calls at the main office in one week on account of having notices to come in September 21 and October 26. Harry only made a thirty day mistake which is accounted for by the fact that he got both notices the same day. He didn't loose any time crowding himself out into the open on the second occasion.

Bill Reid says that the crops in part of his territory were so poor that a German mark would look like the Federal Gold Reserve note to some of his rural prospects.

W. R. Smith has been assigned rural territory out of Port Huron. Walter knows the products and if he doesn't land the trade it will not be because he isn't there on putting it across.

Fred Carl, credit man and trap drummer of the symphony, has acquired a Ford sedan and has somewhat deserted the orchestra for the real rhythm of a perfectly lubricated motor. The only time there are any staccato effects is when he goes over the grade crossings.

Harry Joseph has a moustache which is the last degree of masculine pomposity. It has the effect of paralyzing the heart strings and temporarily rendering useless the respiration system of the weaker sex. It is understood that Harry is married and is incriminated in no way.

Elmer Geyer, ledgerman, announced the fact that he was the father of a baby girl born on October 11. This makes two Standard oil babies in less than a week. Where's that dip that said the gang was up against race suicide. Congratulations, Elmer.

Agents would appreciate the importance of an apparently insignificant 090 ticket if they could have witnessed the gambler expressions on the physiog's of Bob Allardice and Paul Black as they carefully analyzed the contents of a bale of waste paper in search of one that was lost. They found it.

It is reported that Salesman Rust has an unappeasable appetite for pork sandwiches.

Consider James Keho, flyweight of the stock department, sitting on one of those high stools trying to get a close up of the opening inventory at the top of a ledger eighteen inches deep. He does it by standing on said stool. If Prudential hears about it, his job will be classed with the steeple jacks.

Effective October 3, H. A. Wilson, agent at Fairgrove, assumed the duties of the agent at Akron and Unionville in adition to his Fairgrove station.

C. B. Lehr, salesman, has had a reconciliation with his old love, Alma, and has again signed up with her and promises her his entire devotion.

R. P. Fitzpatrick, formerly superintendent of the Northern Division, has relieved Lew Berry as Cheboygan agent.

Otto Patenge has answered the call of the road and assumed his duties as general salesman, October 15. We know he'll make good if he is kept supplied with order books.

Effective October 1, A. C. Henry assumed the duties of "B" station agent at Laingsburg, succeeding P. L. Bills. "Oh, Henry."

Barney Daley's new duty is instructing agents.

D. H. Ward, agent at Carsonville, says that he has his tractor trade worked up to the degree that all the tractors whinny when he goes by the field with his tractor oil.

W. H. Coleman, former superintendent, is now Saginaw agent.

Bay City, Mich.

We extend our sympathy to our shipping clerk, Fred Gunterman, whose father passed away on October 13.

Arrangements are being made to conduct several card and dancing parties during the Winter months. Anyone wishing to have a good feed and a first class time will do well to get one of our programs.

Lawrence Janowski, tank wagon driver, wishes to express his appreciation for the beautiful flowers during the recent illness of his wife.

Ollie Richards chartered a log cabin near Rhodes

and with his gang of sharp shooters armed with sling shots, blow pipes and sawed off shotguns made the woods resound with sound effects that would make the battle of the Marne sound like a Quaker meeting. The rabbits and birds took to the tall brush with the first explosion from Frank Church's portable trench mortar. The only game that wouldn't vacate was a law abiding polecat, who sent his regards to those back home. Although Henry Bosley has put himself on a diet of garlic and taken sundry baths in cologne water the regards are still being manifested. Lee Welch was the only one who came away with credit having borrowed a quarter from Bill Richter.

Mark Theobald is lamenting the loss of his dog. It might be comedy to some, but it's tragedy to him. This was no ordinary dorg, as he had an appetite for pork chops which is quite unusual.

Looks kinda suspicious the way John Leahy lets all his conversations run into the merits of certain articles of furniture. Don't buy a floor lamp, Jack.

Port Huron, Mich.

Charles Bell has recovered his dog, "Angus," or rather "Angus" has recovered Charlie. As it may happen again Chas. wants you to know "Angus' " tail is a half foot or foot and one-half long and has white teeth—both of them.

Bill Morrison says if Hank runs on the Democratic ticket the only chance the Republicans have is to run Mr. Fleishman.

Art Gardner bought a $37.50 hound at a fire sale for $35.00 and headed for the wilds before the smoke was out of the pup's eyes. After dodging Art's buckshot and five rabbits for three hours the dog picked an argument with a pole cat. Art now would like to know how to throw him off the scent.

If Mica lightens the load, we know where they are going to sell more ballast than some farmers sell hay. (Everyone join in, now all together, Port Huron.)

Russel Brown is some artist, they say. It is rumored he draws sodas in Summer and sleds in winter, but we know that Russ draws customers.

Although smokestack salesman for only a few weeks, Mr. Butlin has his first smokestack to sell but that is the only thing he hasn't sold. He advises that it is about all he hasn't included in his sample case.

Mike Ahrens and Charles Lauer actually picked the Giants to win.

Saginaw Warehouse

Otto Patenge's promotion from our office to salesman in the Lapeer territory gave the social set a chance for another exhibition and took him by surprise. Games were played and much merriment was manifested during the entire evening. Otto was presented with a fine pair of driving gloves.

Ralph Thompson found out to his dismay the advantages of having a hunter's license on his hip.

Flint News

A local druggist advertised an infallable remedy for the prevention of influenza and after taking two bottles with no good results, Mr. Harrington went in and raised a complaint which the clerk adjusted by informing him that it was a preparation to make the soles of one's shoes impervious to moisture and not to be used internally.

Mrs. Dunn: "Willum!! psst, I think there's a burglar down stairs." Mr. Dunn (between shivers): "Well, we can tell by checking up the silver in the morning."

Mr. Lueder (S. S. 21): "How does your cat like the new dog?" Mr. Starkweather (S. S. 21): "Oh, fur straight."

Mr. Jones (S. S. 16): "Don't you think this awful weather?" The Girl: "Oh, don't complain. If there wasn't anything wrong with it you wouldn't have anything to talk about."

What's going to happen? Our good friend, Jack Covert, is again attending our social functions coming out from obscurity like a full moon at the farewell party given for Mr. Shephard.

L. C. Havens feels much better since his memorable trip to Detroit and Kingsville, Ont. Who wouldn't?

Keep your eye on the boys at S. S. 39. Vern Maxwell says it will pass them all on Polarine hill climbing. It ought to do pretty good, Vern, with all the Chevrolets to work on.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Fenn are not to be outdone by the Dierichs so announce the arrival of a new baby, October 15. Congratulations!

At this writing, S. S. 16 is carrying the banner for selling the most 5 gallon cans of Polarine for October. Bert Petteys of S. S. 18 is wondering how a new man can sell so many cans under the same conditions.

Fred Fergerson, tank wagon department, is lamenting the fact that a party loaded up on earthquake serum prevented him from getting a 75 per cent No Accident Button.

The salesmen and office force of the Flint Station honored former Superintendent D. H. Shephard with a farewell party on October 8. Games were played and a tasty luncheon was served after which Mr. Shephard was presented with a beautiful gold watch. Mr. Shephard left for Port Huron where he will serve this company as agent.

Owosso

William H. Haase, attendant at S. S. 24, was married on October 20. We extend to him our hearty congratulations. Correspondent's note: It's a wonder you don't furnish us the name of the lady.

Mr. Schafer is enjoying the last half of his vacation turning over the book of rules and the blue prints to Dudley Jones, the versatile head station examiner from the Main Office.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Stewart Chaffin, Correspondent

The sympathy of our entire office goes out to Mr. Phipps of the credit department in the loss of his father, who died October 14.

Sherman Peters, Canorado agent, reports things in fine shape, since his station has been rebuilt.

Agent O'Dell, Goodland, visited his old home in Missouri during the month.

Wayne Dixon, the new S. S. attendant at Goodland, is building up the business in nice shape.

Roy Livingston is our new agent at Rexford, Kans.

Jack Johnson, our agent at Seldon, is a scrapper for business.

Col. George Cork was the chef for Messrs. Bode and White on the occasion of their annual Western Kansas snipe feed. No wonder they are both getting so heavy.

Miss Artie Dickson is our new steno. We have not all become acquainted with her but hope to soon.

Clay Waddill has a new tail light. Bill had an extra and gave it to him.

A farewell party was given in honor of Miss Mary Heller, at which she was presented with a sterling silver compact. Mary has left us for a farm

in Texas, and we are all wondering how long we will have Ed.

L. H. Juda, specialty salesman, returned after an absence of several weeks in Western Kansas. His candle sales set a new record.

Tom Hazelrigg, Albany, made a rainy day trip to the office. Tom's recreation is radio and he is said to have one of the finest amateur sets in this part of the country.

The marketing department is furnishing ticker service for P. H. D. Sawyers on Standard Oil stocks. This end of the business is assuming such proportions that Chaffin & Ridge expect to put in a private wire.

Agent Rinley, Courtland, Kans., the father of a nine-pound boy.

Ed Engle of Chicago made several visits to our office during October looking after equipment.

Mr. Cameron made a business trip to St. Louis the latter part of September.

Slow down, Aby! You talk too fast, especially on the dictaphone.

"Shag" Young, as he is known to many, seems to be tormented with a tapeworm. Any time in the morning from 7 A. M. until 9 A. M. he is constantly repeating, "I am going home to breakfast."

Miss Elberta Sturgeon has been the recipient of many congratulations due to the display of a handsome diamond ring.

Fred Manning, whose health became impaired while agent at Lenora, Kans., is now chief cook and manager of the Commercial Hotel at that point. Standard Oil representatives will be especially well taken care of.

Arnold Hendricks is the new agent at Lenora, Kans., and Mr. Sarvis says he is a pusher for business.

Will Arehart, Norcatur agent, is very proud of his station since the tanks have been raised.

Earl White, Norton agent, says his tire expense is very nominal considering the drives he makes.

R. S. Orr, assistant manager, spent ten days in Western Kansas during the month. He says prospects are fine for closing up a nice business this year, and starting off in fine shape the next.

The "A" Station at Norton will soon be ready for occupancy. We expect a nice increase in business after they have opened up.

Miss Lillian Cavey has recovered nicely from her dog bites.

Many favorable comments were made on Polarine Oils and Greases displayed at the Grant Motor Company, St. Joseph, Mo. Messrs. Standiford and Young are to be complimented.

Cracklew O'Neil has a carload rival in Heinie Leake, only Heine doesn't wait to sign 'em up. His psychology is that the goods once in the customer's possession will remain until sold or consumed. Good stuff, if you can get by with it.

C. D. Peters, salesman, has the sympathies of the entire organization on account of the loss sustained in the death of his mother.

Salesman E. C. Mayfield has established his residence in Phillipsburg and likes the town.

Barnard and Stewartsville agents have been running neck and neck in the two barrel tank campaign. They have sold about 70 tanks each. Concordia, Kans., is the only station ahead of them.

Mr. Cameron has moved from the Ritchey apartments to a residence where Steve can have more range.

Salesman H. G. Parkhurst, lately transferred from Chicago, is making things hum on the Hiawatha territory. Mr. Parkhurst is an experienced salesman and we believe will make good progress with this company.

St. Joseph friends of Bob Ashman are interested in knowing that Bob and wife have an addition to their family.

We extend our sympathy to John Crotty, equipment department, in the loss of his mother which occurred October 20.

Bill Colgan of the check department went to the Lyceum one Sunday night and fell in love with one of the chorus girls. After dining out, Bill made more than the usual inquiries about pay day.

What's the matter boys! Leona Karrasch of the check department says she believes all girls should be married by the time they are 18. Leona says she has had hard luck, but is doing her best.

Sandy Bolton of the check department says his hair is falling so fast that he believes he will try Barney Google's Belgian Hare Tonic.

City Salesman J. H. Robertson was under the weather quite a bit, but is back at work after spending a few days in Excelsior Springs.

Anyone who figures Edgar Grindstaff is a bashful swain is mistaken. He says he is always open for dates.

P. J. Milum, salesman, has lost his master key.

John Pasternak returned from his vacation, after killing thirteen ducks at one shot.

Evelyn Burke has been promoted to head stenographer. She will receive the hearty cooperation of everyone.

Since G. W. Coldsnow has been made assistant to the management he spends most of his time on the road. George says this is just like receiving a nice increase in pay.

S. D. Zimmerman comes back to the office as Refined Oil and Gasoline Sales Manager.

C. A. Teaford, formerly the confirmed bachelor of the credit department, took his vacation in October and when he left us showed no signs of straying from the "straight and narrow." The best of men fall, however, and on October 24 he was married to Miss Margaret Marshall, a young lady well known in this city. Good luck and best wishes to both Mr. and Mrs.

Miss Pearl Brown, assistant agent at Atwood, Kan., has been appointed Stanolind Record Correspondent for Western Kansas.

Mr. Bode and Mr. White of the St. Joseph office stopped at the Atwood station long enough to fill up on Red Crown.

Babe Hotchkiss and Albert Vohs, Atwood and McDonald agents, respectively, made their annual trip to the circus at McCook.

Andrew Brooks is thinking of starting a dog store, according to reports.

Miss Irene Bowen, daughter of Salesman George Washington Bowen, Concordia, is attending Horner Institute, Kansas City.

Concordia reports that since Zimmerman and Bielman left nothing has been heard from them, which proves how much they think of their old friends. A very pretty young lady who sings in the choir is still looking for Mr. Bielman.

Leo Ferguson is passing the cigars on account of his recent marriage.

Macy, the Concordia mechanic, is very busy overhauling trucks and getting his winter work lined out.

Fred Householter, S. S. attendant at Concordia, was off duty a couple of days. Fritz was taking off his unionalls to go to dinner and in doing so got a

"kink" in his back. After taking several chiropractic treatments he was back on duty.

George Wren has taken the place of Mr. Watson as S. S. attendant at Concordia.

Concordia had the pleasure of filling a tourist car from New York state, whose driver said he had bought Red Crown all the way. He said the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) gave the best service, information and courtesy.

Watch the Stanolind Record, Mr. Sawyers, for important news and views in January issue.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
C. J. Von Hatten, Correspondent

All news items received for this issue concerned office people only. We love the office folks but also want news from the field. It is our practice, when all items received concern only one class of workers to play no favorites by killing everything. Hence no news printed from Sioux City this month.—Ed.

SOUTH BEND, IND.
J. T. Diltz, Correspondent

To show the world that South Bend division is on the map, which no one ever denied, the "live wires" of the organization got together October 19 and organized a club to promote a stronger feeling of friendship between employes and to boost the Standard Oil Company (Indiana). With pep and more pep seething 'way past the boiling point, Manager D. L. Guilfoyle gave a talk in which he declared the management would back such an organization to the limit. Cheers greeted Mr. Guilfoyle when he finished. More cheers greeted Chief Clerk Marcus when he extended a warm welcome to several new employes and expressed a wish that "you will make Standard Oil Company's business your business." He urged that all employes would cooperate to make the new club a great success. Nominations and elections were then in order and George Gales was named president, H. C. Smith, vice president; R. Gillis, treasurer; and Miss Louis DeGrotte, secretary. The advisory board was then named which consists of the following: A. H. Tyler, H. V. Hippensteel, Mary A. Gibbons, Byron DuPark, Clara Ingraham, E. E. Murray, and J. T. Diltz. Committees appointed for the first three months were: Entertainment: Chairman, H. C. Smith, John Steiner, Walter Johnston, Arthur Tyler, Arleen Reed, Louis DeGroote, Charles Maggert, Ellan Forslund, Luella Reichards and Mrs. Stoudt. Transportation: A. Vanderbosch, Fred Irvine and J. J. Marcus. Publicity: J. T. Diltz. Membership: Walter Lashbaugh, John Melsheimer, Stella Ciecielski, Charles Baily, Clyde Keck, Basil Seibirt and Lester Kuszmaul. Partly to show that the club means business and, perhaps, partly to show that Indiana raises some good climate, a picnic was planned and on Wednesday afternoon, October 24, more than thirty automobiles, carrying about 125 employes, left the office for a picnic at Lake Park. The "time of their lives" was had by all.

Miss Ellen Forslund and J. H. Steineman were the winners of the shoe-fitting contest. George Gale contested the decision vigorously, claiming that Miss Forslund had the "edge" on the other girls inasmuch as her partner's feet were more prominent.

Miss Florence Shaffer was the winner of the balloon rolling contest. Miss Shaffer displayed rare skill and showed that she had a marked talent for balloon rolling.

The "wildest" bunch at the picnic everyone conceded, was the horse-shoe players. Of all the "wild" pitching ever seen, none could surpass them. After the first two or three throws, all the ladies hurried into the hotel while all spectators remaining sought cover. We strongly advocate having the "Safety First" department make a thorough investigation. This contest was won by Ralph Lydick.

Mr. Guilfoyle's presentation of "Ye Good Old Days" was enthusiastically received by everyone at the picnic.

Someone said Ray Cohn was so busy dancing with his lady friend, that he forgot to get her any hot dogs.

Wouldn't Fred Irvine make a wonderful backstop at a baseball game?

Fred did catch a fly ball. Honest!

Charles Burns was found on the grounds boosting his own game. What? Wearing a large badge, "Beat Georgia Tech." Wonder if Charles owns a half interest in the Notre Dame football squad.

Cap Hippensteel was entrusted with carrying the eats, but we got some anyway.

Nothing slow about our picnic crowd. Did you notice our traffic cops, J. J. Marcus, Russell Gillis and Arthur Tyler?

Fred Irvine sure believes in auto-suggestion; we found him at the picnic with his coat off, fanning himself.

John Melsheimer of the stock department did not need to brush up on his vocabulary as he had expected to. The fair sex wished to ride in a car.

Fred Webb, looking for hot dogs, on his seventh trip: "Where do they get those dogs? I've looked all over the grounds for them."

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Rohrer on October 18. She is named Rebecca Ann (we're getting back to those good, old fashioned names). Mr. Rohrer is our energetic drayman at Goshen, especially energetic since October 18. Oh, Boy! Donald says the barrels don't seem half so heavy now.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Wirt are the proud parents of an 8¼ pound girl, born October 14. Mr. Wirt is our agent at Wakarusa, Ind. Hank was going to call *him* Joe, but they call *her* Josephine!

Dame rumor says that Dave Dubach's (Poneto, Ind. agent) rheumatism followed the close of the September Mica Axle Grease Campaign. Cause: Holding the 25-pound pails for several hours, while trying to convince the prospective customer of its value. His condition? Ask Special tankwagon driver Golding of Marion. Result? Tenth man in first heat.

A customer of George D. Runyan, salesman, wants to know if the Standard Oil Company works a night shift of salesmen; he reports that George invariably calls on him during the later hours of day.

Cupid has intervened and robbed us of one of our "real" girls. Miss Margaret Burns, telephone operator, was fatally wounded by an arrow from Cupid's bow, and will soon become a blushing bride.

"Mack," our painter, is with us again, having recovered from an illness of several weeks.

Messrs. Platt and Parmalee of the Chicago office spent a week with us recently.

Miss Emma Ireland must have had a real rest while on her vacation; she looks as though she gained at least (?) pounds.

Ashley Marshall succeeded in selling the Polarine contract to Mel Swank, but at the expense of a new hand grip, a few collars and a couple of shirts!

After seeing the future Mrs. Templin's picture in the Sunday Tribune, we don't blame Eldon Templin for forsaking single blessedness! When this goes to press, Mr. Templin will be introducing his wife. We wish them a happy future.

If you want to know anything about boils, just ask Eddie Waters, our new office boy. He nursed one for a couple of weeks.

Wonder why Leo Kemp goes South every evening to find LaSalle St.

Walter Johnston, please notice! Lester Hug now has rubber heels.

C. R. Jontz, garage salesman, has resigned to accept the agency for the Equitable Life Insurance Company. Chet was a fine jolly fellow and we hate to lose him but wish him success in his new venture.

John Strang of the South Bend office has been retired under the pension plan after twenty-five years active service. We sure miss John.

Frank Mahoy of LaFayette says gasoline and white mule don't mix. For proof he is exhibiting his S. S. pump.

H. Sense of LaFayette says he is going to turn all the 5-gallon sales of Polarine into Semdac for the next sixty days.

Wanted: Someone to teach Johnnie Harringer how to drink from a water fountain.

Since the Army and Notre Dame football game Elston Murray and family have been on a diet!

The Red Crown Basket Ball team at LaFayette wishes to challenge any other S. O. Co. team because they play the same as they sell Red Crown.

We are glad to report Homer Reeves, agent instructor, is getting along nicely and will soon be on the job again after his accident at Thayer.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Miss Katherine Armstrong, Correspondent

The stock department bus is now in charge of Conductor Becker formerly of the Olive-Delmar Line.

When there's music in the air, it is not always radio, but the Stock Department Quartet which has just recently been organized by "Lubhead Joe" Fritz.

A victim of circumstances is none other than Leslie Oscar of the stock department, who was injured on the evening before he was to leave on a week's vacation. Hard luck, we call it.

This excerpt from one of Mr. Lodge's letters illustrates the finesse required in collecting in some parts of St. Louis territory, "I am asking you to search files for thumb-print of Mrs. Beavers."

George Rogers, truck driver, is standing in with some wholesale house on Morgan street for he is selling bow ties for fifty cents. He says they are worth seventy-five cents, but that Ike and Izzy are selling out. What about it, George?

Who slammed the door on Mr. Doll when Red Tarver, John Rearden, Bowerman, Etheridge and Eddie Nestor went fishing at Hanke's Lake in Trenton, Ill.? Well, nobody knows. It is a mystery.

Raymond Busch, storekeeper for the Machine Shop, is the Cheese now with his new Standard Oil Company Cap. How about it, Ray?

Quite a number of men in the St. Louis division are wearing smiles these days, baby daughters being presented to Messers. Diekmann, Jackson and Rutter.

St. Louis: Note Sioux City news for this month and be warned.—Ed.

WICHITA, KANS.

Iola Gibson, Correspondent

Greetings to all other divisions and to the Home Office from the town where the West begins.

We are very glad to report that Mrs. Van Horne is once more able to be at home after a serious illness in the St. Francis Hospital.

Please stand back, give us room to expand, also pass the collection plate. We may have to buy new hats. Mr. Quinlan has tucked Jimmie Ross under his arm as assistant or secretary or something nameless, thereby leaving the position of Refined Oil and Gasoline Correspondent vacant, to which position Harry Faulkner ascended. Harry is a busy man now-a-days, don't have time to announce the arrival of the stork in the many and varied homes. That brings the situation down to me (the new Stanolind Record Correspondent). Can't notice any appreciable bulge in my pay envelope, but wish all concerned to know that I am now on the map. Would send in my picture, but I sound better than I look. (That depends, Iola, that depends. If the picture we returned to you for identification is really you, why—well, you sound good, all right, but oh, them looks!—Ed.)

Fred Sohn and Harry Stout were both out of the office the latter part of last week, put up some stall to the chief clerk about being sick or having important business to attend to. Kinda funny, don't you think, that they should have both had wild duck for dinner last Sunday, or that they would know that the Mallards are not flying, that only the Teal have started south.

Just our luck, we no more get a good telephone operator but the spiritualists have to be kill-joys. They report to us that our Brick is to start east very soon with a very dark husband. Chicago, please call off your S. S. efficiency expert.

The warehouse certainly took on a holiday air, due to the Halloween party. We are indeed lucky to have with us enough talented musicians to make up our own orchestra. YUM-YUM! Can't you taste those pumpkin pies which Mrs. Parker baked?

Once again it has been demonstrated that Dan Cupid is blind, else why should adorable Beatrice Root link her fate with that of the head of our check department? Good work, Mr. Torline, we trust you will always show as good judgment in your business life as in choosing a helpmeet.

Clyde Hughey is not aspiring to the position of gate-keeper at the Union Station, he is merely waiting for his wife to come home.

Say, but didn't we work to decorate those floats for the International Wheat Show. It was worth our effort though—had the distinction of having the finest floats in the entire parade two years in succession. Oh, we are a pretty fine bunch; admit the same ourselves.

The boys have organized a club for winter athletics. They don't intend to be dull if Old Sol himself goes on a vacation. Come on, girls, where they lead we certainly can follow. Start something!

Pretty good! There is something to be said after all for popular jazz thinks L. J. Black, warehouse superintendent, leastwise he now insists that the orchestra come to the warehouse in order that his men can really show some speed and not have to work until midnight getting their orders filled.

Fritz Schauner just now promised us to concentrate. He looks to us a lot more like a Modern Madonna, after a Three O'Clock In The Morning party, the way he is trying to put himself to sleep in that easy chair of his.

No, the stork has not gone on a strike down here. Harold Fansler, salesman; Mr. Rhea, of McCracken; L. A. Day, and Mr. Duncan, of Atlanta, deserve honorable mention this month.

A good beginning, Iola, but don't forget the field. —Ed.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Indiana)

General Sales Department

ALLAN JACKSON, *Vice-President*

T. J. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

Assistant General Managers

N. R. GRIMSHAW, Northern Division
AMOS BALL, Central Division
H. R. COCHRAN, Eastern Division
H. A. LEWIS, Western Division

Lubricating Department

B. T. THOMPSON, *General Manager*

C. O. WILSON, *Assistant General Manager*

Asphalt Department

F. P. ALLEN, *Manager*
C. C. LAKIN, *Assistant Manager*

Branch Offices

CHICAGO, ILL.
C. F. HATMAKER, *Manager*
J. W. WILSON, *Assistant Manager*

DAVENPORT, IOWA
R. G. STEWART, *Manager*
T. V. WARREN, *Assistant Manager*

DECATUR, ILL.
J. H. BUDDE, *Manager*
G. F. PHILLIPS, *Assistant Manager*

DES MOINES, IOWA
H. A. MONSON, *Manager*
W. J. RIEPE, *Assistant Manager*

DETROIT, MICH.
E. P. GALBREATH, *Manager*
R. F. MCCONNELL, *Assistant Manager*

DULUTH, MINN.
I. J. SHIELDS, *Manager*
G. E. WEBB, *Assistant Manager*

EVANSVILLE, IND.
W. J. LANG, *Manager*
EWALD BRAUNS, *Assistant Manager*

FARGO, N. D.
F. I. PACKARD, *Manager*
R. H. DODD, *Assistant Manager*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
L. J. THOMPSON, *Manager*
F. H. FILLINGHAM, *Assistant Manager*

HURON, S. D.
A. H. DODSLEY, *Manager*
C. L. BAILEY, *Assistart Manager*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
J. C. MARSHALL, *Manager*
P. A. SERRIN, *Assistant Manager*

JOLIET, ILL.
L. W. CAMERON, *Manager*
CARL MONSON, *Assistant Manager*

KANSAS CITY, MO.
H. C. GRIFFIN, *Manager*
K. T. WENGER, *Assistant Manager*

LA CROSSE, WIS.
H. E. BRUCE, *Manager*
J. E. MONEGAN, *Assistant Manager*

MANKATO, MINN.
M. H. CHESBROUGH, *Manager*
J. CLAY LEE, *Assistant Manager*

MASON CITY, IOWA
R. H. THOMAS, *Manager*
H. E. HANSON, *Assistant Manager*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
P. A. RAUPAGH, *Manager*
IVAN PRATHER, *Ass't Manager* (Operation)
W. C. VAN HORNE, *Ass't Manager* (Sales)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
F. L. COCHRAN, *Manager*
E. N. SHALLENBERGER, *Assistant Manager*

MINOT, N. D.
JOHN BEATON, *Manager*
H. H. HATHAWAY, *Assistant Manager*

PEORIA, ILL.
J. R. COLEMAN, *Manager*
A. R. MAULSBY, *Assistant Manager*

QUINCY, ILL.
A. L. MARTIN, *Manager*
T. P. JONES, *Assistant Manager*

SAGINAW, MICH.
H. H. KEATING, *Manager*
E. R. SOOP, *Assistant Manager*

ST. JOSEPH, MO.
C. H. WAGNER, *Manager*
R. S. ORR, *Assistant Manager*

ST. LOUIS, MO.
T. B. CLIFFORD, *Manager*
G. W. COLDSNOW, *Assistant Manager*

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
H. J. BEMIS, *Manager*
J. N. ELKERT, *Assistant Manager*

SOUTH BEND, IND.
D. L. GUILFOYLE, *Manager*
W. T. BANNISTER, *Assistant Manager*

WICHITA, KAN.
P. J. QUINLAN, *Manager*
J. W. ROSS, *Assistant Manager*

Good-Will

SHAKESPEARE appraised good-will at its true value when he said:

"Who steals my purse steals trash;
'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has
been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed."

It is good-will that has made the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) great.

Good-will is prized more highly by the Management of this Company than any other factor or element in the business.

Good-will is born of confidence.

Confidence is the inevitable result of ability to serve—proved over long periods of time.

In short, good-will is the child of Service.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) long ago became convinced that when service is rendered to the public, profits follow—as surely as night follows day.

The more whole-souled, the more energetic, the more enthusiastic the service, the greater the profits.

Service is interpreted in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) to mean something more than the perfunctory delivery of petroleum products.

It means going to any lengths to get Standard Oil products to the consumer, wherever he may be, in such quantities as may be desired—whether in thousand gallon lots or five gallon lots.

It means the highest standard of quality in manufacture and the maintenance of this standard at all times.

It means exerting every atom of facilities at the Company's command, to discover and develop new products from crude petroleum that will add to the comfort and refinements of life.

It is this enthusiastic spirit of intensive service—plus the every day practice of the principles of equity, fairness and justice—manifest at every point of contact between the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) and the public—that has gained for this Company the good-will, respect and esteem of the thirty million people of the Middle West.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)

910 So. Michigan Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

NEWMAN MONROE CO., CHICAGO